

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 216th Edition – August 19th, 2007

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Our friendly neighborhood Chipmunk having a snack among the Poppies.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Andover-Harvard Yukon Expedition 1948

Continued

Field Notes of Elmer Harp Jr. Dartmouth College

North to the Yukon Territory via the Alcan Highway in 1948

Monday 28 June 1948

Down to 25° last night and Abbott lost most of his garden. Cloudy, windy and cold AM. Down to Canyon-1; drew up profile for trench and took soil samples for peat analysis. Rec'd Elaine's of the 22nd; family leaves today for Banff. Went fishing with the boys in late aft–up to Kathleen R. Operated downstream between bridge and first small lake. Found a canoe on lake and took it out for a bit but soon returned again to streamside. Fish not feeding and nobody had any luck but Karl who plucked a fine 4lb trout off the bottom of a swirl. Paul pulled in about 7:30 PM in Athabasca–left Hanover 8 June, and still going strong. Stayed overnight with us and slept under the outside mosquito bars. Another cold night.

Mr. Abbott and Indian gardener



Tuesday 29 June 1948

Windy and cold. Povey and White left about 9. Repaired the truck tire. Began to pack; plan to break camp tomorrow and move to Burwash. **Jacquot's** truck coming for us at 8 AM. Got all personal gear together, breaking it down roughly for use on pack trip and boxing come up for cache at Burwash. **Gene Jacquot** in at suppertime on way to WH; **his brother Louie just died in Vancouver** (never right since having been hit on head with a rock some years ago) and body being shipped by air. Padre along and the two in a 1/2 ton pickup. Funeral at Burwash may delay our start several days as the Indians won't want to miss it.

Chilly and rainy most of the day, clearing towards evening. Mrs. Abbott over for visit.



Povey and White with Athabaska

Wednesday 30 June 1948

2 pr. Moccasins (3.00 + 2.75) 5.75 Beautiful bright day with some clouds. Finished breaking down camp by 9 AM then waited until noon when **Archie (Jacquot's foreman)** arrived in the big truck. Loaded up and off by 1 PM. Beautiful drive up to Burwash with Kluane set deep in the hills like a gorgeous green gem. Had lunch at the Post, then checked Raup's former camping spot W of road up in horse pasture—a very poor spot. Archie steered us down onto lake. Set up a beautiful site, on a gravel point almost a mile N of the Post. Mosquitoes bad today, but no wind—that will come. We are near the Kluane R. here, at the base of the Little Arm [Brooks Arm], with a magnificent panorama up and down the lake. Archie back in evening with **Jimmy Joe, Moose Johnson**, and one other Indian [**Sam Johnson**], to talk over the trip. More of that later. Cut our tent poles in a spruce burn just S of the Post. Lake like a mirror tonight—small grayling rising in great numbers; surrounded by white spruce and balsam poplar and a rare form of willow shrub. This is such a beautiful spot I wish we could stay here all summer. Gene not back from WH yet—body delayed.

Thursday 1 July 48

Post Cards 1.00 Moccasin rubbers 2.25

Jimmy Joe and **Sam Johnson** over and packed grubstake into 14 panniers. Plan is to move supplies by boat 18 miles up the Little Arm and cache it there with Drury and we camped on the spot. Rest of party and gear to come later by boat and horses to be swum across the Kluane River and driven up to cache. However: **Joe Jacquot** has the boat across the lake rounding up horses, and nobody knows exactly when he'll be back; storm may rough up lake and prevent boat passage; **Louie Jacquot's** body hasn't arrived in Whitehorse and the indefinite funeral date will delay our packers. Beautiful day with a slight haze building up. Lucy and Karl to WH in Chevvy. Sorted out air photos of Little Arm country, cleaned guns, wrote Elaine and Bowen, dug privy, Chilly evening with strong southerly winds coming down Slims R. off the Kaskawulsh and whipping up the lake. Finished reading "Tales of the SoPac" —wonderfully discerning and entertaining.

Friday 2 July 48

Winds blew strong all night and still going today. Looks like a storm over the mountains Lake covered with whitecaps. Joe not back in the boat yet. Walked in to Post to see what progress. Looked into tack room, etc. Walked around the cove beyond the Post—Indian cabins strung along bluff there, a cemetery with the usual houses and **Louie Jacquot's old cabin the farthest down on a gravel point**. Wrote a few post cards. In afternoon took a drive on up Highway with Fred; stopped to look at glacial fan gravels on top of columnar till in cut of Duke River, and drove on up to MILE-1116 where road comes alongside Kluane R. Then went back to Burwash Creek and followed a trail upstream a mile to watch a gold dredge in operation.

Met one of the 2 American owners [Rogers and Warren, according to Frederick Johnson field notes] (\$125,000 invested in their equipment) and he showed us around on the sluicing dredge. They handle about 2000 cu. yds./day. Continued back and then cut off on trail across old Duke River fan and followed it for several miles to **Buck Dixon's** cabin at

the point where the lake drains into the Klwane River—a beautiful spot there with good grayling fishing there where the river runs wide and deep. Also an Indian site where Dixon’s cabins are—he mentioned arrowheads etc. and “a piece of native copper with the edge beaten out” having been found there in the garden. Dixon appears to know the country like a book after some years of hunting, packing, and trapping; he mentioned the old Indian war ground at outlet of Dezadeash Lake; a burial ground a short distance above Klukshu village, on the stream before you come to the lake (this must be old because the modern cemetery is in the village); also another Indian burial ground a mile or so down the Tatshenshini from Dalton Post. We’ll have to return to his place for a look around in August—it’s a natural site.

Some rain in the evening and showers all around us in the mountains Joe has the boat back on this side now and the horses are all rounded up. The lake has also flattened out and the wind died. Now the question is the return of Gene with Louie’s body and the funeral. Maybe we can ship the grub up the Little Arm tomorrow. Wrote Mother and Helen. Lucy and Karl back from Whitehorse.



Our tent on Klwane Lake about 1 mile north of Post

Saturday 3 July 48

2 pr. shorts @ 2.00 = 4.00

Clear morning, clouding up later with more showers coming in from the N. Rearranged pack in AM. Food panniers trucked down to dock and loaded aboard boat ready to be taken on up to second narrows in Little Arm. **Gene back with Louie’s body at 3 PM.** Also with 4 letters from Elaine (last from Winnipeg.) Some delay while an outer box made for coffin. Took a hot shower in the Klwane Inn—felt wonderful; taxied Paul’s family in to Post and all attended the funeral which began at 5 PM and last about 30 min, to the burial. A very well run affair—Catholic services in the log mission with perhaps 50 Indians and Whites in attendance. Then a cortege of 6 cars and trucks up to the burial ground. Wrote Elaine (cf. that letter for description of funeral) and Mother (in Chicago).

