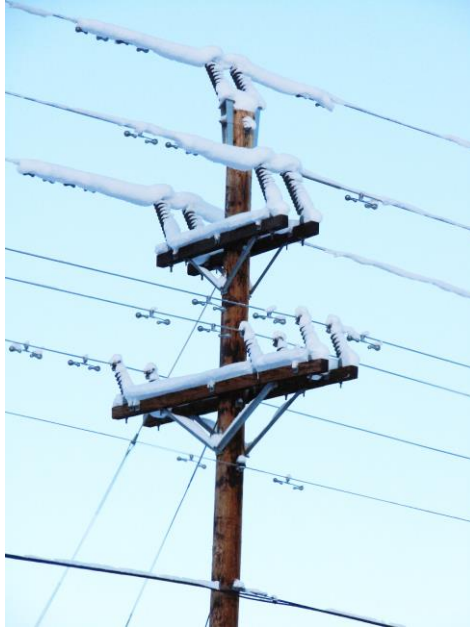


MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 196th Edition – March 11th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Snow on Power Lines

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Dawson's been back on hydro for a couple of years now, after decades of diesel generated power, since the completion of the Mayo-Dawson Transmission Line. No doubt the power is cleaner, and certainly it is nice not to hear the churning of the diesels at the power plant on Fifth Avenue when the town is otherwise quiet, but five power outages in January are enough to make you wonder, just a little, about the meaning of progress. It takes 10 to 15 minutes to get the power plant up and running when the lights go out and, as the poem says, you have to be glad they haven't taken it away. – Dan

In Praise of Generators

by Dan Davidson

Thank goodness we've still got the diesels.
"Thank goodness," you'll hear people say.
The sound of those engines is so reassuring
when the hydro goes away.

It may go with the weight of the snowfall,
or go with a gust of wind,
with the flip of a switch or the sneeze of a raven;
all we know is the darkness begins.

It may go in the midst of the afternoon
or deep in the still of the night.
It may pass without notice until the next morning
and leave you to wake in a fright.

Your clocks may run slow or your clocks may run fast
in the wake of a power-up surge,
but your VCR will simply blink,
to prompt your reset urge.

Your computer data isn't safe
when the power comes and goes.
Precious entries may turn to pixel dust
right in front of your nose.

So let's all give thanks for the diesels,
that give us back the light.
They may be loud and their smoke may be black,
but they sure drive away the night.

January 26, 2007

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 24 WOLF CONTROL

If anything can arouse a great deal of controversy in the North it is how to control the timber wolf population. Someone will write a story in a magazine about the various means of keeping the wolves under control and "Letters to the Editor" page is filled with letters from conservationists in every city in the country condemning the mere thought, and so it goes.

As a one time trapper and a pilot I have some opinions of my own. I believe that the wolf population should be kept at a reasonable number, primarily to maintain the balance of nature. It is true that the presence of man has upset the balance but it appears that man is here to stay so conditions should be adjusted.

It is well known that trapping is not carried on as it once was and the wolf population has increased. Wolves are killers, caribou, moose, Dall sheep lambs just about every wild animal can be prey.

The Game department of the Federal Government recognized the need for wolf control particularly during the 1950's and that was when I became involved.

In charge of the Game Department at Whitehorse at that time was Dr. Fuller who contracted me to fly him about the country setting out poisoned bait, concentrating upon the Yukon River and Forty Mile area.

Dr. Fuller came to Dawson where we made up a load of poisoned bait. The bait was composed of 25 pound chunks of caribou meat, laced with poison pellets.

When we took off in the ski equipped Beaver aircraft we were carrying at least a dozen pieces of bait. We flew along the banks of the rivers and when we saw a large number of wolf tracks and a suitable place to land the aircraft we would cut a hole in the ice, let the water rise and place the bait in the water where it would freeze. To deter birds and small animals from getting at the bait we covered it with snow.

About a week later we went back to inspect the bait sites and we found 25 dead wolves. On the Forty Mile River area we found 10 dead wolves at one bait site. All were within 100 feet of the bait. This number of wolves, had they not been destroyed, would have killed an appalling number of game animals.

I have no desire to see wolves disappear from the wilderness, but I am a firm believer in that they should be controlled and I hope the Government agencies will continue to monitor and act as needed.

To be continued

Good morning Sherron...I just read about the problems with your computer. I am so very sorry.

Perhaps you would be interested in placing this article in the Moctel. Deanna Marie is my brother Lionel's oldest child, and he was so very proud of her accomplishments, (as we all are).

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

Major Dee's flight into fame Canadian fighter pilot honoured as aviation pioneer

By CP

MOOSE JAW, Sask. -- Former fighter pilot Maj. Deanna (Dee) Marie Brasseur is flying high.

Twenty-six years after receiving her wings at 15 Wing Moose Jaw, Brasseur has become the third Canadian woman to be inducted into the Women in Aviation International Pioneer Hall of Fame.

"It's pretty incredible to be recognized as a pioneer. It's a matter of being at the right place at the right time with the right skills," Brasseur said from Orlando, Fla., where the ceremony was held Saturday.

"I think divine intervention has had a hand in putting those things together."
Brasseur, 54, is being recognized for being one of the first two women fighter jet pilots in the world, flying CF-18s. The other was Jane Foster.

SPECIAL PROGRAM

Brasseur joined the Canadian Air Force in 1972. In 1979, she was in a program that trained women for non-traditional roles.

During her career, the aviatrix faced many challenges. In 1998, Brasseur spoke out about her experiences of sexual assault and harassment in the military.

"The Canadian Forces of today in no way resembles the forces I joined in 1972. Brasseur retired from the air force in 1994 but joined the air force reserves after the 9/11 terrorist attacks. She now works as a director of strategic air planning.

In 1989, Canada was the first country to allow women to fly jet fighter combat aircraft. The Dutch followed in 1991 and the U.S. in 1994.

When she was growing up on a military base in Ontario, Brasseur said she used to watch the planes and think about how lucky boys were because they could be fighter pilots.

CHANGING WORLD

"Thirty years later, I returned to that same base and gave a speech to some kids in Grades 7 to 9 while looking out on that same gravel road. Wow. Who would have thought when I was a 12-year-old I'd be here as an F-18 pilot."

The other Canadian women pilots who are in the hall of fame are Lorna DeBlicquy and Rosella Bjornson. .

PHYLLIS HIND SORELY MISSED

Hi Sherron, I'm so glad you are once again up and running. Right now, however, I'm sitting here with tears falling, because nobody had phoned or written to let me know about my dear school friend, Phyllis Hind, has passed on. It came as a shock when I read MocTel.

