

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 227<sup>th</sup> Edition – November 4<sup>th</sup>, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



A mid-September Rose in the Yukon ????

Yes those are rose hips.

Found, and photographed by our Grandson - Shawn Syverson.

Doug Bell [chechako46@northwestel.net](mailto:chechako46@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

### *The Home Place*

by Alf Bilton [aelf60@yahoo.com](mailto:aelf60@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

In the lines on his face there's a map of the creeks;  
It's carved in deep contour to record all the weeks  
He spends freezing or frying, midwife to the earth;  
While he's catching, in sluices, the gold she gives birth.

Most at home with the wild things when he's not alone,  
He is awkward with herd-folk in populous zones.  
He's inclined to be stubborn and set in his ways,  
Like he's been on his lonesome for too many days.

There are lots who don't know him, who don't understand,  
That the old placer miner is part of this land.  
It has held him, and fed him, and sculpted his face  
'Til he speaks of what shaped him as just, "the home place."

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## **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 3 August 1948**

Fine day, bright and clear, with strong Slims River wind. Fred still not up to snuff, and the botanists collecting on the beaches here, so I got a lunch and went out for a bit of a quest on my own.

Pulled off the road at MILE-1085.6 where several borrow pits had been opened in the north bluffs of a draw going down to the lake. Found 2 chips on surface of Kluane Red Silt in bulldozer scrapes above the borrow pit about 150 yds. north of Highway. There was a lot of Kluane Red exposed along the bank, but much gravel from pits and scrapings had been strewed along the surface and hunting was difficult. Square basal fragment of felsite point also found in this area.

No other finds until I crossed over the draw (cf. map, p. 70) and mounted the bluff on the north side.

Here there are many bulldozer cuts (Pioneer Rd.) which have been exposed to the Slims River wind and young blowouts are in process. Many surface finds (chips, reworked flake scrapers, etc.) along the edge of the bluff in these shallow blowouts.

Checked the soil profile at several points and these artifacts are all in the Kluane Silt beneath the volcanic ash. See line of X's on map indicating extent of these finds.

Farther north - along bluff the Pioneer Road cuts down to the present beach level. On the bluff edge north - of this point the blowouts become natural (no *South down Kluane Lake from site on bluff at Mile 1085* bulldozer influence). A general burned-over area follows the bluff and closer to the lake this gives way to a spruce woods. The woods is bordered on the edge of the bluff by a single line of stabilized dunes 6-10' high. Wind action is still a strong factor.

This is an important site. At the point on the map (p. 70) marked (X) a large burned spruce had blown down and the upturned stump exposed a large patch of Kluane Silt (or what may not be Kluane Silt—cf. later notes). Here I saw, half-exposed, a large gray core, and upon trowelling further under the stump I located a small snub-nosed scraper of obsidian, a large snub-nosed scraper of yellow chert, and one small obsidian flake. All of these came from area beneath stump, within a patch about 3' in diam. There are two distinct ash layers here, and a complex layering of windblown materials. Ash has been stripped off.

Tonight as we sat around our fire down in the shelter of the brush camp which Hugh and I made out of spruce, we saw our first real stars of the season. By 10 PM it was dark enough for a few of the first magnitude to appear: recognized the dipper and Polaris, Casseopia's Chair, Capella; Arcturus; Vega, Deneb, and Altair. Polaris seems wrong in

these latitudes and doesn't appear to fall in a straight enough line from the pointers. Also had a mild display of Aurora Borealis over the Big Arm.

Clear, cold night.

More talk today by Jimmie Joe et al. of former warfare among Indians up here, especially with those of Tanana River and Copper River in Alaska. Jimmie also spoke of old fort which they used: log block houses with rifle holes in the walls (certainly a white trait) are still to be found on Generk Creek near where it comes into White River, and down on Salmon Flats (a former great fishing spot) on Kluane River about 25 mile N of lake.

Potlatches are also given by these people, although apparently the only occasion is death. Instead of property money is the only thing given away to the guests—Jimmie said the potlatch he gave for his father cost him \$1100. Usually given by eldest son or daughter and not until perhaps 2-3 yrs. after the death so as to give them some time to accumulate extra wealth.

At the time of potlatch, the little wooden grave house is also built (before that time the grave is covered only with canvas or a tent. Interesting manifestation and variation of the brother-sister tabu today: Fred talking in a group with Jimmie and 3 of his sisters, Mary, Jessie, and Lillie. When he wanted to ask something of Lillie he addressed her only thru Jessie, and not direct. Funny relationship there: Mary is defunct—Louie Jacquot's wife, and Lillie is a wife (?) of defunct Jimmie Johnson, Sam's father.

*Across Kluane to Big Arm from beach at Mile 1085*



Lillie often accompanies old Mrs. Jimmy around – apparently they were wives of Jimmie Johnson concurrently although there is considerable difference in their ages. More on relationships here: Sam, when asked if Moose were a relation of his said, “no, he’s no relation of mine—he married my sister.” (!) Mary Joe Jacquot can’t understand the dialect of her uncle Copper Jack because he lives at Snag! Anent the days of Indian fights, Jimmie spoke of an experience when he was 12 yrs. old and camped down on Salmon Flats with his family to gaff salmon for the dogs. He was awakened at 3 AM by the hooting of an owl, but since he knew that the owl shouldn’t hoot until 4 AM, he woke up his father and mother. They all covered up with some green mooseskins for disguise and sneaked out into the bush. When the owl hooted again, his father shot and a man fell out of the tree.

### Wednesday 4 August 1948

Fine bright day. Returned with whole party to site 1085. While the others continued the surface hunt and sized things up, I resumed trowelling in the tree stump hole where I found the 3 specimens in situ yesterday. Worked back and expanded the hole around south-end of stump. Normal soil profile here has been strongly modified by human occupation and there is a complex layering of wind-blown materials, hearth ash, etc. The 20" layer in profile sketch comprises the occupation zone.

The lower 8" in [Level] 1 is laminated with ash layers (hearth deposits) and wind-blown materials. The laminations interrupted by chunks of charcoal and other irregularities probably due to human occupation.

[Level] 2 is a layer of red hearth ash 1 1/4" thick. In this layer I found 3 more chips, 1 core, and an excellent knife (flake retouched on both sides). Cf. pictures B-13-62 + K-8-6.

[Level] 3 is another red ash layer 3/4" thick in which I found yesterday’s specimens.

At end of this day’s work divided that we needed a more complete profile. This culture zone is not in the Kluane Silt, and yet it lies beneath the volcanic ash.



