

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 194th Edition – February 18th, 2007

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



Light through the trees.

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

The Thing About Cities

by Alf Bilton

The thing about cities I can't understand,
Is how folk can like the way all of it's planned.
They're packed in like fishes were caught and then canned,
Without ever knowing the option at hand:
The distant horizon, the wind patterned sand,
The moonlight, the starlight, the life on the land.

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[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

**CHAPTER 22
SHAKY JAKE**

Not only did northern flying make demands upon a pilot, but aircraft were subjected to stressful conditions too. I have landed an aircraft at Dawson City in winter when the temperature was 67° below zero F and landed at the same airport in August when the thermometer registered 95°F above zero, a spread of 162°. Air cooled engines required good air control under these conditions. The aircraft were really put to test, extreme temperatures, heavy loads and all sorts and kinds of landing conditions.

The Jacobs engines were popular, the L4 was a 225 h.p. engine, the L5 was rated at 285 h.p. and the L6 was a 300 h.p. engine. The Standard Waco was a 4 place aircraft, powered by a L5 285 h.p. engine, a good reliable machine. Another was a Cessna Crane also powered by a Jacobs L4.

The Custom Waco I had came from the factory, powered by the L5 285 h.p., a 4 place aircraft, a lot larger than the Standard Waco, flew well but was under powered.

During the war, Jacobs came out with the L6 300 h.p. engine which developed more power than the L5 but this power increase leads me to the story of the "Shakey Jake".

The twin Anson was developed for pilot training and was powered by an L6 Jacob. There were several hundred of these engines which became surplus at the end of the war. A number of Custom Waco owners bought these engines and had them installed in their aircraft thinking they would produce more power but because it was a heavier engine that offset the better performance.

The Department of Transport installed the L6s in all their Custom Wacos they had for departmental inspection use across the country. Then they got new aircraft and the Custom Wacos were sold to the public.

I purchased the one that had been based in Edmonton. The first letter of the registration of all Department aircraft had been "D" so mine was CF-DTB. No doubt about it, it was a good looking aircraft: and as long as the engine kept running it flew very well but there was always something falling off it, or oil leaking out of it. Books could be written about Shakey Jake. I had thought that coming from the rarified strata of the Department of Transport the aircraft would have had the best of maintenance.

The fallacy of this became evident shortly after I had purchased DTB when I took a heavy load about 150 miles north of Mayo, Yukon. I landed on a small lake, left my load and was flying back empty to Mayo, I had just cleared the trees and started to throttle back when the engine dropped from 2000 revs to about 1300 revs. I tried to get more revs but no way, the prop was in full course pitch.

I will never know how I managed to get the aircraft back on the lake. I looked at the engine and found that when the L6 engine had been installed, there had not been enough space for the control going to the governor, and someone working for the D.O.T. had made a makeshift control that could go past centre and let the prop go into full course pitch. So I put it back where it had been, flew it back to Mayo and installed another control properly. If I had been carrying any load at all I would have gone into the trees.

Another time I was flying supplies to a survey party about 100 miles east of Mayo. When I was at 3000 feet altitude oil started to splash all over the windows and in no time my visibility was gone. I opened the side window and luckily, there was a good lake nearby and somehow I managed to get onto the water without mishap. The aircraft was completely covered with oil - all my engine oil! When I cooled down a bit I started

poking around and found where a 3/8 inch diameter screwplug had fallen out of the side of a rocker arm box. With the hot oil under high pressure it didn't take long to pump all the oil out.

I happened to be carrying a five gallon can of oil, went through my tool box and found a bolt the right size to plug the hole in the rocker arm box. I put the extra oil in the tank, cleaned enough oil off the windows so I could see out, took off and completed the trip.

Later I went to Winnipeg and purchased a newly overhauled L6 engine from Standard Aero Engine and had that installed. Same story, it never stopped throwing oil through the engine breather and gobbled oil right from the start. By the time I had 50 hours on the engine, two of the cylinders lost compression so I installed two new cylinders, managed to get it to Edmonton where I sold the Waco.

I wasn't alone with my problems; everyone who used the L6 Jacob had the same trouble. No one knew why the engines just wouldn't hold together. So much for Shakey Jakes.

To be continued

THE NUTTY CLUB

How well I remember “The Nuts” as they were a big part of our house. I went to live with Mac and Lil (Gran) Munroe in the early ‘60’s and the Nuts would rotate between homes for their meetings where they gathered ‘the news’. The news was the comings and goings of people around Dawson City. Birth announcements, sports, carnivals, coming events, wedding announcements and then full narrative of the wedding, what the bride and bridesmaids wore, what type of flowers, the whole thing was vivid and fully described for those that did not attend. It certainly was a piece of Klondike history and all done by volunteers.

When the meeting was at our house, I assisted with the serving of tea and coffee in those fancy cups with the nugget coffee spoons, along with dainty pastries, cakes or something that we usually didn’t get – special desserts of some sort. I swear this is where I learned – good manners, protocol and how to properly serve tea, quickly becoming a lost art.

They all took turns writing the articles, while one was writing the other women would have brought their knitting, crocheting or just been part of the group. Once the news was gathered, they had it typed on legal size paper then taken to the school where the gestetner was housed to “run the paper”. The group gathered to sort the copies, staple the pages, fold them, then hand write the addresses on the mailed copies. Then it was duly sent to outside Yukoners who kept in touch (for a nominal fee to cover postage) and then sold for a quarter at local outlets.

I specifically remember Ruth Troberg, Margreta Gondreau, Pete Butterworth, Mary Gartside, Adele Comadina, and then the rest is a bit blurred.

I remember when Gran would ask Mac a question and when he replied, “I don’t know, Lil, all I know is what I read in the Klondike Korner”. It was a standing joke with them. How I loved those simpler times.

Geraldine Van Bibber geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

OLD PHOTOS



Team Photo # 5 – Men’s Army Team



Team Photo #6 – Ladies RCAF Team

These photos are from my Uncle Les and Aunt Shirley Middlebrook. I am not sure who anyone is but Whitehorse sure had a very competitive baseball league in the 1950's.

If anyone can name any of those in the photos, please indicate the photo number and the position in the photo. Send that information to me and I will keep track of the replies and pass them on to my aunt Shirley Middlebrook. If there are several named we can run these photos later along with the names.