First boat of supplies taken up Little Arm in evening by Wilson. Decided that cache would be OK overnight.



Kluane Inn

Sunday 4 July 48

Finished packing and broke camp in AM. Beautiful clear day with a light breeze from S. Trucked all gear down to landing and loaded it aboard the large fishing boat. Wilson, Fred, Bill, and I in fishing boat and rest of gang including **Paul and Dickie Dixon** (along as bull cook) in outboard motor boat with **Joe Jacquot** at helm.

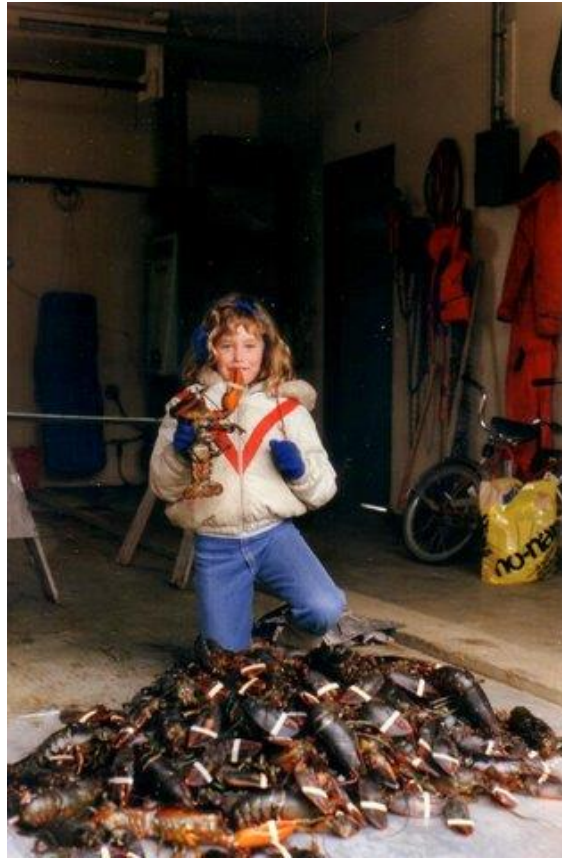


Landing boat with gear for pack trip

We shoved off at noon and towed the outboard for several miles until Joe finally got her going. Beautiful trip up the Little Arm. Sacked out up on the bow and soaked up the warm Sunday Took 3 hrs. to reach the cache which was all secure. Unloaded the supplies and set up the cook stove. Then the tents; Fred and I in his Aberlite in a pretty little

spruce grove just above the beach, and the others in 2-man mountain tents. **Packers (Jimmy Joe, Moose Johnson, Sam Johnson, George and Jim the wrangler)** came along with the horses at 6 PM. Trekked up the shore with Karl looking for a fishing hole but nothing feeding. Beautiful hike thru the woods in the 6" deep sphagnum moss. Also did a bit of casting after 8 PM supper, but no dice. Calm clear night with the Little Arm like a mill pond—it'll probably be cold. Wrangler's horses tethered below us on the beach and the rest of the string have already worked off N into the bush.

To be continued



This is what we had to do - we east coasters could not get our lobster - so we had it flown in - May 88 in Old Crow. - Rose

Photo courtesy Rose Scrivens [rcscrivens*eastlink.ca](mailto:rcscrivens@eastlink.ca) (In Kentville, NS)

William Ogilvie in the Yukon History 102 Essay Nov. 5, 1962

The Canadian Geodetic Survey expedition which set out from Victoria on the thirteenth of May 1887 differed little from succeeding expeditions having the same purpose. That purpose was to make a location of the 141st meridian in the Northwest Territories. Two things, however, distinguished that expedition of 1887. One was the expedition's timing,

but that would not prove significant for some years. The other was the expedition's leader, and he would prove significant very soon.

The leader of that expedition was a man highly respected by his superiors and highly skilled in his profession – William Ogilvie. That he had accepted this assignment at all was remarkable, so great was his dread of the North. His fears were not unfounded, either. The conditions under which he was to conduct his surveys were atrocious; the equipment with which he was to work, inadequate.

In spite of hardship, Ogilvie surveyed his way into the Yukon Valley and up the Yukon River, making maps and writing reports of his findings. These preliminary surveys he carried out to determine approximately the point at which the 141st meridian crossed the Yukon River. Then, having made that approximate location, he built an observatory nearby at Forty-Mile. There, while his expedition stayed in winter quarters, he used astronomy to determine the exact point at which the meridian crossed the river. That point, which was carefully checked, was located at the confluence of the Forty-Mile and Yukon Rivers.

In 1889, however, the American government decided to challenge that location. It sent two Geodetic Survey parties into Alaska with instructions to locate the meridian, which was also the northern segment of the Alaska Boundary, on the Porcupine River at a point farther east. Ogilvie was waiting for them. Acting upon orders from Mr. Dewdney, Canadian Minister of the Interior, Ogilvie offered the American expedition members the use of his observatory. In addition, he presented a detailed report to their leader, Mr. McGrath. Within a short time, McGrath accepted Ogilvie's argument that no greater accuracy in pin-pointing the meridian could be attained, with the equipment then available. Subsequently, Washington, too, accepted Ogilvie's location and withdrew its claims. Therefore, Ogilvie was free to trace the Alaskan Boundary north and south along the meridian.

This work was interrupted in 1893 when Ogilvie received orders to take his place on the International Boundary Commission then convening at Juneau. It was convening to settle a two decade dispute over the boundary of the Alaska Panhandle. Ogilvie, as a member of the Commission, was forced to prove his talents both as a surveyor and as a diplomat.

In 1895 came Ogilvie's triumph. The American commissioners demanded a ten marine league limit; the British and Canadian commissioner replied with demands for ports on the coast. Ogilvie concentrated on interpreting the treaty Russia and Britain had signed in 1825 to settle the boundary. That the boundary of the Panhandle was described as the line of the summits of a range of mountains parallel to the coast, when in fact no such range existed, did not deter Ogilvie. He picked those mountains as the "sea of mountains" (Nicholson, 1954) which lay closest to the sea and charted the line of their summits for the boundary. When, therefore, the various commissioners decided to compromise in 1895, they accepted Ogilvie's line.

Shortly after the compromise, Ogilvie was recalled to Ottawa. When in Ottawa to file his report, Ogilvie became involved in a discussion with Mr. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, concerning the administration of the Yukon. The Canadian government had taken charge of that part of the Northwest Territories only two years earlier, on Ogilvie's advice. Now, as the two men agreed that a force of ten North West Mounted Police and an Agent-General, "a sort of everything in one" (Ogilvie, 1913, p. 150) were sufficient to administer the territory, no names were mentioned as possible Agent-Generals. Only when they had agreed on what was needed, did Mr. Burgess divulge the name of the first appointed Agent-General. The name was William Ogilvie.

