

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 231st Edition – December 2nd, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Poppies at Greenwood Place – Old Log Rectory – Whitehorse – Early September

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

If You're Gonna Be A Cowboy

by Alf Bilton aelf60@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

Sure as cats is senior kittens, learned dignity an' such;
If you're gonna be a cowboy, son, you'd oughtta know this much:

It ain't all fun an' freedom, big hats an' ridin' high;
Or even just in tippin' hats as you pass the ladies by.
It's lotsa work with little rest, an' lotsa lonely too;
'Cause mostly when you'd like to play, there's too much work to do.

Sure there's days out on the ranges, big part of what you'll do;

The bond between a man an' horse, an' skies of denim blue.
But it ain't all done in sunshine, there's rains an' blizzards too;
An' though you're wet, an' sore, an' cold, there's still the work to do.

It ain't all done from horseback, an' it likely never was;
There's wounds to tend an' fence to mend. It's what a cowboy does.
You'll find that you have little time for fun an' sleepin' too.
That ride to town is just too long. There's too much work to do.

There are calves to pull an' nursemaid, bad bulls to be dehorned;
There's hay an' feed to pitch an' pile; so best that you're forewarned.
It ain't quite like in movies, with the dull bits skippin' through;
Real cowboys know forever means, there's still more work to do.

There's some who feel more peace of mind out here than when in town,
An' find that lackin' luxuries don't ever get 'em down.
They see a time when sun comes up to find that now they too
Can smile as they get saddled up, 'cause they have work to do.

But :

Sure as snakes all pluck their eyebrows, an' hiss their Howdy-does;
If you're gonna be a cowboy, son, you're gonna pay some dues.

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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

Thursday 19 August 1948

A dark threatening AM but we left at 9AM anyhow, as per plan, in the *Josephine* with Wilson and Happy along. McClellan and Ranier invited themselves at the last minute so they could work on Albert Isaac. Got across in 1 hr. 40 m. in a glassy sea and dropped the girls at Isaac's camp about 1 mile north of the Gladstone estuary. Also bought a rack of sheep ribs from Isaac to roast for our lunch and then continued by boat around as far as we could go up into the estuary. All of us disembarked here except Lucy who went with Wilson down by boat to the point to start the ribs roasting for lunch.

We scouted along the high ($\pm 100'$) till bluffs on the north side of the estuary and found almost one continuous site for a distance of 1/2 mile. Classic profile here has been disturbed by strong Slims River wind action and the entire rim of the bluff is ridged with high stabilized sand dunes. All of the culture we found was in blowouts or slumps, none

in situ; the usual things: retouched flake scrapers, snub-nosed scrapers, several fragments of knives, fragment of square-based un-notched points, and one perfect notched obsidian arrow point about 1 1/2" long (this unique for the summer); many chips of felsite, chert, obsidian, jasper. I located one hearth in the Slims River silt but all it contained was bones and heat-cracked rock. Most of the other specimens undoubtedly came from the red zone of the KS. Had an excellent lunch of sheep ribs down on the beach and then worked the bluffs the rest of the way around to Isaac's camp, arriving there by 3 PM.

Albert Isaac is the chief of the Aishihik lake group of Indians, and every summer he comes across and sets up a hunting camp near the base of the Big Arm, on the north shore. His trail comes across through the head of Raft Creek and he travels down the Big Arm above timberline so he doesn't have to fight the bush. He had a string of about 10 excellent looking horses and 3 colts grazing around camp when we came in. He has four canvas tents set up there in a wide draw, one of them surrounded by an artificial wind break of cut poplars. The sled dogs were all tied up on the low ridge behind the tents. This camp is probably more exposed than the usual bush Indian camp, but it is apparently placed so that signal fires can easily be seen over at Burwash when they want the boat to come over with supplies. (Wilson brought a package of beads over to Mrs. Isaac today). There were two huge drying racks loaded down with at least six mountain sheep and some fish (I counted that many livers), and no doubt there is plenty more moose and sheep jerky cached away.

Sometime in the fall Isaac moves his outfit back to Aishihik with the winter's supply of food, and when spring comes again he returns to Kluane. Wilson said Isaac has a gold claim staked out somewhere on Raft or Gladstone, but he apparently isn't working it now. Old Albert rides a horse like an Arab, although he must be well in his 50's. Saw the moose scapula which he rubs against trees to attract another moose when he is hunting. Here appears to be some sort of an extended family group: Albert has his wife, daughter and younger son (both teen age), plus a married son and his wife and two small children, and at least one old crone who kept peering out from behind the windbreak of poplars. Sophie Watts (Jim Watt's mother) was also over there. She showed how they make a skin scraper nowadays, their only knowledge of stone-working: they get a thin slab of slaty stone and rap the edge of it vertically down on any convenient anvil boulder; the chips fly off haphazardly at the edge, and they work it around until the whole assumes a rough semi-lunar shape. This percussion technique is very rude, but it makes the kind of edge they want—sinuous and not too sharp.

There was also a tanned moosehide nearby still twisted up on the cut-tree tanning stanchion: this apparently allowed to dry twisted, then resoaked, retwisted until dry, and smoked a second time.

When we left at 4 a fair wind was blowing from the northwest and our load was as follows: the 7 of us, Wilson, the 2 female ethnologists, 7 Indians, 2 husky sled dogs chained fore and aft, Happy the retriever, 2 dead mountain sheep (*Ovis dalli*), 1/2 a moose in the form of jerky, and plenty of miscellaneous duffle! Hugh and Karl and I made the trip on the brief afterdeck in company with one very nervous husky—what a scrum! Arrived back in Burwash at 5:40 and found that Gene had picked up the mail in Whitehorse but then had left it there. Damn such meddling! Ducks for dinner. The weather held off until eve where it finally began to rain. Wrote Elaine in evening.