Mike Paolera mpaolera@telus.net (In Osoyoos BC)

MEMORIES OF HARRY EWING

By Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

Sherron

I thought the MocTel readers might like to read a message I received from Peter Dorman, the nephew of M. H. (Harry) Ewing, who lived in Mayo a good portion of his adult life and whom I mentioned in a vignette on the Northwest Territories & Yukon Radio System site at <http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/vignettes.htm>. Peter happened to read my story and contacted me. Here's his message:

Hello Harvey

While searching for info on the Yukon and My cousins I came across your entry in the RCSIGS Vignettes. My uncle was Matthew Henry (Harry) Ewing and your note about his diversion of the plane to assist the birth process for you was most interesting- I will pass it on to the family members in Mayo & Whitehorse. Harry came from Bedford, Quebec and was one of ten children that were born on the farm owned by Samuel B Ewing.

Regards,

Peter G Dorman VE3IAW

London, Ontario

Those who knew Harry will know that he married Elizabeth Grant from Dawson City, a niece of Robert Henderson, one of the discoverers of gold on Bonanza Creek. Three children were born to Harry and Elizabeth, Esther "Jo", married to C.E. "Kippy" Fisher, Jr., John, who married Dorothy Boss, and Suzanne "Sue", married to Rick Laberge. Kippy and Jo and Sue and Rick live in the Whitehorse area. John passed away in 1989 and Dorothy lives in Mayo. Elizabeth passed away in 1959. Harry married Doris "Dorrie" Batty in 1961 and he passed away in 1985, as did Dorrie in 1988.

According to the account of the Ewings in *Gold and Galena*, following his first posting with the Royal Canadian Signal Corp in Dawson City in 1924, Harry was posted to several locations in the Northwest Territories and in Eastern Canada, arriving in Mayo in 1942 as the radio station manager. After "retiring" from the Signal Corp in 1947, Harry and his family left Mayo to return to Bedford, Quebec, but like many others who have experienced life in the Yukon, returned in 1949 to stay for the rest of his days.

When my father ran a sawmill for a number of years in the early 1950s, Harry and John, who by this time owned a transportation business, hauled the milled lumber from our sawmill site at 26 Mile to the mine site at Elsa. My first memories of the Ewings were from this time. I can still see the red General Motors trucks with the distinctive "Ewing Transport, Mayo, Y.T." in bright yellow letters on the sides arriving at our home to pick up the lumber. As a young boy I noticed that one truck had "No. 3" on the side of the cab and another "No.4". It intrigued me that these trucks should have numbers and I set out

with the self-appointed, albeit silent, task of finding trucks "No. 1 and No. 2". It wasn't until sometime later that I found trucks "No. 1" and "No. 2". If I remember correctly, truck "No. 1" was parked in the Ewing's yard with its motor removed, while truck "No. 2" was still roadworthy and parked in the yard as well. And, if memory also serves, there was at least a "No. 5" (and perhaps others) in later years.

The Ewings were very good, long-time friends of my parents. I remember visiting them with my mother once we moved into Mayo and particularly remember the sadness we all felt when Mrs. Ewing (Elizabeth) became ill and passed away. It was a happy time, however when Harry and Dorrie were married a few years later. I appreciated Harry very much. He had a keen sense of humour and would tell stories to us young people with a glint in his eye. When my parents decided to construct a house in 1960, we purchased the timbers and lumber from the Ewings, who were operating a sawmill. As a young person I remember going to visit the Ewings and enjoying the friendship that both Harry and Dorrie expressed to me, even though they were much my senior. Thanks to Peter's message, some more memories have come to the fore.

Harvey

MORE CAKE BOX STORIES, AS I REMEMBER THEM

By Weldon Pinchin pinchin@gulfislands.com (On Mayne Island BC)

Sandy Campbell and her lodge stories got the rust to move in my head.

THANK YOU SANDY

Krak-R-Krik

When Joann Graham told about Ruth (Banks) Mutch and Krak-R-KRIK it brought back a few stories of the early 50s. The camps along the highway had by now been sold by the War Assets Department. Ruth Banks was married to a man called Hughie. They had a son (sorry I don't remember his name), a friend of my late brother. Ruth was the cook so here is some filler for the pie stories. As my dad had the Cake Box [bakery in Whitehorse] and as Hughie was a good chum to my brother, Ruth got on his good side about 2 kinds of pies - raisin & dried apple. The other fruits came in tins with juice, were heavy, and cost a lot to ship north. So Ruth made a lot of raisin & apple pies (with some tips from Ted, my dad). The sad part of this story was that Hughie & Ruth came to Whitehorse one dance night and Hughie fell down a flight of stairs, he went into a coma and just never woke up. It was some time later he passed on.

Canyon Creek Lodge

Harvey Parent was the first owner as best I can remember. The sad story of his wife at the time was she was coming back from Whitehorse with supplies. It was late at night or early morning. We had a heavy hoar frost this night and a moose was standing on the highway. Mrs Parent hit the moose head on. It went over the hood of the Buick car she

drove and into the front seat. Not a good end to a kind lady. She was the mother of two children but I don't know what happened to them. Let's hope they or some one who knows can bring us all up to date?

Silver Creek Lodge (not Silver City)

This was owned and run by a man called Johnny Muska (or Muskie??). It was located at the south end of Kluane Lake within sight of Silver City but on the other side of the highway. He was a big game outfitter in that area. He also had his own tanker truck and hauled his fuel up from Haines much to the dislike of the B.Y.N. When I took my youngest son (Dhugald) up to Dawson [in 1992], then over the Top of the World Highway we spent a few days in the Kluane Lake campground, visited Burwash Landing, and went looking for Silver Creek Lodge but there was not a trace left. We looked for a marker for Christmas Creek summit but again, not a sign was left. I was part of a road crew one summer that re-surfaced that hill. No Sandy, I was long gone before your windshield was hit.

Burwash Landing

The original lodge was built out of logs in the mid 40s. Mr. Robert (Bob) Porsild was the builder. He was the father of Aksel, (Betty Deseid) Ellen (Porsild) Davignon, and Joanne. When I took my son there to show him the lodge in June - July of 1992 it had been changed and expanded so I was not able to show him the third step from the ground out the kitchen door, it was long gone.

Why you ask? The stories go that on a hot summer day in the afternoon if you stood on the step and looked out over the lake you would see a mirage of some other place. No I never saw it myself so I don't know the place they saw. True or not? If you saw it let us all know?

A note of interest to the lodge stories:

When the highway was first opened (north) it was serviced by the O'Hara Bus Lines, later taken over by the B.Y.N. The kids from my day will remember as the depot was on the corner of 3rd and Elliott. We had to pass it to go to the LAMBERT ST. School.

