

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 195th Edition – March 4th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Sundog

Photo courtesy Phil Robertson

Yukon photos recently taken by Phil Robertson while on a Bison Hunting trip.
Submitted by Jack &Carolyn Thompson jthompson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

IN PRAISE OF HONEY BUCKETS

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

There's a crumbling log cabin, where we started long ago,
Beneath the Whitehorse clay cliffs, where its forty five below,
Where the water bucket freezes in the kitchen, on the floor,
And a closet with the honey-bucket tucked behind the door.

In the days before the sewer system, water lines and such
Whitehorse was a town that didn't offer very much,
But it had the peace and quiet and the solitude we seek,
And Murphy with his honey wagon came around each week.

The level rose alarmingly with the passing of each day,
It was treated every morning with an aromatic spray,
Though that made the air more pleasant, we were happy just the same,
Every Blessed Friday morning when the honey wagon came.

Those were the days of vigor and the energies of youth,
And though our tales today may seem a little bit uncouth,
We strived to raise our kiddies on the Yukon River shore,
In that cabin with the honey bucket tucked behind the door.

There were many winter mornings in that cabin in the north,
When you headed for that closet for the comfort that you sought,
Then sitting in the frosty air, the door securely closed,
Came that awful realization that the honey bucket froze.

Then those springtime Friday mornings when the sun is coming back,
And the crocuses are budding in the gravel round the shack,
The kids would rush through breakfast and go running off to greet
Murphy with his honey wagon, coming down the street.

Today we live in luxury with many added treats,
Like gleaming coloured porcelain with softly padded seats,
But I still recall with humour all the fun we had before,
In that cabin with the honey bucket tucked behind the door.

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Common Redpoll

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

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 23

"J.P." (AND BEEF)

With my base at Dawson just about the centre of the Yukon Territory I flew over quite an area servicing the mining and survey camps carrying mail, making emergency flights and I suppose this fact came to the attention of Commissioner Jack Gibbon. With this in mind he asked me if I would accept the appointment as a Justice of the Peace.

The main reason was that there were numerous times when people living in the outlying areas required the services of a judge or J.P. and I was able to give them that service at their home base, thus saving them a long trip into town. The people of the Yukon were good to me and I was proud to be of help. Because of a Yukon mining law, an individual could only stake four claims in his name. When a company or a party wished to stake a sufficiently large area to make an investment in exploration worthwhile and at the same time have a protective buffer of claims around their property, they needed about 100 claims. To accomplish this they would hire 25 men and each of these would stake 4 claims and then transfer their claims to the finders of the prospect. This could only be done through the legal procedure of Bills of Sale, Transfers and formal witnessing and signing, and that was where I got into the act.

Way out in the boonies the prospector would set up an office in a tent, have all the forms from the Mining Records Office, I would sit in as J.P. take the affidavits and witness signatures.

While most of my duties were out in the remote areas, when the Dawson J.P. was absent I was expected to fill in. Most of these cases were the result of brawls in the bars, generally disturbing the peace or drunkenness.

I may have presided but some of the people who came before me were chronic offenders and knew more about court procedure than I did.

One case I remember, involved Blondie. Blondie had been driving his truck around town without due care while under the influence and the police had picked him up and here he was up before me. Blondie pleaded guilty and according to the laws of the Yukon I could do no less than sentence him to 7 days in jail. That was mandatory for a drunken driving charge.

What made it unusual was I knew Blondie so well. When things had been quiet in Dawson the previous winter we had formed a sort of commercial fishing venture partnership. We knew of a lake about 50 miles from Dawson well stocked with whitefish. I flew Blondie in, with all his gear, nets and other equipment, there was a cabin at the lake and we cleaned it out and made it habitable, then we went down on the lake and cut the holes in the ice to put the nets in and we were in business.