Friday 20 August 1948

More rain in the night. Still cloudy this AM. but a hint of clearing. Everyone willing to stick around camp today. Got off some post cards, cleaned my guns, patched up the old gun case, and later went in to Burwash with Bill to order some moccasins. Mrs. Jimmy didn't have any skin left so Mrs. Bill Jim will do them (she is George John's mother, and Jimmy Joe's eldest sister). Brought these notes up to date.

Wrapped and catalogued specimens to date. Went fishing with the boys in the eve: drove down to 1085 and tried the pond, but the only take was my 9" grayling; built a fire there on the beach and watched the full moon rise. Mary out with some of the moccasin orders, but she was all fouled up and I didn't get what I ordered. Cold night.

Our brushcamp at Burwash in the snow



Saturday 21 August 1948

Again a cloudy rather threatening morning so decided not to take any extended trip. Spent AM up on the hill of Burwash—3 digging holes and checking soil profiles. Hugh has a theory that wherever forest occurs or has occurred there will be much root disturbance in the soil profile and the anomalies in the ash layer (passage of ash into root holes, etc.) appear to back this up. Because there are no similar disturbances in the Kluane Silt profile he argues there was never any extensive forest on that surface. Fred disagreed on grounds that the great time interval might have wiped out such traces. Forest sequence in area such as this, according to Hugh's theory of tree succession, is: first white spruce; right behind it black spruce; next poplar; next pine. Kluane Lake is a marginal area which has a quite recent forest in it: only white spruce here (with Porsildii the pioneer variety of that), and some poplars: black spruce, coming in from the north, appear above the head of the Little Arm, and coming in from the south, they show around Bear Creek. The northernmost pine occurs just a few miles north of Champagne (lodgepole). This same forest sequence has been noted by Raup over in the Mackenzie Mountains The natural prairies in the Shakwak valley between Champagne and Bear

Creek have, as yet, never been forested, although the forest now appears to be encroaching upon them.

Dug some more profiles in the aft, in a drunken spruce forest on a solifluction slop above Destruction Bay. Still no signs of forest cover below the ash.

Rec'd Elaine's of the 17th and wrote to her in evening. Still some mail missing, I think.

Overcast slowly moving in all aft and some rain in the eve, though calm.

Expended

1 pr. Moccasins (for me) [all] made by Mary Joe Jacquot 2.50

1 pr. (for Museum) 2.50

1 pr. rubbers 2.25



Southeast down Kluane Lake at evening

Sunday 22 August 1948

Again a rather chilly, threatening morning but no actual rain. Sat around the fire a bit and then decided to go out and dig a few holes and try to get some definitive profiles for the agreement about forest on the Kluane Silt red.

Went up to hill of Burwash-3 again, and later down into a borrow pit along the Highway. Nothing positive in way of proof pro or con and the fight still rages. Some spitting rain after lunch and we stayed in, fortunately, because the afternoon got steadily worse and presently it was raining hard and blowing from the northwest. Read some more of the geology MS, and went into Burwash with Fred about 3 PM for a shave and a shower. Came back and plugged some of the windy corners of the brush camp, and kept the fire burning high. Read some Kipling short stories. Had dinner in the cook tent. About 7 PM it began to sleet, and then it turned to snow, and before we knew it the ground was white. Mixed a round of hot buttered rum (with the Hudson Bay Co's Demararra), and after the

rest of the folks turned in Fred and Bill and I stayed up by the fire for one more round to finish the bottle. Shook off the tent flies before turning in.



Camp after the snow storm, August 23

Monday 23 August 1948

Lighter flints .10

Moccasin tops 1.00

Woke up this AM in the middle of winter, with the temperature about 30° and a good 3" of snow on the level. Plenty of low scud still moving in from the northwest and still occasional flurries. The camp and the surrounding mountains are lovely in their new cover, and the spruces are heavily frosted with wet snow. Breakfast in the cook tent—all of our meals there now until a bit of summer returns. Chased around a good bit of the morning taking pictures of the snow, etc. and drove in to Burwash for a bit.

In the afternoon took a drive up the Highway about as far as MILE-1126 to the height of land above the Donjek River. All the mountains are snow covered, but not all of the valleys and flats—Burwash is in a storm track so we got a good dose. Squalls still moving down from the Yukon. Returned to camp about 5. Rec'd 3 letters from Elaine—her last of the 20th and 2 older ones that Gene lost several days ago—also one from Mother. Wrote to Elaine in evening.

Sat around the fire in eve—cold. Down to 29° by 8 PM, but Hugh can't use his max-min. thermometer because the magnet is missing.

Fred and Dave and Wilson out duck hunting and got 3 golden-eyes which we'll keep in Jacquot's freezer until we bring in enough for a meal. Read some more Kipling short stories, but not in the tent!

To be continued



Canadian Pacific Air Lines – Whitehorse - 1944-45.
Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter (In Abbotsford BC)

The Canadian Pacific Building was on fourth between Hawkins and Hanson Streets.

Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)

C.P.A. staff house, you have a story on this AX. I delivered bread there; this was in connection with the Sheardown's and their day cleaning & music.

Weldon Pinchin pinchin@gulfislands.com (On Mayne Island BC)

The CPA staff building was (is?) on 4th Ave at Hanson St., just across Hanson from Donna McLean's old house. Behind the CPA bldg was Bob & Margaret Sheardown's house and drycleaning business (I made hundreds of trips past here, mostly down the alley to the left of the bldg).

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

Yes that's CPA. There was a ticket and freight counter as you walked in on the right. I remember mom going in to open one time and apparently a wolverine had chewed its

way out of a metal crate. The RCMP were called to deal with it and that was the last wolverine shipment.

Other staff [besides my mother Muriel], were - Stan Baron, Millen, and many more whom I've forgotten. , Jamie Mutch. Pilots Phil Iveson, believe he went down over the Aleutians. George

We lived next door to June Greening and her husband.