Government

About the new government laws regarding water & sewer as it pertains to the lodges, have the Govt. people asked themselves how have they lasted this long serving the public with clean water, clean washrooms, clean rooms and all the rest? I've never heard of any outbreak of any kind in almost 60+ years. It is sad to think of all the years of good P.R. now being thrown away. What is their answer to that? Do they forget that each lodge is an independent island on the highway? I mean INDEPENDENT. They had to be totally self-reliant, all the way from their own power, fuel for the power, water, heat (wood & oil), garbage, and on and on (think of the maintenance factor alone) and all this while serving the public each day in a positive way. I would ask them to have a second or third look please. Don't let us shoot ourselves in our own foot.

Sorry I digress

Haines Road

Now the time frame is about 1943 to 1955 and let's talk about "FORT BELOUD" later called Dezadeash Lodge, and Fred Aylwin. Bun Beloud built the first lodge out of war asset lumber he bought after the Haines Rd. was completed. As most of you know, the U.S.A. wanted a land road from salt water to Alaska. This was to be an all-weather road, not dependent on the rail road and faster as well as closer to Alaska. This is why it was just a seasonal road for the first few years. They had no idea of the snow, water runoff and all the other problems. Give them credit, they learned quickly. When it was deemed all-season, the road was opened year round.

The first year or two when it was open only in the good weather, the "in" place to go was Haines for the weekend. Every one new Bun had to make his year round income in those few months, so the ones going to Haines made Bun's place their pit stop of choice both going and coming. On one of these trips in June of 51, five or six of us young bucks (Fred Aylwin included) took off one Saturday afternoon to drive to Haines. We went just for the coffee, you understand, as we were all under 21, so no booze in those days. Well it took a lot longer then expected just to get to Bun's and everyone had gone to bed. It was closed. Try as I might I could not wake a soul.

In the mean time (we will just call him F/A for this story) had managed to work the pump handle that was chained around the gas pump (you pumped it up out of the ground into a glass pump marking the gallons, it then ran down by gravity into your car. (You have to remember them?) Well we got our gas to continue the trip to Haines. At the customs we were waved through, it was going home they stopped you. After all that time and trouble we had something to eat, found an auto store to buy a new fuel pump, and then headed home. We had to put the new pump into place at the customs office. Now back up to Bun's and we would need more gas there. As we all were well known by all in those days, I told Bun about the gas we had borrowed in the night. You see we thought someone had seen us in spite of it all. Our parents would then have had to pay Bun and we all would have had to pay & pay & pay & pay.

This is one yarn out of many that came to mind as Fred and Barb celebrated 50 years together a week or two ago. Congratulations.

Please read Joyce Yardley's book on her time at the "Fort". It is a very good read. Thank you for your help on this Joyce.

KLUK SHU

I'm sure most if not all have been to KLUK SHU if you have been down the Haines Road. As a reminder it is located on the left side of the road going to Bun's, you just have to know where to turn off. Maybe the tourism people have a sign there now, I don't know.

This was where the native people for many miles around came each fall when the salmon were spawning. Remember Henry Breaden would go to Haines to catch the fish before they started their run up and over the mountains to spawn in the fresh water of the Alsek, and other side streams. Stop for a moment and think back to the time before the

white man and the U.S. army built the Alaska & Haines Roads. This is where the native people gathered each fall for the salmon run. They would have to walk, have their pack dogs, and maybe a horse or two. This is where they caught, smoked, and dried the fish for their winter food. The dogs eat fish most of the time. In the winter that was almost all they had. It was OK to live that way of life before the white man's PCBs, Mercury, etc. got into the water then into the fish. Then they built a dam above Otter Falls - DUMB, DUMB, DUMB.

You might remember in an earlier MOC TEL I mentioned that I helped Blondie Hougen take the picture [which ended up] on the back of the 5\$ bill?

Hopefully I haven't lost you with this tale.

I wanted to see for myself and show my son how the native people were doing in the new way of white man's living. After a short drive off the road you come to KLUK SHU. It is much smaller now but they still had 2 pole forts & some houses left. One of the houses was a museum of the past for the tourists to see.

The pole forts were of some interest to my son. All you Yukoners know about them and their use right? The river is only a few feet wide here and that was why the site was chosen. The native people put their nets across the river and in no time, with the fish running, the nets were full. Now the challenge and race began. All the native people, men and women, would drag the nets full of fish out of the water and drag it and the fish as fast as they could into the safety of one of the forts. Why you might ask? The bears were there as well for their winter feed before the long sleep. The natives had it down to a T. All the kids were inside the forts at all times. Some of the moms looked out for them till the net was in and the gate closed. The women then took over. They took the fish out of the nets, made any repairs, and then started on the fish. The men moved over to the other fort, picked up the net from there and put it back into the river to get more fish.

This took a lot of man power. As well, men were needed to keep the bears outside as far away as they could. It was not too often they had to kill one. This caused more trouble than it was worth, so a lot of noise and dogs were used. Keep in mind that all the while smoke and more thick smoke made it hard to breathe and see. It had to be that way, 1 for the flies, and 2 to smoke the fish to cure it.

Keep in mind also there was a big set-up inside the forts. They had to have wood that would smoke, water and food for themselves, lots of drying racks, and on and on. This was mostly a daylight operation. Yeah, yeah, there is not much dark at that time of year. It was enough to get some rest. If the bears had eased they got rid of the fish guts.

The lady who was looking after the museum had come along by this time so she was kind enough to open the door so my son could see the treasures inside. I started talking to the lady, I told her who I was, the oldest son of Ted Pinchin. She remembered my dad very well from years before. He was for some years the M/C at the Champagne Rodeo. (Maybe some stories of the Van Bibbers, Chambers, and Davis of Champagne later.)

Here is a question for you old Yukoners who remember the old forts at Kluk Shu: They were made of long poles, 20 or 30 feet long planted in the ground in a large circle but with a pronounced slope towards the centre at the top. Does anyone know why they slope in at the top? Please advise Sherron at the Moc Tel so we can all find out.

Again I digress sorry.

It was a good history lesson for a young man to learn.

