

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 220th Edition – September 16th, 2007

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



St. Barnabas Anglican Church at Moosehide.

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

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

Tuesday 13 July 48

Hot morning and mosquitoes very bad—could hardly shave. Weather uncertain, but all the botanists took off for a mountain on horseback while Fred and I with Moose set off on foot for some recco along the terraces on N side of Ptarmigan Heart Creek going downstream toward ENE. Many recent camps on upper terrace (about 50 ft. high) within 1/4 mile of our camp: the usual Yukon crutches for tent frames, etc. Moose said these camps were there when he trapped thru here, but no people. Fred found two chips over edge of bank, probably washed down. Passed at least a dozen of these camps and 2 or 3 brush shelters, all on the upper terrace edge, within the first mile E of our camp.

This valley is part of one of the E-W trails from Aishihik to the White and Donjek, and apparently has been long used. Jimmy spoke this morning of an old hunter he knew who came thru with his family during one summer on a hunt for the winter's food supply: this Indian came from Aishihik thru PH, then S to the Big Arm via Boulder (or Bullion?) Creek, thence across to the Little Arm and down to Burwash; then NW across the Donjek to Tepee Lake and on up to the White R.; then back E to Tincup Lake across to PH and back to Aishihik.

Every place this hunter picked up a moose or 2, or a caribou, he built a high cache, and moved on: perfect example of nomadic hunting, always on the go, the food quest being the prime mover behind the culture.



South down pass to Bullion Creek and Big Arm - from mountain at west end of Ptarmigan Heart

About 1 1/2 mile E of our camp we came to a tributary creek that comes down off the N slopes into PH creek and from the confluence back up hill there was a whole series of brush camps: small cut spruce stacked tepee-fashion around a large spruce, with the lower branches of the central spruce lopped off so as to create an opening and shelter beneath. We counted at least 14 of these, all on the W bank of the Creek, and although I moved back upstream a good 1/4 mile I still hadn't reached the end of them when it was time to return for lunch. The woods was full of small stumps, cut off for the leaning poles. (These shelters same as the 2 we found on the -40 ft. Alsek beach S of the Highway at MILE-1022). Moose said these shelters were very old, before his time, and before the old people had tents.

We asked him about all the stumps and poles which had certainly been cut with metal axes (steel, we thought) and he reminded us that the old people had copper from the White R. He thought these were summer shelters, although at first he said "winter".

We grubbed around in several of the shelters, digging thru the deep mat of needles, but didn't find anything except a few fragments of caribou bone. After noting the first few shelters and counting the first 6 or 7, Moose remarked, "Must have been a big family here." That's possible, but what with the additional shelters I found further upstream I expect there was more than one family stretched up the creek.



Brush camp, north slopes of Ptarmigan Heart valley above confluence of first tributary creek east of Camp #4

Returned to camp, hot and sticky, with the clouds closing in overhead, and about 1 PM it began to rain. Also some lightning and thunder S over the pass to Big Arm – that has been very rare this summer. Later in the afternoon sat out under a big spruce with Moose, George, Fred and Dickie roasting moose ribs before a 6' long open fire on the bank of the creek, the meat spitted on a sharpened stick. Took 2 hrs to roast this chunk big enough for all, and it was elegant! They give it a quick sear on both sides, then back it off for slow roasting. Moose then stripped down the outer bark of a spruce and we all ate some of the paper thin strips of the inner bark—mild and piquant; something like palm tree hearts. The Indians eat this inner bark (cambium layer) every July when it is sweet and tender and before it turns into wood. They say that poplar bark is even better—then we recalled the stripped poplar trees we saw around Paul's wife's tent after she came down to our camp at Pine Creek. We didn't know then! While the meat was roasting and the soft rain falling George told of how the Beer Parlor at Burwash burned down, and how the grizzly got to him and died on top of him full of lead, and how he walked 14 miles out of the bush and spent the next 47 days in the hospital at Whitehorse.

The botanists returned at 6 PM. Rain continued most of evening.

Wednesday 14 July 48

Morning cloudy and threatening as a continuation of last night's rain. Sat around camp waiting for it to clear a bit. Botanists pressing their plants, etc. I skinned out the moose

foreleg and made a sheath for my hunting knife, using tin as a liner for the rawhide to shrink against, and keeping one of the dew claws as a point guard. After lunch saddled up Pepper and went out with Hugh, Fred, Jimmie, Moose, and Sam for some recco. Along the bluffs, going downstream on N side of Ptarmigan Creek. Covered about 5 mile before turning back. Picked up a few chips and fragment of large scraper—all on surface and just down past the rolling edge of the bluff. Impossible to tell what the age or relationships of these may be, because of intensive frost action and surface movement, but they link up somehow with the series of open top brush camps and tepee shelters (and tent frames) which literally line the edge of the 50-70 ft. bluff. Jimmie has mentioned several times what good lookout points there are at various places along the bluffs and up on the hill tops and knobs: the old hunters probably spent a good deal of time watching and waiting for game.

Thurs. 15 July 48

Clear fine morning with a threatening hint of clouds over mountains to SE, but decided not to wait. Saddled up Winnie and left camp at 10 AM with Fred, Jimmie, and Sam. Moose stayed behind to sew up the Aberlite which was badly torn in 2 places last night when one of the horses got tangled in the lines and jerked away. (After that we had the tent area roped off to keep all the horses away.) We worked our way E continued on to the banks of the first tributary creek which rises in a lake 10 -12 mile back in mountains and comes into Ptarmigan Heart from S-side.



Looking south down pass from Ptarmigan Heart to Boulder Creek and Big Arm

Then a delightful experience, stopping and having a meal Indian fashion: as we came down to the creek Jimmie and Sam just looked for a good place to halt where everything was handy; we dismounted on a gravel flood beach and Jimmie immediately lighted a fire under the stump end of a large dead spruce that had been cast up by the waters; then he

went over to the edge of the cutbank where a few poplars grew on the outside of the spruce woods and cut 2 long poplar staves. Sam had the tea pot heating in the fire when Jimmie came back and stuck a side of moose ribs up before the blaze and a string of steak on another stove; then they cut a pile of poplar branches and spread them over the gravel as a sort of table cloth. When the meat was roasted we sat around, each with a piece of steak and a rib, cutting off chunks with a hunting knife; also tea, good strong bush tea, and some cinnamon rolls obtained from Paul.