Margaret and Bob Sheardown had the laundry in behind. Always Bob and his violin on Saturday nights. Archie Gillespie was Marg's brother I do believe. Think the Tyzias lived right in there too. Also Gwen..... and her mom and dad. Names escape me. I do have a photo somewhere with Stan Baron, Mom, Sophie Armitage and Minnie Hogland. Minnie made wonderful cinnamon buns the size of a dinner plate. That was in the old days when food was served on planes instead of trail mix.

The crews went up to the airport on the clay road that ran up the escarpment overlooking the town. It frequently closed when it rained or snowed and the long route around two mile hill was used. Think the year of the polio epidemic was the last year the clay road was used. I'll try and jog my antiquated memory some.

There was a steam plant at the end of our road and Violet Clethero and her Gran lived up in that area. Vi later went into the RCAF and last I heard, many years ago was married overseas.

Chapman's lived to the left of the CPA building.

All along behind the CPA houses were barracks that was military hospital units. I came home one day and mom was serving tea to some fellow who had taken a furlough from the psych unit. I went to get someone who called the MP's and they came and marched him back. T'was darn cold and he was in cotton PJ's. Brrrr.

Benny Sheardown and I used to pick up cans and bottles under the windows there. We did quite well until mom put a halt to our little enterprise.

Best I can do for now. Donna (Needham) McLean keebird@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Might be a good week to run a Yukon Nugget I just did on Elsa

Regards Les McLaughlin

Elsa Keno – A Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Elsa, Keno, and Calumet are sometimes the forgotten communities in the grand scheme of Yukon history. But they are no less important to the history of the land. They are - or were - communities along the so-called Silver Trail.

Miners had prospected the area between Mayo and Keno City since the 1880s. Elsa was established in 1914. In 1918, large deposits of silver were discovered and large-scale mining began. In 1920, Keno Hill Limited, a subsidiary of the Yukon Gold Company of Dawson, staked six hundred silver claims on Keno Hill alone. A few years later, discoveries were made on nearby Galena Hill. At one time Keno City had five hotels. In the 1920s, the area's silver mines were famous around the world.

By 1932 deposits on Keno Hill were thought to be depleted. However, prospects on Galena Hill looked good so the company moved the mill from Keno to Elsa during the winter of 1932-33. Elsa gained importance in the 1935 when the Treadwell Yukon Company moved its mill from Wernecke to Elsa because of the discovery of the Calumet mineral deposits.

By 1938, Elsa had a school, a hockey rink, stores, churches and a community hall. The mine employed almost two hundred workers on a year round basis. Then, with the outbreak of World War II, the U.S. Government decided it would no longer buy foreign silver. Treadwell Mines closed their Mayo district operation.

In November 1945, the Keno Hill Mining Company was formed around the old Treadwell properties, financed by the Frobisher Exploration Company and Conwest Exploration Ltd.

In 1947 the Treadwell Yukon Company reorganized under the name United Keno Hill Mines Limited and revived the mines and town of Elsa. A tram line delivered ore from Calumet to the mill in Elsa whose population grew rapidly between 1950 and the mid-sixties, in part because the Calumet workers moved to Elsa so that services could be consolidated. By 1953, United Keno Hill had become Canada's second largest silver operation and perhaps the fourth largest in the world.

Whitehorse was a busy place partly because of the endless truck loads of ore from the Keno Hill region to the waiting White Pass trains. However, in 1989, after years of losses and low silver prices, United Keno Hill Mines closed down its operations.

The residents of Elsa moved away and most of the houses and buildings have been dismantled. No one remains except for caretakers. But Keno City, population twenty, still thrives; nestled in the mountains at the end of the Silver Trail.

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

Special Edition - A WINTER SAFARI

I enjoyed Emily Stillwell's story and photos of her trip from Dawson City to Elsa to curl. The sights of the "Dawson Road" as we used to call the Klondike Highway brought back a number of memories. The photo of the Dawson teachers reminded me that Jinx Popoff (who married Lorne Ross) was my Grade 6 teacher for only half the year as she left Mayo to move to Dawson to marry Lorne. And, of course the familiar photos of Elsa in the Winter also were neat to see. Though I didn't live in Elsa I did work there for three summers in the early 1960s while attending university and recognize many of the buildings and the views of Mt Haldane (or "Lookout Mountain" as we locals called it) and the McQuesten Valley.

Emily thinks that the year of the Winter Safari might have been 1957. One suggestion to help verify the year is to look closely at the license plate on the car which shows fairly plainly with the number "92" in the photo with the car off the roadway. On the MocTel it is difficult to really see clearly the colours but they look sort of like white numbers on perhaps a dark (maybe black or green) plate. If you look at the Yukon Motor Vehicle website they have a description of all the Yukon plates and photos of those in use since 1956. The site is: <http://www.yukonweb.com/community/plates.html>. If the colours are white numbers on a dark (perhaps black or green) plate (with perhaps a red miner) then the year could be either 1959 or 1962. In 1957 the numbers were red and the plate was white. In 1958 the numbers were white but the plate was red. During the other years the numbers on the plates were darker in colour and probably wouldn't have shown up so clearly as does the one in the photo. Maybe this will help Emily in determining the year more definitively. It's clues such as license plates and calendars in photos that are so helpful in determining in what year the photo may have been taken.

I'm afraid I don't recognize the last two photos that Emily thinks may have been taken in Keno. I wonder if they were of one of the camps close to Keno? I'm sure someone who lived or worked in that area will be able to identify them more specifically. They are great photos and certainly show what the area was like back 50 years or so ago.

Thanks to Emily and to you Sherron, for making this account and the photos available for those of us who like to reminisce.