In the eve drove with Fred down to Destruction Bay to send a telegram. Had the Mannlicher with us and thoughts of going in to the pond at 1085 to try for the moose which has been prowling around there, but decided finally that the evening light was too poor. Returned and had a couple of beers at Bert’s. Wilson came in and said he had a Finnish woman in Whitehorse lined up for as a cook if we needed her, and also commented on the good moose-hunting directly across the lake from us: he says there are a couple of ponds back in there beyond the bluffs which we can see from here.

Beer 1.10

**Thursday 5 August 1948**

Mary Joe Jacquot came out today to cook for us until Paul returns (if he does). Mrs. Jimmy came with her and had a nice pair of moccasins which will fit Helen's pattern. All down to site 1085 and while Bill and Karl R. remained to help me, the others went farther down the lake for more recco. Dug a trench extending from the stump hole (where I found the artifacts in situ) to the edge of the bluff 33' away. Ran a level line and took a careful profile measurement of the south-face of this trench. Joined by the rest of the party for lunch down by the pond and an afternoon of discussion of the problems posed by this site. Here is something which doesn't fall into the pat scheme of things. For the first time we have culture that doesn't lie within the Kluane Silt, which lies stratigraphically far above it, and which is yet beneath the volcanic ash. Fred and I think it represents an intermediate culture stage between stuff which has been found in the Kluane Silt and recent stuff on the surface. So far nothing has been located in the Slims River Silt. (This site 1085, incidentally has stuff in situ in the yellow zone of the Kluane Silt, and many surface finds which have apparently come out of the upper red zone.) Hugh thinks culture here deposited when upper zone of Kluane Silt was being reworked on the face of the bluff and is actually coeval with last stages of Kluane Silt. Trouble here: Kluane Silt was deposited in area as glaciers receded: then during post-glacial optimum it acquired a cover of vegetation which made humus and gave it its characteristic profile of red over yellow over gray; then leaching occurred which left the red zone free of CO<sub>3</sub>, with increasing concentration thru yellow down into gray; then advance of Little [Ice Age] Glaciation [ca. 1450 - 1850 A.D.] and retreat and deposit of Slims River Silt on top of volcanic ash which covered all about 500 A.D. [ca. 850 A.D.]. Now, we have fully developed profile of Kluane Silt down under our Culture, and yet it has acquired more CO<sub>3</sub> from windblown sand above it; therefore, considerable time must have elapsed between formation of the Kluane Silt profile and the time when culture was deposited on the windblown surfaces well above it. This culture may be late post-post glacial optimum. Trouble is that no one knows anything about how long it takes dunes like this to form and how long the leaching process takes in various types of soils. This business is causing much hot and heavy discussion.

Expended

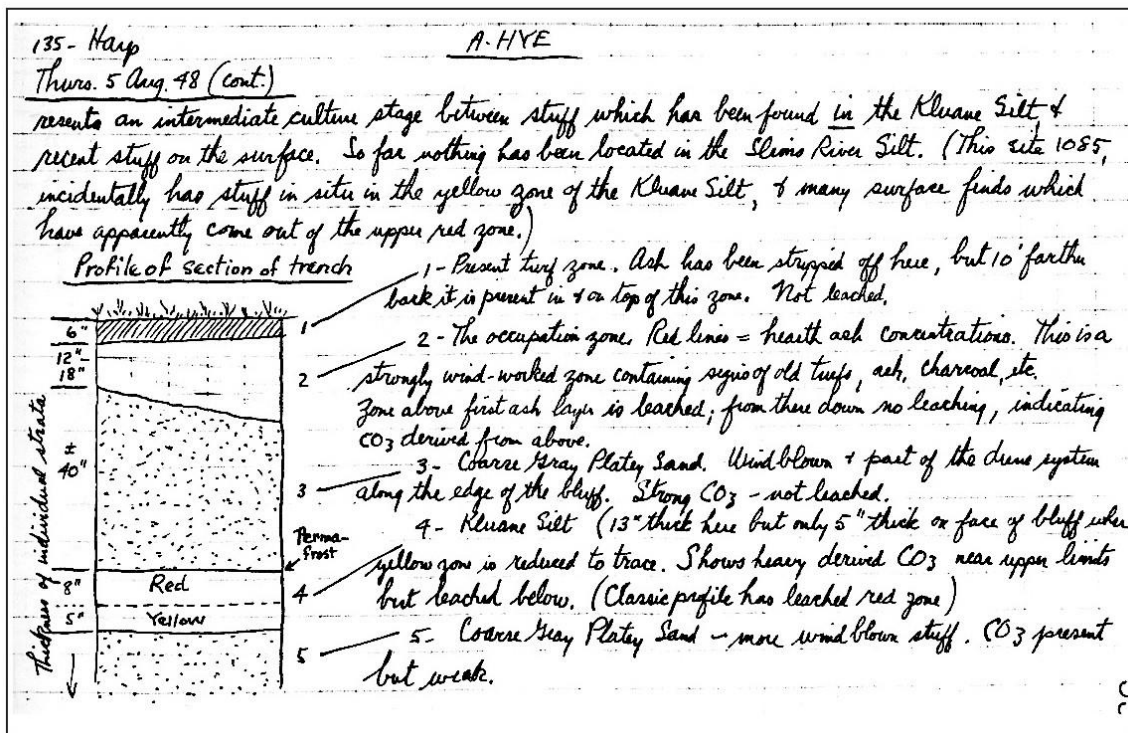
Moccasins (Helen) 5.00

In the eve, Mary came down to join us around the fire in the brush camp, and she was very talkative about many things, but as usual most difficult to understand. She spoke again of the battle at Dezadeash Lake, and said when she was a little girl, one of the old men, who remembered the fight as a youth, used to tell about it. We estimated then that it may have taken place between 100 - 125 yrs. ago. She spoke of the Snag Indians coming down and killing the Coast Indians in a surprise raid, and they used long copper knives, double-edged, possibly spears, although this wasn't too clear from her description. Apparently much of the trouble was caused by unsavory trading practice on the part of the Coast Indians who wanted far more than they were willing to give. Mary mentioned a Mrs. Joe Kane (?) at Champagne who still has a bag full of implements used by the old people.



Knife and chip in situ in hearth, Mile 1085.5

Site at Mile 1085 August 5, 1948



She spoke once of moose being killed with a spear having a long copper blade; this copper beaten out with use of stone mauls and then the blade edge sharpened by grinding with stone. As she talked to us she was chewing on a bit of sage (*Artemesia borealis*) and she said that this was to prevent her from getting a cold. There are many more colds among the Indians now since the Highway came thru and the whites come in from the cities.