That's the way to eat meat, all right!

As we sat around the horses dozed at the water's edge, taking advantage of the smudge. As usual, when we were finished and ready to move on, the fire was left burning: the Indians have no regard for fire and I have never seen them put one out (except for one instance in camp when it might have spread thru the duff overnight and got to some of the tents and pack train equipment); I suppose most of the campfires they leave continue to smoulder down in the duff for a long time; some may peter out in time; but others undoubtedly give rise to forest fires of some consequence the Kloo Lake and Champagne blazes? I guess this doesn't bother them—there's plenty of country and plenty of bush!



Pressing plants on mountain north of Ptarmigan Heart

After chow we followed down this tributary, now named Mooserib Creek after the occasion of our stop there. Noted a half-dozen open-top brush camps along the banks (both sides) and stopped to scrape out 3 of them—finding nothing.

Down in the flat we suddenly came to a tremendously torn up and scarred area in a thick grove of old spruce near the stream. Jimmie and Sam immediately began to jabber in their own lingo and I noticed the men turn grave: this was a grizzly cache and we didn't have a gun in the party!

There were moose bones lying all around, the legs, crushed skull, ribs, hair and pieces of hide (still soft) and for 10 ft. around the trees the ground was all torn up and mounded in the center, branches broken off, bushes mangled and great bear tooth marks gashed across a poplar sapling 7' above the ground. Grizzlies apparently make a kill like this and then stay around that spot for as many days as it takes to consume all the meat. From droppings the Indians deduced that a wolf had killed the moose, and that the grizzly had then moved in and taken over.

They were definitely worried because the signs and conditions of the moose bones were a little too close for comfort—too fresh and recent. So, after taking a couple of snapshots we moved on. Moose always carries a .30-30 with him into the bush, and so would I if I travelled much in this country.

Crossed over the valley flats and climbed the 50-70' bluff on N side of Ptarmigan Creek whence we worked our way back to camp. Stopped along the way to excavate another 6 or 8 brush camps and near one Jimmy spotted a fine specimen of an old stone adze haft: made of spruce, as per sketch, with a stout knot where handle and haft join; the haft was cut out of main trunk and the handle was a branch. Scoured all around trying to find the stove that went with this, but no luck. Otherwise the brush camps yielded nothing.

These brush camps (as distinct from the poles used to setup recent tents—which may be either a combination of 2 crutches and ridge, or 4 shears and ridge) are of 2 kinds, as mentioned before:

1 – The open-top brush camp:

These are winter nomadic camps and are virtually little more than wind-breaks and fire reflectors. The walls, according to Moose, were 3-4' high and each consisted of 3 or 4 small spruces piled, with alternating butts, on top of each other. If there once were roofs on these shelters, no signs of them remain now. The Indians say there were none. These were apparently widely used in the last generation and earlier, before the advent of canvas tents in which all Indians live now—except for a few trapper's cabins. Occasionally 2 of these open-top shelters may be found facing each other thus: but for the most part they occur alone or in groups which are disconnected; these groups may have been used by members of extended families.

2 – The tepee-tree brush shelter: (V. p.75 [see July 13], these notes, for description.)

These also occur in groups, and most of them seem large enough to hold only 1 or 2 persons sitting or crouched. Moose called them summer shelters. Sam says either summer or winter.

At one or two of the more recent tent camps we noted fish gaffs standing up against the trees— thin spruce poles, little more than an inch in diameter, tapering to a long point, and about 10-12' long. I asked Jimmie what these were used on, and after a moment's hesitation he said, "Oh, grayling." Inclined to doubt that—I don't think there are any grayling bigger than 6" up this far: possibly they were used for whitefish or salmon spawning runs elsewhere.

Arrived back at camp about 6 PM—a fine day.

To be continued



Mist among the trees and rocks.

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

Rolling on the River

By Dan Davidson (In Dawson)

September 9, 2007

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Queen II cruise that day.
It had rained most of the morning - and more was on the way.
But the folks came out in numbers and filled up all the seats,
for they knew the chance to ride for free was something really neat.

- with apologies to Ernest Lawrence Thayer and Casey at the Bat

In all seriousness, there was no reluctance at all to board the Yukon Queen II on September 9 for the second of two free cruises down and up the Yukon River to celebrate the end of what Holland-America's faxed invitations called a great season.

True, it was raining, making it the second straight time my wife and I have ridden the boat in the rain, but this was more of a drizzle than the last time, a few years ago, and though it would have been wonderful to have seen the autumn colours up and down the river valley in their full glory under a blazing sun, this trip was still pretty fine in its own way.

Sightseeing was somewhat inhibited on this trip by the need to keep one's camera lens dry, but there were still some spectacular sights on the trip. Even when muted, the hills were ablaze in oranges and yellows, with the odd red highlighting the underbrush.



The hills are turning.

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

In places along the river foliage clings to sheer rock faces where it would seem there is no soil to support plants. Autumn colours stand out more against the grey than do the summer greens, making their presence all the more striking.

The Sternwheeler Graveyard is also more striking when outlined in orange. A fellow passenger tells me that these boats were in reasonable shape until the flood of 1979. After that, he said, they were a mess and have just gotten worse in the 28 years since.

The Queen does slow down for a variety of things. We pass a kayaker going in both directions. We all wave. He or she paddles - maybe there's a wave in there. In other places there appear to be fish camps and we slow to a crawl. If there are fish wheels in the river, we don't see them on this junket.



The Sternwheeler Graveyard

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

There's a black bear that's been in about the same spot all summer and seems to want to play with the boat, standing out in plain sight until it arrives, running up the hill to hide behind a tree as it passes, and then peeking out again as it goes by. All of this as if to say, 'Just you try and take my picture.'

(Lead for Disaster story - The Yukon Queen II capsized today as all the passengers ran to one side of the boat in order to snap and video a playful black bear ...)