Ogilvie declined the appointment. He had no desire to leave his home and family. It was Captain Constantine, a man as respected as Ogilvie, who accepted the appointment.

Regardless of his wishes, however, Ogilvie was not to remain long in civilization. Mr. Daly, Minister of the Interior, insisted "friendly and considerately" (Ogilvie, 1913, p. 152) that Ogilvie continue tracing the Alaska Boundary. Reluctantly, Ogilvie returned to Forty-Mile, rebuilt his (by this time ruined) observatory and continued his work. By spring break-up, he was ready to go home. Before he could leave, orders came to hold him at Forty-Mile.

He was to take his place, as Canadian Commissioner, on yet another International Boundary Commission. This Commission failed so quickly that Ogilvie should have had time to get home, as his orders stated, "with all possible dispatch" (Ogilvie, 1913, p. 159). Unfortunately, it was September before he received those orders, and that September of 1896 was unique in the history of the Yukon. Unprecedented storms drove Ogilvie and his men back to Forty-Mile and an exceptionally early freeze-up held them in the Yukon District for the winter. Before that winter was over, Ogilvie knew he could not leave the Yukon forever, not now or in the many years to come.

He had been at Forty-Mile when George Carmack had come tearing in to record his claim on Rabbit (Bonanza) Creek in August of 1896. Although Ogilvie, like the prospectors in town at the time, had never seen a "colour" like "Siwash" George's sample, and doubted the man's story, he asserted that Carmack had found the gold somewhere. That assertion dispelled all doubts. Almost immediately, the population of Forty-Mile removed itself to Dawson, near Carmack's discovery claim.

Only after freeze-up had rendered Ogilvie's return home too hazardous, did he follow to Dawson. There had been no reply from Ottawa to his report of the discovery in August, so he was forced to act on his own initiative. He and his men, therefore, spent the winter of 1896 surveying Dawson town site and blocks of land nearby. In January of 1897, he dispatched a report to Ottawa, predicting that Dawson, as yet a mere camp in the Northwest Territories, would startle the world. That report, even when published, not only failed to startle the world, it failed to reach the general public. Only when Ogilvie left his surveying and journeyed to Ottawa to report in person, nine months after Carmack's discovery, was that discovery in the Klondike transformed from rumour into fact.

By that time, June 1897, Ogilvie had become so reluctant to publicize the new gold field that, when his ship docked at San Francisco, he disguised himself to escape the waiting reporters. So poor were the transportation and postal facilities in the North, that a major “rush”, he knew would end in utter chaos. Furthermore, so unknown were the true conditions of the North, that any gold rush from the “Outside” could well become the most disastrous of all gold rushes. To prevent chaos and to avert disaster then, Ogilvie remained silent as he pressed on to Ottawa.

Unfortunately, Ogilvie had lost the ear of the politicians there. Finally he did succeed in getting one of his requests. On August 10, 1897, Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, published a plea that no people attempt to reach the Klondike that year. The plea came too late. Gold seekers, those seeking gold along the streams of the Klondike and those seeking gold in the pockets of miners, streamed into the Yukon Valley, only to be caught by freeze-up, having got no further than Lake Labarge.

Ogilvie himself did reach Dawson before freeze-up. He knew he could not avert disaster from cold and hunger but he could avert disaster from men’s tempers. He set about resurveying those claims haphazardly staked along Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks. Before accepting the task, he insisted that his decisions be accepted as final. The miners agreed to his terms for they knew that he would be just.

Ogilvie’s justice had long ago earned him the respect of all who knew him but, in that winter of 1897-98, his justice became legendary. Before, Ogilvie had always adhered to the letter of the law, seeking to have the law changed whenever it proved impractical to adhere to it. In that winter’s work, Ogilvie learned to temper legal justice with personal justice. Throughout the remainder of his career in the North, he was to use this tempered justice with complete impartiality.

The first Commissioner of the newly created Yukon Territory stood accused of graft. Ogilvie was appointed to succeed him. Ogilvie set up a Royal Commission to investigate the charges against his predecessor. Such was Ogilvie’s reputation for impartiality, that witnesses left town rather than attempt to bribe him.

Ogilvie did not look on the Commissionership as a means of enrichment, although others did. Indeed, in all his years of association with gold mining, he neither staked a claim nor made a cent of profit. He once voiced his thoughts about the wealth all around him in a wry evaluation of a small fraction of a claim, by saying it was “enough to kill you” (Berton, 1958, p.86).

In spite of his disinterest in gold, Ogilvie lived so long with men obsessed by the hope of finding it, that he understood the lure of the metal. This understanding he revealed one day after washing a pan of gold for a friend. The value of that one pan was one hundred and nineteen dollars; in Ogilvie’s words, “about one half a year’s salary for many a good clerk” (Berton, 1958, p. 52).

One hundred and nineteen dollars was half a year's salary for a *fortunate* man during the depression-ridden eighteen-nineties. Even as Ogilvie spoke, men were pouring down the river just behind the ice floes. These *cheechakos* were a great responsibility for the new Commissioner, but he never shrank from that responsibility.

Indeed, he brought extra burden on himself sooner than he might have, and in a manner seemingly out of character. The saloon keepers at Lousetown (Klondike City) had, just before break-up 1898, posted a sign beside the river, "DANGER BELOW; KEEP TO THE RIGHT" (Berton, 1958, p.52), to keep the newcomers from Dawson. In retaliation, Ogilvie suggested tying down the whistle on Joe Ladue's sawmill when the first boat was sighted. The screech of that whistle, echoing across the narrow valley, drew the ragged fleet of the *cheechakos* on to Dawson. At first, they would not believe that the originator of that practical joke was the same solemn-appearing man who was to govern them for the duration of their time in the Klondike Gold Rush.

Like many other successful men, Ogilvie could remain non-partisan without remaining aloof. In ten years, he had earned a reputation as much for mimicry and practical jokes as for justice. In the North, he had become known for his poetry recitations in dialect and his Scottish reels on the piano, almost as much as for his skill in determining boundaries.

In fact, Ogilvie's appointment as Commissioner of the Yukon Territory in 1898 was the culmination of his career. From then on, William Ogilvie's days of national renown were over. As Commissioner, he registered claims, settled disputes, wrote reports, surveyed land, made maps and administered the territory. His duties after 1898 were just routine.