Every few days I would fly in and load up with the fish Blondie had caught. The product was good the price was right but it didn't take long before we had flooded the markets of Dawson and Mayo. We didn't make much money but it at least put in the time when things were slow.

All this was going through my mind when I was sentencing Blondie to 7 days in the lockup.

Two days later it was still on my mind and I checked around to see how Blondie's wife and several children were doing and found out that they were getting short of fire wood.

So I sent over one of my trucks with a load of wood. This could only have happened in Dawson City.

Besides my brief involvement with fish I had a briefer one with beef. Due to the short growing season, agriculture hasn't exactly flourished in the Yukon. There were many truck farms in the very early days when the population ran to several thousand. There were islands in the Yukon River where substantial quantities of vegetables were grown, but as the population decreased and transportation improved and trucks were on all season roads, farming sort of faded out.

Right from the beginning there was a demand for horses in the Yukon and consequently a need for feed. There were good hay fields on some of the river flats on the lower Klondike and Yukon Rivers around Dawson. There were also a couple of small dairy farms. When we first moved to Dawson in 1947 we bought milk from a local dairy at 45cents a quart which we thought was pretty expensive - 40 *years* later and 1500 miles farther south we pay twice that amount.

One of the farms which survived is the Pelly Farm, 110 air miles south of Dawson on the Pelly River, about 3 miles up the Pelly River from its confluence with the Yukon River where the old fur trading post, Fort Selkirk was established.

The farm has between 300 and 400 acres of cultivated land and some very good grass lands nearby for summer range. The Pelly Farm was operating in the 1920's and from 1940 to 1954 the J.C. Wilkinson family owned the place and kept about 40 head of beef cattle. (Before aircraft took over J.C. wintered and fed horses for use by survey crews). They would butcher several head of cattle each fall and ship the meat by riverboat to Dawson or Whitehorse. The shipment would be timed for the very last boats of the season.

In 1951 the Wilkinsons decided to sell the farm so were going to kill off all the cattle. They butchered about 20 head which still left them with 20 beef cattle.

I made a deal with the Wilkinsons that as soon as the ice on the Pelly was suitable for landing a ski equipped aircraft, they would butcher the 20 head and I would fly the meat to Dawson where it had been sold to the Sisters of St. Ann who ran the hospital.

It was certainly beautiful beef that I flew into Dawson where it was stored in the freezers of the Northern Commercial Company, all set for the hospital's use during the winter.

A month later the big N.C. store and warehouses burned to the ground and all that beef went up in smoke.

The Wilkinsons were nice people. They always made me welcome whenever I stopped there. "J.C." told me he had been born in Moab, Utah, in 1885 and as a young man he had travelled with a Wild West Show and was a trick roper and rider. After their marriage the Wilkinsons moved to the Peace River country and there in 1914 at Peace River Crossing their eldest son Jared was born. They moved back to the States and their daughter Ethel was born in Washington State in 1917 and that same year they moved north to Fort Selkirk where their son Eddie was born. There was some parallel between their moving about and the Callison family's.

They lived at Fort Selkirk until 1928 when they moved into the wilds of the McMillen River near the Yukon, N.W.T. border and trapped there for a living until they bought the Pelly Farm in 1940.

I kept in touch with the family and was sorry when I heard that J.C. died in 1972 at Pelly Crossing where he had made his home since selling the farm. Son Eddie was killed by a grizzly bear near Pelly Crossing in 1975. Jared died in a car accident in Whitehorse two years later. Their daughter, Ethel, is married and makes her home at Canoe, B.C. As far as I know Pelly Farm is still in operation. The Bradley Brothers from Saskatchewan bought it from J.C. and continued to raise cattle.

To be continued

VISIT WITH DON MACHAN

Hi Sherron,

I thought you and the readers of the MocTel might be interested in hearing that I had a very nice approximately two hour visit with Don Machan at the GF Strong Rehabilitation Centre in Vancouver on Wednesday, February 21st. Since I was over in Vancouver on business I decided I should stay a little longer and take the time to see how our friend Don was doing. I am so glad I did. Many of the readers are aware that I have known Don since 1954 when I first attended school in Mayo and Don was, at that time, the principal of the Mayo Elementary-High School. The following is a detailed account of my visit with him.