I would certainly have attended the gathering in Vancouver to say goodbye... My condolences to all her family and friends and Lambert School comrades. She will be sorely missed especially at all Yukon events, which she faithfully attended for many years.

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Don't know how I missed MocTel 194, but Gunn, my daughter-in-law forwarded it on to me today at my request. I'm happy that the service went so well of course. Only sorry still that I didn't make it – I know Phyl would forgive me, and crying isn't going to accomplish anything. I would like you to put my message in the next issue though if you don't mind with maybe a note that due to my computer problem, I missed issue # 194. Thanks so much, sweetie ...
Joyce

SKAGWAY ROAD

By Doug Trim dtrim*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

I arrived in The Yukon in the spring of 1973. My first job here was pumping gas for Al Castagner at Taylor Chev. My next place of employment was working for Ed Keenan who owned the Whitehorse Inn. I was a bouncer in the lounge for a while and because I was earning \$5.00 an hour and a large daily quota of whiskey, Ed Keenan asked me if it was appropriate for the bouncer to be drunker than the patrons that he was tossing out into the street. After a few moments of trying to get my booze soaked brain to comprehend what he was saying to me, I had to agree.

At this time I had heard a rumour that Public Works Canada needed a few surveyors on the Skagway Road project. I drove my old truck out to the camp and soon found myself swinging a chain saw through the bush cutting a line for the surveyors. This kind of work does wonders for helping the body evaporate the booze that had displaced the blood in my pipes and soon I was on my way to become a genuine government surveyor.

Here are some photographs that I managed to shoot, mostly of the crew who laid out the center line of the [Skagway] road. All the pictures are in the summer and fall of 1974.



Photo of the haul road freshly blasted out of the rock along Tutshi Lake looking east.



The Ben Ginter Construction camp located in a borrow pit half way between Windy Arm and Tutshi Lake.



Left is Douglas McNeil of Judas Creek and on the right is me, Douglas Trim of The Carcross Cut-Off.



More surveyors, L to R, Woody ? from Vancouver, Gary Robinson from Atlin and me, Doug Trim



Even more surveyors, Huey Lougheed from Atlin and two others whose names are forgotten.



Dave Simpson from Bow Lake, Banff National Park, Alberta. He is clearing a sight line on the center line of the new road a mile or so east of Log Cabin.

JIMMY KANE

Sherron, I googled “Jimmy Kane” and came up with this on the internet. So if you’d like to put it in MocTel either as a special edition or the regular you are welcome. I was completely surprised and thrilled to read this article on one of my very favorite characters from the past! Especially as it directly quoted parts from my book, besides info which Cal had evidently given her long ago! I’ve never met Jane Gaffin, and don’t know whether she’s still in the Yukon or not, but she’s apparently widely known and respected for her writings as a journalist. Maybe I’ll try to look her up when next in Whitehorse, probably next summer. Anyway, I’m sure she would not object to her article being used; after all she never had my permission to use my material (which I would have gladly given her anyway.)

I just talked to Cal and he gave me Jane’s phone # and e-mail so I’ll try to contact her today.

Hi again! I just talked to Jane on the phone, and we had a delightful conversation. She assured me that it was okay to use the article on Jimmy. In fact she laughed and said “half of it was yours, anyway!” So we’re okay.

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

JIMMY KANE WRANGLLED FOR JACK DALTON

By Jane Gaffin

(Information for this piece relied on Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners by Joyce Yardley, Hancock House, 1993; Jimmy Kane by Cal Waddington, Alaska Sportsman, February, 1968)

Nobody knows exactly when Hchwa-sene was born. But he was believed to have been 15 years old in 1898, the year a moustached North West Mounted Police officer at Dalton Post bestowed a strange, unfamiliar-sounding name on the young Yukon Indian lad.

The white man, who had difficulty pronouncing, much less spelling, Hchwa-sene's guttural Indian name, simplified matters. The policeman invented a new name on the spot and in his ledger scrawled "Jimmy Kane" which henceforth became the boy's official white-man name.

Jimmy Kane (Hall of Fame) was born about 1883 in an important village near what would later become Dalton Post, on the route of the present-day Haines Highway, built as a 1942 war-time link between the Alaska Highway at Haines Junction and the Alaska coastal community of Haines.

All that existed about a mile below where John "Jack" Dalton would build his post was the Indian village called Nesketaheen, which also corresponds with the accepted spelling of a beautiful nearby lake (NTS map 115A).

However, the spelling varied for the ancient Indian village as Neskatahin and Weskatahin. Whichever, the village undoubtedly existed long before the first documentation of 1852 because Neska-Ta-Heen was the important meeting place for trade between the coastal Chilkat Tlingits and the interior Indians, who were people of the woods and were known as Stick Indians.

Neskataheen was Jimmy's home, near good salmon fishing and big-and-small game hunting territory, close to the British Columbia border. His home was on a crude trail that led to the Alaskan coastal village of Haines Mission. The Presbyterian missionary site, established in 1881 at the neck of the peninsula dividing the mouth of the Chilkat River from Lynn Canal, was later incorporated into the city of Haines.

The trail was used by trailblazer Jack Dalton, before and during the great Klondike gold rush of 1896 to 1898 to trade with the interior Indians. He also drove cattle inland to the Yukon River where the animals were rafted down the Yukon River to a slaughter slough north of Carmacks and the meat shipped to Dawson City to feed the throngs of hungry gold rushers.

Cattle, horses, sheep--even reindeer--were herded over the trail which had been trod by coastal Chilkat Indians as a means of trading goods with inland Indians long before the white men appeared.

That is where Dalton established his trading post about 1893 to barter with the inland Indians. Nearby was a base camp where he wintered his pack horses for many years.

A North West Mounted Police post was built there in 1897, which was 21-year-old Jack Dempster's first posting when coming to the Yukon the same year and is probably the moustached officer who gave Hchwa-sene his new name of Jimmy Kane.

Dalton Post was never a big settlement. An October 4, 1898 census taken of the permanent inhabitants living in and around the post listed three white men and more than a hundred Stick Indians.

Several years prior to the police post's closure in 1904, Dalton's client base had dried up as the bloom faded from the Klondike rose. Goldseekers had rushed off to the Alaskan goldfields.

Although the Dalton Trail was the longest route to the interior and on to the Klondike goldfields, it was conducive for moving livestock and a far sight easier and cheaper trip than hiring Indian packers and enduring the numerous hard climbs necessary to wrestle 2,000 pounds of supplies over the Chilkoot Pass, or even the White Pass where hundreds of horses perished. Yet the Dalton Trail never gained the popularity of the other two competitive routes.