Soon after the turn of the century, when the Klondike Gold Rush was over, Ogilvie left this routine and returned home for the last time. His homesickness had never lessened while he worked in the Yukon, but that land had so attracted him that, when he left, he "did this with regret" (Ogilvie, 1913, p.37).

Ogilvie, the man, left the Yukon Territory but Ogilvie, the name, remained. A decaying settlement at the mouth of the Sixty-Mile River, a bridge across the Klondike River, a range of mountains – these all bear the name Ogilvie. The naming of each was a tribute to William Ogilvie, surveyor, geographer, diplomat, Commissioner and friend.

Outside the territory, however, where sentiment means little, it is neither the name nor the story of the man William Ogilvie which endures. Ogilvie was too restricted to one time and place to be remembered as a builder of Canada, and too unspectacular to be remembered as a participant in the Klondike Gold Rush or even in the Alaska Boundary Dispute. Rather, it is the work of William Ogilvie that endures. Although he was given little credit for his voluminous reports....

Maribeth notes: I have lost the last page. As I remember, the last paragraph sums up the role his surveys played in keeping peace in the waters off the Panhandle, along the Alaska border, and in the gold fields.

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First Nations – Raven Dancer – Carcross – May 2007.
Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

UPDATE ON YUKON WILDLIFE PRESERVE

I asked for an update on the Yukon Wildlife Preserve from the Executive Director. Please see below.

Bev Buckway balc*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

The Yukon Government purchased the assets of the privately owned Yukon Wildlife Preserve (YWP) in December 2003, in order to preserve the lands, infrastructure and its resident breeding groups of northern species of wildlife, for the future. Encouraged by the international support and the sustained commitment by the YWP's [Yukon Wildlife Preserve's] supporters, the Minister of Environment initiated strategic steps to make the unique YWP a regional first class wildlife conservation and education center to strengthen environmental education, wildlife management, research, species conservation, nature appreciation and stewardship, economic growth and tourism.

The YWP is owned by the Yukon Territorial Government, but operated by a non-profit society called the Yukon Wildlife Preserve Operating Society (YWPOS), which is run by a volunteer Board of Directors. The society was formally established under Yukon law in July 2004, and held its first annual general meeting and election of officers on September 25, 2004. The parties work together to chart the course for the future and have an operating agreement between them to define commitments, rights and responsibilities. The Society's Board of Directors is elected from the membership of the supportive Yukoners. Membership in the YWPOS is open to all members of the public. The YWPOS acquired charitable status with Canada Customs and Revenue Agency (CCRA) in May 2005. Through this charitable status YWPOS will work to advance the project as an autonomous NGO.

Under a joint management agreement, YTG provides funding for day to day operation of the facility, staff wages, and animal care. Costs for new infrastructure and running existing educational programs, tours etc. are the responsibility of the YWPOS and rely on donations from the public and fund-raising activities. Our goal is to have a complex of buildings near the entrance to the YWP. This complex will include an Interpretive Centre, Administration Offices, Animal Quarantine and Rehabilitation facilities and laboratories, as well as a gift shop and possible eating establishment.

The Vision Statement for the Yukon Wildlife Preserve (2006) is as follows:

The Yukon Wildlife Preserve will be an internationally recognized centre of arctic and boreal ecology and knowledge

The Mission statement of the Yukon Wildlife Preserve Operating Society (2006) is

To promote knowledge and foster appreciation of arctic and boreal ecology through the creation of a centre of northern education, conservation and research excellence at the Yukon Wildlife Preserve

Since the spring of 2004 the YWP staff have been offering regularly scheduled interpretive tours to individuals and groups. This consists of a 75 minute guided driving tour on the YWP's tour bus. Visitors observe and learn about Yukon wildlife, birds, and plants. Stops are made at each animal enclosure to allow visitors an opportunity to step outside the vehicle, view the animals and take photographs. Over 4,000 visitors (per year) toured the YWP in 2004, 2005 and 2006.

From May to September tours are offered at 8.00 a.m., 10.00 a.m. 12.00 noon, 2.00 p.m. and 4.00 p.m. Guided walking tours are also available for interested visitors at 4.00 p.m. From October to April tours are available by appointment only.

In addition to interpretive tours, educational opportunities for students at primary, secondary, college and university levels are provided. Since 2005 a formal experiential learning based Grade 4 program has been offered, and over 500 students have participated in the program. In the fall of 2007 an environmental monitoring program for grades 8-11 will be offered at the YWP. Additional programs in the areas of animal behaviour and bird watching have also been offered with great success. The YWP will continue to build on this success by expanding formal education programs into other grade levels and include hands on learning experiences in areas such as environmental monitoring.

The YWP is staffed by an Executive Director who works under the direction of the Board of the YWPOS, and, in conjunction with the Board, is responsible for financial management, administration and promotion and communication. There is a full-time Program Manager who designs and executes education programs for students, and interpretive tours for the general public. The Program Manager also assists the Executive Director in day to day management. Animal care, including medical and nutritional needs, is managed by a full-time veterinarian. Facility management and repair, as well as animal husbandry and care, is carried out by a full time Operations Manager and an Operations Assistant.

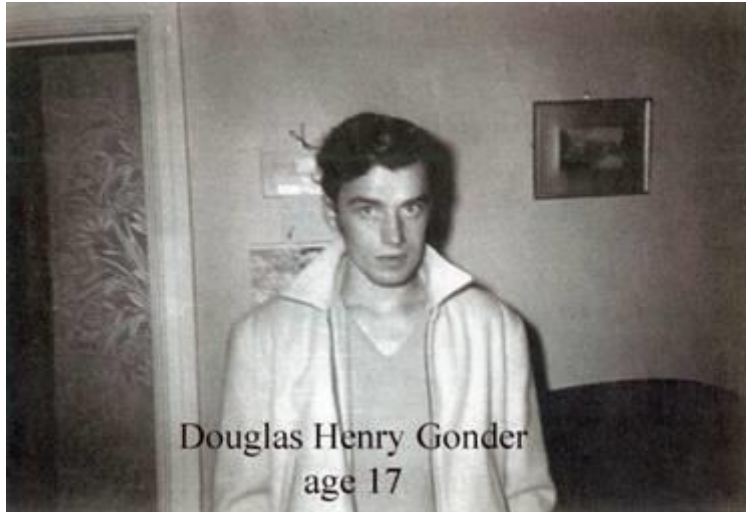
During the summer months, seasonal Interpreters are hired to conduct tours and guide the students through various education programs. Additional Maintenance Assistants are also hired to help during the busy summer months.

The YWP's Human Resources Committee has identified a need for additional staff in the areas of membership and volunteer development, fund raising co-ordination and office administration. These positions will be filled as funding becomes available.