I arrived at the GF Strong Rehab Centre about 1:30 PM and the first challenge was to find a parking spot. Those who have visited the GF Strong will know that there is a small lot adjacent to the centre but that it is usually full and street parking is almost non-existent, since most of the surrounding area is residential and therefore reserved for the people who live there. I initially tried the lot, which was full, and then tried to find a space on the streets. After doing several rounds up and down the adjoining streets, I decided to give the lot a try again and, much to my amazement and thankfulness, there was an open spot very close to the entrance to GF Strong.

I entered the centre and enquired as to where I might find Don. The woman at the information desk gave me Don's room number but indicated there was a good chance he might be in physiotherapy. I went up to the room and found Don asleep in his wheelchair in front of the TV. I wondered if I should wake him but decided to do so. He awoke and instantly recognized me. The first thing he asked was what time it was. When I told him it was 1:45 PM he said, "Oh Oh!" and thanked me for waking him up because he was supposed to have gone to physiotherapy at 1:00 PM, but had obviously fallen asleep and missed his appointment.

Don decided he should go down to physio anyway and let his therapist know what had happened. We took the elevator to the first floor. Don has sufficient maneuverability with his left hand to operate the joy stick of his electric wheelchair and so he led the way, chatting with me as we went. At the physiotherapy room Don introduced me to some of his fellow residents and to the therapist. We then returned to Don's room on the third

floor and while the nurses attended to making his bed and to giving him a change of clothes, I wandered the halls a bit in search of another resident.

Don had told me that he had met a fellow resident who had indicated that he knew me from UBC. Don didn't know his last name but did know his first name. We enquired at the nursing station and determined that it was a former engineering professor who I had worked with on various projects during my career at UBC. While I waited for the staff to attend to Don, I happened to be in front of the elevators when my professor friend stepped out of one of them. It turns out that he had suffered a stroke several weeks back and was in GF Strong to receive therapy on his leg. We had a good chat and I was thankful for the opportunity to be able to see him as well.

By this time, the nurses had finished attending to Don and I was able to resume my visit with him. It was also now time for Don to go back downstairs for his occupational therapy treatment. He is receiving this treatment to strengthen his hands and arms so that he will be able to use them more. I accompanied him to the occupational therapy room where Don introduced me to the person in charge of the treatment centre. Since Don's therapist was still busy with another resident, we parked at the side of the room and visited more.

Don was very interested in hearing what was being written in the Moccasin Telegraph. He wanted to know if Gus was still providing poems for the editions. He asked if Pat Callison's story was still running. He noted that he really enjoyed reading Pat's story and was missing it. He asked how Sherron was. I tried to fill him in on some of the stories and accounts people had written since he last was able to read the editions. Don indicated that when he gets settled in a home he will want to arrange to have his computer set-up to allow him to read the MocTel once again. I noted that he should be able to obtain some voice activated software that would allow him to do so. It may be that he will be able to use it to even contribute again in the future as well. As we sat and talked, except for the fact that Don was sitting before me strapped into his wheelchair, he seemed his old self. He was bright and cheerful, remembering many interesting accounts of past days in Mayo and other locations.

His occupational therapist was now available so we moved over to the other side of the room and while the therapist worked on Don's hands, after introducing me to him, Don and I carried on our conversation. Don wanted me to be sure and say hello to everyone who knows him through the Moccasin Telegraph. He indicated that he has received a mountain of cards and get well wishes from people and many visits. I asked how long he expects to remain a resident of GF Strong and he indicated that he will probably remain there until at least the beginning of April. Don hopes that he will then be able to become a resident of either Eagle Park Lodge in Qualicum Beach (his preference) or Trillium Lodge in Parksville.