Cheers for now Weldon

HIGHWAY LODGES

By Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

Just to add a bit to the current theme regarding “lodges.” Nobody has mentioned Dezadeash Lodge on the Haines Highway yet, which of course was built by Bun Beloud in 1946. I remember Bun and Dorothy, his wife, very well, since my late husband, Gordon, and I bought the lodge from them in 1960, and kept it until 1967, when we sold it to my daughter Norma and her husband Cal Waddington. Details of those action filled years are in the first book I published, “Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners,” and I’d include those chapters here in the MocTel, except that it is still an active title in print at this time. So I don’t think my publisher would be too happy about that! I can, however fill you in on a few details about Bun and the lodge. I found this obit and picture in with some old newspapers:

I remember Bun as a likeable character with intense blue eyes and a shock of white hair. He loved to tease, and the first time we visited the lodge, (on a trip from Carcross for a load of hay) he took us across the road to his meadow, where a huge pile of bales were waiting to be hauled to his hayshed. “Now this is where you should build your house,” he said, “when you buy the lodge from me. It goes with this property, you understand.”

I just laughed at him. We had no intention of buying anything from him except hay. I was truly impressed with the meadow, though. It was one of those gorgeous sunny fall days, with just a sprinkling of snow on the grass, and surrounding us on all sides were the rugged snow capped mountains, which just took my breath away. I couldn’t help visualizing a home right *on that spot*, and ever since then I’ve believed that if you really wanted something badly enough, it would come true. (and it did, because years later, when we sold the lodge, it was exactly where we built our “house on the meadow.”

We loaded up the hay, and Bun insisted we come in for a coffee before leaving. I got to meet Mrs. Beloud, and the two English girls who were the last of the summer staff to

leave the lodge before it closed for the winter months. (Yes, you guessed right, when we arrived home in Carcross that day, we started thinking seriously about buying the lodge the following spring.) These two girls were also the ones who volunteered to stay on and “teach me the ropes” of the many facets of running a lodge, café’ and cocktail lounge. Bun, of course, instructed Gordon regarding the gas and garage business. There was a lot to take in, as this was an entirely new field for us. Most of it, though, could only be learned from first-hand experience.

But back to Bun. As the obit below states, he came to the Yukon in 1938, to indulge his wish to prospect for gold, and made his way to the area later named *Beloud Creek*, roughly 34 miles from *Haines Junction*, not far from the south end of *Dezadeash Lake*.

His prospecting years ended in tragedy, when his oldest son, who worked with him was killed in a rockslide. Heartbroken, he gave up mining at that point.

In 1943 the U.S. army put a road in from Haines, Alaska (Mile 0) to Haines Junction at Mile 159 (which was 1016 on the Alaska Highway) Bun built the Dezadeash Lodge at Mile 125. It was first known as *Beloud Post*. The old maps still list it by that name. He obtained the lumber and material for this job from the nearby army camp which was no longer in use.



Here is a picture of the lodge at the time Gordon and I bought it:



All I know for certain is that it's my son Ted, the little boy in the middle. - Joyce

In those days all you had to do was to go across the road to the lake to get a catch like this, casting from the shore.

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Bun outside the old lodge, pretending he'd caught this halibut in Dezadeash Lake!



BUN BELOUD DIES; Many northern friends were saddened last week by the news of the sudden passing of Bun Beloud, a pioneer lodge builder and trucker in the Yukon. He is shown here with

OBITUARY

GOLDEN (BUN) BELOUD

One of the Yukon's best known oldtimers, Bun Beloud, died suddenly at his home at Haines Junction on Wednesday, August 26, following a heart attack. He had been in his usual good health before the fatal seizure.

Born in Victoria, B.C., 79 years ago, he ranched at Pavillion, B.C. before coming to the Yukon in 1937. . . . before there was an Alaska Highway. He travelled up by boat and in from Skagway on the train. He spent some time prospecting, then in 1946 he built the Dezadeash Lodge on the Haines Road.

He continued to operate a trucking business and the lodge through the years until selling out and moving to Haines Junction where he built and operated Bun's Cafe and Garage until May of this year, when he sold the business.

Few of the many friends who knew him as Bun ever learned that his Christian name was Golden. He was known as a hard working man and a friend to many.

He is survived by his wife Dorothy, a son David and daughter Joan, and six grandchildren, all of Whitehorse.

Funeral services were conducted at Haines Junction by the Rev. Canon Ray Clennett.

(sorry, the year isn't mentioned here, maybe someone could fill it in ...)

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This is our lodge after we tore out the front and rebuilt it. The café and cocktail lounge was only partly built then, so this is the finished product. (with modern gas pumps.)



Next we added a “rock garden” and trees in front of the lodge.



A winter scene of Dezadeash Lodge

Later, the Cortino family from Chicago arrived in the Yukon and built a beautiful lodge just 10 miles down the road from us, at the North end of the Lake, mile 135. It still remains in operation, although with different owners. Our son Ted and his wife Connie Cortino, both teenagers at the time, were managing the lodge at the time scenes from the movie, Challenge to Be Free, were being photographed. The producer, Chuck Keen, plus the director, Tay Garnet, and actors all stayed at the lodge.

Our son Kirk and his wife Gunn owned and operated a lodge at Kathleen Lake in the 1960's. That is also still operating. Their two daughters were born during this time.

So for several years our whole family lived on the Haines highway.

We were all back in Whitehorse in the '70s.

Joyce

BRIAN McGEACHY AND DON MACHAN

Hi..it is sure good to hear Don Machan is on the mend and he sounds like he is in great spirits he has been in Colleen and my prayers.

Sure is great to see that Brian McGeachy has signed up for the MT. I remember Brian and Mike, and their mom and dad well. I did visit Mr. and Mrs. McGeachy a couple of times in Penticton. Mike and I were great friends growing up in Mayo had some great

times. I also have some pictures of Mayo and will have to start looking into that. I think Colleen may have taught Brian in grade 5...take care all.

Bill and Colleen Chapman cwchapman*tbwifi.ca (In Devon AB)

ARCHIE GILLESPIE

Archie Gillespie: well I surely did know him! Within the first week of arrival and working at the hospital in Dawson I heard a loud bang on the back door downstairs. I was petrified naturally, being alone in that building was something I had not experienced before. Standing outside, looking extremely cold and half frozen was this man. He staggered in and I gave him a chair before he fell. Naturally, I thought he was sick and wanted to be a patient. He said, "I'm looking for the new nurse in town and I want to interview her". After drinking a couple mugs of strong coffee, I told him my name and where I had 'hailed' from. He had an empty Players cigarette box in his top pocket and wrote all this down on the inside of the packet. Low and behold, this was in the next Dawson little paper that was published. I have laughed many times over my 'first interview.'

Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

MARTHA LOUISE BLACK

Dear Sherron,

I believe I mentioned about Mrs. Black revisiting Dawson in a story I sent a few years ago.

Martha Louise Black revisited Dawson and the Commissioner's Residence, in the summer, of I believe 1956. At that time, the Residence was occupied by the Sister's of St. Ann, elderly prospectors, and the nurses employed at St. Mary's Hospital. When I came up the front steps of the Residence, there she was sitting on a straight back chair by the front door. She was dressed all in black and I thought looking rather frail. It is my understanding that she was still mourning the death of her husband. It seems she was by the front door so she could meet the people as they went by.

In 1939, our family was living at Griffin, Saskatchewan. King George and Queen Elizabeth came to Regina. I saw them there. (When I hear of King George' death on Feb. 6, 1952 I automatically think of my father and my school principal who passed away on the same day.)

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

MARTHA BLACK CARD TABLE PASSED DOWN

Hi Sherron,

Just thought I'd tell you that Pat and I have a card table that belonged to Martha Black (given to my mother, Mary Bidlake by Martha and passed on to us) and it has her name written on the underside. It is old and worn but still in useful condition and I keep it as I can remember visiting her many times as a very young girl in Whitehorse.

Diane (Bidlake) King DKing*summer.com (In Penticton)

MARTHA BLACK REMEMBERED

Hi Sherron, I remember meeting Martha and George Black when they had moved to Whitehorse and lived in a little white house not far from Jack Sewells Store and the Regina hotel, probably between those two buildings. I'm not sure how long they occupied that house ...it seems to me that George was in a wheelchair at the time, and I believe we visited them with Eric Neilson, when he was running for election. My late husband was campaigning for Eric at that time. My memory is very sketchy of that visit, except I still remember what a lively and animated lady she was. Now it seems to me that there was some connection there between TC Richards and the Blacks, either they bought it from TC or TC bought it from them ... it was close to the Regina Hotel (which the Erickson's were running (owners) at that time)...and of course the TC Richards built and moved into the lovely big log home later.

I'm sure that either Babe Richards or Goody (Erickson) Sparling would have much more knowledge about this than I do! Just thought I'd put in my 2 cents worth. Maybe you'd like to check with one of them first. "**My Eighty Years**" by Martha Black is a wonderful, wonderful book which everyone should read.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

MARTHA BLACK'S LETTER – How did the letter get hidden away?

Dear Sherron, This is a beautiful piece of detective work!!! It's been so exciting to read. I can add nothing to your story, as, although nearing 90, I'm a "come lately". I'm a history buff, a member of the Beaver Magazine, and on my shelves, Martha Black's books and due to the late Pretoria Butterworth, most of the Yukon stories published including Lewis Green's Y.C.G.C. saga.

The Mayo story of Martha Black's letter I hope is on-going as How Did the Letter get Hidden away? Since Martha Black had a great grasp of the language, and wrote well, no one would be surprised that this letter is so descriptive. I know the area of which you speak; for instance picked wild flowers one snowy July 1st on Keno Hills with Lil Munroe, some are pressed and identified in the UBC Herbarium! not too well, it being so wet!

We have a friend in Nanaimo's Berwick, who lived some years in Mayo, and since he hasn't a computer I tried to make notes of this last story, as well as others mentioned before, Curly Marback', prewar mostly I believe, but maybe some Nanaimo Yukoners may know him. Thank you for your great stories and all the work you must do to produce them. See you at the next Yukoners' picnic, God willing.....*Peg McComb-Watson* pegwatson@hotmail.com (On Vancouver Island)

More from Peg – Why not I climbed the Chilkoot Bumper stickers ? ?

Dear Sherron, for you to find time in your apparently busy day of detective work, to write me, I thank you. I see Curly Marback every month at the potluck meeting of our hobby club and sometimes in between. He sometimes teaches stained glass, usually a pretty cheerful old guy. He was a single fellow when he worked at Keno, and I think he came back again after, with a wife and then seven or nine kids! Earlier when I told him things about Mayo and Keno, he got so excited telling us events about those days. I'll try to get him to tell me things I can tell you sometime.

Did I tell you that we climbed the Chilkoot Pass? in 1978. There are bumper stickers to say you drove the Alaska Hwy, but none to say you climbed the pass!!! But I have a pin, and that's what I'll wear at the Yukoners' picnic!and probably my boots,eh? well, not likely, in the summer! Talk again, *Peg*

MARTHA BLACK A ROLE MODEL

What a find!!!! That is "Gold" in its own right.

Martha not only described the whole event so eloquently, but so precise, that I could actually visualize the whole thing.

She was truly a beautiful writer, and to think that she had a typewriter to put this in print....and she did not even make one mistake....Imagine if she had had access to a computer.

Thank you to all who worked on this project. What a tribute to the Royalty, and to history.

Thank you so much, as well, for all the web connections as well. It really filled out the articles.

Martha Black's history is fascinating, and a real tribute to the Women of the North. She was a true pioneer of the North, and a true northern entrepreneur..... a real model to other women of the North. There are many of them, though few ever made it to Parliament, but few had men who would allow them to pursue those ventures. Thank goodness for strong women, for they make wonderful role models for young girls coming up throughout the ages.....and in turn become strong independent women.

There are many women that were true pioneers of the North, but we rarely hear of them. I think of ladies like Jean Gordon and Tagish Annie, just to name a couple. I know that there are many others, but their names escape me at the moment.

So, once again, thank you for a wonderful article.

All the best to all

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

Can any of you write some comments on Jean Gordon or Tagish Anne. I know Anne had a business near the Tagish Bridge and made peoples mouth water for a Cinnamon Bun, but I have only ever heard Jean Gordon's name. Would love to learn more about our old timers. So please send your comments to sherronjones@shaw.ca

Just as another point of interest, I am pretty sure Martha would have used a typewriter eraser in the year she typed that letter. Now the erasers have been replaced by correction tape and ultimately computers. - Sherron

MARTHA BLACK A MARVELOUS WRITER

Hi Sherron & Harvey

Thanks Sherron for the "early" edition of the Martha Black story, as well as yesterdays copy. Sorry I was unable to add anything to your efforts in digging up more details. We found the letter so interesting and just amazed at what a marvelous writer Martha was. As you both know this would have been more than I could handle with my eye condition....so Bob read the whole thing out loud to me. We we're both riveted to our chairs with all those marvelous details that Martha shared with her old Yukon friends. It would have been such a treat to know her.