Carolyn Thorne
Executive Director
Yukon Wildlife Preserve
<http://www.yukonwildlife.ca/>

Doug Gonder's life in the Yukon

Solicited from Leona Gonder and submitted by Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Douglas Henry Gonder
Sept. 22, 1939 – Feb. 21, 2007
Submitted by Leona Gonder

Doug was born in Saskatchewan, but he was raised in Hamilton, Ontario. He worked at Stelco (Steel Company of Canada) where they manufactured Ardoc Nails. He had no intention of spending his life in a factory environment.

In 1968, he announced to his wife and children, that the family would be moving to Northern B.C. On arriving in Fort St. John, someone advised Doug to go to the Yukon, where plenty of opportunity existed. They were driving an Ontario Hydro 2 Ton service truck that Doug had purchased and was hoping to use it in some type of business. Doug built a 20 foot trailer which they towed behind containing all their worldly possessions. They had their life savings with them to help them get a start in their new home. They would sleep in and under the truck for 2-3 days to save a few dollars and then stop at a highway lodge for a good rest and a shower. One night as some of the family were sleeping under the truck, a bear paid them a visit which caused some concern. After that, someone was delegated to stay awake while the others slept.

They reached Whitehorse on July 1, 1968. Doug's first job was to tow a vehicle out of a mudhole on the main street and as a result had a photo of him and his truck taken and placed in the next issue of the newspaper. He decided Whitehorse did not appear too interesting and was planning on returning to B.C. His truck broke down and while awaiting the parts, it allowed him the time to look around and make enquiries. He was encouraged to stay and try it out.

He bought a backhoe with the last of their savings and within two years established his own business called Gonder & Sons Ltd.

Being ambitious and challenging, Doug accomplished other ventures. During 1968 – 1979 he managed Gonder & Sons Ltd. employing 4-6 people year round and accumulated a small fleet of equipment. He also acquired property at mile 995 on the Alaska Highway and erected a lodge building known as Aishihik Services. He sold gas and confections but the dining room and motel units were not yet operational. This business was his life long dream and meant to be his retirement retreat. Sadly, in 1978, the property was destroyed by fire. It was perhaps the saddest day of his life, he was heart broken to say the least. The property was eventually sold to the current owner.

Doug also operated a placer mine on Martin Creek in the Livingston area. Since the only way in was by air, equipment and heavy supplies had to be brought to the site, by building ice roads and crossing the Teslin River in early spring.

Money and material things were never important to Doug. He continued mining, mostly to enjoy the peace and tranquility he felt from the vast solitude that the valley had to offer.

On his property at McCrae, Doug erected a Cement Block Plant, where he manufactured concrete blocks, shipping them around the Yukon and Alaska. The quality of the blocks was rated at top grade.

He also produced a large vegetable garden in summer. Another of his various interests was taking a bit of time to indulge in the fine art of making moonshine. Only a select few had the privilege of tasting it.

Doug was an interesting and multi talented individual, who sometimes possessed a rather unsavory vocabulary, that few others could match. He was also kind hearted and ready to help anyone in need.

Unfortunately, illness took its toll and the last few years of his life left him disabled and unable to indulge in many of the projects and challenges that interested him. Doug loved the Yukon and appreciated what the country had to offer.

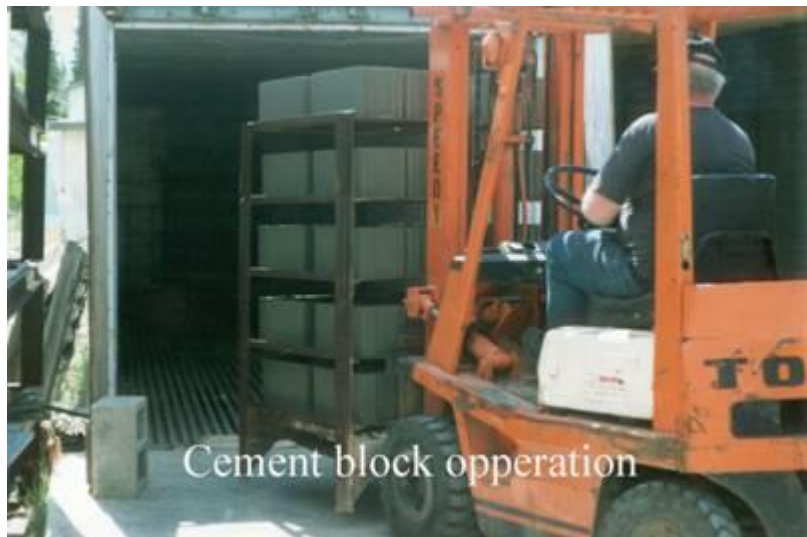
Doug and his wife Leona, were divorced in 1989. He leaves behind three children, Douglas Jr., Raymon and Liisa. Also six grandchildren.



Sluicing on Martin Creek



Cement block operation



Cement block operation

HENRY BREADEN REMEMBERED

Came across this message on Murray Lundberg's blog. Had gone to the Carcross webcam to see what the recent view was like and carried on to look at the blog when I noticed his comment about Henry - <http://www.yukonalaska.com/webcam/webcam/> - Sherron

[On the Road Day 3: Dawson City](#)

July 5th, 2007



Photo courtesy Murray Lundberg (In Whitehorse)

I love traveling! (you may have noticed that theme here 😊) On Tuesday I began a new gig as a tour escort - after many years of having an escort handle the details of my groups' tours while I drove the motorcoach and talked a lot, now I have a driver while I take care of the details (but I still get to talk a lot!). I was afraid that it might be just too weird, but I'm really enjoying it, at least partly because my driver is both very good, and an Alaskan (a *real* Alaskan) who I've known for a decade or so. A big part of the enjoyment also comes from the fact that I'm working for [a New Zealand tour company](#) (and their BC partner) that I've worked with for 8 years as a driver - the people I've met in that time are the main reason that Cathy and I are [going to New Zealand](#) next February.

On Day 1 my group of 18 New Zealanders arrived in Whitehorse on an afternoon flight from Vancouver, and yesterday we made the long trek down to Dawson City. We arrived after 6:00, so today is the real "Explore Dawson" day. The photo above was taken at Dredge #4 this morning while on our goldfields tour. [I never get tired of Dawson, so while the other folks were doing their own thing this afternoon, I saw a film about the last voyage of the sternwheeler *Keno*, and then took a tour of the boat itself. Doing things like that helps me keep some things in perspective. On that last voyage in 1962 \(from](#)

Whitehorse to Dawson), a young man named Henry Breaden was First Mate on the *Keno*. Over the past 3 years, that same Henry and I have sent scores of emails back and forth, discussing the Yukon's boats and rivers. Henry's mind was sharp, and he was extremely enthusiastic about sharing his love of steamboating. The stories, however, ended a few months ago when he died on Vancouver Island. I never met him in person, but having seen him in the film, I miss his emails a lot right now.