Harvey J. Burian hburian*telus.net Parksville, BC

I just found this site that shows the 1955 white on green plate. It appears that the green for that year was quite bright. Since the photo is not really clear it is difficult to tell if the plate on the car might have been as bright a green as is shown on the plate at this site. Perhaps if Emily can tell if the miner is black or red, this will help as the 1955 plate has a black miner on it.

http://www.worldlicenseplates.com/jpglps/CN_YT_GI5_1950's.jpg (Note: The author of this site appear to doesn't realize that the plates don't expire until March of the following year so that when he/she says that there is no 1951 plate, I believe the plate labelled 1952 [since it expires 31-3-52] is actually for 1951. The same is true for the next 3 plates - 1952, 1953 & 1954 - all labelled one year later.)

Just another piece to add to the puzzle!

Harvey

Dear Sherron,

I didn't go to Dawson until early December, 1955. It is very possible that we made the Elsa trip in 1956. It is lovely that the licence plate in the photo has provided information. I never thought of that possibility. Thanks to Harvey for his observation.

Erna Rath's sister Evelyn lives in Burlington, Ontario. Ev Rath, whom I think was single at the time, visited her sister while she was teaching in Dawson. She will most likely show up at our nursing reunion next September or I could drop her a line. I think Erna and possibly one or two of the other teachers in the photo left before me.

Ev Rath married Bill Dawson of the RCMP who was stationed in Whitehorse. I called in on them in Whitehorse. This all makes me think the visit to Elsa was in 1956 and not 1957.

I don't believe I knew that Jinx Popoff taught in Mayo or maybe I've just forgotten. Any more input will be of interest and greatly appreciated.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

Great special today. Really brought back a lot of good memories. Pretty well all the people in Emily's pictures are old friends and acquaintances from my Dawson days.

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

Nov. 28, 2007: We had about 2 beautiful white inches of light snow and by morning it was gone, but it's staying a little chilly, around zero and around +5 during the daytime. It's raining a bit now. Marine Drive, where the Boyes' live (from Mayo) they didn't have a flake. But I guess it's because they are right on the ocean and we are up higher. I was out today, but drove my little car and walked the Mall from end to end 3 times, so I got my walk in, I think.

I liked Emily's pictures; it reminds me of the year Pete and I were invited to a Masonic Dance and banquet at Calumet. It was wonderful and they seemed to have everything they needed and wanted to make a beautiful party. The food was "out of this world".

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

Hi Emily...I just viewed your pictures ...they are very good. Sylvia Blomberg was one of my best friends in Dawson City before I left in June 1954. Miss Gartside was my high school teacher, also our principal in Dawson. I, too went on a curling adventure, I think it was the winter of 1953...I was probably 15. I drove with a chap, I believe it was Gerry Meierhofer...did you know him? He used to tend bar for Fabian Salois...he was from Salzburg, Austria. He recently died in Prince George, I believe. We almost went off the road, as it was snowing heavily, but I was so thrilled to be going away (outside of Dawson, without my parents for a short adventure!) Wow! That is almost 55 yrs. ago now! All the best, and thanks for sharing your pictures!

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

REMEMBERING THE INTENT OF CHRISTMAS

Hi Sherron I wondered if you might want the attached for the Moc Tel. It might encourage people to take a stand concerning the loss of our Canadian traditions. And I would like to wish you and Bill a happy and joyous Christmas and health and happiness in the New Year. Have a great southern stay. Love, Debbie

Debbie Kelly debbiekelly@on.aibn.com
Office Administrator
Intergovernmental Relations
Government of Yukon
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December 2007

Dear Family and Friends:

This year instead of a news letter I am sending you a story of my Christmas experience of 1986. A number of you have probably already read this but I thought it might be appropriate at this time since Christmas has now been removed from our schools and institutions. Many stores are refusing to use the word Christmas in their advertising all in

the name of political correctness. I have, for several years now, refrained from buying at a store if they do not wish me a Merry Christmas and I let them know why. I tell them that if they cannot acknowledge the holiday I am celebrating then I cannot buy from their store. I have found this to be very effective on several occasions. My Christmas wish this year is that everyone will take a stand against the erosion of our Canadian traditions. Love to all and a very Merry CHRISTMAS.

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

MY CHRISTMAS STORY, 1987

It was two weeks before Christmas. The tree was decorated with hundreds of lights, shedding a warm glow throughout the house. Every inch of floor under the branches was strewn with many Santa covered boxes gaily decorated with ribbons. The nativity set was in its proper spot, awaiting the baby Jesus to be placed within on His birthday. I had started my Christmas baking – all new squares that year and my son was acting as official taster. Everything was ideal – or so I thought!

Something was missing, I realized.

I have a beautiful nativity set and thought perhaps I would pick up a similar set as a gift for my best friend. I saw every conceivable Christmas decoration during my outings but I soon realized that the few nativity scenes on display were either poorly constructed or so small as to appear insignificant.

What had happened to the central symbol of Christmas. Spelling Christmas with an X had not removed Christ from Christmas – we had through our own celebration of selfishness. We had not only taken Christ from Christmas but we had taken the true meaning of Santa out of Christmas. The original story of St. Nick is beautiful and filled with love – not the grasping, greedy symbol we have turned it into. We have taught our children that Christmas is a time of expectation instead of a time for sharing.

Then I remembered Christmas the previous year. I had, during the year of 1986, lost three very important people in my life – my father, step-mother, and the man I had been seeing. I thought that I had little to celebrate that Christmas. By Christmas Eve I found myself in a weepy, self-pitying mood and I was having a difficult time staying cheerful for my son. My son, being a very sensitive fellow at times, realized I needed a lifting of spirits and decided it was time to reveal the secret he had hidden in his closet.

“Santa has already come”, my son said. Thinking that he was attempting to con me in order that I might let him open all his presents Christmas Eve instead of the usual one, I didn’t pay much attention.

“Just stay right there in front of the tree and I will get what Santa has left upstairs”, he says. “All right”, I replied. Why not play along. It might be interesting to see what he was up to, I thought.