Harvey, you did such a fabulous job of digging up Martha's story from your books. Mind you, I know you have a mind for details yourself....so this was really great of you to share these little "tidbits" with the readers.

Bob and I have had a real exciting week and our heads are still in the clouds. We bought a 22 ft. 5th wheel on Monday. For quite awhile now we have been dreaming of a trip back up North. Buying the "trailer" has made our dreams just a little bit closer. We have hopes of driving the Dempster Highway and visiting all our old haunts throughout the Yukon as well. So far we aren't to sure if we can pull this off this summer or hang on till next. It's so exciting planning and going over maps. The last time we traveled up North was in '75, so the country has changed a lot from what we have in our memories.

Thanks again for all your efforts on the Martha Black letter. Brian & Faye certainly are a welcome addition to the MocTel family. So nice to have another Yukoner share these stories with us.

Karren & Bob Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney BC)

UPDATE ON CHUCK HANKINS

Hello everyone - thank you all very very much for all your calls, emails & cards over the last week. You have no idea how much they have meant to Dad. His memory is as sharp as ever. He is still in Vernon hospital but has been moved from ICU to a ward. His condition is much the same but he is somewhat stronger than a week ago and continues to fight like hell to get out of there. My brother Greg and I as well as my Aunt Elsie will be taking turns in Vernon with Mom.

Again, thank you all very much and I will let you know of any changes.

Sincerely

Heather Patchett (Chuck Hankins daughter) hankinscm@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

YUKON QUEST – Race Start to Braeburn

I have forwarded the progress of the Yukon Quest race. I will continue to do so if you are interested. Let me know. How I wish I were there, especially to see the teams off.

I can remember all the hard work that went into preparing for the Sourdough Rendezvous races. The first snow fall was wonderful and I'm sure even the dogs knew that this was the start of training. There were days that were very cold and the thought of going outside in the frigid temperatures brought goose-pumps but once outside and working

with the team I never felt the cold. The week before Rendezvous we were busy making pom-poms and ensuring all the traces, harnesses and the runners on the sled were in tip-top condition. The feed we fed our dogs was a special mixture – fed only when racing. The weekend before the race was the Musher's Banquet hosted by the Yukon Dog Musher's Association of which I was secretary. This is where we drew our numbers on the order that we would go out of the chute the start of the 3-day race. The banquet was a lot of work to organize but so much fun. The day of the race we were at the river west of the White Pass Train Depot around 6:00 a.m. getting the team ready. The excitement and nervousness was almost too much to handle. As we hooked up our team one by one, first the leader, then the wheel dogs, then the pointer dogs and finally the swing dogs the animals would settle down, ears pointed toward the chute, tails high, curled up on their back, not moving a muscle. Finally, it was our turn. The first handler, with a good grip on the lead dogs' collar and another handler with a grip on the swing dogs, and finally the last handler with a firm grip on the sled, would all lead the team to the starting point as I would have my foot on the metal brake to assist the handlers in keeping the team from breaking away before we were scheduled to leave by the clock. Now the dogs were barking and jumping, raring to go. As the Race Marshall would count down the dogs would stop jumping and barking as it was all business – 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 – the dogs would fly out of the chute with lightning speed. I was slouching down so there was no wind resistance, my hands tightly curled around the handle on the sled, my feet securely on the runners, we shot out of the chute, trying to catch up to the team that had left 3 minutes ahead of us. Oh the memories..... how I miss it.

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

From: Muktuk [mailto:muktuk@northwestel.net]
Sent: Sunday, February 11, 2007 3:46 AM
To: Muktuk Kennels
Subject: Race Start to Braeburn, Feb 11 2:00 AM

RACE UPDATE Day 1

See Checkpoint Times & updates at <http://www.muktuk.com/quest2007/updates.php>

Start

The race start went really well for all but one team, JT Hessert (20). He was not ready when his number was called, and in accordance with race rules, had to wait until all the other teams were gone before he could leave the chute. That happens to at least one team almost every year. Frank went out in 18th position, behind Hans Gatt. Both the team and Frank looked great going out of the gate. For the full starting order and times, see <http://www.muktuk.com/quest2007/update1Whitehorse.php>

The entire area was amazingly calm, considering how many dogs there were. There were dozens of volunteers to escort each team to the start chute, and First Avenue was packed with spectators. It was one of the biggest crowds I can remember seeing there.

It was very interesting to see the various types of sleds that mushers are trying – some modeled on Jeff King's two-part sled, where mushers can sit mid-way along their load. It will be interesting to see how that type of sled handles the summits on the Quest trail.

02/10 16:30 Yukon Time – Takhini River

All the teams passed by our Ranch between 1:00 PM and 4:30 PM. Frank went by just before 2:00 PM, a bit earlier than we expected. The team were pretty well settled into a trot, and looked very even – which is just what we want to see. There were a lot of people on the river to see teams go by. All our guests stayed well back of the trail and stayed very quiet. Some viewers were rather more exuberant and went very close to the trail. Their efforts to cheer on teams and take photographs were, unfortunately, very distracting for some of the teams. A short distance past our farm, the trail turns up onto the Dawson Trail, and the mushers would then get away from the media and fans and be able to settle into a rhythm.

03/10 2:00 – Braeburn Checkpoint

Hugh Neff arrived at 21:24, with a very fast time of 9 hrs 24 min. The majority of the front teams started arriving shortly after 23:00 PST. Wycoff, Kleedehn, Burmeister, Willomitzer, Mackey and Gatt arrived between 23:18 and midnight. Six more teams had arrived by 1:00 AM – Benson, Dalton, Beattie, Schnuelle, Ledwidge and Griffin. Nine teams pulled in between 1:00 and 2:00, with Frank in the midst of the group – Phillips, Hanes, Adams, Jayne, Truner, Sass, Pinard, Honda and Bybee.

Trail Reports

By all accounts, the trail to Braeburn was good and fast. There are a lot of horses and large game animals in the area, so there were some concerns about hoof-holes along the trail – a real hazard for dog teams, causing wrist and shoulder injuries. But it sounds as if there were not too many holes after all.

Quest 300

The Quest 300 mushers started at 17:00 PST, and we saw many of their headlamps go past the ranch this evening.