Two hours had passed so quickly and now it was time for me to leave to catch a ferry back to Vancouver Island. As I bid farewell to Don he thanked me for coming and gave me his customary wide smile. I held his hand and felt blessed to have had the

opportunity to spend a couple of hours with a man I have known for over 50 years and who I hope to be able to enjoy the company of for many more. If any of the readers who know Don are in the vicinity of the GF Strong Rehabilitation Centre at 26th Avenue and Laurel Street in Vancouver and you haven't visited him, do drop in and have a visit with him. Even if you have visited, do so again. I know he will enjoy seeing you and you will come away enriched and blessed by Don Machan's optimism and good spirits.

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

DON MACHAN HAS AN E-MAIL ADDRESS

Dear Sherron

Please send MocTel to the e-mail address above.

Don Machan donmachan@yahoo.ca (In GF Strong hospital in Vancouver)

I am thrilled that Don is back reading the MocTel. Keep fighting your way back Don, we miss your letters. – Sherron

MARTHA BLACK LETTER

I read all the information gathered on the letter from Martha black to her "Dear Yukoners" and was delighted to see a real copy of the letter. All the amazing research that went into adding to the letter was also a wonderful treat to read.

To shed just a tiny bit more information on the letter:

Most, but not all Yukon MP's sent back to the Yukon a constituency letter during their time in Parliament....the Black's were no exception, and Martha proved to be a very consummate writer, describing so much about her time in Ottawa. The letter that was found, is more than likely to be one of several copies of each of her letters, that Martha would have sent Northwards. There are a number of collections deposited in Archives around this country, containing identical copies of the same letter, but given to a different person/friend each time. I read somewhere that she made at least 8 copies of her letters, to mail north.

One such repository of her letter-writing was to the Dawson News, newspaper. In the June 15th 1939 issue, there is a complete copy of that welcome letter that was found in the walls of a Mayo Home. The Dawson News faithfully printed all the letters and news it was given from "Outside".

Mrs Lyman Black was indeed the wife of Martha's youngest son Lyman. Very little is known about her at present, but many of us are still on the hunt. We do know her Christian name was Aimee and that she met Lyman when he was serving in the Canadian Armed forces and based in Winnipeg. We also believe that that is where they were

married. We also know she was visiting Mrs Black in Ottawa at the time of her husband's death, in a car accident in 1937. They did not, to our best knowledge, have any children. We would love to track her story down if only to locate her marriage certificate etc. and also any news clippings...It is often frustrating when doing research only to find the wife of some prominent individual is only referred to as "Mrs so-and-so...." Thank goodness we are living in the 21st century.

Cheers,
Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

ATLIN – EARLY 40’S ??

Going through my photo album; and came across this picture of some people in the Atlin area. Don't know the date but probably late 30's or early 40's. Maybe some of the Moc Tel subscribers might know some of them. Name of one of the ladies in the centre is unknown.



Mrs Murphy George Baker Miriam Henning Norah Roxborough
Nate Murphy McLeod White Mrs White

Ruth Clark Frank Henning Melvin Beckman

No direct connection with Ruth, other than Mrs. Henning (Miriam's mother) tried to teach Ruth the piano. The reason I sent this on to you was from seeing the obituary for Miriam in a previous MocTel and just happened to come across the picture. I think Ruth's brother Herb probably sent us that pic.

I am really enjoying the articles from Pat Callison, as I used to know some of the bush pilots in the Yukon and took flights with some of them to some of the locations he

describes. I especially remember landing on frozen lakes and having to rock the wings to get un-stuck from the frozen overflow. One time, I had to rock the wings to break the skiis free and then jump onto the ski and get in the Super Cub while it was in motion. If I didn't get in on the first try, the pilot would have to make a big circle back to me. The most tries I had to make was three. I did quite a few trips with BC Yukon Air Service, at the time owned by Dal Dalziel out of Watson Lake, sometimes with Bob Harrison or Ed MacPherson. Maybe some of these trips could be something for MocTel.