It's odd to see this boat filled up mostly with people I know: students, parents, fellow church goers, colleagues and friends. On my other trips I have been surrounded by tourists and plagued by the not-quite-accurate spiel of the Queen tour guides. Today it is quieter in a way. Friends are chatting, munching on the free spread of sandwiches, shredded roast beef, dinner rolls, cake, fresh baked cookies, coffee and soft drinks that the owners have laid on for us.

Down river we go, to the approximate location of Iron Man Percy DeWolfe's Half Way House, then we turn on a dime and head back upstream, kicking up a bit more wake moving against the current. The wake is problematic, and is slated to be the subject of more study by the federal fisheries department, but the boat has the firm support of the local chamber of commerce.



Mist among the fall colours

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

Whatever its longer term future, today is the last day of this season for the Yukon Queen, and pretty close to the end of the season for Holland America and the Westmark Hotel. The Queen will be off to winter in Eagle, and the staff will be putting that block of Fifth Avenue in mothballs over the next few weeks.

This day, however, this was a good day, in spite of the inclement weather. We had a restful river cruise and no mishaps on this particular three hour tour.



Yukon Queen II

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

Al Raine

When Al Raine arrived in the Whitehorse in December of 1960, he had no idea that his stay in the Yukon would be the beginning of a lifelong career in skiing. The Vancouver raised youngster was still wearing his west coast rain coat and summer shoes when he deplaned from the DC 3 at the Whitehorse airport. It was minus 40 and the white land was locked "tight as drum" just like another banker of an earlier time, Robert Service described. Al had been posted to Mayo by the Royal Bank and later sent to Calumet.

Here he met many Europeans who took skiing seriously. So did Al since he had skied on Grouse and Seymour Mountains as a ten year old paperboy who received free skiing lessons through the Vancouver Sun.

August and Olive Pociwuschek, who later ran the Igloo sporting good store in Whitehorse, were mentors to Al. They'd spend weekends skiing together on a hill with a ski tow at Calumet. Here, Al made up his mind that he would try and build a career in skiing so he quit the bank and went to work for United Keno Hill Mines to earn enough money to follow his dream.

He says that the Pociwuschek's helped him realize many of his dreams with their confidence and encouragement. In these early days, there were not too many believers, not even his parents who couldn't understand how anyone could make a living skiing. Lifelong friends, the Pociwuschek's taught Al about hard work and about the big wide world out there that was calling to be discovered. He even returned to Whitehorse in the summer of 1967 to help run the Igloo sporting goods store.

Another influence in the Yukon was from the Europeans who were working for United Keno Hill mines. One of his skiing buddies was Otto Lind. Al had planned to go ski racing in Colorado but Lind convinced him to join him in Austria were they would ski race. In 1962, at the tender age of 21, he was off to Europe. His goal - to become an excellent skier and competitor.



Nancy Greene and Al Raine
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen

Once there, he met so many ex-Yukoners, he began to think that almost everybody in Austria had been to the Yukon. Otto returned to the Yukon but Al stayed on for another three years, learning the Austrian dialect of the German language which helped later when he took over the National Ski team.

When he returned to Canada in 1965, he worked at the Red Mountain Ski area in Rossland, British Columbia for a winter before moving to Montreal where he coached the Ski Hawks in 1966 and 1967.

In 1968, he joined the Canadian Alpine Ski team as Head Coach and Program Director, a position he held until 1973. This was the start of Canadian skiers emerging as a real threat to the dominance of the ski mad Europeans.

With the National Ski team, Al helped to establish innovative programs. It was the first team to use a wind tunnel to study the aerodynamics of downhill skiers. To raise the standards of competitive skiing throughout North America, the Can-Am ski series was introduced.

As a result of his enthusiasm and development innovation, the most famous Alpine downhill team in Canadian skiing history emerged. They were called the "Crazy Canucks".

After leaving active coaching in 1973, he remained in the skiing world as a private consultant advising on ski area development projects throughout Canada and the western United States.



Calumet ski lift near Elsa-Mayo
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen

Looking back, Al says the Austrian group at Calument Yukon changed his horizons and helped him enter the world of skiing. Without this broader outlook, he says, he would never have skied Europe or become motivated to help put Canada on the map as a top alpine skiing nation.



Al Raine skiing on the Calumet Ski Hill
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen

Al married Canada's Olympic gold medal skier, the famed Nancy Greene who in 1999 was voted Canada's female athlete of the century beating out the legendary figure skater, Barbara Anne Scott for the honour. Greene and Raine now operate the Sun Peaks Resort just north of Kamloops. Nancy is Director of Skiing at Sun Peaks and skis almost every day. Nancy and Al built and operate Nancy Greene's Cahilty Lodge where they make their home.

But like that other banker Robert Service, Al Raine looks to the Yukon for the inspiration and support he received during his formative years in the land of the midnight sun.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin.

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

GOLDPANNING SPECIAL EDITION

All I can say is...it looks awesome....Many , many thanks for your timely recreating and pasting and checking with me before issuing this Special on the world goldpanning....I had initially thought it would be way too long, take up too much time to read and bore everyone to tears...I do look for the details....but the overall effect reading it today was very positive... I hope the Dawson readers will appreciate it and those involved in the Goldpanning enjoy seeing a wrap of the event.....Thanks so very much!!!

Now I need to encourage Mike to send along his article that have already appeared in the MocTel...they are about 1,000 words long and most times include a photo or two.

As a total aside from the praise...which you deserve in buckets....5 gallon buckets of paydirt maybe ????????.....have you heard anything about a soon-to-be-released Rapist from P.E. I. who intends to move to Dawson City upon release??? It came up on local news yesterday and to say the reaction was swift...well, Dawsonites flooded the phones to protest and the Dawson Women's Shelter along with The City of Dawson, just want no part of this man. 14 years ago he accepted a ride from a woman he did not know, beat her up, kicked and punched, her, raped her savagely and stuck a stick down her throat... and left her for dead !@#~!#~!~! He was found, because he took off in her vehicle,

charged and convicted and given the 14 years. At some point, he was allowed to go to a Halfway House...in Whitehorse of all places...and did something that put him right back in jail to complete the entire sentence. He wrote to women in P.E.I and the Yukon, most of whom had never heard of him, and sent crazy letters where he intimated he'd had a relationship with them before.....or threatened them with graphic descriptions of what he had done to the women he was convicted of raping....all this came out in a Court appearance he made yesterday where he was given a peace bond and 10 conditions to live by. The local Parole Board said he was at considerable risk to re-offend, but the Court gave him his rules, and he said he wanted to move to Dawson to live...figured he could get a job there. Well, when this Thane Moore is released next week, the RCMP down there plan to escort him all the way to Dawson and turn him over to the local RCMP. This came as complete shock to the entire community...no forward thinking lawyer to advise them if this was alright with them....and despite the lack of infrastructure to help a man with that reputation...he wants to come and apparently he will be flown there. However, women around the Yukon, but especially Dawson have got the ball rolling and the Mayor is planning a petition...He is banned from Whitehorse because he wrote some disturbing letters to Whitehorse women and also to the Premier...Dennis Fentie...Go figure.....dump people who need lots of social support on a small isolated community and hope for the best!!!