Artemesia is also boiled into tea, and also spruce cones, for a cold curative and preventative. Before *Site at Mile 1085 August 5, 1948* the whites came, the Indians were better clothed for the winter than they are now: everyone, all the children had plenty of fur garments (gopher, sheep, etc) and the severe cold didn't bother them; now they are inadequately clothed in whiteman's stuff, and they feel the cold. (Incidentally, the mosquitoes bother Indians as much as they do us, and they don't like too heavy smudges either.) Got a very nice bit of dream story from Mary, confirming the importance of dreams to these people also: she knew of a boy who one night dreamed that he was eaten by a wolf; the next day he went out and actually was eaten by a bear. Two swell letters from Elaine this afternoon and wrote her in evening.

To be continued . . . . .

### **ANTON MONEY - continued**

By Don Frizzell [frizzell\\*northwestel.net](mailto:frizzell*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

While they waited for the main group of Indians to return, they went exploring. The Finlayson River runs into Frances Lake so they decided to have a look at it. Two or three miles upstream, they beached on a large gravel bar and decided to walk. They found several Quartz veins on the surface and took some samples with their rock hammers, but no gold was visible. Walking further up, a small gully entered from the left with barely a trickle of water coming out of it. Taking Quartz samples as they went, they continued up the small gully. Money thought he saw a small glint in the clear water. On closer investigation, he could definitely see a small gold nugget in the clear stream only an inch or so deep. Trying to pick it out of a small crevice with his knife, it disappeared as the water muddied. The two men returned to the boat and came back with two gold pans and shovels. Scooping the pan in the area of the nugget, he began to pan. Shortly the nugget appeared in the pan along with some fine gold. The following is Money's feeling at that moment:

"I have discovered gold! On a nameless creek, in what seems at this moment a place a million miles from civilization, the dream of every prospector has come true for me. I had found the eternal treasure. I cannot explain my feeling. It is as if a grizzly had poked its head out of the brush and looked me in the eye at arm's length. My heart was pounding and the hair stood out on the nape of my neck. It is like a cord that had been tied around my heart had suddenly been broken. Had that small nugget been covered with sand, my entire life may have been different."

The two of them dug and panned until dusk, collecting a half an ounce of gold in three hours. They were up at dawn for the next four days and tested half a mile of the creek. Every pan had gold. They must have a sluice box, but had not brought a whipsaw with them. Leaving the gold panning, they continued their journey to look at a previous discovery of silver galena by the Indians. It was not far from their gold discovery, and they soon had it identified and staked in proper fashion. They would inform their employer when they returned to Telegraph Creek. Returning to their gold discovery, they soon located a hollow log and fashioned it into a twenty foot sluice box, using willows nailed to the bottom to act as riffles to catch the gold. Cutting strips from the sail of their boat and sewing the sides together they constructed a makeshift hose 6 inches in diameter by eighty feet long. When they had sluiced all the gravel within reach of their sluice box, they used the boat to haul pay dirt from upstream, bringing a cubic yard at a time. In two days they had fifty dollars worth of gold and knew they had a bonanza. They kept on mining as long as they dared. They must return while the rivers were low and before the ice started to form.

On September 16, they cleaned out the sluice, removed it from the creek and leaned it up against a tree. They had gleaned forty ounces of gold in seventeen days (\$24,000.00 today). The following morning they were on their way, leaving a good portion of their supplies behind for next year. Using a blanket for a sail, one man on the oars and the other on a sweep at the rear, they headed downstream. The low water made the rapids tame in comparison to the trip up. At one canyon, they unloaded their meager supplies and carried them overland to the bottom of the canyon. Money took the empty boat through and while he got a wild ride and the boat was half filled with water, he was soon on calm water. They reloaded their portaged supplies and continued.

They reached McDame Creek Post in 8 days and were just in time to catch a scow headed for Dease Lake. Five days later at Dease Lake, the shore ice was strong enough to support a man. They had come out not a day too soon. Luck held and they were able to ride on a tractor-train to Telegraph Creek. Amos decided he did not want the struggle coming north next year, so Money traded him some other claims near Telegraph Creek for his share in the Frances Lake claims. Money would return by himself. Amos went south on the Hazel B and Money recorded his gold claims with the Gold Commissioner but told no one of the discovery.

Money decided to re-outfit himself and return to Frances Lake. He paid the family for looking after his dogs, and began to exercise them for the long trip north. Soon he had his supplies together, including a toboggan, tent, stove, whipsaw, 2 inch auger and two rifles. Loading forty pound packs on each dog and a seventy five pound pack for himself he began to retrace the difficult trip north to Frances Lake. He enjoyed the solitude of traveling with the dogs in winter, and many times thought of the difficulties he had during the past two and a half years. He was confident now that he could survive anything on the trail if he kept his head. He was also convinced the North was meant for him and he was the happiest he had ever been. He faced a winter of total solitude.

On reaching his claims at Frances Lake, he built a framework of willows and erected his tent over it. Now it would not collapse from heavy snow. He installed his stove, brought in spruce boughs for a floor, fashioned a low bunk and a small table and built a high cache. For the dogs, he made brush beds. A good supply of firewood and kindling was next and he was ready for the winter. The very next day, looking for cabin logs, he downed 2 moose, quartered them, and brought them back to the tent. With a complement of fish for diet, he now had food until spring. One final task was to remove the fat from the moose and render it down for grease and butter storing it in empty cans left the previous summer. A few days later he shot two sheep that had come down from the hills to an open salt lick near the edge of the lake.

Next came the cabin. He cut, trimmed and hauled to his cabin site seven logs every day. Each row, he laid a four inch layer of moss and the logs above compressed the moss to an airtight seal. The ends, he bored holes with his auger and made wooden pegs to fasten them in place. Leaving a generous overhang over the end with the door, the roof was soon in place with a layer of moss. The moss was frozen and hard to dig from under the snow and would likely require replacement or repair in the spring. Soon he moved in and what a relief to be out of the tent. His small stove kept it warm, but did not hold much wood and he had to put wood in every half hour making sleep almost impossible. The heat would stay in his snug cabin for two or three hours, and during warmer weather, he left the fire to go out and relit it when he got up in the morning.

To be continued . . . . .

## **Klondike Kate**

A Yukon Nugget –  
By Les McLaughlin

Klondike Kate was born Kathleen Eloisa Rockwell on October 4, 1876 at Junction City, Kansas.

Nicknamed Kitty, she grew up in Spokane, Washington with her mother and stepfather, Judge Frank Bettis. Kate lived a luxurious childhood, with a governess and household servants. Her love of music and dance became evident at a very young age, as she would dance, spin and leap to the music she heard.