Dalton, who had leased land in Haines in 1896, became a hotelier and trader in the coastal village until he left Alaska in 1919 for the Lower 48 States. In 1921, he supposedly spirited off on a South American diamond hunt for a group of promoters based in Yakima, Washington.

Even though the mainstream of the gold rush circumvented the trail bearing his name, he lived a string of adventures during a colourful career and died a moderately wealthy man in San Francisco in 1944 at age 89.

Former Dezadeash Lodge owner Cal Waddington had the rare treat of hearing first-hand accounts about Dalton and pre-Dalton days from his friend Jimmy Kane. The writer picked up the thread of the fascinating--sometimes humorous--story in an Alaskan Sportsman article.

"Jimmy remembers Jack Dalton well, for two reasons. First, it was the summer of his introduction to hunting, on the Tatshenshini River, an event that took place when a boy became a man--at around fourteen years of age. Secondly, Jack Dalton was the first white man Jimmy Kane had ever seen."

He loved recalling that event, added Waddington. "He tells of his fear when word leaked along the trading route from the Coast that a man--all white--was approaching. Everyone was certain that the man and his white companion were sick, and perhaps carrying that sickness to their village."

Waddington related how Jimmy's eyes grew larger when he talked of Dalton and his strange habit of bathing in a large tin tub. "It was the only chance the people of the village had to see the pale man in the all-together, and Jimmy remembers snickering behind a tree at Dalton's pink nakedness."

The villagers soon found that Dalton meant business as the still-standing log buildings of Dalton Post began to appear, he wrote. "Then to the people's horror, strange, snorting, hornless animals were brought to the post, the first horses to be seen there."

Jimmy chuckled when he told of the coming of these horses. Later came the cattle. "But by then the Indians were used to surprises, and were becoming immune, so the bawling cattle attracted only mild curiosity. Jimmy Kane was hired by Dalton as a hand, and was put to work wrangling horses and assisting on the trading pack train."

This job, noted Waddington, kept the young Jimmy busy until the rush for gold slowly dwindled, and Dalton Trail was abandoned.

Jimmy was living on that trail, close to his birthplace, across the Haines Highway from Dezadeash Lake at Dezadeash Lodge in his wee cabin, equipped with a cracked stove that allowed the fire light to shadow dance on the log walls.

When he was 85, Jimmy was described as hale and hearty, strongly built. Another Indian admiringly described him as "much man". His thick hair was white, his skin a deep walnut brown, his strong white teeth worn down to almost half their original length, and lines crinkled the corners of his eyes with much smiling.

He was an engaging man, still wresting a living from the land. He had traplines and always hankered to go prospecting, which he did sometimes with his brother, Bobby (Hall of Fame).

Jimmy would visit the nearby Dezadeash Lodge and regale the owners with intriguing tales about his childhood and his people. But he always had his priorities straight.

"Last winter (1967), sitting in the warmth of the lodge at Dezadeash Lake, looking out on a typical Yukon winter storm, the temperature was forty below, and the wind from the north blew a steady thirty miles per hour, we saw Jimmy there, coming in from his

trapline trail, walking against the wind--his sled, pack and dogs behind him," Waddington recounted.

"We ran to the door and yelled over the storm for him to come in for a hot cup of coffee. We got a cheery wave, a smile, and "Good! Good! Soon as I light my fire!" He continued the one hundred odd yards to his cabin, struck his fire--and took care of his dogs. Not until then did he come to warm himself with our coffee and conversation."

Jimmy Kane liked to prospect around the Dezadeash area. It seems he was always trying to persuade Cal Waddington's father-in-law Gordon Yardley at the Dezadeash Lodge to investigate one mineral showing or another that he thought "look pretty good to me".

Gordon's wife, Joyce, a natural storyteller, added spice to the Jimmy Kane prospecting ventures with an anecdote in her book *Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners*. The Sixties were a time when lots of prospecting was going on in the Tatshenshini Valley, especially for copper which was high in price and in big demand, she related.

Jimmy was aware of this. One day when he dropped by for coffee, he said to Gordon, "I know where there's copper not far from here--cross the Tatshenshini. I see it long time ago. Maybe you better stake him."

Gordon was aware of the spot to which Jimmy was referring. "I thought of that from time to time, Jimmy. Just haven't had the time to do anything about it."

Joyce asked why her husband didn't make the time and go with Jimmy. "It doesn't take that long to stake a few claims."

Gordon half-jokingly made an offer. "You and Jimmy go stake it, and I'll sell it for you."

By now, Joyce was keen. In the spring of 1967, Gordon drove Joyce and Jimmy out in the pickup to stake the ground. They tramped around in the snow, cut stakes, paced off the distances, and drove their stakes in the ground.

Dead tired, they slept under a big tree for shelter that night. The Yardleys rolled out their toasty-warm sleeping bags where the ground was dry under spreading branches. Jimmy, under another tree, rolled up in nothing but a blanket. But this "much man" knew what he was doing. "He slept like a log," recalled Joyce, who had needlessly worried if he would be warm enough.

The next day they built their fire, ate breakfast, finished the staking task and drove home, unaware those claims would soon be the centrepiece for the founding of a junior mining company.

One day, a fellow the Yardleys knew as a mining promoter booked a room at their lodge. Johnny Amato, always looking for a deal on a mining property, casually asked if Gordon Yardley happened to know of any copper showings around that part of the country.

Gordon said he did, and Amato wanted to deal. But Gordon hadn't given much thought to a price for the claims recorded in J. Yardley's and J. Kane's names.

"I think I'll form a company on the property," Amato was quoted as announcing. "I can pay you in shares--or part shares, part cash--you name it."

Gordon said he wasn't interested in shares but would give him a good deal on this one. He threw out the arbitrary figure of \$5,000. Cash. Johnny didn't blink and wrote a cheque right there in the Dezadeash Lodge café.

The next time the Yardleys were in Whitehorse, they went to the bank, half expecting the cheque to be rubber. But it was good. They deposited half to their account and took the other \$2,500 back to their friend Jimmy Kane who wasn't used to money matters and asked the Yardleys to be his banker.

"Get a little bit at a time--when I need it, you know?"

Joyce set the stage. "Once a month, Jimmy used to get his government check in the mail, and he was off to the Junction. There he had lots of friends, just waiting to help him spend his money in the beer parlour.

"If he had any left to buy a few groceries after that, he was lucky. I guess Jimmy was afraid his \$2,500 would slip out of his hands the same way. Periodically, after that, Jimmy would come down to our house on the meadow and get some money from us, usually \$100 at a time."