Sorry, that is me on my soapbox....but you can be sure I will let my voice be heard. It is written up in yesterday...Thursdays..... Whitehorse Star and today no doubt we will be hearing all sorts of feedback from Dawson in the newspapers if you or anyone is interested.

I am unsure if this would be a MocTel article, but tip you off to it while it is still in the works...I appreciate Civil liberties, but frankly if someone with this reputation and of whom the Parole board gives out a warning, and is sending out wacky letters agrees to all sorts of do's and don't...sorry, I don't think he will abide by them.....That is so unfair to Dawson City...a bigger city with the right infrastructure would be better equipped.

O.K....I'm off to enjoy my day...hope you can do that as well. I also really enjoyed the Fokker article prepared by Donna!!!!!!!

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

SPECIAL EDITIONS

OMG Sherron! What fabulous special editions you have sent out! I would have loved being in Dawson for this event. This should **REALLY** put Dawson City on the map!

Also really enjoyed the 1929 Fokker Aircraft one, I read every word. I remember that plane, of course from my Carcross Days 1943 – 1960, but some of these stories occurred long before that. George Simmons and Gordon were good friends, and after the road to Atlin went in George gave Gordon Yardley the mail contract from Carcross to Atlin B.C.

(delivery by truck from then on...) It was in the days when I was Postmistress there [in Carcross].

Thanks and congratulations to all who were involved in compiling these two special editions, including you, Sherron and certainly Donna Clayson!

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

NOTE TO THOSE WHO RECEIVE THE OKANAGAN YUKONERS NEWSLETTER

This is a copy of my reply to Larry Chalmers comments about me and the MocTel in the latest Okanagan Yukoners' Newsletter. – Sherron Jones

Hi Larry

Glad to hear you are getting the medical help you need in a timely fashion.

Do wish to say the only reason the ISR is not in the recent MocTels is because I understood the deadline for registration had passed so took the message out. Also was in a rush trying to put out three editions in two days (having been on the road since last Friday.) Hadn't heard that you had extended the date. Sorry to hear you are not getting the turnout you hoped for.

Also note the October [AGM] meeting is later [Oct 21st] and we do leave on Oct 12th so will have to miss it this year. Sorry about that too, we do enjoy attending and meeting others we haven't seen in years.

Hope someone will step forward and take the job [Secretary of the OK Yukoners] off your hands but only if that is what you wish. You have done a great job of keeping the Okanagan Yukoners together. If it had not been for you the past few years I don't think there would be the group that there is. Doesn't seem that any of the others are able to keep in touch by e-mail or if they can they do not currently do so.

As a point of interest Ken Jones mentioned last night that Marc Steinbach came by the WP depot in Carcross and asked if anyone knew where Millie Jones lived - Ken answered - "Hello Mr. Steinbach, Millie is my mother and she lives right over there." Ken recognized Marc as he has not changed in many years.

Do hope that you know by now my name is SHERRON not SHARRON.

Sorry to see you think that Yukoners involved in the MocTel are a cliquey bunch. I can only put in the MocTel that which is sent to me. And I can only contact others for input on the same subject if I know they may have some link to the topic. ie. this week I wrote to Norm Hartnell and sent along a copy of Joyce Yardley's 1946 bus schedule because Norm had told us a few years back that he drove bus and that is where he met Bud Harbottle and from there they decided to start the air service business - Norm had been in the Airforce during the war.

Hope you do not think that people that come to visit us are part of a clique; they come by - not by 'special' [exclusive] invitation - and do so because they too are keenly interested in gathering and preserving Yukon history.

All the very best on getting your heart surgery.

Sherron

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Here is an article that I have put together for the MocTel. It is not a literary Masterpiece and I hope your readers will forgive my mistakes, but it does remind me that things have sure changed in the few short years we have been here.

Stirling Young

OUR YUKON WELCOME

As a family, we are relative newcomers to the Yukon, since our first contact with the Territory began with a July vacation trip in 1970 to visit my parents and brother Vince. CP Air shipped our luggage to Winnipeg instead if Whitehorse, so the intended fishing trips were put on hold until they bought us all new gear, but we did tour the area literally "day and night", since we assumed we would never see the Yukon again. While here we met Bob Asseltine, who later offered me a job in Whitehorse, which I decided to accept.

We arrived here from Saskatoon on the afternoon of January 3rd, 1971 after an eventful trip up the Alaska Highway. Three very sick children from bad hamburger in Valleyview, AB, very slippery stretches from Dawson Creek to Fort Nelson, and headlamp failure on our van near Watson Lake were the most stressful times. We were delayed for several hours south of Fort Nelson waiting for a transport to pull the Coachlines bus out of the ditch, but we finally arrived in Whitehorse safe and sound. We were loaded to the windows with preserved fruit and veggies from our garden, so there was no lack of traction for the studded tires on all four wheels. We thought minus 10° F when we arrived was quite comfortable, but within a few days it was under 40° below

zero and the “heavy” parka I bought in Edmonton would crackle and snap with every movement, so it was soon replaced by a proper down filled Woods parka.

My new boss was waiting to take me on an orientation tour of the Territory, so the following week we left town at about 40° below zero, against all common sense and good advice and we headed for Faro. The van froze up that night at 55° below and we had two lovely days there waiting for it to be thawed out before we could leave for Dawson City. Heading up the Klondike Highway I noticed that the truck was more and more difficult to steer and turning off at Stewart Crossing bridge it took three back and forth movements to get around the corner. The thermometer on the truck window maxed out at 70° below Fahrenheit, and by the time we arrived in Dawson there was just a little red ball at the bottom of the column – about 75° below. We were driving by peaking through a half-moon shaped clear spot just above the defroster outlet on each side of the windshield.