In half an hour I'll be meeting my Kiwis over at Diamond Tooth Gertie's Casino - it's never a long night, but always fun!

Sent the part about Henry off to his family and had these comments.

Thanks for the email of Murray in Dawson. How special!!!!

Brought a tear to my eye....

Do you know how I can get a copy the The Last Voyage of the Keno??? – Lura

Thank you Sherron for sharing that with me I appreciate that. I remember Henry mentioning Murray. – Alice

A MESSAGE FROM DONNA MCLEAN

Are there any copies about of Edith Josie s work? Thought she was so great. Her column was a highlight in our house for a long time.

Hope to be at the Yukoners but am active with Victoria dragon boats that weekend. If you've never seen the carnation ceremony done by all the teams from the breast cancer teams, you are missing a very moving event. All the ladies hold and wave carnations and sing to a Garth Brooks song that evades me now....but it is to the effect - I will sail my ship till the rivers all run dry. Grown men cry and of course the crowd wave in time to the gals in the boats. So many breast cancer survivor teams and such gallant ladies.

Dragon boating was originated in Canada by a cancer doctor who thought exercise and the gift of each others company would help. Well did it ever. Teams range in age from young to the nineties.

"Moms" team 'Bust n Loose' did very well in the Vernon races last week. They will be in Victoria midmonth races and I will be honored to have dinner with them and cheer my heart out too.

Bless them all. Donna McLean keebird*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

The Big Inch Saga

The land is still here - listed as Group 2 in lot 243 - a nineteen-acre plot on the west bank of the Yukon River about three miles upstream from Dawson City. It is long way from Chicago, Illinois where in 1954, the Klondike Big Inch Land caper began.

Bruce Baker was an ad executive with Quaker Oats Company. For years, through his ad campaigns, he told the children of North America that Quaker Oats cereal was shot from guns. But by the mid-fifties, other cereals gave away prizes in every box. Baker needed something new; something catchy and simple and related to the cereal's radio show about Sergeant Preston, a Mountie in the Yukon. Then he had a brain wave.

In each box of Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, he would give away a deed to a square inch of Yukon land exactly where Sergeant Preston and his trusty dog King carried out their adventures in radio land.

So began the Klondike Big Inch land Caper, one of the most successful sales promotions in North American business history.

In October 1954, Baker, his brother John, and a Quaker Oats advertising executive chartered a plane and flew from Chicago to the Yukon, looking for land. In Whitehorse, the three introduced themselves to lawyer George Van Roggen who drove the men from Whitehorse to Dawson City. In the frigid early hours of Thursday, October 7, the three Chicago ad men set out in an open boat to inspect the land they would buy for 1000 dollars.

Their guide was Constable Paul LeCocq, a real life Mountie stationed in Dawson. It was the most exciting day of Bruce Baker's life. The trip gave him a wooden leg to prove it. The Yukon river was choked with cakes of ice cakes. The wake sprayed up over Constable LeCocq and froze. His leather jacket was soon completely covered with ice. Still they maneuvered upstream against the current for about 40 minutes and arrived at the land in question.

Paul turned in toward shore and suddenly - Crash!. The boat smashed up on a rock. Water poured over the stern and turned to ice in the bottom of the boat. They had to paddle about 50 yards to shore, made a hurried inspection of the Quaker Oats property and headed back, wet and cold, to Dawson, drifting with the current because the sheer pin of their outboard motor had broken off when they crashed on shore.

When they got back to town, they headed straight for the hotel bar and got pickled on 180-proof rum. But Bruce Baker's feet were badly frostbitten. Complications years later resulted in the amputation of his right leg below the knee.

Back in Chicago, Quaker Oats formed a subsidiary called the Klondike Big Inch Land Co. to handle the promotion and so that deeds could be decorated with an official-looking corporate seal.

The promotion was first announced on the Sgt. Preston network radio show on January 27, 1955 and ads appeared in newspapers across North America "You'll actually own one square inch of Yukon land in the famous Klondike gold country!"

The public response surpassed Baker's wildest dreams. Quaker Oats cereal sold as quickly as the deeds could be printed and stuffed into the boxes. Twenty-one million were issued in just a few years and resulted in Puffed Wheat and Rice taking control of the highly competitive cereal market.

The Sgt. Preston radio shown went off the air in the late 1950s. The Klondike Big Inch Land Company was kept alive until 1966 to handle thousands of inquiries.

Then, the 19 wilderness acres of Yukon land were repossessed by the Canadian government for nonpayment of \$37.20 in taxes. Today, the deeds for the Klondike Big Inch Company are worth upwards of 35 dollars US in the collectible's marketplace.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin
Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

MOUNT STEELE

There has been a massive slide on Mount Steele in recent days. It could be the largest slide in the recorded history of the Yukon.

See the website below to put the slide into perspective:

<http://www.geology.gov.yk.ca/events/index.html>

Donna Clayson

DISCOVERY DAY PARADE SPECIAL EDITION

Thank you to Emily Stillwell for the great photos of the 1956 Discovery Day Parade in Dawson City!

The only person I recognize for sure in the photos is the driver of the Jeffrey-Quad truck with the Nutty Club members. He is my Uncle Charlie Rendell. Charlie used to drive that truck each year for the Discovery Day Parade and I have another photo of him driving it as well. The truck had hard rubber tires (no air!) and so was not the most comfortable vehicle to ride in. As I recall it made a fair bit of noise as well.

I am not sure but the woman in the back seat of the Jeffrey-Quad truck closest to the photographer may be Margretta Gaundroue the wife of the Fire Chief, Elmer Gaundroue. I'm sure some of our Dawson City readers will be able to confirm if I am correct or not.

I also think that perhaps Elmer Gaundroue is one of the YOOP members marching in the photo with the old jalopy. He might be the third person from the left (with a suit and without a hat) behind the dog. The person looks like Elmer but I may be mistaken.

I don't recognize which Cole brother is in the Cole Bros. photo but if it is one of them, it would have been either Tim or Mike I believe. Again those from Dawson may be able to identify which brother (assuming it is one of the Cole brothers!)

Harvey Burian
Parksville, BC Canada
Hburian@telus.net

On the Nutty Club float, the woman closest to the camera, in the first row behind the driver, is my Aunt Margretta (sp). That would be Magretta Gaundroue nee Ballentine, wife of fire Chief Elmer Gaundroue.

I am not sure of the spelling of her name but the second version is how everyone pronounced it.

Lovely pictures.

You can tell Emily that parades were BIG in the Yukon. Size of community did not matter.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

WORLD GOLD PANNING CHAMPIONSHIPS – Coming soon.