One day his son Harvey drove him to their house. He said he was going to the Junction. The Yardleys assumed he wanted a hundred dollars or so. Instead, he asked for a thousand in one shot. He had some bills to pay and wanted to buy groceries, he said. It was his money, but visions of his money going down the drain quickly swirled around in the bankers' minds.

It was about ten days before the Yardleys saw Jimmy again. "Gordon was up at the lodge fixing a tire in the yard when one of the tanker trucks that hauled fuel from Haines every day pulled up, and out climbed Jimmy," explained Joyce.

"He saw Gordon working on the tire and came over. He looked pretty saggy, walking across the yard; all his usual bounce was gone. He had one whopper of a hangover."

Gordon greeted him with: "Well, hi there, Jimmy, how's the world treating you?"

"Not very good, Gordon," responded Jimmy. "I tell ya, boy, it's sure pretty tough to be rich."

The upshot of the staking story was that the day after the mining promoter paid them \$5,000 for 16 claims covering copper mineralization in the Tatshenshini River area,

Johnny Amato immediately off-loaded the property for the tune of \$35,000 to a Whitehorse mining man.

Charlie Shandalla staked 186 additional claims, bringing the total to 202. On September 27, 1967, he incorporated them into Jackpot Copper Mines Ltd. The name was an instant hit and captured the investor community's imagination.

The Jackpot Copper property was located eight miles southwest of Historical Mile 106 of the Haines Road, the mineralized showings located near the confluence of the Tatshenshini River and Pirate Creek. The south end of the claim group was about three and a half miles north of the Yukon's border with British Columbia.

Access to the property was from Mile 106 by a 12-mile truck road west to the old Dalton Post, across the Tatshenshini River and southwest to the property.

Whitehorse-based consulting geologist Bob Hilker described the Tatshenshini as the main obstacle because of the river's swiftness and depth during spring run-off and when flash flooding occurs during the rain storms in the surrounding mountains.

The nearest community to the property was Haines Junction at Mile 159 where the Haines Road intersects the Alaska Highway. Services available at Dezadeash Lodge, located at Historical Mile 125 on the Haines Road, include food, lodging, minor repairs, gasoline and telephone from May through October.

Jackpot Copper's glory days petered out as do most penny stock plays, and Jimmy Kane was not known to have suffered any more windfalls. But he did live in his hale and hearty state to about 1986, reaching the calculated age of 103. He was laid to rest at Champagne, which hosts a large Indian burial ground complete with individual spirit houses.

Kane Creek (NTS map 115A), a namesake of the Kane family, flows into Village Creek, which flows into the Tatshenshini River near the site of their old homeplace, Nesketaheen. The ancient village, once an important rendezvous trading point between coastal and interior Indians prior to the white man's arrival, was deserted for unknown reasons in the early 1900s.

Jimmy Kane and his brother Bobby Kane, both prospectors in the Dezadeash area, were inducted into the Yukon Prospectors' Association's Hall of Fame in 1988. Their names are inscribed on a brass plate attached to the Hall of Fame art piece on display in the foyer of the Yukon government administration building. Their names also are engraved in the base of the bronze prospector statue that watches over downtown Whitehorse from Main Street and Third Avenue.

The "epilogue" in my book, *Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners* is a one-on-one interview between Jimmy Kane and Cal Waddington, which I typed out from the original tape.



House Sparrow

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

SOLILOGUY

A talking picture of oneself

I'm only a poor old worn out thing, about as useless as a broken banjo string, and I'm wondering what they will do with me now, 'tis a subject that worries me greatly I vow.

Will they chop me up to make mincemeat of, or keep me unused for the sake of old love, or seeing that my music is quite outdated, perhaps my hourly rate will be deflated.

I once played an awesome and powerful tone, with a strong *verbato* entirely my own, now all I have left is a tinklin sound, and my back is all hunched if you turn me around.

Although with makeup and costume they deck, inside I feel like a useless old wreck, my back is still hunched, my hair is now grey and very few listen to what stuff I play. I've thundered out fugues by Sebastinn Bach 'til I thought every bone in my body would crack. I've played Joplin, Gershwin and Styne and musical theatre of a quite different kind.

I've thumped arthritic hands with innocent glee not realizing the pain it was causing me. My fingers still lovingly fondle the ivories and glasses help me play now in different keys.

I've sounded forth love and pounded out strife and all the emotions of a frail human life. It's hard for a poor old piano player like me, to be in doubt as to what I shall be.

New Lieberachies are coming I heard a director say and the 'pros' think I should step out the way. So I'm wondering what they will do with me now, 'tis a subject that worries me greatly I vow.

Refurbishing old crocks is popular these days, so I'm hoping the teachers will come to my aid. Whilst holding my breath and God being willing, I'll just keep on playing if the NOTEWORTHIES keep on singing.

Larry Stubbins aged 78 years

WOMAN IN MOCTEL 195 ATLIN PHOTO IDENTIFIED

Virginia White is standing beside Miriam Henning. The picture was taken about 1943, not long before the Whites moved to Dawson, next door to us. Miriam Henning came with them to go to high school in Dawson. She was four years older than me. She was a great gal, and I am sorry to read in the Moc/Tel that she had passed away. The Whites also had a son, Alan who married Rosemary Rogers from Bear Creek.

We are glad you are back on line. The week wasn't the same without the Moc/Tel. As you know, as seniors, we only know the days of the week by association ie: Pension Day, Garbage Day, and now MocTel Day. Enjoy your warm winter - cheers.

Blanche Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

INPUT IN THE LOST MOCTEL RETREIVED

Hi Sherron I didn't want to bother you last week when I didn't get the MocTel as I thought maybe you weren't feeling well and the last thing you needed was a bunch of email wanting to know what happened. I will send that piece on Mrs. Black again. I found the good copy in my out box a few days later after all the sweating over trying out the word processor. Well you put the time to good use reading "the Secret". We all appreciate the MocTel and the work you put in to it, maybe a lot more now. Cheerio have a real good Week.

Alice Breaden ambreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron I thought this might be a bit of interest to the reader's of Moc Tel. Quite often Henry would read a Yukon book and add little foot note's or correct some information. I came across this a couple of day's ago in a book he had of Pat Ellis. It was called Yukon Sketchbook, there was a mention of who Black Street was named after; and Henry inserted this.

George and Martha Black

Martha was from Boston, and her husband deserted her. She made the Chilkoot alone and later married George Black in Dawson. George was commissioner till 1915, and with rank of captain recruited men from Dawson to form Black's Yukoner's. My father, James Breaden joined him and in Vancouver were trained as machine gunner's.