Mr. Caley had the covers off the gas pumps, which seemed to this Outsider to be a sloppy way to run a business, but I soon found out why they were like that. I went into the building and asked if we could get some gas, to which he nodded and began pumping up an aged white gas blowtorch! (more strange behavior) I followed him as without a word of explanation to an obvious Cheechako he flicked a wall switch, walked out to the dead pump and began playing the torch over its naked innards! I stepped back a few paces and then asked if it was safe to do that, to which he coolly replied “It must be, I’ve been doing it for 40 years.” As the heat sank into the frosty metal, a low groan began to sound and then ever so slowly life returned and the pulleys and belts started to move, gradually picking up speed until it was ready to fill our tank.

Crossing the Yukon River on the ice bridge out of Dawson was a new experience for me, and then we began climbing up the Top of the World Highway on route to Clinton Creek mine. The thermometer juice re-appeared from the little ball at the bottom, and as we drove the temperature rose all the way to about 58° below and everything seemed to be improving as we drove along a nice straight stretch of road. That was until just across the valley from the lights of the mine site we came to a slow curve and it was then that I discovered the steering gear box was frozen solid, and we drove arrow-straight into the ditch. When we stopped moving both the battery and the engine were dead and cooling off very quickly. Bob was not impressed with my driving skills and he wanted to know why I did not simply turn the steering wheel to follow the road!

My first task was to build a fire so I got busy at that, but I did get a sly remark from him that I “better start praying for a tow truck”. Since prayer is a daily part of my life, I assured him that I already was! Bob decided to walk to the lights across the valley, but he did not go far at that temperature when he realized that his toe rubbers and oxfords were not going to cut it for the three-mile trip on foot. He was watching me collect firewood when the sound of a heavy truck climbing up from the valley below fell on our ears. Our eyes popped when the biggest 6X6 wrecker truck we had ever seen appeared with a loaded ore truck in tow. The driver saw we needed help so he stopped just uphill behind us, and after assessing the situation, he threw a heavy chain with about 6 inch long

links onto the rear frame member of the van and inched us out without so much as a grunt from the wrecker engine.

Well, we were back on the road but still unable to start the engine, even after cleaning out all the snow packed in under the hood, so Bob decided we should coast down the hill and just pull it into Drive to start the engine. I had never heard of an automatic transmission working that way, but we did it anyway and after coasting down a long hill, we gently settled to a halt right on the Clinton Creek bridge to await our fate. Thankfully another insane traveling salesman arrived on the scene shortly and boosted the motor to start it again. The famous hospitality of a mine site camp, with an excellent hot meal and a warm bed felt good that night! The temperature rose dramatically while we were at Clinton Creek and the return trip was much more pleasant.

Back home, Thelma and the kids were living out of suitcases, as the moving truck had wrecked and our furniture was being sorted out of that mess. One of our new neighbor's child told his parents that we were so poor that all we had in our house was a few pillows, some sleeping bags, and a TV!

Caring for four children including a 15-month-old baby is a task for any mother, but not having a washing machine or dryer made it very difficult to keep him in clean diapers. (Yes, we were still using cloth diapers!) Brother Vince stepped into the gap and brought her a new washer and dryer pair and that made the job somewhat bearable. Several weeks later I was off on another trip when our furniture arrived and it was unloaded while the thermometer on our carport read 54° below. The family found it rather chilly in the house for a few days while everything warmed up.

In spite of an unpleasant beginning, we learned to love the life style in Yukon, and after a few years both our 4 children and we agreed that there is no place we would rather live. All of the kids eventually left for schooling and jobs "outside", but three of the four have since brought their families back and the fourth one, Cam, would return tomorrow if he could. His eldest son chose to do his Auto Mechanics apprenticeship here in Whitehorse and he loves the lifestyle as much as we do. All in all the Yukon has given us everything a family could want, wonderful Friends, Scenery, Peace, Solitude when we need it, and Company when we wanted it. Above all, this is our Home!

Stirling Young sayf*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

September 7, 2007

MARY CLANCY

Hi there, Sherron - I have just read the MocTel 219 and as usual really enjoyed the great pictures and stories of the Yukon, past and present.

In reply to the picture and caption submitted by Joyce Yardley - Mary Clancy was my teacher in Carcross during the school year of 1946-47. I was the oldest student in the one room school house that year and we became very close friends as well as the teacher/student relationship. She loved the outdoors, and I especially remember the time it had been -70 F. for awhile and when it actually warmed up to -30 we went for a long walk. I wonder if it gets that cold these days?!

Unfortunately, Mary and I lost contact when my family moved to Dawson City in September, 1947 and I had often wondered where she had gone from the Yukon. I am so glad to see that picture and know where she is living now.

Carcross is such a beautiful spot and I really would love to make a trip back - possibly next year.

Take care, Sherron, and greetings to the many Yukoners who read and enjoy the MocTel. Best regards,

Joan Callison Rodschat northerner.2@hotmail.com (In Penticton)

DAWSON WEBCAM – back online.

The Dawson webcam is back online!

http://www.yukonbooks.com/dawson_webcam/

Please do not ‘camp’ at this site.

CARCROSS WEBCAM

Mounted [by Ken Jones] in the White Pass Train Depot

<http://www.wpyr.com/multimedia/webcam.html> click on Carcross

WHITEHORSE WEBCAM

Mounted in the old White Pass Train Depot

<http://www.wpyr.com/multimedia/webcam.html> click on Whitehorse

ENGINE #52 - WAS FIRST ENGINE – BROUGHT into NORTH in 1898



The railroad's first locomotive, brought north in 1898 after long service on the Utah and Northern Railroad. It was built in 1881, rebuilt in 1900 and renumbered No. 52 from No. 2 then retired in 1940. NP

Photo courtesy "The White Pass and Yukon Route - A Pictorial History" by Stan Cohen ISBN 0-933126-08-5.