Within a very short time my son came back into the room loaded down with many gift-wrapped packages. I will never forget my utter bafflement, wondering what in the world was happening. My son was grinning from ear to ear as he dumped everything around me on the floor. He must have indeed felt like Santa’s helper but that didn’t explain where all these gifts came from.

Did Santa really exist? I have always wanted to believe so. Oh, I know he needs many helpers to spread his warmth and love but the ‘spirit’ of Santa I have always believed in and it looked as though my faith had been justified. It did finally dawn on me that only one person could have performed this magic – my best friend.

I immediately burst into tears. My son thinking something was wrong tried to comfort me. “Mom, I thought this would make you happy”, he said. In a choking voice and between many gulping sobs I explained that what he was seeing were tears of joy – not sadness.

I wouldn’t have had to even open the many gifts. It really would not have mattered what they contained. The gaily wrapped gifts told me their own story – a story of true friendship, understanding, and love. I no longer felt lonely, depressed or misunderstood. My friend had opened my eyes to the true meaning of Christmas – love, caring, and sharing with one another. I don’t want to ever forget how I feel at this moment, I thought.

We may not share the same religious beliefs but whatever our individual belief of God might be; I believe that Christmas is meant to be a celebration of our love for one another. In that way we honor the God of all religions.

I've sent this to everyone - it brought back some very nice memories - and I was remembering the big Christmas tree at the end of Main Street in Whitehorse and the many wonderful Christmas seasons I spent in Yukon as well as the many since with my son and friends.

Yes indeed, it is my very favourite time of year. And, yes I just finished decorating this morning before work. Started last Saturday!!! One of these days if I get my on line pictures straightened out I will send you some of my Christmas decorating and you will see why it takes me a week. This is a very busy time of year for me as I just finished doing several craft shows (my Christmas gift spending money).

The Christmas letter I sent you came into being when I used to pick someone and secretly play Santa. I would put together a food basket and many presents for all the family and dress as Santa and either my son or friends would come with me to deliver. I would take to door; ring the bell and when they answered run back to the car shouting Merry

Christmas as I ran. After one such year I heard back that the father of the family actually started believing in Santa. I would put that letter in with the gifts explaining why and hoping that if things changed for them in the future they would do the same thing. My conditions were that they wouldn't know who it was and that I would never be thanked.

Don't know if you have read the book "Magnificent Obsession" or not but along that principal. Haven't done it for a few years but a cousin phoned to ask if I would do it again with her this year for a 73 year old woman who still has to work and is feeling very depressed - no wonder.... I am getting very excited about playing Santa again this year - it is a highlight of my Christmas (not including my time with Sean and family Christmas Eve).

Wouldn't it be just great if something like this spread all over the world - then we could surely say Santa exists and know it is so.

Have a great Christmas and remember if you BELIEVE then Santa exists.

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

KLAAS HEYNEN FOUND

In an earlier MocTel Maroesja Van Oeveren (In Belgium) asked if anyone knew where Klaas Heynen is now. She did not get the answer.


Then just the other evening we had visitors from Calgary who are related to neighbours here in Yuma. The man is an editor of a Golf magazine(I think he called it "Boardroom") and he had heard about the Moccasin Telegraph and asked if I had one he could look at. While he was scanning through an older issue he saw Maroesja's request and remembered playing football in College with a Jack Heynen in Lethbridge in the 1950's and that he was going north.

Long story short he said Jack now lived in Calgary so I looked him up on Canada 411 and sent the address and phone number to Maroesja. She was a bit taken back by the timing of 1950 but did know that one of Klaas's sons was named Jack – so made the phone call anyway.

Here is her reply.

Hi Sherron, seems that Jack is Klaas's brother so now I have his telephone number. Just missing the address but will call him when in Tsawwassen next month. Thanks again for your effort. Jack, Klaas's and Johanna's son must have been named after his uncle.

Regards, Maroesja

 And thanks again, Mum will be very pleased, his phone number changed. M.



This is a picture of the sunset taken from Debbie's dining room Nov. 24th, 2007.
Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson (In Dawson) & Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. This one would make that an easy task with so many things visible; sunset, snow, bare trees, bird feeders, plants and much more.



Coastal Renaissance EnRoute to BC

This message is from a forwarded e-mail –

A friend of a friend of ours is the master in charge of bringing the new ferry over from Germany. They set sail on Friday. Attached is a photo of the ship after leaving the harbour. They took the Kiel Canal into the North Sea. (Photo was taken from a helicopter, sent to his blackberry on the ship, forwarded to his wife here in Nanaimo, and she sent it to us.) The fleet tracker shows them to be in the North Sea, passing the coast of the Netherlands. Notice that the bow is closed in. Although the ship is a double-ender – like we are used to – one end has been closed in for the voyage across the Atlantic and up the Pacific coast. The closed-in bow will be removed in Vancouver and returned to Germany to be affixed onto the second vessel. As and if we get more photos, we will share them.

This from BC Ferries website –

BC Ferries' Coastal Renaissance, the first of three new Super C-class vessels, is on its way. The ship left Flensburg, Germany on Saturday, October 27, bound for its new home in British Columbia.

The voyage will take approximately 45 days, depending on weather. So far it has included stops for refuelling at Brunsbuettel, Germany; Las Palmas, Canary Islands; and Cristobal, Panama. Having gone through the Panama Canal on November 21, the vessel will sail up the west coast of Central and North America to British Columbia.

And also from BC Ferries –

Introducing the Super Cs In 2008, three brand new vessels, the Coastal Renaissance, Coastal Inspiration and Coastal Celebration, will be bringing the best to our customers travelling on our three busiest routes: Departure Bay – Horseshoe Bay, Duke Point - Tsawwassen and Swartz Bay – Tsawwassen.

The new ships will be the largest double-ended ferries in the world, carrying 370 vehicles and 1650 passengers across the Strait of Georgia. With two passenger decks offering a wide selection of dining options, all with exceptional views, our customers will be treated to an unprecedented travel experience onboard BC Ferries.