From there oversea's and Martha went with them. She stayed in London and the troop's went to France.

Martha and George attended my parent's wedding in London Nov. 3rd 1917 and presented them with Yukon nugget teaspoon's a set of six. My wife Alice and I inherited this set. *our wedding date Nov. 3rd 1948.

George served parliament for many term's, and during one term took sick and Martha completed his term. As I understand there was only one other lady in parliament. Martha ran in the next election and was elected to her own term which she served out.

COMPUTER WOES OR NOT - MOCTEL APPRECIATED

Looks like your back on track again....your 195 edition came through "loud & clear". As the latest saying goes...."good stuff". So far I have only scanned it, but did pick out Harvey's story with his visit to Don Machan...what a nice thing for him to do. I guess we should keep him around for awhile, he's proving to be more valuable everyday! I'll settle in and read the rest of MocTel 195 with Bob later this morning....till we chat again....enjoy your peace of mind, and take the rest of the week to do something for yourself...you deserve it.

Hugs to Bill for helping you through the week.
(Husbands are appreciated more than they know).

Karren

Thanks for the quick reply. Just so happy that life is taking a bit of a turn for you. Sometimes when the load gets too heavy, there's nothing left, but for it to improve....you have a gang of "faithful followers" that are so happy you're back.....so good luck with all your efforts this week.

Karren Crowley [kbcrowley*telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (In Sidney BC)

I am so sorry to hear about your computer. That is scary.

It amazes me how you are able to rebuild a computer at home when you are in the States. That is wild....you are amazing.

Someday you are going to have to bring someone on board that will be able to help you out in case you are unable to do what you do. You have created a incredible thing here, and we have come to rely on you so heavily, but it takes away a lot of your free time. in fact all your time....I am not sure if anyone would be able to do what you do....You have created very big shoes that it would likely be very hard for one person do like you do.

Anyway, I see that you have forwarded the Moc Tel, so I best get at it and read it. Then I am off and running for the day.

Thank you for your hard work, and for being there for everyone.

Until next time, all the best all of you.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

Hey Sherron

Thank goodness for The Secret, haven't read it yet, but glad you did LOL we need the Moc Tel. Do you know how important this paper has become to some of us that even send in silly dog stories just to help it stay alive. You don't realize how much things mean until they are gone and this is one newsletter that is very important to many people. We know you put a lot of work into it so it must be a part of you, so ending it would be like saying I have a sore leg think I'll just go get it chopped off. Naaa I don't think so.

For as much work as it is, you have to realize how much happiness and pleasure you are giving to others, and giving is a wonderful thing and the best feeling in the whole wide world. Be Happy many people have never had that feeling and we know it feels good.

It's just like when you smile and say Hi to the janitor in Wal-Mart, and you see the smile creep into their face as they shyly look up and say Hi back. And then the next time you walk in they take a chance as you go by and say Hi to you, and you return the greeting, IT FEELS GOOD YOU HAVE MADE THEM FEEL LIKE A REAL PERSON AGAIN, Well Dear we really need this paper so just think of all the janitors from the Yukon that you make happy when this paper comes out. We love you so; keep up the good work Love and a big hug Moge

Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

Thanks for the votes of confidence, but you make it really hard to ever retire !!! ;-)))-SJ

HIGHWAY LODGES CONT'D

Hello Sandy. Your note woke up a lot of memories.

Did you ever end up at one of the parties at Dave Allen's place when he was with CN at Destruction Bay? They were a blast from the past to say the least. Dave used to be part of Moc Tel, but dropped out when there was a request for donations.

I know where you are coming from as I was also beginning to think that the Yukon consisted of only Dawson and Mayo. That is our fault, for not submitting any materials from other parts.

Enjoyed your comments about old Father High Pockets. I have heard the term many times in the past. I always liked Grab All. Either way the drift is the same. You are so right, I never saw him pay for anything anywhere.

Maybe I was looking at the world through rose coloured glasses, but if I remember correctly, our DPW trucks were Yellow and Black. They didn't go to Orange until they were taken over by the Territorial Gov't.

You mentioned some names. Wow I knew most of them. I believe that Ray Magnuson was running the Beaver Creek Camp when I first went north. Then he went to Haines Junction and Cliff Lawrence took over. When they moved the houses north from Coal River, Ray was at the Junction and was the first to live in the new house I think. We moved one to 75 mile and that was for Topy Topham. I probably didn't spell that correctly. I remember I was putting the strip of floor tile down the centre of the joint where the two halves of the house come together. The only other person at the camp at the time was the cook and he was having his afternoon nap. I looked up and there was a big old moose looking in at me. I ran through the hallways of the bunkhouse to try and find a gun. There was none to be found. All the crew had their guns out in the trucks with them. Eventually the old guy wandered off.

He sure would have looked good in the cooler.

I also spent time on the south end of the highway from Lower Post north to Whitehorse as well. Sometimes I have trouble keeping the names of the South folks separate from the North ones. One winter I helped to build the basement for the RCMP office and new at that time the jail. I believe it had 5 cells with floor drains. This was a typical Federal Gov't winter works project. Only the Fed's would wait until after freeze up to dig a hole and construct the foundation/ basement and cell slabs. It took us all winter to do it. I didn't get much sleep that winter. It was my job to keep the heaters running 24/7 prior to a cement pour and for a period of time after. All of the cement was mixed by hand. Then poured by hand There was no ready mix in those days. The day we poured the walls, we

worked 18 or 19 hours straight. Then every 2 hours I had to return to the site and refuel the heaters.

I knew your Dad in Beaver Creek. It wasn't until you mentioned he was with Forestry there that I made the connection. I have read his name many times in past Moc Tel's. Did your Dad also have a hay farm on the Carcross Road. For some reason I have always connected the name Glen Campbell with the hay farm.

I am very familiar with Ida's Motel. If memory serves me well it was Ida and Jack that owned it.

A couple of stories about Ida's. One summer we stayed in the group bunk house. There were 4 of us, we were there at least half the summer. I won't mention any names as some of the relatives belong to Moc Tel, but this one individual worked with our crew for 3 summers. He would buy a new pair of socks before heading out on the 24th of May weekend. Would wear them until they fell apart or disappeared. He would never wash them. As the summer went on, they got pretty high to say the least. One weekend we took the socks and threw them in the dog house out back. The dog moved out and wouldn't go back into the dog house. Old Jack was so mad at us. Jack told me at Christmas time that he had to build a new dog house so the dog had a place for the winter. I told Jack about the socks and he took them and put them in the burn barrel. The dog still would not use the dog house.