Cheers,

Jim & Ruth (GAENSBAUER) Stewart jtastew@shaw.ca (In Winfield BC)

NOTE FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH

Hi Sherron, Well when I woke up this morning it was -47. It's a beautiful day bright sun, clear blue sky and the sun has warmed us up to -34. Did I miss this weeks Moctel or did we run out of news? Keeping warm in Dawson Myrna (Feb 25. 2007)

Yes the games opened on Friday, I must say I was impressed with the ceremonies. Not that it makes me wish I was there. Sounds like Whitehorse is bouncing, the temp and wind are pretty cold. We just had 156 Trekkers come over from Tok this weekend, there is nothing crazier than Skidoosers, it was -56 below when they left Tok (at least that's what I heard.) There have been two house fires in our area this weekend, that's a sad thing at anytime of year but even worse when the temperatures are in the -40s. I sure hope this cold leaves pretty soonWe've had it long enough Luv Myrna

Myrna Butterworth myrnab@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

CAT SITTER VIDEO



Diesel

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson (In Ardrossan AB)

I have attached a photo of my cat, Diesel, taken this morning. When I lock him in the bedroom so the other two cats can come out for awhile I put in a video called "The Cat Babysitter". He loves it and when not playing he asks for it by going to the TV and sitting in front of it. I also have him on video.

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

Pet sitter videos available at <http://petsittervideos.com/>

MESSAGE FROM DOUG MARCEAU

*Doug had me send a CD of the MocTels to his brother-in-law Harold 'Bud' Twigge.
- Sherron Jones*

Thank you for your e-mail and mailing out the CD for me. Bill is correct on Harold (Bud) Twigge. He work for many years on the White Pass driving transport, and then in later years worked at the Tank Farm in Whitehorse. He and my sister Pearl operated a hotel-cafe in Carmacks in the early 50's. In later years they moved to Carcross and built the store, cafe, garage, and camp ground know as Spirit Lake Lodge. Until about five years ago their Boys Bobby and Doug Twigge owned and operated Montana Services in Carcross. I went to school for one year in Whitehorse in the 50's and spent one winter at Carmacks. Boy was it cold back then. Also spent the winter of 54-55 at Smith River B.C. Mile 533 of the Alaska Hi-way.

I enjoy the MocTel very much and can see that it must be a lot of work, thank you for doing this for all those who live in the Yukon or spent time there.

Cheers

Doug Marceau Dougmaceau*shaw.ca (In Parksville B.C.)

Warm water under Haines Junction ! ?

There is an interesting article in the Uphere Magazine, March 2007 edition regarding Haines Junction:

In 2002, workers drilling a well in Haines Junction sank a hole to 800 feet. Suddenly, there was a blowout. That's how the village discovered the huge aquifer, straining under artesian pressure, directly below them. Better still, the water's warm – warm enough to heat the village, some think. “We're working with the community to hash out ideas about how best to use this,” says Colin McDowell, Director of the Energy Solutions Centre in Whitehorse. The original idea was to circulate water around the community to every home but the economics were dodgy, so for now we're focusing on a single

building as a pilot project.” It’s hoped that groundwater heating by the large-capacity aquifer, 16.9 degrees year round, could reduce the Haines Junction Convention Centre’s fuel-oil needs by 94 percent, or 30,000 litres per year. And it’s not just a cost-savings, McDowell says. Local air pollution would be reduced by 87 tonnes of carbon dioxide every year. Not a bad price to pay for a blowout.

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

SHARING MEMORIES

Hello Brian, I saw your article in the Moc Tel this week; do you remember when we were up in Coppermine? Our son Roy is now 43 ! He was around 3 at that time it was nice to see your letter in the MocTel . Just wanted to say hi to both you and Fay.

Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Well, hello Alice. Thank you for the note. Yes, I do remember when we were up in Coppermine all those years ago after working in Dawson installing the diesel generator in 66/ 67 with Henry.

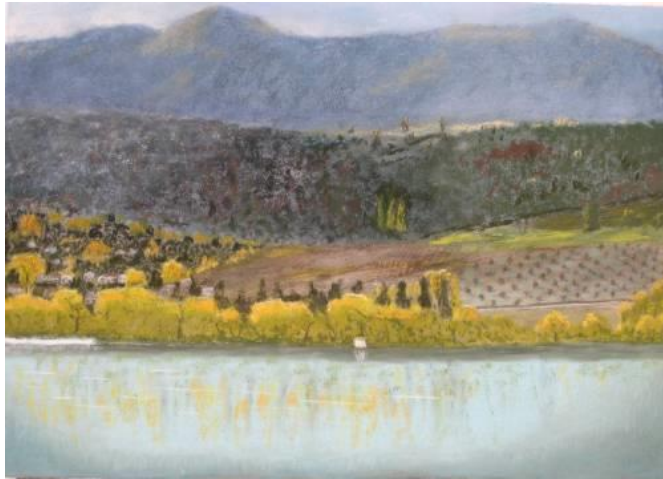
Then I worked on the power line in Dawson that summer. I believe it was in October when Henry said we were going to put in some units in Coppermine N W T .So they sent me to Edmonton a week before the rest of you came down. It must have been time to debush the kid before going farther north. Remember we got weathered in, in Yellowknife for about a long week before flying into Coppermine with (I believe it was) Ward Air's Twin Otter on floats. We got to Coppermine and looked out the window. There was no water; every thing was white. But the pilot found some open water to land on. First time I went backwards in a airplane after landing (the pilot reversed the propellers before the plane got to the edge of the ice). You likely recall two other fellows and myself stayed in the old Anglican church (one fellow from Dawson and the other from Ottawa). We just about froze to death. Thank God I did buy a Yukon down sleeping bag .We had to go out on the river next to the church to get our running water as it flowed past under two feet of ice. One night after we got back to church we went out to chip the ice for water; we could see our neighbors watching us cutting about a foot of frozen ice to get water to clean up. We finished, went back in and out they came. Now it's their turn! They never did chip any more ice until we left, I am sure. Anyway it was an experience. I will send along some pictures. This is the plane we flew in to Coppermine. This is me bailing the water (never very many people around this time of day). Next is the hole in the ice; it was getting smaller every night. Home after a hard day. The neighbors' seals (meat for the winter). Picture of inside the powerhouse and then Coppermine from the back door of powerhouse. Well, I better get off here but in closing, Alice, I just hope this brings a smile to your day and we were sorry to hear about Henry's passing - Brian

Brian and Faye McGeachy bmcgeach@telus.net (In Penticton)





ARTISTIC TALENT



Kal Lake View

Another that I just finished, of the view from our deck on a fall morning, looking across Kal Lake.

Photo courtesy Brian Warner bewarner*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

SERVICE FOR PHYLLIS HINDS

WELL WE ALL SAID GOODBYE TO PHYLLIS HINDS.....SHE WAS REALLY WELL LOVED AND LIKED.....THE SERVICE...WAS ONE OF THE BEST I HAVE BEEN TOO.....MADE YOU FEEL WARM AND COSY ALL OVER.....MANY YUKONERS WERE THERE OF COURSE.. AND PEOPLE FROM BC HYDRO.....YES IT WAS A VERY SPECIAL GOOD BYE...LOVE GILLIAN XO

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Hello Donny:

I just want to say if a memorial service can be called 'good' Phyllis' service yesterday was a beautiful one! You did a great job in making it this way. I am ever so happy that the Boyes asked me to go with them. I think most of our Vancouver Yukoners were there. It really was an honour to be at this service and to hear the many people tell of their memories of your Aunt. She truly was a great lady and now she will be with her sweet sister, Betty, your Mom, whom Pete and I always adored. Thank you for making this occasion a memorable affair.