The field is very diverse, with past Quest mushers and rookies. Our friend, and former Muktuk volunteer, Simi Morrison, went out in 7th place. We are really hoping she has a wonderful race and a great time on the trail. Here is the starting order:

1. Sean Fitzgerald

2. Paul Geoffrion
3. Tammi Rego
4. Roland Waldispuehl
5. Thomas Tetz
6. Martin Jahr
7. Simi Morrison
8. Laura Jane Lucas
9. Luc Twedell
10. Jeremie Matrishon
11. Michael Supremant
12. Ivan Wehrli
13. Samuel Eisenhut
14. Jeremy Keller
15. Leonard McGlynn
16. Ed Hopkins
17. Zoya Denure

This group of mushers should arrive in Braeburn as most of the Quest teams are leaving.

Muktuk Adventures Limited

"A place for people who love dogs"

Km 1443 Alaska Hwy 8 P.O. Box 20716 Stn Main

Whitehorse, Yukon CANADA Y1A 7A2

Web: www.muktuk.com

RACE HIGHLIGHTS

At the start:

<http://www.muktuk.com/quest2007/whitehorse.php>

From: Muktuk [mailto:muktuk@northwestel.net]

Hi folks,

For additional notes, times in and out, running times, and photos (when we can), please check the updates section of our website.

<http://www.muktuk.com/quest2007/updates.php>

From there you can link to the updates for each checkpoint.

Also, I posted the starting order for the final team on the Whitehorse updates page.

All for now, Anne

FRANK TURNER PULLS HIS TEAM FROM THE RACE AT DAWSON

Frank has decided not to continue. I've known Frank since our rookie dog mushing days and know this was in some ways a difficult decision for him but knowing he did what he knows is the right thing to do. He cares for his dogs and the people that work for him, very evident during my visit with him last June. This is the e-mail I sent off to him.

Donna Clayson

Hello Frank & Anne

Frank, I have received the latest update regarding your decision to return home. I have to say how much I respect your decision to not continue for "the dogs' sake" and to think of the welfare of your best friends. You not only consider your dogs but Anne as well in your decision, never thinking of yourself. I always knew you were such a man – that integrity, honesty, sincerity and gentleness spell out who Frank Turner really is.

I know this is a big disappointment and still you are thinking of your crew, the hours they have put in for the entire team. They are all a lucky bunch to have the opportunity to work with you and nothing is lost in your decision.

I'm proud of you and your dogs and it's an honor to know such fine people as you and Anne. Look forward to next year And hopefully I'll be there to see you off, I'm already planning it.

Now, if only I could give you, the dogs and Anne a big hug. All the best.

Donna

From: Muktuk Kennels [mailto:arabbit@yknet.ca]

Sent: Friday, February 16, 2007 2:14 PM

To: Muktuk Kennels

Subject: Dawson Checkpoint Friday Noon

Hi Folks,

Fourteen teams have headed out of Dawson, and another group will head out this afternoon and evening.

Our team, alas, will not be heading out on the trail. Instead, they will be riding in the truck back to Whitehorse.

Frank struggled all morning with this difficult decision. In the end, he felt it was the best decision for the dogs. He has overcome the challenges with the broken sled (thanks to Prairiebilt and UPS), some other equipment challenges, and several early injuries. With over 500 miles still to go, he had some concerns about the dogs remaining in the team. They are a super group of young females, along with a few older males in their last year of racing. They all “gave everything.” Sakura and Elsa were barking to go every time they stopped, and even Marley was doing her best. But Carter has a sore shoulder and needs to stay here, which would leave the team short on sheer power.

Frank did not want to put that much pressure on the other dogs, especially the young ones, and especially over the three big summits.

Right now he is devastated, and keeps apologizing. But we have reassured him that he does not need to apologize, as he is doing what he feels is best for the dogs. He said several times that if he went on, it would “be for me, and that’s not right”.

We share his huge disappointment, and we are disappointed too, but everyone on our team supports his decision.

We will send out more news and post photos when we get home. First, there is a lot of packing to do, and a seven-hour drive to get home.

All for now, Anne

AURORA

This is awesome, click on it to view the northern lights, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nyU28zkY18I>

Cheers Ron Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

POSITIVE ATTITUDE

"A positive attitude is perhaps more important at home than anywhere else. As spouses and parents, one of our most vital roles is to help those we love feel good about themselves."

Keith Harrell
Speaker and Author

A great thought for Valentines Day and every Day.

Dave Harder d2harder*dccnet.com (In Delta)



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

OBIT

Phyllis May Hinds

HINDS Phyllis May Phyllis passed away peacefully on February 7, 2007 at the age of 84. She will be forever remembered and dearly missed by her nephew Donald (Adrienne) Murray, her great niece and nephew Marilyn and Dean Murray, her nephew Paul (Catherine) Hinds, her great nephew Mark Hinds, her close friend Jean Urquhart, and many, many friends. Phyllis was pre-deceased by her husband Robert Hinds in 1969, brother Alden (Ike) Walker and her sister Betty Buffett. Born on December 22, 1922 in Victoria, Phyllis grew up in Whitehorse, Yukon and moved to Vancouver in the mid 1940's. She began her career with B.C. Electric and continued working for the company, which became B.C. Hydro, until her retirement in 1982. Phyllis continued to stay close to many friends she had in Whitehorse. She also developed lasting friendships with many who worked with her at Hydro. Phyllis loved to travel and particularly loved her trips to Hawaii and her many cruises. Phyllis was a very active member of the Vancouver Yukoner's Association, and was a past President of the Association. She was also an active member and past President of ISR. Phyllis will be remembered by all who knew her for her thoughtfulness, kindness and her constant consideration of those around her. A memorial service to celebrate Phyllis' life will be held Monday, February 26, 2007 at 2:00 p.m. at First Memorial Chapel, 1505 Lillooet Road, North Vancouver. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Heart and Stroke Foundation or a charity of your choice would be appreciated. Published in the Vancouver Sun on 2/14/2007.

Sherron:

This is from the Friday February 16th edition of the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner. Note the Dawson connection.

Regards,

Pam Buckway

Hattan L. Yoder

Former longtime Fairbanks resident Hattan Lewis Yoder, 88, passed away Friday, Feb. 9, 2007, at Kah Tai Care Center in Port Townsend, Wash., where he had resided for the past four years. He had moved to Washington to be near his daughter, Bonnie, and her husband.

H.L., as he preferred to be called, was born May 8, 1918, in Locustdale, Pa.

He had a very interesting life. He served in World War II. In 1942, H.L. married Sue Hutchenson and they had three children.