She was also kind and generous. Once a fire left many families homeless, Kate invited everyone to "come stay with them for a while." Over one hundred persons stayed for more than two weeks, to her parent's consternation! Nevertheless, she was an adventurous child. Her parents felt that a private school would teach her refinements and she was sent to a convent. She bounced from convent to convent. The Sisters at one academy restricted her desire to dance but one day she danced the Highland Fling behind a Sister who was leaving the study room.

Another Sister came through another doorway and ordered Kate to "Bath number three." This meant she would be locked in the bathroom for the remains of the day. Kate was furious! She knew this was the day the nuns took baths, so she drained all the hot water and dumped towels into the drain! Consequently she was sent home.

Kate came to the Yukon with a friend, who returned to the lower 48 after a rough trip. Kate was undaunted and made it to Whitehorse Rapids, where a Mountie turned her away saying the trip is too dangerous for ladies. The rule was that women and children had to walk the five miles to the foot of the rapids. Kate was not discouraged. She dressed as a man and went back to the landing. A scow was drifting away from the bank and the Mountie had his back turned. Kate ran to the water's edge and leaped to the scow's deck. She had outwitted him! After the ride through the rapids she wished she had walked the five miles!



Kate E. Rockwell, photographed in Alaska about 1900-1901.

Kate received a letter in Whitehorse, an offer of soubrette in a large theatrical company in Victoria who was organizing to go to Dawson City in the spring. She decided this was a better idea, and returned to Victoria. Kate was the best of entertainers. It was this combined with her qualities of charm, kindness and sincerity that won her the title "Queen of the Klondike." She would grubstake miners down on their luck, until they were on their feet again.

She passed away on February 21, 1957 at her home in Redmond, Oregon.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)



**Sternwheeler Nasutlin - Dawson**

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)



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**Sternwheeler Nasutlin - Dawson**

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)

Hi Sherron, The steamer Nasutlin was left at the waterfront in the early 1950's shortly before the steamer stopped coming to Dawson. The ice got so thick that it could not leave; it was pulled ashore with several cats. My D4 helped; they wrapped cables around the ship and we tried to pull in out. The cable my cat D4 was pulling on pulled the cable up through the hull; as result the boat was damaged beyond repair. It was dismantled the next spring, the pilot cabin is still in Dawson; George Shaw had it in his display near his shop. I believe Parks Canada has the Pilot house in storage at Bear Creek

Regards John Gould [jgould\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jgould*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Dear Sherron and John;

I feel much better about my hazy recollection of the grounding of the Nasutlin. I had just turned 6 at the time.

However, John's description brought the story rushing back.

It is so great to have stories to go with these pictures. It is all very well to have the rich oral history that the Hoggan's had, but it is not so good when only one of a generation (Marjorie Stevenson Bergstrand) wrote anything down.

Joann and I are recording and sorting as fast as we can so that we can leave as complete a record as possible.

Thanks to the Moccasin Telegraph, once again.

Incidentally, I talked to Frank Hoggan's wife, Jean, this morning. [Nov 1, 2007] He has been in hospital in Edmonton for weeks and is not doing well.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml\\*shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml*shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

## **CLEM EMINGER**

*Sherron, Jim Robb has responded to an item on Clem Eminger in MocTel 224. The question was: "Who Remembers Clem Eminger"? Below are his comments:*

I knew the late Clem Eminger and often talked to him when we bumped into one another. He had mined in the Livingstone Creek area and at one time had a partner named Louie Engle.

Clem's brother at one time helped financially to send John Scott to college I believe. Later the brother died in a sled accident.

Somewhere in my collection I have old photos, etc. of both brothers. I hope to do a short story soon about the old-time miners of the Livingstone Creek area. Along with the photos of the brothers I also have some old mining papers of his and his partner.

In later years Clem worked as an electrician. I remember photographing him at that time. I'll have a look for the photo. He was a very nice person.

Jim Robb  
Whitehorse

Donna Clayson [yukonlady\\*albertacom.com](mailto:yukonlady@albertacom.com) (In Ardrossan AB)

### **RE Photo from MocTel 225**



Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan  
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml\\*shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)

It looks to me to be the time of the flood May 11, 1925; the bridges were part of the Rail way I believe the bridges were damaged beyond use at the time of the flood. I remember walking across the bridge but never did after the flood. May 11, 1925 was the day my sister Lenore was born; we had moved into Dawson from Dads mining operation on Nugget Hill Hunker where we had been living I started school the fall of 1925.

The picture shows the south end of Dawson, the bridge was on the south end of 5th Ave.

There was also a road on the bridge for cars and horse drawn equipment. The Klondike Mines Railway was no longer operating by 1925, it ceased operation about 1913.  
John Gould [jgould\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jgould@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

# OLD CROW NEWS

By Edith Josie

January 14 - Two old ladies are in Old Crow and they can't cut wood and get ice for their self, so the boys sure know those two old ladies when they cut wood for them. They make few dollars and sure nice to have them here in Old Crow.

January 17, the plane came from Inuvik---Artic Wings. Mr. Peter Benjamin went out for holiday until first of February. Ethel Frost went same day to hospital to see doctor.

## SKIERS

Since January 14, Amos Josie's been hauling logs down by new school house with tractor. There are 7 skiers going to Whitehorse for races, 4 boys and three girls are going. They've been waiting for plane about 1 week and half. At last, they might go this week. Hope they have good trip and win the race. They will wear the ski uniform. Sure look nice. Sure nice weather for last two weeks, warm and clear and sometimes snow and cloudy. First year warm weather in Old Crow.

Some men had nets under ice. No fish, so they took it out.

January 26, Chief Charlie Peter left for Crow Flat and he saw caribou track on King Edward Mountain and he killed few, so Andrew Charlie came into town with load of meat. The caribou is sure fat and nice meat out in Flat.

January 28, all day it is foggy, and also at Inuvik, too. This morning, January 29, it is north wind but it is warm. The plane won't go back until Friday. Plane will come from Inuvik, but weather is bad, so it never come yet.

On January 15, they see caribou on mountain and they went up for hunting. John Kendi, Andrew Charlie, William Blake, and Chief Charlie Peter shot 14 caribous. They give some away and haul it all in.

On January 17, Abraham Bruce went up to hunt. He killed 32 caribous. Sure lots of fresh meat in town. The caribous are not going away. They're staying in the mountain.

January 19 Moses Tizyah and his wife, Albert Abel, Peter Lord went up river to see their traps.

Moses Tizyah moved down to Old Crow for Christmas and New Year. He sure had good time here in Old Crow during holiday. He move back to Simon Cache to his traps till Easter.

Not many fur this winter. Some boys killed few mink and martin, just enough to buy grub for their selves. Some of the boys had no dog, but they cut wood for sale, so they could buy grub and tobacco.