OLD CROW NEWS

By Edith Josie

March 11. Connelly Airway's CPY arrived Old Crow and Abraham Thomas went over to take a trip and he been stay for a week. He arrived back on March 17. He really had a nice trip and come back.

March 17. Mr. Doctor and two nurses arrived here and test some men and women who feel sick but everyone is OK, but Marian Nukon, she went to Inuvik hospital.

On March 17 Fort Yukon plane arrived here with mail and after that Connelly Airway arrived here. I hear Mr. Boyle been Old Crow but sorry I never see him. (Ed. note: Bob Erlam was there, not I.)

March 18, Chief Charlie Peter, Andrew Charlie and Elias went to Crow Flat to set trap for rats.

March 20, Mr. Albert Frost, Norman MacDonald and some other boys will go to Crow Flat, too.

Hope everyone doing fine with rats before Easter. If no colds or sickness go around, we'll sure have a good time at Easter, making party and dance.

The spring is coming and the day is long now. Sure nice, sunshine every day for about two weeks now. There are few lakes across the river and John Joe Kay went over to set trap. He said he had 20 rats. He would get more but too cold for trap.

Around the town sure lots of ptarmigan fly around. They always hunt for it. Sometime we have it for supper or dinner.

Our Rev. James Simon is really busy with a nice service at Sunday. Wednesday he make service, and also he had hymn and Bible test at every Tuesday, 7 p. m.

CONFIRMATION

At Easter, our Bishop will come, so he teach four kids for confirmation, two girls and two boys. They really busy every day, he and Mrs. Simon. They been working so hard with WA and G.A. and practise some songs. Sure nice to have him here.

March 18, Mr. Peter Benjamin and Constable went up river for patrol far as Indian cache. Mr. Moses Tizyah and his wife supposed to come back on first part of March. They still gone.

All the men went out to the Flat for ratting trap before Easter.

March 18, Alfred Charlie went up to his camp at six-mile to cut wood for sale.

March 16, Albert Abel went up to Fish Lake to set trap for rats.

March 18, Mr. John Joe Kay and William Blake went across to set trap for rats and they came back with few rats yesterday, March 26. They say the lake is floated and can't set trap good.

I hear in Crow Flat they are doing good with rats. Hope they get rich after finish ratting.

The Connelly airway will arrive Old Crow today, so the people are hurry to see plane from Dawson.

When there are no planes in Old Crow so look lonesome, nothing to see. Sure bad, but the people are get use to it. They don't mind for to see any thing when no plane.

There are bad colds here and some people are sick but not so bad.

TOM BRYNE

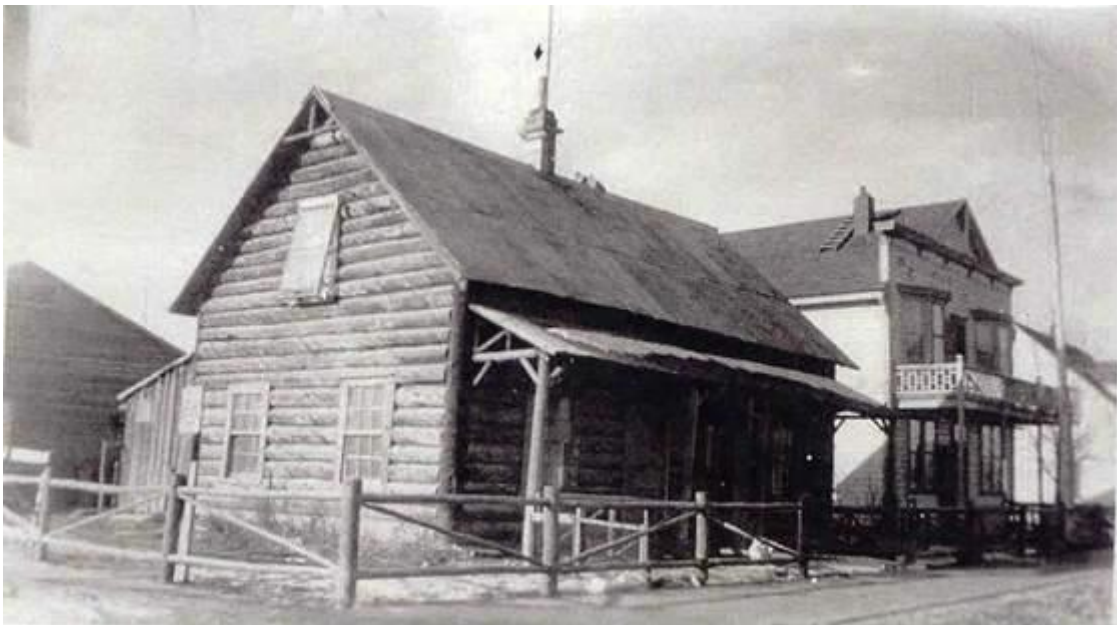
Just reading MocTel 230 and see Tom Byrne mentioned, jogged my memory and I would like to suggest a special on this very talented man. No one will ever be able to do the Robert Service readings like him and we owe him a lot for all his years of bringing those poems to life for so many people. I never tired of listening to him. Hope someone has info to send in.

Thanks

Audrey Vigneau vigneau*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

I would be happy to compile the information about Tom Bryne if anyone has some to share. I will leave it open until the end of the year and if there is sufficient to warrant a Special Edition then one will be compiled – otherwise I will include the comments in the next regular edition. – Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

WATSON HOUSE / RCMP OFFICE



Telegraph Office and adjacent the former home of Bruce and Edna Watson.
Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter (In Abbotsford BC)

So nice to see the old pictures of the Whitehorse Telegraph Station in the last MocTel. I wonder who remembers Bruce Watson, who was the telegraph operator there when I was a child and the “Morse Code” was still in use. He was the brother of Mathew Watson, who owned the store in Carcross for many years.