After the war, H.L. became a long haul truck driver on the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

In the early 1950s, H.L. came to Fairbanks to work on a gold dredge and returned every summer for several years before settling here permanently in the late 1950s. He also worked on the Distant Early Warning line as a heavy equipment operator and also transported mobile homes to Alaska from Montana and Idaho.

H.L. and Sue divorced in the mid-'60s and he later married E. Regina White.

They spent many years traveling in their motor home during the winters and spending **summers gold mining on Adams Creek in Dawson, Yukon.**

He is survived by his son, Bill Yoder of Billings, Mont.; daughters and sons-in-law, Kay and Garry Chandler of Fairbanks and Bonnie and Larry Slay of Port Townsend, Wash.; grandchildren and their spouses, Tammy and Ron Baxter of Fairbanks, Rebecca Chandler of Fairbanks, Vicky and Tim Marrone of Pennsylvania, Kim Yoder of Pennsylvania, Kenny and Tish Yoder of Pennsylvania, Ethan and Jenny Slay of Seattle; great-grandchildren, Kaylen, Dustin and Amber Baxter of Fairbanks, Isabell Chandler of Fairbanks, Nathaniel and Madalin Marrone of Pennsylvania and Samantha and Lucas Yoder of Pennsylvania; three brothers and two sisters.

H.L. was preceded in death by his wife, Regina, in 2004.

At his request there will be no service and the remains of H.L. and Regina will be scattered together over Adams Creek where they spent so many good days mining and entertaining their friends.

ARTISTIC TALENT



Wood carving – “Surprise”

Photo of his wood carving courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

NEW ADDITIONS

Sherron,

Please add my information to the Ex-Yukoners and Sourdough listing.

Robert Dussault - Brother of Lynn Perrin who married Marshall Perrin. My wife Gail Dussault and myself lived in the Yukon until September 1981.

My wife lived in Whitehorse from 1974 to 1981 and I lived in Whitehorse for most of my life from the time I was 11 until I left in 1981 to move to Edmonton along with Gail.

Gail's maiden name was Semke, she worked at Hougens department store also at White Pass and Yukon Route. I worked for CNT and also Yukon Electric along with WHTV.

We now have a son by the name of Michael who was born in 1983 whom we intend to show the Yukon to.

rdussault@shaw.ca or rdussault53@hotmail.com

gdussault@shaw.ca or gail.dussault@familyvisioncare.ca

I would like to receive the MocTel every edition thank you for your effort!!

Thank you
Robert and Gail Dussault (In Edmonton)

Helping Hand for sister ---- please send me the issues of MocTel to rdussault@shaw.ca or rdussault53@hotmail.com It's good to keep in touch with former Yukoners and the people that have decided to stay up in the Yukon. Marshall Perrin died a few years ago leaving my sister Lynn Perrin(Dussault) lonely and fighting breast cancer by herself. Just came back from a trip to Terrace to visit her spent two weeks there trying to keep her spirits up but she is finding it hard. Any help you could give her would be appreciated.
Robert Dussault

Hi Sherron. My name is Glen Wright. I worked in Whitehorse for CNT from 1966 to 1972. We then moved to Inuvik for a couple of years, then on to Hay River, NWT for a few years and returned to Whitehorse in 1980 where I worked for NorthwesTel until 1987 at which time I returned to Hay River with NorthwesTel until I retired in 1994 and moved to Kelowna, BC where I now still reside. When in Whitehorse, my wife Elly worked for the Gov't of the Yukon. I would like my name added to the e-mailing of the Moccasin Telegraph if possible. Thanks

Glen Wright gawright@uniserve.com (In Kelowna)

Kay Campbell told us about your news letter and we would like to get on the mailing. Is there a subscription fee or do we just send in a contribution to the cost?
Please let us know. Thank you

Stirling and Thelma Young

Hi Sherron

Thanks for the immediate response. We hope you are enjoying Yuma this year. I appreciate your suggestion to have a look see and get the feel for what there is on the site. Here is a brief bio of our time in the Yukon.

Thelma and I came to here from Saskatoon with our family of 4 including a babe in arms, arriving at my brother Vince's place on Cook Street (Young's Refrigeration) on Jan 3, 1971. I came north to open an office for Photofax copiers (Bob Asseltine) to sell and service the copiers that were becoming very common in offices at that time. We had several with White Pass and I may have met your husband during one of my visits to his office or shop. Three years later I left Photofax when Vince and I bought the Taylor and Drury store which we operated for 18 months until we realized that extreme inflation at the time was too much of a problem for us and we had to give it up. April of 1975 began my 25 years as an insurance agent with Excelsior Life, working with Tommy Rea (the Black Lab Dog man) and his son Glen out of Kelowna. I had a heart attack in March of 1998 and in 2000 I sold the business to Joe Trerice (Utley's son) and we retired. (Thelma was the Office Manager).

We are fortunate to have all but one of our kids living back in Whitehorse and giving us the pleasure of spoiling 6 of our 8 Grandkids, so we have no intention of leaving the Yukon in the foreseeable future.

I have some interesting stories about travelling the Yukon and NWT in the early 70's, if you think they would be of interest for the historical records.

Stirling Young sayf*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“Study as if you were going to live forever, live as if you were going to die tomorrow.”
Maria Mitchell

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Impossible Pie

I will admit to never making this pie – but who could go wrong with a name like this.

4 eggs
½ cup butter
½ cup flour
2 cups milk
1 cup sugar
1 cup coconut
2 teasp vanilla
1 teasp nutmeg

Place all ingredients in blender; process until just blended. Place mixture in a well-buttered 9-in pie plate. Bake at 350 for 50 minutes or until set. Cool before serving. Pie usually falls when cool.

In this one-step no-crust pie, the flour forms the crust. Eggs, butter and milk form the filling and the coconut makes the topping.

*My mother-in-law used to make this pie and it tasted like a custard pie with coconut in it.
– Sherron*

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

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

Vancouver Yukoner's Annual Banquet.

Note to any of you planning to attend the March 31st banquet. If you wish to stay at the River Rock Resort we suggest you book NOW as they are filling up quickly. The weekends there are very busy as they feature live entertainment at their theatre. Yukoner's special rates are available to March 15th ONLY - we still have a block of ten rooms on hold for our event. In the meantime of course, please make your dinner reservations as soon as possible.

Cheques/Monies: Please send to:

Mary MacDonald,
#309 - 5166 Halifax St.,
Burnaby, B.C. V5B 2N6

For River Rock reservations call toll free: 1.866.748.3718

For more info you can email hmunro@shaw.ca or clclarke@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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