Old Crow is sure quite lonesome town, but sure nice little town.

Everybody was worrying about Charlie Abel and Charlie Thomas. They left for White Stone to trap and we never see them at Christmas and New Year. They sent telegram to Mrs. Jessie Thomas from Chance Camp. They were O.K. all winter and working with traps. They said not to worry for them. I

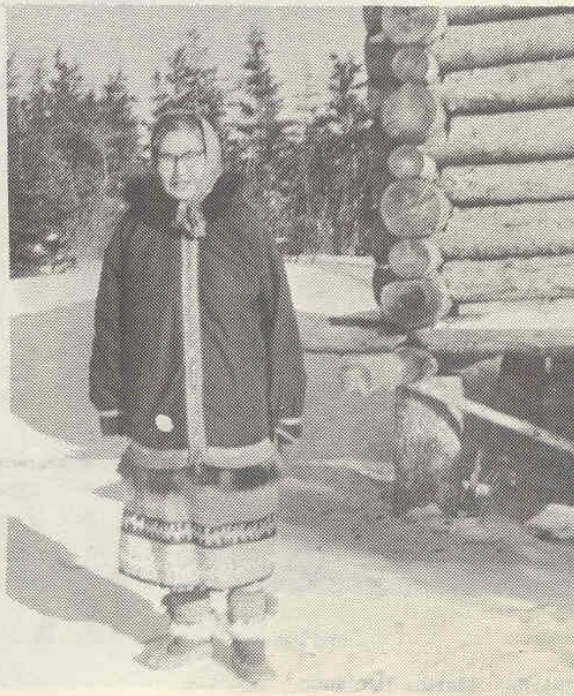
hear they were doing fine with traps and there were also lots of caribous. Everybody was glad to hear from them.

On January 29, around 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the Police plane landed in Old Crow. They've been to Fairbanks and coming back to Inuvik, they land in Old Crow. Two planes were here, so the Ski Club make coffee and dance for the strangers. I hope they enjoyed the dance.

January 31, at last Dawson plane went to Inuvik. Two passengers went to Inuvik. Tabitha Peter and John Moses went to work at Inuvik. Mrs. Ethel Frost and Mr. Peter Benjamin came back in it.

So tomorrow, plane will be back to Dawson and the skiers are going. Kenneth Nukon saw his traps up river. He camped two nights. He had one martin.

Paul Ben has been cutting wood for sale all winter, about 3 miles from town. This is all the news.



Mrs. Frost

## Where have all the army buildings gone?

By Pat Ellis, Whitehorse Star, October 19, 2007 (approved by Pat Ellis and Jackie Pierce)

Ed. note: the final part of this two-part series will be published next Friday.

Whitehorse somehow seems to have been involved in many remarkable world events, one as recently as the Sept. 11, 2001 terrorist attacks, when we were caught up in a mysterious hijacking scare.

Remember that? The town was born during the Gold Rush of '98 as a transportation link to the goldfields.

Forty-four years later, it became the supply and administration centre of the huge Alaska Highway project and the colossal Canol Project, in the winters of 1942-43.

The town suddenly grew from 350, (with limits from Wood to Elliott streets) to 20,000. Macrae was the main camp. Charlie Baxter's Ranch and stables as well as the Chambers Ranch at the north end of town, were cleared. (Baxter irrigated his fields with a pipe to what is now called Spook Creek.)

Most of the open land, with military precision, was levelled. Grey with gravel, but green with money.

Both projects brought in huge trainloads of equipment and building materials as well as workers in from Skagway.

Large prefab barracks of "Loxtave" five-by-eight fir panels, were quickly constructed. Quonset huts of metal or asphalt-covered pressboard appeared. Tents by the hundreds for the military cropped up.

After the war, the assets and the highway were turned over to the Canadian military.

Housing became a premium for the civilian workers, who quickly turned to squatter areas of Whiskey and Moccasin Flats. Shacks appeared along the escarpment.

In 1943, A.Y. Jackson, as a war artist, flew into Whitehorse to paint the Alaska Highway project.

He described the town as a "most picturesque jumble, and should have been happy sketching there for a month."

Ten years later, in 1953, as a "starving art student", I flew into Whitehorse, the Yukon's new capital, lured by the high wages, to find summer employment.

The economy was booming. The main employer was the Canadian military, but the big wages were with the construction, mining companies and White Pass.

Let me paint a picture of what I saw as I rode down the potholed and puddled Two Mile Hill. As Crown Assets sold off the barracks and Quonsets, they were moved into any space available.

Without nosy building inspectors, many were several to a lot, at whatever angle they landed.

Martha Stewart would have adored the free expression sculptures that landscaped the gravelly yards: old bedsprings resting on a rusting bulldozer, with a few wringer washers for class, old ambulances, buckets of miscellaneous bolts and wiring, etc.

Outside biffys, or, for the more refined, an inside chemical toilet, a 45-gallon barrel for water and another for an incinerator.

Murphy and his honey wagon, a contraption made from welded barrels, could be seen gliding by on his rounds.

Hammering, welding and the moving of buildings going on constantly, and dogs everywhere. An eyesore for sure; nevertheless, there was a certain uncomplicated vitality living in such a disorder.

We could gaze with envy at the elegant military married housing PMQs in Takhini and Hillcrest, or gape at the lucky ones hitting the Officers' Mess on a Saturday night, sometimes dressed in full military uniforms, tux and gowns.

Unfortunately, the Mess was built downtown under the escarpment, and was prone to messy mudslides in the spring.

Shopping for food was pretty simple (and expensive). Without fridges, we mainly dined on canned stuff, but ate quantities of fresh meat at once before it spoiled.

Canned milk or lukewarm powdered milk were the norm. Wilted produce came up by slow boat and train (so, kiddies, no grapes in January).

I hate to describe the condition of the eggs; some literally exploded when cracked. I think the amount of canned sardines we ate saved us from malnutrition. Thank you, New Brunswick.

Perhaps some pioneers from those days, with better memories of old army buildings, could help me compile a list of what was located where and what remains.

My e-mail is [pt\\_ell@yahoo.ca](mailto:pt_ell@yahoo.ca)

Starting at the north end, if I recall, Baxter Street had a lot of junk piled about.

The Canol remnants? Across Fourth Avenue where McDonald's is now located was a bustling construction company, General Enterprises, owned by some enterprising fellows who bought a rambling garage and built a large thriving business from surplus equipment. (The boss drove an old general's car with a star on top.)

Lining dusty Fourth Avenue were many large army garages bought by Cassiar Asbestos and Keno Hill Mines, whose fleet of trucks idled all winter – phoo!