Another time, Ida had a very young girl working at the lodge. I think she was a run away from Alberta, but I am not sure. She was really cute and jail bait. Ida protected her from some of the guys that tried to hit on her. One day Ida decided to let this girl bake a cake. Ida likely did most of the work or at least was the full time coach. This kid never cooked or baked anything in her life. When we came in, in the evening for supper, this young thing insisted I have a piece of her cake after supper. I didn't see Ida behind me. When I was handed the piece of cake, I said, "did you make this cake with your dainty little hands?" She was smiling from ear to ear and said, "yes I did." So being the classy guy that I am I said, "who helped you lift it out of the oven?" With that I got a royal slap across the back of the head from Ida. Some how she failed to see the humor in my comment. It tasted pretty good, but it sure was heavy. I never made any more of those types of comments when Ida was around. They were really great people to spend time with.

I do remember the Vanderveen's well. I actually went to FH Collins with a couple of the kids. Old Vanderveen was the JP at the Bay.

I never stayed at White River Lodge. I stopped there a few times. I do remember Harry and Mae. I believe that Mae passed away the one season that I was on the north end of the highway. I am not sure that I ever met Rita. I may have seen her and didn't know who she was.

I have never gone to one of the Yukoner's Banquets or Picnics. To my knowledge, there isn't a Yukoner's group in Calgary or Edmonton. I know there are lots of ex-Yukoner's around the area. Nobody has ever taken the time to start up a group that I know of.

I played with the Midnight Sun Pipe Band for approx. 10 years in Whitehorse. Some where I have a photo. If I knew how to use/set up our scanner, I could send Sherron a photo.

Okotoks is approx. 100 km from Bassano. Please send me your Dad's address and I will try and make a trip out that way. In my first marriage, my first wife was from Rosemary, which is very close to Bassano. I also had some friends from there. They have since moved on I believe. If not I could visit both at the same time.

I spent a couple of years in Fairbanks at the U of Alaska. After I graduated, I lived in Whitehorse for 1.5 years. We left in 1972 and moved to Alberta. I built trailer homes for a while and farmed. Then went long haul trucking all over North America. Took a job with Calgary Transit. Moved into Management and retired from there last May with 32 years service. I am now the Executive Secretary for my wife and look after her To Do list when I am not doing volunteer work.

There is hardly a day goes by that I don't think of the Yukon. As you say, The Spell of the Yukon is alive and well

It was great to hear from you Sandy. We will chat some more I am sure.

Take care of yourself till next time.

Gordon P. Berberich gord.and.em*shaw.ca (Okotoks AB)

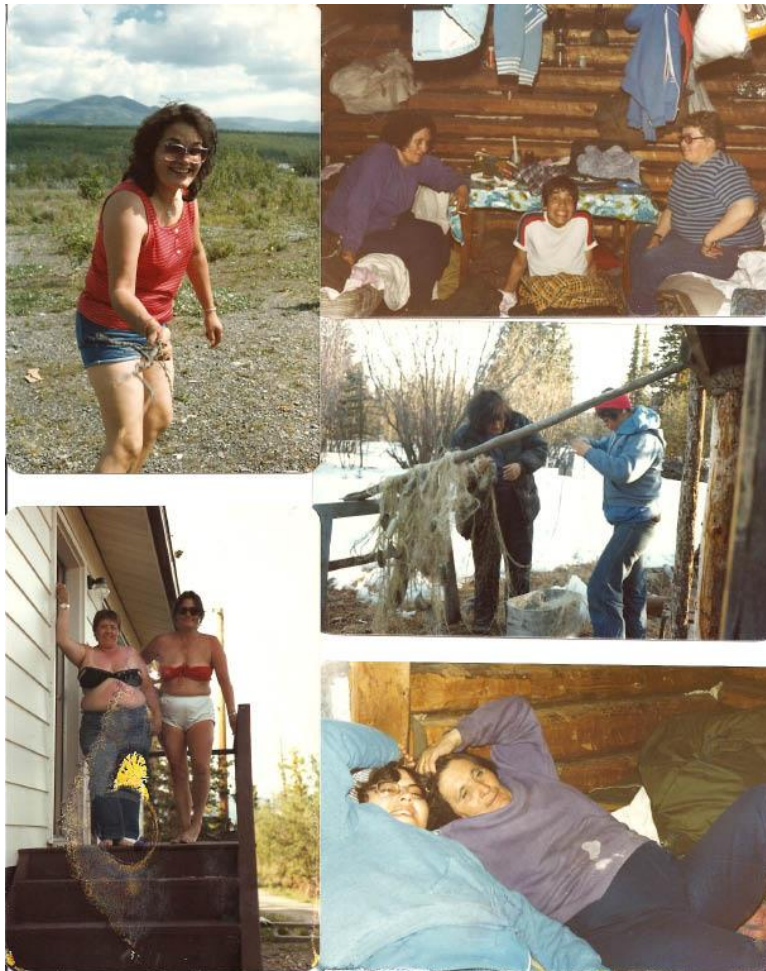
Grace Chambers Passed Away – March 6, 2007

Well this day brings me much sadness for last night my best friend up north and mentor for 41 years passed away in her sleep, she was well into her 90's and was having trouble with alzheimer's and a few other problems. I guess in a way it is best as now she is resting in peace with many of her siblings.

I always felt better with her out front. I remember the first day we headed out to the trapline across Kluane Lake, it's south end was still open but the northend had been frozen over for some time. We had to check the ice at Spring creek, Grace said if it was frozen thick enough there then we could cross the lake on our sled's. She took her axe and in a swinging motion blade down hit the ice in front of her about every two feet, finally we were out far enough to go around the creek so she said ok it's safe. I never in my life

wanted to be skinny as bad as I did that day. I also made sure I stepped exactly in her foot prints, when we got back to the truck she turned and looked at the single set of tracks out and back in and started laughing like you wouldn't believe. We unloaded the sleds and built a fire for a pot of tea before we headed out. It was the start of one of the biggest and greatest experiences of my life time.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)



Photos courtesy Moge Mogenson

Memorial Notice – Grace Chambers

Grace M. Chambers September 13, 1912—March 6, 2007.

Grace Chambers was born in Silver City, Yukon. She was one of fourteen children born to Thomas Dickson and Louise Davis (George). Funeral services will be take place in Burwash Landing, Yukon at the Jacquot Building on Thursday, March 15, 2007 at 1:00 p.m.

Dinner will follow the burial at the Jacquot Building.