Engine #52 operated its first year within the Skagway valley and later on, along the shores of Lake Bennett. In 1931 it was moved to Taku Tram duty, operating from Taku to Scotia Bay connecting with the "M/V Tahrane", carrying guests to and from Atlin, BC and the WP&YR's "Atlin Inn". It was retired from service in 1936. Recovered in 1964 from a spur at Taku, it was brought to Skagway for its initial renovation and display.

WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE NON-OPERATING STEAM EQUIPMENT IN SKAGWAY AREA				
I.D.	YEAR	MFR	HISTORY	LOCATION
#52 (#2) 2-6-0 C/N 567	1881	Brooks Locomotive Works Dunkirk, NY	Built for Utah & Northern RR as #37; renumbered #94 in 1885; sold to Oregon Improvement Co as Columbia & Puget Sound RR #4(2 nd) in 2/1897; sold to WPYR in 1898; first steam engine to run in AK 7/21/1898; rebuilt and renumbered #52 in 1900; used as Taku Tram 1931-1937; retired/stored at Taku in 1940; moved to Skagway 1964; Skagway roundhouse fire in 10/1969	AK, Skagway; spur track south side of WPYR shops
THE DUCHESS 0-6-0T C/N 4424	Sept 1878	Baldwin Locomotive Works Philadelphia, PA	Built for Dunsuir Diggle & Co as 2'6" gauge "Duchess"; sold to Wellington Colliery Ry as #2 1878(?); converted to 0-(2)4-0T 3' gauge 1900; sold to Atlin Southern(WPYR) as 'Duchess' 1900; used on Taku Tram 6/1900 - 1919; stored at Taku until 1936; display at Carcross since 1936	YT, Carcross; north of depot
#51 (#1) 2-6-0 C/N 494	1881	Brooks Locomotive Works Dunkirk, NY	Built for Utah & Northern RR as #23; renumbered #80 1885; sold to Oregon Improvement Co as Columbia & Puget Sound RR #3(2 nd) 2/1897; sold to WPYR as #1 in 1898; rebuilt and renumbered #51 in 1900; used as Taku Tram 1919-1931; retired 1941	YT, Whitehorse; McBride Museum

The information on Engines 51 and 52 is from "White Pass Railroad Train Agent Historical Resource Guide".

Engine 51 is presently at the McBride Museum in Whitehorse and Engine 52 is at the Skagway shops. It was damaged in the Roundhouse Fire of Oct 1969.

– Train material courtesy Ken Jones k29j32@shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

(Note: there was a 1944 photo of Engine 51 in MocTel 219.)

For online Engine image -

<http://www.wpyr.com> click on "Company Info" then click on "Rolling Stock".

The following booklet was sold by 'kids' to the Tourist Trains in Carcross in the late 50's early 60's. Ken Jones was one of those children and has forwarded this copy to share with you. The text is in the unique speech pattern in which it was dictated by Patsy Henderson who was a teenager when he was in the Klondike with his relatives when they discovered gold and staked their claims.

I am hoping that since the copyright is over 50 years that it will be okay to share it in the Moccasin Telegraph and that if Jennie Moyer is around she too would be happy to share this with you. – Sherron

**EARLY DAYS at CARIBOU CROSSING and
THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD ON THE KLONDIKE
By Patsy Henderson**

Copyrighted 1950 Jennie Mae Moyer

THE PATSY STORY

Patsy gives this lecture in the waiting room of the White Pass and Yukon Railway Station at Carcross, Y. T. On a platform he has a table with several models of traps and snares. On the wall are several pictures which he later identifies in the Klondike Story. Demonstrations of different wild animal calls are given: Moose, Caribou. Goat, Sheep, Muskrat, Rabbit, Fox. He makes an interesting comment on two of the calls when he says: When rabbit hear the call. He think about young rabbit - - - but muskrat call. Makes muskrat think about another muskrat!

Patsy was born about 1876. He was born around Tagish, an old Indian village 20 miles from Carcross. He belongs to the Yukon Indian Tribe. There were nine boys and one girl in his family. His Indian name was Kulsin. - - -The name Patsy Henderson was given him by George Carmack. He had two children by his second wife. The last child died last year (1948). His son-in-law Buck Dixon, is a guide and lives in Carcross with Patsy and his wife. This story was dictated to Jennie Mae Moyer, August 4, 1949. The phrasing, pronunciation and style of Patsy Henderson has been retained as closely as possible. It was impossible to include the animal calls and songs. J.M.M.

EARLY DAYS AT CARIBOU CROSSING

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am going to I show on this feesh trop how we get the feesh this way before white man. This feesh trop now against the law. We don't use no more. Caribou snare ---moose snare---fox snare---beaver net all against the law we don't use no more.

This trop is modern trop—"dead fall". We use for marten and mink. Both same size. When they start out stick falls on neck we don't quit yet this trop. When mink get in there

and has no way out when he touch the bait ---cross piece drop on back and kill him. No rub the fur and he die quick, no suffer. We still use that trap, --- we don't quit yet.

This is gopher snare - - we set snare in gopher hole, gopher comes, two little stick drop and pole springs UP, gopher caught; they drop at same time this spring up; when he pull-- -more choke; he choke his self. This snare --- eagle tendon(1/3) --- Caribou skin string (2/3). Skin pull to choke up quick. When he pull he choke---more pull- - -more choke. The gopher snare ---we still use that.

Before white man Marten Skin and Silver Fox Skin, we make a blanket out of that. Find no place to sell fur, use ourself. And the beaver skin we sleep on top at that time.

Now I show you how we catch Beaver with net. Beaver has house on the bank, but hole from house away down in water, come out 5 -10 feet from bank. Place net one end fairly loose, easy break: one end safe, (fastened tight on shore). We tie string on net, it moves toe nail bell on willow on shore. When beaver pull the net he makes a bell on shore; we know beaver caught; we pull him in. When he make bell, we pull him in on the shore quick before he chews net. In 5-10 minutes he chews net; gets out through hole and gets away. We kill him with a club. Hit him on the head. Now by this time against the law. We don't use no more that kind beaver net.