Alexander Street held a hodgepodge of Quonsets. Skipping a few blocks of neat pre-war homes, we come to Main Street, and, except for a few well-built businesses: Hougens, The Whitehorse Inn, Taylor and Drury and the Northern Commercial Co. and the White Pass Hotel, it was lined with tiny false-fronted barrack buildings.

The Whitehorse Star had an army building attached to the back of the original shop. Then we come to the RCMP area of rambling government offices and the military hospital.

At Fourth and Hanson was the Pan Am staff house and many white bungalows (some still there).

At the other end of town, at Lot 19, the barrack accommodations and the Baptist Mission School.

Ending in Whiskey Flats, we have the long Taylor and Drury warehouse by the tracks.

Could this be the same long green old army building now in the Arctic Power lot in the Marwell area?

It's a place I like to visit to get some of the unique atmosphere of old Whitehorse.

Later, in the '70s, I purchased for \$7,000 cash (no easy, lavish mortgages then), a chilly fixer-upper under the escarpment where the downtown urban gardens now flourish. It was made of two layers of pressed board panels with studs at least 30 inches apart.

Proudly, I hung a scripted sign on the front door, "CliffSide Manor". Due to some mudslides along the escarpment, in 1974, the City arranged with the feds to expropriate 90 homes along the escarpment from Baxter Street to the bench above the river at the other end.

I was offered \$28,000 and quickly bought a better house nearby before the prices jumped. I believe there are still two holdouts, one on each end.  
The writer is a longtime Whitehorse resident and history enthusiast.

## **RE: WHITE PASS THE CONTAINER PIONEERS**

November 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2007

I was so pleased to read the above article in Moc Tel 226 and to realize that at least both in the Yukon and Vancouver the White Pass is recognised as the pioneer in intermodal transportation with containers. Bill Hamilton (a member of the first Whitehorse Council) was the first Manager of the White Pass - Ocean Division and I was his Assistant - we had a lot of laughs and tears in getting the 'Clifford J. Rogers' into service. We stood on the West Indies dock in North Vancouver at 3a.m. on November 26<sup>th</sup>, 1955 to witness the departure of the ship on her first voyage to Skagway.

I took over from Bill in 1961 and was responsible for bringing both, the 'Frank H. Brown' in 1965 and the 'Klondike' in 1969, into service. As a matter of interest, the worldwide standards for container size of 20 ft. had not been established when the final plans were made for the 'Frank H. Brown' so the White Pass built their new containers to a size of 25ft 3ins x 8ft x 8ft which best suited the railcars and also allowed three lifts of plywood to be stowed end to end in a container.

The Port of Vancouver celebrated 50 years of containerization in November 2005 and the White Pass was honoured at the Board of Trade luncheon at the Pan Pacific Hotel - outside the hotel was displayed one of the original White Pass containers with enlarged photographs inside which depicted the operations with the 'Clifford J. Rogers' - this display was set up by the Vancouver Maritime Museum. Sadly, in the USA, the White Pass is not recognized as the pioneer of an intermodal transportation system built around a specific container - that honour has been given to Malcolm McLean who loaded some highway trailers onto a ship named 'Ideal-X' in New York for transportation to Florida in April 1956.

As a matter of interest the Port of Vancouver has several plaques mounted on the balcony on the second floor of Ballantyne Pier - each represents a ship considered famous in the history of the Port - the 'Clifford J. Rogers' is one of those plaques. Also on the upper walkway of the Vancouver Convention Centre there is a plaque honouring the White Pass.

Dickson H. Sladden [dsladden@telus.net](mailto:dsladden@telus.net) (In Vancouver)

**Businessman recalled for his kindly nature**

Whitehorse Star 10.26.2007 (approved for MocTel use by Jackie Pierce 11.01.07)  
By Sarah Vanderwolf

David Martin Gilbert's family members remember him as "a calm, quiet man" who was a wonderful father, brother and husband.

"He was soft-spoken, had a wonderful sense of humour (and) he loved to make people laugh," daughter Teresa Wilts, who lives in Minnesota, said Thursday. "He loved to flirt with the ladies - even my mom would tell you that."

The long time Yukon business owner died Tuesday at the age of 75. Funeral services were to begin late this afternoon at Whitehorse United Church.

Gilbert was born in Rocky Mountain House, Alta., in 1932 to a family that would include seven children.

His younger sister Frieda said the quality she remembers most about him is "the kindness. He was always willing to help any one of us.

"My most frequent memory that sticks out to me is that he would bring a lot of vehicles home and fix them up and make them run. He was always there to help out anyone, giving us spending money if we needed (it). He was just the kind of brother everyone dreams of."

Gilbert worked as a truck driver and mechanic until he joined the weather service in 1955.

His marriage to Laureen Adams in 1954 marked the beginning of a 53-year union. The couple had three children: Teresa, Jeff, and Roberta.

"They were the perfect parents," said Teresa. "If we were having a fight, (Dave) would start singing, 'Santa Claus is coming to town, so you better not fight ....'"

Gilbert was transferred in 1958 and moved to Edmonton. Ten years later, he was transferred to Whitehorse.

"He moved to the Yukon to better himself with the job he had with the weather department," said Frieda. "He thought it was a good place to raise his family."

"Dad loved to fish and hunt," said Teresa.

He built his own motor home which the family drove to Whitehorse in 1968, she explained. "He loved the great outdoors (and) hiking."

In 1978, the senior Gilberts took over Carcross Corner Services, which included a gas station, garage, and restaurant.

The couple's hospitality became well-known throughout the community.

Even as Gilbert's health declined in his later years, said Teresa, people would still ask for his help in changing a flat tire or fixing a broken piece of equipment.

Teresa said her dad made sure she had a good life, and will be missed by his many friends and family members.

Expressions of sympathy may be made in Gilbert's memory by way of a donation to the Whitehorse General Hospital.

## **JACK STALBERG**

Jack Stalberg was married to my first cousin Betty Armstrong.

The first time I meet Jack was in 1966 I was flying a 3 month Geochem contract program west of the Alaska Highway from Beaver Creek to the BC border south of Desadeash. We stayed with the Bradley's at White River for 3 weeks and Jack would drive down every chance he had to be around the helicopter and BS with my self and Mel O'Reily the engineer.

This was before Jack bought the Stinson and we had lots of airplane talk to do as aviation was his passion.

The next summer I was back at 1169 for another 3 weeks so we became real good friends The next year I moved to Whitehorse with Trans North and flew many trips to 1169 and 1202 as well our place was there place to stay on there many trips to Whitehorse.