This poem was written by Frank J. Smith, who was a visitor to Dawson this spring and he has sent it to us. We thought you might like to read it too.

WE STRUCK IT RICH IN THE KLONDIKE

My partner and I are going "outside".
We struck it rich in the Klondike.
The riches we found were not from the ground
But from the hearts of the folks in the Klondike.

Our "pokes" are full of your frolics and fun,
And far greater fortunes we have won--
For stored in the stronghold of fond recollection
Is recorded the wealth of your warmest affection.

From the "Moosehide" Trail we climbed the Dome
We hiked around to Bob Service's home -
Down the Yukon river we rowed the foam,
In that raging, swirling current.

We came by boat to Ketchikan -
Flew through the air o'er the Klondike Pan -
Saw vast trails where the caribou ran
In their mountainous home in the Klondike.

Great bears roam as in days of yore -
Moose abound still by the score,
And the great streams rush with a mighty roar
Filled with salmon to spawning.

We panned for gold, found colour too.
But the grains we found were very few,
For the gold is dredged by the mighty crew
Of the companies found in the Klondike.

We sat and enjoyed a midnight stew
With sourdoughs, Indians and Miners too,
Served by "Mich" and his cheerful crew,
Only found in the Klondike.

It is a pity, in Dawson City
To see its wonders near gone.
No sad refrain from the folks who remain
For it's still their glorious home.

No one is a stranger here,
Filled with doubts or filled with fear --
For all good folks are welcomed here,
In Dawson on the Klondike.

There is one tale that's never done
Without describing the midnight sun.
The day is bright, the sky is blue,
It stays that way the whole night through.

We'll be back to shake your hand,
And visit your people who've been so grand.
The weeks went by and time just flew,
Tho' we only came for a day or two.

So goodbye folks, continue the fun --
The kind we found at your midnight sun.

Frank J. Smith,
Dawson City,
June, 1957.

More input for lost MocTel retrieved -

The poem by Frank J. Smith seems to have been on page six of a Klondike Corner. On the other side of the poem page was the outside page. I noted it (the Klondike Corner) was addressed in ink to Miss Stillwell and then in pencil was written town. (There was no post office box number.) There was a 2 cent, green stamp with a picture of a young Queen Elizabeth on the upper right hand corner where a stamp usually goes. The post mark says 12, V11, 57.

I did not ever meet Mr. Smith or even see him. Perhaps, someone will remember who he was visiting. I take it from the poem that there was someone visiting with him. He starts the first verse by saying "My partner and I are going "outside." He talks about "our" and "we." There were no Smiths in Dawson in 1957 that I know of.

It is a good poem and must have come from great inspiration.

Submitted by Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Regina SK)

Happy St Patrick's Day March 17th

My next door neighbour here in Yuma, has a daughter in Medicine Hat, AB who wrote a story and designed a webpage for [St Patrick's Day](#). You may be interested in reading her story which includes the elusive pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. - Sherron

Sherron, I am sending you another link that my mom asked me to send to you. She said she was telling you about a story that I wrote along with a webpage that I designed for a Saint Patrick's Day on-line webpage design contest. You can find my entry here:

http://www.gaslampvillage.com/saint_patricks_day2.htm

Marlyn

Gaslamp Village Web Design Studio
(403) 529-2778

HOTEL KEY CARD ALERT

Subject: Magnetic key card (hotels, etc)

Ever wonder what is on your magnetic key card?

Answer:

- a. Customer's name
- b. Customer's partial home address
- c. Hotel room number
- d. Check-in date and out dates
- e. Customer's credit card number and expiration date!

When you turn them in to the front desk your personal information is there for any employee to access by simply scanning the card in the hotel scanner.

An employee can take a hand full of cards home and using a scanning device, access the information onto a laptop computer and go shopping at your expense.

Simply put, hotels do not erase the information on these cards until an employee re-issues the card to the next hotel guest. At that time, the new guest's information is electronically "overwritten" on the card and the previous guest's information is erased in the overwriting process.

But until the card is rewritten for the next guest, it usually is kept in a drawer at the front desk with YOUR INFORMATION ON IT!

The bottom line is: Keep the cards, take them home with you, or destroy them. NEVER leave them behind in the room or room wastebasket, and NEVER turn them in to the front desk when you check out of a room.

Take it home and destroy it by cutting it up, especially through the electronic information strip!

RETURNING TO MOCTEL

I would like to get back on the mailing list.

Diana and I moved to Breton, AB in 2003. We lived in Whitehorse from 1977 to 2003.

Thanks

Vince Seymour divin*wildroseinternet.ca

ADDRESS CORRECTION

Hi Sherron: Just finished reading MocTel 195. Sorry to hear the problems you had with your home computer. Reminds me of the old saying "To err is human; to really screw up takes a computer".

I see that you were able to include the photo of Atlin 30's or 40's. Just a note, our address is Westbank, not Winfield.

Cheers, Jim Stewart jtastew*shaw.ca

CNT REUNION – JULY 2007

Hi Sherron,

Seven years ago a group of individuals headed by Ernie Popyk and Glen Wright organized a reunion in Dawson Creek BC, of former NCS, CNT and Northwestel employees. During the past seven years this reunion has often come up in conversation by those who attended, voicing the question of if and when there would be another. Well the wait is over and preparations are well underway towards for CNT Reunion 2007. Could you run the included attachment in one of your upcoming issues of the Moc Tel?

Thank you and keep up the good work.

-Frank Schwertner frank.s*northwestel.net

If you are a former employee of the Northwest Communications System, (NCS), Canadian National Telegraphs (CNT), or a former or present employee of Northwestel Inc., you and your guests are invited to Reunion 2007.

The reunion will take place in Dawson Creek on July 13, 14, & 15, 2007 at the Dawson Creek Curling Club. The event will start on Friday noon with the handing out of registration packages, and continue Friday night with a “meet and greet” wine and cheese gathering.

Saturday will be a day of visiting along with some organized events, such as a golf tournament. The organized events will depend on the interests of the guests and the number who want to participate in a certain item. Saturday night will feature a banquet catered by the curling club. If you have any stories you would like to tell, this will be your chance.

Sunday morning the curling club will cater a pancake breakfast, which will allow for friends to get together for a leisurely farewell.

Throughout the weekend there will be an ongoing presentation of pictures archived by Bob Dixon. Guests will have an opportunity to purchase Reunion Crests, jackets and vests.

For anyone living in Edmonton or surrounding area, Adolf Poniewozik is taking names of anyone interested in traveling by charter bus. For more information regarding this charter, please contact Adolf at: **780-473-0051**

If anyone in another area is interested in looking into a bus charter, please let us know.