THE KLONDIKE STORY

This is the Klondike story now, I am going to tell Klondike story. Here is the man (pointing to picture) who found the first gold. That man's name is Dawson Charlie and he find gold in '96 the 17th of August. He is my brudder and his pardner, Skookum Jim, my uncle. Another pardner, George Carmack (he is a white man, George Carmack) and myself. Four of us, now these people all die excepting me. The time we find gold in the Klondike- ---just a kid, I am old man now.

I want to tell you a little story about George Carmack. George when he came to this country about '88 no white man here that time; no store, just Indian around here, but white man way down river; not in here. So that George Carmack come from outside Chilkoot Pass. When he come this he married Skookum Jim Sister, my aunt. He stay around here with Indians. First year he didn't understand the way Indian live; when he stay with Indian two years he understand. At that time we don't work for nobody, we work for -ourselves. George Carmack likes this. He don't work for nobody. He stay around here five years. He got tired around here and wife and he went down Yukon river. When he went down he said he would not come back for two years. He never came back for two years. We miss him. We go down looking for him Charlie, Skookum Jim and me--built little rowboat our- selves. When we start from Tagish 1896 we go down river in rowboat" and we go through Canyon to Whitehorse in rowboat and we row the boat all way down the river. No machine; all hand work. We rowed down the Yukon from Tagish. Two weeks time. When we come down Klondike we find him" George Carmack. He stay among the Indians on the Klondike. We told him we come down for look for

you. He tell us too bad you fellows look for me long ways and he tell us we can't come back till winter time. (Till river froze over.) So we stay and put feesh trop in water on the Klondike river. Feesh for winter---feesh for dogs. After a while he (George Carmack) tell us one man he come up the river before you fellows; that man he told me he found gold last fall away back and that is where he went again, that man. That man is named Bob Henderson. He is a white man; we haven't seen him but George saw him. George tell us let us go look for that man; maybe he found lots of gold. He tell us like that, so we go look for him, Charley, Skookum Jim, and George Carmack---three people look for Bob Henderson. That is time they find gold, but I stay home in camp on Klondike. I look after feesh trop and dogs in camp. Three people leave Klondike own camp and start off up the creek; but the first gold found eight miles from camp. Dawson Charlie found .10 cent nugget (little pin head).

He don't find in creek; find on side hill on slide on top of rock. So we went up creek; we see gold, we pan it; but at same time they look for Bob Henderson, and find him away back, maybe forty miles from the Klondike. Bob Henderson -- 2-3 days trip we find him. Bob Henderson has got a creek and he got a little gold; he stay there and he is alone. But those three people stay at Bob Henderson's camp one night; the next day they turn back. But they come back different creek and they see gold again. Every time they come down a little ways then they see gold, but they look for good large place, nobody bodder, they pan; so when they come down half way creek they take a rest on top of bank and one man go down creek to get drink of water. Skookum Jim go down to creek for drink of water. When he took drink of water he see gold. When he got through drinking he call, "George, come down here; bring down shovel and gold pan and we try here".

When George come down to the creek, "Look, George, look at gold on rock" -- but George says that is gold. But gold on creek he pan. First pan 50 cent gold he panned. He tried a little bit above; he found lots of gold. A little below lots of gold. Twenty minutes panned \$5 gold; - coarse gold. Then George say, "I think we have a good place; I am staking claim". Staked claim for three people. When they staked claim they named creek, Bonanza. First creek to be found in Klondike. Lots of creek after a while. Same evening they came back to camp. When they come back they got gold and George Carmack he weighed, they had small gold scales; he says \$5 worth of gold; 50 cent per pan average. When I see the gold first just like I don't care because I no savvy; I never see gold before; now I like to see gold all the time. (laugh) Next day we go down to Forty Mile to record the claim. Forty Mile was mining camp before '98 and recorder office there. So we record claim.

We come back again. Go down one day come back two days. When we get up to camp on Klondike we move the camp up the creek up to Bonanza so when we get up there we build ten feet sluice box. Cut with axe; we start work on first day September, worked for three weeks. In three weeks time we took out gold \$1,450. At that time very cold; we cannot stand it no longer. We go down to Forty Mile for winter camp. We took gold in store; we tell people we took out this gold in three weeks' time --\$1450. That is the time the big rush start. No one stay home, everybody go up. The big rush start to come up the

river two years steady; winter time, summer time, every day somebody come. After two years - 1898 big rush start, from out over Chilkoot Pass. When big rush starts in '98 around here, there were 20,000 people around Bennett Lake and Tagish Lake. At same time they start railroad from Skagway; that time no bulldoze; all hand work; shovel work. When railroad come this country around here, everything come; horses, policemen, everybody come. Before railroad, grub pretty high; when railroad come here, everything drop. This country am big country yet. Way back some gold there yet, but hard to get it. Ground too deep; have to have machine. No machine, no gold. One sack of flour from \$40 to \$100. Klondike is poor man country because ground froze; no need the machine, no pump; sink hole -- make fire -- build fire -- thaw out -- dig out winter time. Spring time wash it out. Can't do it around here. Water bidders; need machine way back.

Before white man came, no matches make fire this way; make hole part way through piece dry wood; make other piece wood stick to fit hole. Wrap skin string around stick, ends tied to another stick; draw back and forth - make first stick turn fast in hole; put dry pieces wood around hole; turn stick fast with skin string; make wood hot and catches fire. That is all the story.

I am going to sing a dancing song. When we dance we don't dance together -- lady dance herself -- man dance his self. Now we dance together. We like that. We dance foxtrot and waltz. And the love song I am going to sang. Love song for peace. That is all the story I am going to tell it.

SS KENO – LAST TRIP TO DAWSON – FILM

With the co-operation of CBC, Yukon Archives, Tim Kinvig and myself we were able to provide DVD copies of the CBC documentary film made during the SS Keno's last trip from Whitehorse to Dawson in 1960. These copies went to Henry Breaden's daughter and nephew – Lura Breaden and Harry Miller, as well as copies to Bill Craig – who was the one man RCMP member at Carmacks where the Keno spent the night on its last trip to Dawson – and a copy for myself – Sherron Jones.

I was able to watch the DVD yesterday and thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to see it and in particular watch for things that I have learned through the Moccasin Telegraph. It was good to see Henry Breaden who provided us with so much information from his experience on the Yukon rivers as well as his experiences on that trip.