We are going up to Volunteer for the World Goldpanning Championships in Dawson from August 21 to 26th.

To whet the appetite...here are a few of my own photos from Dawson City Yukon goldpanning championships held on July 1st.



Yukon Goldpanning sign.



Long time Klondike Placer Miners Art and Noreen Sailer (42 years in the business) demonstrating the art of Goldpanning for the visitors in the bleachers prior to the championships beginning.....note: Noreen managed to find all her flakes each time she demonstrated but Art was still looking!!!



The "Cheechako" event for visitors to Dawson City. Note that this year's world event will be held at this new venue, which is the parking area to the north and beside Diamond Tooth Gerties, and with the St. Mary's Church in the background.



David Miller on his way to winning the Yukon event and normally this would have earned him a ticket to the World Event wherever it is held, but his place was taken up by Roger Stewart, another Klondike Miner, as David is a Judge and also on the World Committee.

Mike will be M.C. and Megan and myself will be helping with the Bib number section....should be a busy week and hopefully the 28 degree temperature will hang in there for us rain weary Whitehorsians!!!! Although the past few days have been luvverly~!!!

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

MESSAGE FROM DONNA CLAYSON

We arrived home late last night [Aug 9th]. Enjoyed our trip, although the heat just about did me in. Had a wonderful visit with Bob Smith & family and also Clarence Tingley.

Visited with Moge for a few hours Spent some time at Fairmont Hotsprings. The heat in the springs was too much for me as I was very dizzy from the heat all night but Bryan really enjoyed it. On to Radium Hotsprings and Bryan again enjoyed a couple of hours in the water. I didn't dare go in so enjoyed hiking around Radium and enjoyed looking at all the displays. On to Banff where the weather turned nasty. Toured around town for an hour then decided to head for home as it was raining hard and steady, arriving home around 11:30 p.m. Had a good sleep but still really tired. At least the clothes are all washed and dried and put away.

Thank you so much for the wonderful time and particularly for the bed. Thought about it as we were sleeping in the back of the Jimmy in 34C heat. Ha. Ha.

Hope you enjoyed the picnic and got lots of photos. I'm looking forward to seeing them.

I was just reading MocTel 215 and see Donna (Rear) Hogan has signed on. I sent her an e-mail. As young teens I lived right behind the Rear home (Donna was on Black & 8th and I was on Wheeler & 8th, just across the alley). We hung around together but then I moved to Porter Creek and we pursued our own career paths. How wonderful the MocTel hooks up Yukoners. Bravo for the MocTel!

Donna Clayson

TRIP TO BC AUGUST 2007 – Bryan & Donna Clayson

Bryan and I have arrived back home from a fantastic 5-day vacation to southern B.C. from August 5th to 10th. You were our first stop from Edmonton and I must thank you for the wonderful hospitality. We were quite tired from spending so many hours on the road, something we're not used to as we don't travel that often. This was the first vacation for Bryan since our trip to the Yukon in 2004 and what a great way to start it.

You have a beautiful home, chatting until 2:00 in the morning and subsequent breakfast the next morning started our day off perfectly.



Bryan & Donna Clayson
Visiting at the Jones' in Vernon Aug 6, 2007

We drove on to Grand Forks to visit Bob & Debbie Smith. What a beautiful drive. You certainly have to pay attention on Highway 33 as it has numerous bends and curves as we were warned by Bill Jones. I have known Bob since the late 1960's and as a teenager really enjoyed Bob's company. A nice man with a great vocal voice. I had a special song as a teenager that Bob would sing at my request called "Nobody's Child". I lost track of Bob over the years and managed to locate him again via the internet with Alex & Eileen White's help while I was visiting them in Inuvik in 2004. I was determined to see Bob again and meet Debbie, his wife and two young children, Carlie and Aspen. We stayed overnight in their trailer after a refreshing swim at Jewell Lake. While visiting Bob at his furniture store aptly called, *What about Bob's?*, he again sang me our song. I ended up in tears and Bob barely held it together; so many memories from so many years ago. This was the first time Bryan had met Bob but he could see why I have been looking forward to seeing him again. The night before we left we played a domino type game while sipping on Debbie's homemade martinis. Yum! What a thrill to finally meet Debbie and the two girls. Bob's a lucky man.



Donna Clayson & Bob Smith in 'What About Bob's?' furniture store in Cranbrook.



The Smith family



Bob Smith & Donna on skidoo June 1968 at Fish Lake

After we left Grand Forks we drove on to Trail to see Clarence Tingley. I met Clarence and his wife, Kay in Atlin in 1968. I was immediately taken to this couple. Clarence and my former husband [Richard Ross] both worked for Great Northern Airways until the company went bankrupt in 1970. With no work for the employees in the airline business Manpower moved both the Tingleys and us to Yellowknife where the men both worked for NWT Air. Clarence was only there a couple of months before a better opportunity pulled him out of the NWT. That was the last time I saw Clarence. Kay passed away a number of years ago. Clarence had not changed much over the past 37 years and I recognized him immediately.



Clarence Tingley - Recognize the rug he and Kay did?

What a wonderful visit we had, reminiscing on the years gone by, particularly about the parties held during the warm summer months at Warm Bay outside of Atlin. The hours flew by and when our visit came to an end it was difficult leaving this fine gentleman's home. Bryan had not met Clarence before but the two of them enjoyed chatting about mechanic 'stuff'. Oh, the beer tasted pretty good too.



Donna Clayson & Clarence Tingley

After leaving Trail we were on our way to Cranbrook. I wanted to catch up to Al Oster (Salmon Arm), my 'cousin' Cliff Armstrong (Cranbrook) along with my uncle, Alex Wickham (Chase) but unfortunately our timetables didn't match. We did catch up to Moge Mogensson, however.



Donna & Moge

What a thrill to finally meet this fine lady in person. We have been corresponding via e-mail the last few years thanks to meeting through the MocTel. I was particularly excited about meeting Mr. Tiggs, the cat. The feeling wasn't mutual however, and he was only too pleased to retreat back to his cupboard. We enjoyed watching a video on Mogeys' recent trip back home to the Yukon and looking through 5 rolls of film. Unfortunately Mogeys accidentally erased hundreds of photos off her digital camera. I say she make the trip again and retake them all, eh Mogeys?

Did you ever meet Bob McCallum? He was the welding instructor at the Vocational School when I worked there (1971 to 1974). Well, I was chatting with Debbie Smith and she mentioned there was this fellow living in Grand Forks by this name. Did I know of him? Well, couldn't believe it as he and I were co-workers. He didn't remember my last name but Debbie didn't know it was Ross at that time. I've sent him a snail mail with a photo of me (I'll send it to you) from that time period. Boy, you sure don't know where or when you'll meet up with a current or former Yukoner!