It was around this time Jack got the Stinson and I had the pleasure of a few flights with him and was able to help him with a bit more advanced flying training.

I was in living in Edmonton when he was is Olds and again stayed in close contact.

3 years ago I had lunch with him on the Island and I say they don't make many people like Jack Stalberg. Rest in Peace.

Cliff Armstrong [ss\\*still.net](mailto:ss*still.net) Cranbrook BC

## **Re: MocTel 226 mining photos on Haggert Creek**

Just a little more info on the Waddco placers mining on Haggert Creek. Waddco had two D8 cats at the time I was working for them plus an international TD18 and the dragline. The picture I sent of the cat pushing from left to right into the boxes is the newer D8 with the factory roof and the other one pushing from right to left is the older one with home made roof. When I was working for Waddco Ed Barker had an older D7 with a cable blade and was working upstream from Waddco Fred Taylor had a D6 with a hydraulic blade and was further upstream on Dublin Gulch.

Bill Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)

## **MocTel 226 Hart Photos of 1948**

At the present I am in Destruction Bay working at the Health Centre. It is right down by the Kluane Lake shore and I have been looking at scenery quite like the photos in this publication.

Beth Mellis [bemell2003\\*yahoo.com](mailto:bemell2003*yahoo.com) (Destruction Bay)

## **Halloween in the Old Days of Whitehorse**

Halloween is not what it used to be when I was in primary school in Whitehorse. This was a day that all the kids really looked forward to, especially if there was snow on the ground by then.

If we were really lucky there would be enough of the white stuff to make snowballs. A group of us would get together in the evening for “tricks or treats” and after depositing our bags of goodies in a safe place, did the rounds again, looking for mischief this time. Oh the fun of it all!

Outhouses would be pushed over; and I remember an event where one was occupied at the time (unbeknown to us) by an elderly man, who let out a loud bellow which sent us scrambling across the street and out of harm’s way. Woodpiles would be toppled and the large school-bell that stood just outside the building would be rung. Then we’d traipse over to the White Pass hotel, which was run by a little tough German lady named Mrs. Vioux. (I think that’s the correct spelling.) The entrance to the bar of the hotel was on the street side, and one of the braver kids would push open the door; heave a couple of snowballs in and then run back across the road to join us. We knew from experience that Mrs. Vioux would come running out and shout at us. Then we’d pelt the door to the lobby, and she would get so outraged that she’d get her gun and chase after us.

The next morning, at school, there would be a knock on the door and one of the local policeman would be there. We all knew by now what that meant. He stood behind the teacher’s desk while Miss Cameron sternly called for attention.

“All those of you who were involved in last night’s attacks on citizens properties raise your hands!” demanded the policeman. Every hand in the classroom immediately shot up in the air.

“These students will have to come with me and be in my custody for the rest of the morning.” Then we’d get a lecture on civil disobedience before filing out to get into the cop’s vehicle.

The rest of the morning was delightful! We were taken all over town, piling wood and pushing up outhouses (sometimes if the cop happened to be “Mac” he would give us a hand.) Then for doing such a spectacular job, we’d all be treated to an ice cream cone from the Whitehorse Inn before being turned loose again! Too bad, we thought, that Halloween, doesn’t come oftener.

Submitted by Joyce Yardley [Joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce*dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)



**View across the river 1944-45 – on right is future location of Whitehorse Hospital.**

Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter (In Abbotsford BC)

This of the Indian grave yard the whole town could see it. There was a figure of a wolf. It was across the river.

Weldon Pinchin [pinchin@gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com) (On Mayne Island)

Thought you might like the transcript from yesterday's tribute.  
Special thanks to Wolf Riedl for his assistance in writing it.

Gary McRobb [Gary.McRobb@yla.gov.yk.ca](mailto:Gary.McRobb@yla.gov.yk.ca) (In Whitehorse)

**Yukon Legislative Assembly  
Whitehorse, Yukon  
Monday, October 29, 2007 -- 1:00 p.m.**

**TRIBUTE  
In remembrance of James Roderick Tait**

**Mr. McRobb:** It's an honour to rise today to pay tribute to a remarkable Yukoner and pioneer of our agricultural history, and to a man who was so much an integral part of our territory's farming history. James Roderick Myles Tait was born in Calgary, Alberta, on October 23, 1928.

Raised during the Great Depression, the premature death of his father forced him to end his schooling and take over operation of the family farm. At age 20, he met his wife-to-be, Enid. Five years later, they married and raised a family of their own.

After farming for another decade, his sense of adventure brought him to the Yukon, where he became foreman at the Pine Creek Experimental Farm, five kilometres west of Haines Junction.

A few years later, Enid and their five children joined him at the farm, arriving on New Year's Day 1965, a bitter, cold winter day when the mercury was coincidentally at 65 below Fahrenheit.

Unfortunately, Ottawa's decision makers did not share Rod's love of farming and the boundless confidence that it could be done successfully and profitably north of 60. After six years at the farm, funds were slashed, leaving only Rod and one loyal helper out of a once-proud number of 30 employees.

Further funding cuts forced Rod into interim employment with Parks Canada before he found full-time work at the Haines Junction weigh scale, while double-shifting in the midnight sun on his own farm, his true vocation and passion.

With cattle purchased from the defunct experimental farm, a land lease and a six-acre market garden application, Rod successfully pursued his dream of growing the finest beef, oats, hay and vegetables in the region.

He leaves a legacy of more than 200 titled acres of farmland, more cleared land, and the reputation of growing the best and most exotic potatoes in the north. His expertise was formally recognized with the presentation of the Yukon Farmer of the Year award in 2000.

Despite his occupational success, his core accomplishment was family. His children and others in the community benefited from his willingness to share his wealth of knowledge. As a father, he poured vast amounts of love, energy and patience into his children's most formative years. Skiing, hockey, fishing and hunting trips and playing chess were a few of his favourite pastimes. In honour of his dedicated efforts toward family and community, Rod and Enid were chosen Mr. and Mrs. Yukon in 1996.

Rod demonstrated a curiosity about life, a hunger for knowledge, a passion for the outdoors, a sense that anything is possible through hard work and perseverance and a never-ending commitment to the community. Saturday's huge overflow crowd at the Haines Junction Convention Centre was testimony to his many contributions. Hundreds of friends from across our territory showed their appreciation for Rod and his family by attending his celebration of life. On behalf of the Assembly, I commend the family and each community volunteer for contributing to such an exemplary memorial service. You did us proud.

Rod passed away suddenly on October 15 at home in his sweetheart's arms. Survived by his loving wife, younger brother David, five children and 12 grandchildren, his many fine qualities are sure to live on for generations to come.