This message from nephew Harry Miller makes it all worth the effort –

Yes I watched the "S.S. Keno" a couple of days ago and never realized my uncle Henry was so young when he went on that voyage. I can hear his voice in one of my boys. I remember the first time I saw the movie and was disappointed it was not filmed in color. Just think I was in that crowd that saw her off in Whitehorse that day. This film is truly a family treasure. Thanks to everyone that helped get it for us. Just goes to show the power of the "Moc-Tel".

Have a good day,
Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)



Sunset over a lake near Faro, in 1984.

Photo courtesy Rose Scrivens rcscrivens@eastlink.ca (In Kentville, NS)

THANKS FOR THE TIP

Thanks for the info on the show at the BC Museum on the "Sinking of the Princess Sophia". We are on our way up to Qualicum today for a two day show with our old cars. Darn, we won't be back in time to catch the show....but, we did order the book...so looks like we have some good reading coming our way. I would have loved to take in that show....but everything happens at once!

Once again thanks for giving us all notice, we really appreciate your efforts on keeping us all informed on Yukon events.

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

OBIT

HOBBS, Douglas Wayne March 9, 1949 - September 4, 2007 Surrounded by his family at Whitehorse General Hospital, our precious Doug passed away after a brief illness. Doug is survived by his mother, Mary Margaret (Peggy Hayes); father Wayne (Yukon); brothers Bill and Rick; sisters Patsy, Penny, Pamela Carol; many nieces, nephews, and friends. The woods are lovely, dark and deep. It's time to go now, you have earned your sleep. You will be sadly missed. Published in the Ottawa Citizen on 9/15/2007.

ELLA PRISCILLA GILMOUR (NEE TAYLOR) 1912 - 2007 Ella died peacefully on September 8, 2007 at South Okanagan Hospital in Oliver, BC. She is survived by her son Bill Gilmour (Alison) of Osoyoos, BC and her grandson Cameron Gilmour (Loni) and great-grandson Brock of Parksville, BC. She is also survived by nieces, nephews, cousins and other relatives and dear friends. Ella was predeceased by her husband RCAF Pilot Officer William Gilmour, her sister Audrey Winton (Gordon) of Langley, BC and her brothers George Taylor (Gladys) and Aubrey Taylor (Peggy, still living) of Abbotsford, BC. Ella was born on April 18, 1912 in Peardonville, BC. She graduated in 1934 from the Vancouver General Hospital School of Nursing, achieving the highest grade in the province for that year. **She was employed as a nurse at hospitals** in Abbotsford, Powell River, and **Whitehorse, Yukon. As an occupational health nurse she spent many years with Weston Bakeries, Eatons, Sears, Kelly-Douglas and Seagrams.** Ella and Willy were married on April 6, 1942, and their honeymoon consisted of a train trip to Halifax to see him off to war. Willy was killed on August 21, 1942 while on an air force training flight in Scotland. Although she received several offers through the years, she never remarried. Ella demonstrated a lot of spirit throughout her life. **As a single young woman she went up to the Yukon to nurse.** Later, as a widow on her own, she raised their son. She kept fit, walking at least a mile every day until she was 94 years old. After living in the same house in Vancouver for 60 years, Ella decided at the age of 92 to move her household to Penticton, BC to be closer to her son. At Ella's request there will be no service or memorial tea, simply because most of her friends and family have gone before her. She requested that her ashes be placed at the farm where she was raised in Peardonville, near Abbotsford. Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 9/15/2007.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient no longer on server: briemon@northwestel.net

BRIEMON, Len & Pam briemon*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

NEW ADDITIONS

Also, I had a phone call this morning from a gentleman in Beaverlodge, AB. We talked 2 hours! His sister lives in Whitehorse and mentioned to him that I wrote a piece about my parents in the Yukoner Magazine. The picture I had in there on a Northern Freightways truck caught her eye as her dad used to drive truck for them also. Anyway, she called her brother to tell him and he got my number from Dianne Green (Sam Holloway). Long story short, he is very interested in joining up with the MocTel. He's a long time truck driver and currently running pilot car. I sent him the photo of the truck my dad drove. He's heard of the MocTel and wondered how to get it.

Please contact him directly to sign him up. I told him your name and to expect an e-mail from you:

Larry Barclay
Beaverlodge, AB
780-354-8591
e-mail: alhold@gpwins.ca

Thanks Sherron,

Donna

Hi Sherron,

I would like to subscribe to Moccasin Telegraph. As of tomorrow my email address will be bill.braga*shaw.ca Could you please email me there?

I was born in Scroggie Creek, May 9, 1928. I am the first generation Braga born in Canada. My granddad came to Dawson in 1906. My brother Mike had a son, Michael, which is second generation. My brother Joe's son had a son in Dawson, which is third generation.

I currently live in Calgary. I have just been in Surrey and visited Jim McCausland and we went to see Brownie Foth, Mary Miller and Bernice Shell. I hadn't seen Bernice for 50 years and Jim for 30 years or more. We shared many stories from our past. Bernice and I were childhood sweethearts. She is the prettiest girl I ever dated.

I hope this is enough information, if not please ask.

I will send a donation after I hear back from you.

Bill Braga

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“The purpose of life is a life of purpose”

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

PARKINS COOKIES

Submitted by Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com (In Ottawa)

2 ½ cups rolled oats
3 cups flour
4 tsp soda
2 cups white sugar
1 tsp each of salt, cinnamon, allspice
½ tsp cloves
2 tsp ginger
½ cup butter
¾ cup shortening
½ cup corn syrup or honey
2 eggs
1 cup raisins (a bit more if desired)

Combine dry ingredients. Mix butter and shortening, eggs and Honey and then gradually mix in dry ingredients. Drop from spoon or roll in balls. Space on greased sheet and bake at 375 until slightly golden – about 6 to 8 minutes depending on oven.

NOTE: Recipe says bake 10 to 20 minutes; however, I have found that is far too long. Usually about 6 minutes gives you a nice chewy cookie. Recipe makes about 7 dozen – sounds like a lot but don't expect cookies to last long!!

I suggest you experiment with a few on sheet first to find right temperature to give you the consistency you want.

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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

c/o Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon BC V1B 1V8