We completed our (my) trip down memory lane by soaking at the Fairmont Hotsprings and Radium Hotsprings. We were only away from home for 5 days but caught up on 37 years of memories. How can one have a better vacation than that?

Donna & Bryan Clayson dclays1@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

Moge told me she had taken over 800 photos on her digital camera and lost them when she said Okay to 'Format' when playing with the camera before she arrived home. Tough lesson to learn. I too told her it means another trip back to Yukon. She said she had stopped and photographed every lodge whether open or closed and intended to share them with the MocTel. She had made lots of notes and was planning to send lots of photos to us. We too are very sorry you lost them Moge. Start saving your nickels for another trip. - Sherron

ARTISTIC TALENT



Upper Arrow Lake BC

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

ISLAND PICNIC & PHOTOS

Just wanted to say you folk's did an excellent job again on getting pictures etc. That was a good write up also on Don Machan. Maybe next year he will make it to the picnic. It is easy to see he is making the best of a painful experience and he is hanging in there.

Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Nice job Sherron and a nice bunch of pictures to say nothing of all the Photographers!!! It was a nice party....Nice day and what more could we ask.

Thanks again for all your hard work.

Lois Tremblay granny9t@shaw.ca (In Cedar)

Dad [Percy DeWolfe] will be 92 on November 1st 2007.

Donna DeWolfe donnadewolfe@hotmail.com (In Qualicum)

How wonderful your pix are, Bill. They are as clear as can be. So nice to see everyone's photos. I am especially proud of our young Dawson girls. I had been looking forward to attending as Mary Mac had offered me a ride with her. Maybe next year if all goes well. So good to see Percy DeWolfe looking so fit. Thanks for all your work putting this Special Moc Tel together.

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

OBIT

CAMERON, Bruce Captain, **Royal Canadian Corps of Signals 1939-1970**, MiD, CD
Bruce passed away peacefully on August 8th, 2007 at the Perley and Rideau Veterans' Health Centre with his family by his side. He leaves his wife Isobel, daughters Trice and Beverley, and son-in-law Ian. Bruce was born March 3rd, 1918 in Edmonton, Alberta. His many adventures included hopping freight trains out of Edmonton in the thirties, serving five years overseas during World War II, peacekeeping for the United Nations in the Congo, **playing hockey in Whitehorse**, hiking around Ellesmere Island, completing his Courier de Bois Gold Bar in the Canadian Ski Marathon and planting a Canadian flag on the northern most point of Canada on Baffin Island for his centennial project. He also enjoyed renovating his daughters' homes and working at his cottage with Isobel. His wood piles were a sight to see. We want to thank the staff on Rideau One North at the Perley for the wonderful care and love they provided for Bruce during his last 3 years. At Bruce's request, there will be no service; however, we would like to invite those who knew him to join us for his favourite snacks on Thursday August 16th, 3:00 pm-5:00 pm in Lupton Hall, at the Perley, 1750 Russell Road, Ottawa. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Perley and Rideau Veterans' Health Centre, Parkinson Society, the Ottawa Humane Society where many a family cat originated or to a charity of your choice. Published in the Ottawa Citizen from 8/11/2007 - 8/13/2007.

WE'VE MOVED

We have moved to sunny Keremeos. Our new address is #7-522 Vansanten Road RR 1 Site 100 Comp 34 VOX INO. Our e-mail has stayed the same.
Still really enjoying the Moc-Tel.
Sandie and Barrie Ravenhill

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We have a new E-mail address as follows alchris*telus.net

Al and Chris Mitchell

Our e-mail address has changed to veale*northwestel.net since yknet closed down. I've been missing the Moccasin Telegraph!!

Thanks

Kip Veale

I've been out of touch for awhile and now we have a new address. So please send the moccasin telegraph to terry987*telus.net

Thanks, Al and Chris Mitchell

MY E-MAIL ADDRESS HAS CHANGED FROM :lschrom*houston.rr.com TO:
lschrom*comcast.net Lorraine Schrom

NEW ADDITIONS in MocTel 210

I Married the Klondike in 1987. It was the love for a man and the land that brought me to Dawson City in 1986.

I was the town social worker until 1991, when I moved to Whitehorse and worked in the Young Offender Unit until 1996. In 1996, I returned to Dawson City for two years to work for the Yukon Family Services Association in Dawson Mayo and Pelly.

In the late nineties, I spent two glorious summers out on Little Blanche Creek in the Klondike Goldfields.

For the past ten summers I have worked as a Heritage Interpreter with Parks Canada and the Old Log Church Museum in Whitehorse, re enacting a host of Gold Rush women.

In 2002, I began a small business, Back of the North Wind Prints, featuring a series of prints of Northern women in colourful parkas dancing in front of historic buildings of Yukon and Alaska.

I am presently living in Victoria and Whitehorse, but perhaps a bit more in Victoria.

Warmest regards, Barb Forsyth blackbarb7@hotmail.com

NEW ADDITION

Can you add my name to the list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph?

Best Regards, Debra ryand@flyairnorth.com

Air North, Yukon's Airline
Debra Ryan, Director of Marketing
150 Condor Road, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 6E6
Ph (867) 668-2228 Ext. 298 Cell (867) 333-2744 Fax (867) 456-3111
Toll Free CAN 1-800-661-0407
Website www.flyairnorth.com

Your Attitude Determines Your Altitude!

I attended the Vancouver Yukoners 'Assoc. dinner in the spring this year and met up with Sandy Campbell who gave me your email address. I am interested in receiving the MocTel. Sandy gave me the info on it, but I have misplaced it and cannot find it, would you please advise me on how I can start receiving the MocTel.

Thank you and I look forward to hearing from you.
Regards, Liz Trout
liz@andreawaines.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“In order to succeed, your desire for success should be greater than your fear of failure”

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Stan Marinoske smarinoske@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

One Gallon Raspberry Liquor

- ¾ gallon raspberries
- 3 cups sugar on raspberries

- top off with vodka
- leave sit for one month, turn daily
- strain and run through cheese cloth

DATES TO REMEMBER

International Sourdough Reunion

Will be held at the Ramada Inn in Penticton from September 19 to 23, 2007

Rooms are \$99 per couple flat rate.

For reservations call :

Toll Free 1-800-665-4966 Code word is: Sourdough 3474

ISR Registration is \$70.00

Registration limited to 175 People

Contact person is:

Larry Chalmers PO Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0

Phone: 250-498-6887 e-mail: aksala49@telus.net

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

c/o Sherron Jones

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Vernon BC V1B 1V8