My mother Grace Richards and Edna Watson, (Bruce's wife) were best friends -and their only child, Lorraine Watson, was my big sister Wilda's best friend.

The Watson family lived in the building shown in your last issue of MocTel and listed as the RCMP headquarters, which apparently it became after the Watson family left Whitehorse, I guess. It was handy for Bruce to have his office in the building right next door.

I only remember it as their home because my family were frequent guests there - I still have vivid memories of exploring the upstairs in that house when I was a pre-schooler. It seemed immense to me (at probably about 4 years old,) and had lots of nooks and crannies which made it ideal for playing "hide-and-seek." I wonder if little kids still play that game today...

Bruce and my father Eric both built cabins at Ice Lake, on opposite sides of the lake. I believe Charlie Atherton, who was an employee of Taylor and Drury's Store, had the first cabin there, and the Porter family, Theresa Smith's folks, also had a week-end cabin there..

Of course, Ice Lake no longer exists, due to the trees being cut down and the water used for Ice blocks for the U.S. Army when they arrived to build the Alaska Highway, but it was a part of our lives for many years, and a favourite place to go canoeing.

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

AMBITIOUS BIKE RIDER

On my trip up the Hi-way last summer I met quite a few groups of bike riders and as I was passing another fellow I thought I should turn around and go talk to him, keeping the MocTel in mind. So that is what I did, pulled a wheelie and flagged him down and told him about the MocTel and that I would like to write a small story about him for the MocTel. He was very happy to accommodate me. He asked if I had seen another gal ahead of him and I said yes, I say a rider not sure whether it was a him or her, and he said he was hoping to catch up with her for company.

I asked his name and he was Christian from Switzerland, 27 years old, he was riding from as far north as possible to as far south as possible. He would eventually end up at the bottom of Argentina, South America, he figured about two years. I believe he said he started out at Circle AK. He had flown in to Vancouver taken the ferry the Anchorage Alaska and then got a ride to not sure Circle, Barrow the farthest place in Alaska with a road and that is where he started. I saw him in July and he started in May. I then wished him well and carried on with my trip up the Hiway.

Mogey M





Christian from Switzerland
Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

KEN JONES YUKON TRIP 2007 – Special Edition

Wow!! I just read the Ken Jones story, and I am ready to pack my bags....I am so doggone homesick.....but I think that I will wait until spring...LOL My blood is to thin from living in the Banana Belt.

What a fantastic story....

All the years I spent in the Yukon, I never got a chance to ride the train, so perhaps a revisit back home is long over due.

Hats off to you Ken...that is fantastic photography.....and a continuation of a legacy...

Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca (In Langley BC)

CURLING CHAMPS IN YUKON

Looks like Whitehorse is growing up. Attached are a couple of pictures of the Ferby rink taken during a \$30,000 cash Bonspiel played last weekend. The Ferby rink did not win the spiel, but looks like they won both Donna Rivest and Marg Deeks as consolation prizes.

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



Albert – Canadian - World Champs visit Whitehorse.
David Nedohin, Randy Ferby, Marg Deeks, Scott Pfeifer and Marcel Rocque

Photos courtesy Donna Rivest (In Whitehorse)



Four time World Curling Champs visit Whitehorse.
David Nedohin, Randy Ferby, Donna Rivest, Scott Pfeifer and Marcel Rocque

From Wikipedia:

Randy Ferbey (born May 30, 1959 in Edmonton, Alberta) is a Canadian curler from Sherwood Park, Alberta.

Ferbey is one of the best curlers in the world, being a **six** time Canadian champion and a **four** time World Champion. His team includes David Nedohin (third), Scott Pfeifer (second) and Marcel Rocque (lead).

All together, he has played in eight Briers, six World Championships, all three Continental Cups, skipped in two Canadian Mixed Curling Championships, and won three Canada Cups. He also is a Sales and Marketing Representative for Asham Curling Supplies.

David Nedohin (born December 20, 1973 in Winnipeg, Manitoba) is a Canadian curler, playing as the third on the Randy Ferbey curling team from Edmonton, Alberta.

Marcel Rocque (born June 22, 1971 in St. Paul, Alberta) is a Canadian curler home to the city of Edmonton, Alberta. He is a four time winner of The Brier, the annual Canadian men's curling championship and a three time World Champion as the lead for the Randy Ferbey team. Rocque would play in two Alberta provincial championships as a lead for Don Walchuk before joining the Ferbey team by 1999. He currently works as a boys Physical Education Teacher at Westminster Junior High in Edmonton Alberta.

Scott Pfeifer (born January 5, 1977 in St. Albert, Alberta) is a Canadian curler from Sherwood Park who plays in Granite Curling Club, Edmonton.

Pfeifer won the '94 Canadian Junior Curling Championships and World Junior Curling Championships as a second for Colin Davison. In 1997 Pfeifer threw fourth stones for Ryan Keane and would win his second national junior championship. He finished third at the '97 World Junior Curling Championships and became the '98 Shamrock Poor Boy champion. By 1999, he had joined the Randy Ferbey team, for whom he plays second. With Ferbey, Pfeifer would win 5 national titles and 4 world titles.

Pfeifer works as a senior analyst for Alberta Energy.

NORTH OF ORDINARY MAGAZINE LOOKING FOR FORMER YUKONER TO INTERVIEW FOR “WHERE ARE THEY NOW” COLUMN

Would there be a way to ask your readers if they want to be in our “Where are they now column?”

It would make it a bit easier for me to find people and I'm sure with their connections to the Yukon, they'd love to share what they are up to with people here in the Yukon.

I know that our readers really enjoy the column because we're getting lots of positive feedback on it.

It might be easiest to just put the link in a newsletter and then your readers can go there themselves. We try to get a mix of younger and older people, and people from different social groups.