It brought back many memories of Pete, but somehow I must get over that in my own time, I guess.

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

OBIT

BROOKS, Beverley - On February 19, 2007, Beverley Brooks of Regina, **formerly of Whitehorse**, YK and Gravenhurst, ON passed away at the age of 53 years. She will be lovingly remembered by her mother Grace of Gravenhurst, brother Don (Sally) of Val Therese, ON, nephews Jason of North Bay, ON, Christopher of Edmonton, AB and Adam of Val Therese as well as numerous aunts, uncles and cousins. She is predeceased by her father Benjamin and twin sister Roberta. A **MEMORIAL SERVICE** will be held on Saturday, March 3, 2007 at 1:30 p.m. at Trinity United Church in Gravenhurst, with Reverend Johanne Hills officiating. A time of fellowship will follow the service in the Church Auditorium. In lieu of flowers donations can be made to your local Heart and Stroke Foundation or to the Trinity United Organ Restoration Fund. To sign the online book of condolences visit: www.regina-memorial.ca Arrangements are entrusted to Regina Funeral Home 306-789-8850.

KOZAK, Gary March 4, 1950 - January 26, 2007 Gary passed away peacefully on January 26, 2007 **at Whitehorse General Hospital** after a courageous battle with cancer. He leaves to mourn his wife Debra, daughter Alexi; parents Bill and Josie; sisters Dean (Popadynetz) and Lenise; brothers Terry, Wayne, Rick, Grant (Trena) and Doug (Enid); numerous nieces and nephews and many, many friends. A Celebration of Gary's Life will be held on Saturday, March 3, 2007 at Delton Community League, 12325 - 88 Street, Edmonton, AB from 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the Alexi Kozak Trust Fund at the Bank of Montreal, Whitehorse, Yukon. Published in the Edmonton Journal on 2/28/2007.

Rennie, Catherine Ann Passed away at home on Monday, February 12, 2007 in **Whitehorse, Yukon**. Born April 5, 1923 in Toronto, loving wife of Albert Rennie (1974). Sadly missed by daughter Debbie (Geoff) and granddaughters Andrea Claire and Marie. Her generous spirit and zest for life inspired all. Memorial tea will be held on May 13 from 2-4 p.m. at 14 Jasmine Ave. in Longbranch. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Stephen Lewis Foundation Grandmothers Campaign. Toronto Star.

WINTER VISITORS TO YUMA

Klaus & Bruni Hoenisch stopped by in Yuma in February and later phoned back to ask for a photo for their photo album so took the following photo to send. Klaus & Bruni, along with Rick & Monica Hoenisch, had been into Mexico and were on their way home to Vernon.

Also recent visitors to this address were Don & Muriel Frizzell. Don & Muriel have a property east a few miles from us and spent a short time here this winter.

Also wintering in Yuma just down the road in the next RV Park are Ray & Dianne Gosse.

We understand Harold & Ellen Babcock are also here but have not found them yet. If anyone has their winter address we would love to visit them. – Sherron



Bill & Sherron Jones – Yuma Arizona - Feb
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@adelphia.net (In Yuma)

Got home Tuesday afternoon and had a good trip all the way. Just read the Martha Black Letter. What a great story and the detail she included. I note the masons laid the cornerstone. I suspect it would be the freemasons that laid the cornerstone as they did that in those days and still do today but not as frequently. Enjoy the rest of your stay in the sun.

Don Frizzell frizzell@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have had to change internet providers as yknet is no longer providing internet. For the time being they are still having the email service but I figured as I had to change might just as well do email to so that being said my new email address is pwebster@northwestel.net

Have a great day
Pat Webster

Just wondered if I gave you the correct new e mail address. It is bobmarlee@shaw.ca

Thanks, Marlee Campbell (Bob & Marlee Campbell in Kelowna)

Doug Bell advised of a new address too but his mail was lost. New address is dewey@telus.net

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron:

Connie Gulliver game me your address re the Moccasin Telegraph.