Mr. Speaker, with your indulgence, I invite all members of the Assembly to join me in welcoming several members of his family and friends to the gallery today.

Applause.

*The Yukon News also had an interesting story about 'Rod' Tait that I wish I could share with you. It started out like this –*

### **Farmer, father and oatmeal philosopher**

Wednesday, October 31, 2007

By Genesee Keevil *News Reporter*

James Roderick Myles Tate was “a two-dollup man.”

That’s a reference to oatmeal.

But it runs a little deeper.

Tate’s son Russel is a shop teacher, who takes his students on snowmobile trips to Haines Junction.

The kids always spend a night on the floor of the family farm.

After his dad passed away earlier this month, Russel got an e-mail from one of these former students, who’s now in his 20s.

The student remembered Roderick, whom most people called “Rod,” holding a sticky spoon of oatmeal over his bowl and asking, “Are you a one- or two-dollup man?”

The boy realized the question alluded to more than just how much oatmeal he could manage.

“To this day, I’m a two-dollup man,” wrote the former student.

*Continued and may be found on their website.*

### **Check out the Dawson Webcam**

I did on October 31<sup>st</sup> and there was snow on the ground. November 2nd image looks like chunks of ice in the river. [http://www.yukonbooks.com/dawson\\_webcam/](http://www.yukonbooks.com/dawson_webcam/)

## OBIT

**MacDONALD, Chesley Douglas** - January 14, 1941-October 31, 2007. Chesley Douglas MacDonald, 66, adored husband of Mary (Weeks) and cherished father of Kirk, Maureen and Marlee passed away October 31 of complications related to prostate cancer while visiting Marlee's family in Switzerland. Ches was known by friends and family from the Yukon to the Sault to Galveston for living every day to the fullest. In his life, family and friends were always the priority. Mary and he met in the North and they shared special memories of early years as nurse and Mountie. Ches had adventures as a respected **peace officer and investigator with the R.C.M.P.** for over 35 years and was posted in British Columbia, **Yukon Territory**, Antigonish, Bridgewater and Truro. Ches was born and brought up near Gladwyn, Victoria Co., N.B., and joined the R.C.M.P. following high school in Perth-Andover, N.B. He was the son of Helen (Brooks) and Oliver MacDonald, and stepson of Archie Christie. Mary and he loved to work together on the Christmas tree farm near Perth-Andover, travel the globe and winter with friends in Texas and Florida. Ches' other interests were curling, golf, gardens, snowmobiling, hunting, playing cards and teasing. In addition to Mary, Ches is survived by his children, Kirk (Tracy), Fredericton, N.B.; Maureen (Stuart), Hamilton, Ont., and Marlee (Lucas), Switzerland; grandchildren, Lauren, Monica, Hayden, Glen, Evan, Kir, and Dale; sisters, Eileen (Bob) Fettes, Greenwood; Jean (Malcolm) White, Limestone, Me., and brother, Donnie, Fredericton, N.B. Many, many friends also mourn the loss of Ches. Funeral will be Monday, November 5, at Immaculate Conception Catholic Church in Truro at 11 a.m. There will be no prior visitation. A reception will follow at the church.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Just a quick reminder that our email address is changing tomorrow. The new one is in operation now. Change to [ianddbolstad@persona.ca](mailto:ianddbolstad@persona.ca)  
Thanks Inez & Don Bolstad

I have had to change my E-mail address to [smiddlebrook@persona.ca](mailto:smiddlebrook@persona.ca)  
Effective as of today Thanks. Shirley Middlebrook

Hello family and friends. I am no longer on dial up (yippee) and now on satellite. My address has changed so please correct it in your address book.

WAS: [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (I will retain this address for a couple of months)

NOW: [yukonlady@albertacom.com](mailto:yukonlady@albertacom.com)

Bryan & Donna Clayson

## NEW ADDITIONS

Please send me future additions of the Moccasin Telegraph.

We have been in Whitehorse, Yukon for over 50 years and plan to remain here.

Thank you

Ron Daniels, Whitehorse, YT [daniels\\*whtvcable.com](mailto:daniels*whtvcable.com)

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Please delete me from your list...thank you kindly, Kevin Mellis [kjmellis@gmail.com](mailto:kjmellis@gmail.com)  
Calgary

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*My mother taught me MORE LOGIC. - "If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you aren't going to the store with me."*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Florence Roberts [yapper\\*klondiker.com](mailto:yapper*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

### Fruit Relish

20 ripe tomatoes  
6 peaches  
6 pears  
6 medium onions  
6 sour apples  
3 sweet red peppers  
3 green peppers  
1 large head of celery  
4 cups sugar  
2 tbsp salt  
1 quart vinegar  
½ cup mixed pickling spice

Wash vegetables and fruit. Blanch and peel tomatoes and peaches. Peel pears and onions. Peel and core apples. Remove seeds and tongues from peppers. Chop all fruits and vegetables but not too fine. Dissolve sugar and salt in vinegar. Tie spices in a muslin bag

and add. Heat everything to boiling and simmer gently for 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Remove spice bag; pour pickle into hot sterilized jars and seal.  
Purity Cook Book 1932

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

The Vancouver Yukoners Association annual banquet will revisit the River Rock Resort/Casino for their spring banquet to be held April 5, 2008. We had a great turnout last year and expect the same this time around as well.

Banquet tickets remain priced at \$55 a person. Many who attend like to arrive at the RR on the Friday night before the dinner just to have more time to visit with old friends. It is our hope that we will be able to arrange a hospitality area for the Friday and Saturday where guests can register and pick up banquet tickets. We will also have available lists of those attending so no one has to shuffle around a reader board trying to find familiar names. :))

The hotel rates are \$159.00 Plus tax. Remember to ask for the Yukoners rate when reserving suites. For your information/files:

River Rock Casino Resort, 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C. V6X 3P8.  
tel.604.247.8900 fax.604.207.2641 toll free.1.866.748.3718  
[email.reservations\\*riverrock.com](mailto:email.reservations*riverrock.com) WEB SITE: [www.riverrock.com](http://www.riverrock.com)

All tickets to be prepaid in advance. Our treasurer, Vivian Lelievre Stuart is in charge of ticket sales. You can email Ms. Stuart at [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca) or write to

Vivian Stuart  
217 - 3255 Cook Street, Victoria, B.C. V8X 1A4

In the meantime, if you have any questions please get in touch and keep an eye out for more bulletins in the MocTel. Hope you can join us!

Helen Munro [hmunro\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro*shaw.ca) (In Port Moody BC)

## **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).

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Winter Address –  
483 – 5707 East 32<sup>nd</sup> St. Yuma, Arizona 85365  
Phone 928-341-0690