For more information please consult our reunion website at:
www.cntnwtel-reunion2007.ca or contact any of the committee members listed below.

We had set a goal of registering 300 guests by the middle of March to ensure that there were enough people committed to allow us to stage the event. Although it looks as we will be a little short of that goal, the event will go ahead and we will continue to take registrations.

- The Reunion 2007 Committee

Contact:

Ed Zacharias	867-667-4011	river_bend*northwestel.net
Frank Schwertner	867-667-6505	frank.s*northwestel.net
Kaye Courtemanche		kcourtemanche*nwtel.ca
Greg Hunter	867-667-7050	ghunter*klondiker.com

ARTISTIC TALENT



Winter Moon

Photo courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

OBIT

JUSTINE THIESSEN passed away at the St. Michael's Health Centre and went to be with her Lord and Savior on February 23, 2007 at the age of 74 years.

She is survived by her sisters: Tina (John) Loewen, Agnes Eckert, Mary (Jake) Loewen, sister-in-law Sue and brothers Abe (Mary), George (Elizabeth), Aron (Mary), Jake (Mardy) as well as numerous nieces and nephews.

Justine was predeceased by her parents Peter and Katharina, brother Peter and brother-in-law Henry Eckert.

Justine worked as an L.P.N. in various areas in BC, **Yukon** and Alberta, the last 25 years at the Lethbridge Regional Hospital. Justine's family sends their heartfelt thanks to

the staff of St. Michael's Health Centre for their love and care. Special thanks to volunteers Phylis Mantler, Evelyn Leffingwell and Wally Kwan.

A Memorial Service will be held at CORNERSTONE FUNERAL HOME, 2800 Mayor Magrath Drive South, Lethbridge on Wednesday, February 28, 2007 at 2:00 P.M. with Pastor Dave Acree of the Evangelical Free Church officiating.

A private family interment will be held prior to the service at Archmount Cemetery.

STANLEY JOSEPH LEDWOS October 27, 1930 - February 21, 2007 Suddenly at his residence on Wednesday, February 21, 2007, Stan Ledwos, aged 76 years, born and raised in Selkirk, Manitoba. He was predeceased by his parents Joseph (1959) and Tina (1978); brother Bruno (1990), sister-in-law Marie (1982) and niece Charlene Hawthorne (1992). He is survived by his sister Marjorie; brother-in-law Stephen; nephew Randy (Kelly); niece Linda (Robert Mayne); nephews Ryan Lysohir and Jason Ledwos; great niece Catherine Marie Mayne; as well as cousins Eddie (Helen) and Frank (Helen). **Stan worked at the gold mines in the Yukon** and North West Territories. Later he worked at the Manitoba Rolling Mills for over 30 years until he retired. Stan loved to go out for coffee at McDonalds with his buddies. Funeral Services were held on Monday, February 26 at 2:00 p.m. in the Gilbert Funeral Chapel, Selkirk with Pastor Stan Richards officiating. Interment followed in the St. Clements Cemetery. Gilbert Funeral Home, Selkirk in care of arrangements.

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron I just found out through a friend (Maroesja van Oeveren) in Holland about your website. Her parents had a restaurant in White Horse.

It looks like a great way to get the news about the Yukon.

We both worked at the Lodge in Beaver Creek, I worked there for 3 summers and had a great time and have a lot of fond memories.

I am looking for an old friend I worked with those 3 summers, her name was May (Rodriques). Maybe somebody reading this might recognize her name, she had a sister Anne and a brother John. She also had a baby boy in 1976 named Joshua.

She phoned me in Holland (where I am from) but since then we have lost contact. I would love to hear from her or somebody who knows May.

My name is Annette (Dutchy, or curly) and I was the barmaid at the Lodge. I hope to hear from you or anybody from the great Territory.

I would appreciate it very much to receive the Moccasin Telegraph and have the message in your next edition.

The name of the City (village) I live in is; L'Orignal, Ontario, it is situated between Montreal and Ottawa.

P.S. After my Canadian experience I went back home (Holland) and met a wonderful French Canadian guy, we married, had a son and moved back to Canada.

P.P.S. I just remembered that the girl May I am looking for is a member of the Tlingit Tribe. The years I am looking back on was 1970-1973.

Greetings Annette Gougeon-van Zaanen kurlee16@hotmail.com (In L'Orignal, Ontario)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

When the chips are down, the buffalo is empty.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Cabbage Roll Casserole

1 1/2 lbs Ground beef
2 medium onions chopped
1 tsp salt
1 garlic clove minced
1/4 tsp pepper
1-14oz can of tomato sauce
1-14oz can of water
1/2 cup uncooked rice
4 cups shredded cabbage
Sour cream

Brown beef with onions, add garlic, salt, pepper, tomato sauce and water. Bring to a boil and stir in rice. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Place 1/2 the cabbage in a lightly greased casserole dish, cover with 1/2 the rice mixture.

Repeat layers. Cover and bake in 350F (100C) oven for 1 hour.

Serve with sour cream.

May be refrigerated before baking. Serves 6.

Ps for two people - I cut all ingredients in half.

Irene Taylor ronaldpt@shaw.ca (In Kamloops BC)

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

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

Just returned from lovely sun filled holiday north of Puerto Vallarta. Pleased, on return, to hear our ticket sales are going well for March soiree. The opening ceremonies for the **Canada Winter Games** were shown on **CBC Newsworld**. Whitehorse did itself proud. Understand, however, that the weather was particularly nasty. Ah well, they are winter games after all. - Helen

Update re: **Vancouver Yukoner's Annual Banquet** March 31st

Venue: River Rock Resort/Casino – Richmond B.C.

8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C.

Phone: 1.866.748.3718

Tickets: To purchase (\$55 per person) mail cheque/monies to:

Mary MacDonald,

Apt. 309 – 5166 Halifax St.,

Burnaby, B.C., V5B 2N6

Prepaid tickets can be picked up at door – Whistler Ballroom A

Please understand that we need to know our numbers one week in advance, so we are able to meet hotel catering requirements.

We have had a wonderful response to date. A large group of one of the Yukon's first families, the VanBibbers will be in attendance for the first time! Lots of our guests are making a weekend out of the visit and the Friday night before the dinner promises to be a busy one for those staying at the hotel. Hope they have the stamina for two nights of visiting! But of course they will; they are, after all – Yukoners! Maybe we'll see you there. For more info you can email [hmunro*shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro@shaw.ca) or [cclarke*shaw.ca](mailto:cclarke@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](mailto: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.

- 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