My husband and I left the Yukon in 1994 having owned and operated a telephone answering service at the corner of 5th and Black St. in Whitehorse for many years. Sadly he passed away in 1998 but still pined for the Yukon and we kept in touch with several of the folks up there.

I still try and get the Whitehorse Star on the internet and would love to get more news from the Yukon.

Connie also mentioned to me about an upcoming reunion for Yukoners, so will get more info about that event.

If you could put my address on your mailing list to get a copy of the Telegraph, it would be very much appreciated.

When did you live up there??? I originally went up there in 1971 and Ron my husband before that.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

Thanks

Lori Jones

Thanks Sherron for your prompt reply, I just HAD TO check out the Telegraph immediately and enjoyed it. Will have to go over it again as there is so much information in it.

The reunion Connie mentioned to me is the one at the River Rock in Richmond. Am still debating whether to go or not, and wonder if there will be anybody I know since it's been so long ago that I left there.

I live on the Sunshine Coast in Gibsons, where they used to film the CBC TV program the Beachcombers. Do you remember that program? Molly's Reach is still here and open for business. Ron and I were living in southern Alberta and after that I moved here to be near my daughter who is a nurse at the hospital here. I also have a son who lives in Surrey a suburb of Vancouver, which is just a 40 minute ferry ride away, so I imagine I will remain here.

Ron and I had bought about 38 acres of raw land just outside of Tombstone, Arizona and had planned to build and go there for the winters. We just loved it there ... but I guess it was not meant to be.

We lived in Riverdale as well for many years and drove over the White Pass rail tracks to and from work. I never did manage to take the train while I lived there, but did go on a cruise to Alaska two years ago and made sure I took the train from Skagway to the summit. .. beautiful trip. I also used to own Echo Answering Telephone Service and had the City of Whitehorse on the alarm monitoring end of the business, if a machine or pump etc. would malfunction an alarm would sound and we would call someone out. If I recall Ed Humphrey (I think his name was) "the man" to call. Also I knew Judy Riley who also worked for the City in the works department and Don Branigan was Mayor when we left. It sure is good to be able to be in touch with someone else from the Yukon. We of course, in our business, got to know a lot of different folks, some not well, but nevertheless I have good memories from there.

So thanks again and I do look forward to being added to the mailing list and getting all the news.

Regards

Lori Jones ljones@dccnet.com (In Gibsons BC)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Let your mistakes be a comma, and not a period.

This quote is very appropriate this week. – Sherron

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Could those who sent recipes this winter please review which have been used and resubmit the others, please!. I was pretty well out of recipes before losing what I did have left. So any will help. – 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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Who would have thought in early February 2003 that there would be enough to say to keep the Moccasin Telegraph going all this time. Well many of you have been receiving the newsletter for most of that time and can attest to the variety of topics we have covered and the amount we have all learned about Yukon and its former, and to a lesser degree, current residents.

Since there are many new subscribers in the last year it is time to cover a few topics once again.

- All editions of the Moccasin Telegraph are being archived by Yukon Archives. This provides each of you with an opportunity to have your treasured photos, poems, stories and even family connections preserved for future generations to read in your own words.

- A CD is made available each year and now contains all four years. It can be searched by using a 'Keyword' which enables you to find topics easily. This year the CD is available for the price of \$22.50 which includes mailing.

- The 'MocTel' is provided to you by e-mail as a labour of love and in fact is material shared by many of you. I do appreciate a donation from you to help me with the ongoing costs and for spending hours each week producing it.

- The Moccasin Telegraph winter address is #483 – 5707 32nd Street, Yuma, Arizona, 85365