Yukon, North of Ordinary magazine, the inflight magazine on Air North, is looking to catch up with former Yukoners for it's "Where are they now?" column. We interview two to three former Yukoners in each issue.

If you're interested in being interviewed for the column, e-mail the editor, Lily Gontard, editor@northofordinary.ca. You can also call her toll free at 1-888-848-6671 ext. 2. Interviews can be done over the phone or by e-mail. Check out some of the previous interviewees at <http://www.northofordinary.ca/discover/where.html>

Thanks,
Lily Gontard, (In Whitehorse) Editor
Yukon, North of Ordinary magazine
Air North's inflight magazine



Sunset view from our house November 27, 2007 – this is the view to the north east; the opposite direction to the actual setting sun, most of the sky was coloured.

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*roadrunner.com (In Yuma)

Sherron here is a little bit of info that might be of value to everyone on Moc Tel. Especially those who love their pets.

ANIMAL MEDS PRESCRIBED BY VETERANIRIANS

I checked the price of the two drugs on Marketplace. From Pet Meds online here in the US.. The insulin for cats, is \$124.95 and the Tapazole is \$1.24 **A PILL..**

I think it is a big eye opener for everyone.. Certainly worth asking for a prescription. No wonder people can't afford to take their pets to the VET in either country.

<http://www.cbc.ca/marketplace/>

Merna Hernsley terrtori_1@hotmail.com (In Ohio)

I watched the 25 minute online CBC show MarketPlace and if you do not have time to check it out at least know they were trying to make pet owners aware that you have the option of asking for a prescription and having it filled at a drugstore or check out prices elsewhere. The Vet shops checked in the program ranged vastly in what they charged for medications they recommend. The show learned that there is not a suggested retail on the products and some charged several hundred percent markup. Some pets are required to take regular meds to exist. – Sherron

ARTISTIC TALENT – by ABOVE SIXTY BALLET COMPANY

Thank you so very much for featuring my Above Sixty Ballet Company on the Moccasin Telegraph. The paintings have been lovingly scanned and printed by Tim Kinvig of Whitehorse with my permission.

Spirited Northern women in their colourful parkas are the inspiration for Barbara Forsyth's acrylics on canvas series, The Above Sixty Ballet Company.

As a social worker with the Yukon Territorial Government during the 1980's and 90's, Barbara travelled to the many far flung Yukon communities where she encountered ingenious women working with fur, fabric and hides to design exquisite parkas.

Yukon and Alaska's historic past and Gold Rush buildings provide the backdrops for her dancers. As a Heritage Interpreter for Parks Canada and the Old Log Church for the past ten years, Barbara has enjoyed an intimate working knowledge of the historic buildings she paints today.

The acrylic originals are computer scanned, printed and framed with colourful batik mattes. The Above Sixty Ballet Company series comes in 8x10 frames at twenty dollars.

Currently there is a series of four Skagway, two Alaskan, nine Whitehorse, Manitoba and

Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Elevators and seven Dawson renderings.

The Skagway series includes Soapy Smith's Parlour, The Red Onion Saloon, The Haven Cafe and the Sentinel Island Light house. The Alaskan series includes St. Michael's of Sitka and an Alaskan or Yukon Tlingit Mortuary Pole.

The Whitehorse series includes, the S.S. Klondike, The Log Cabin Skyscraper, the Old Log Church, Whitehorse Elementary School, Christ the King School, Sacred Heart Cathedral, Ken Anderson's Tlingit Pole, Riverdale Baptist Church, and Yukon Biffy.

The Dawson series includes the Yukon Hotel, St. Paul's, S.S. Keno, Bombay Peggy's, the Pit or the Westminster, the Kissing Buildings, and Klondike Kate's.

There are new up and coming dancers in the wings.

I can be reached at blackbarb7@hotmail.com or at 250-592-8894 in Victoria.

Barbara Forsyth



SS Klondike

Image copyright Barb Forsyth blackbarb7@hotmail.com (In Victoria)

OBIT

Frank GLOWACKI, November 9, 1931 - November 26, 2007 Frank Glowacki of Stony Plain passed away on November 26, 2007 at the Westview Health Centre. Frank is survived by his sister Annie; niece Sharon; nephews and grand-nephews. He is also mourned by Audrey Goodman, his companion of 32 years and her family: Lenore (Don), Glenda (Ron), Cindy, Jerome (Isabelle), Randy, Spencer, Justin, Adriel, Renee and Lianna. He was predeceased by his parents: Stefan and Lena, brother Peter and sisters: Mary Woods, Doris Vlasak and niece Eileen Hackett. Frank was originally from the Vancouver area. He worked for some time on the CPR boats along the west coast from Seattle to Alaska as a steward. **He spent 14 years in Faro, Yukon where he worked as a camp attendant for Faro Catering.** Frank was known for his daily walk through the downtown of Stony Plain where he made many friends in the area. The Good Samaritan Cottages have been his home for the past year and a half. A Memorial Gathering will be held on Monday, December 3, 2007 at the Travelodge, 74 Boulder Boulevard, Stony Plain, AB from 2:00 - 4:00 p.m. Published in the Edmonton Journal on 11/30/2007.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Can you take me off the mailing list till I get a new address going...still going to Vancouver every two weeks for nerve block shots. Not a lot of fun but I am upright.

Thanks Donna McLean keebird@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

BACK ON THE LIST

Our daughter e-mailed us that she saw that our e-mail address was being dropped as it wasn't right. We've been on the road for a couple of months and haven't had much computer contact. But we do have a yahoo address that will work in the Yukon and down here in Arizona its dorwjduncan@yahoo.ca We really do enjoy the Moccasin Telegraph so hope we can get back on your e-mail list. Thanks loads

Walter and Doreen Duncan

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM. - "Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck."

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by my friend Susan Andreeff erniesue*shaw.ca in Parksville – She puts us up each year when we attend the Vancouver Island Yukoners Picnic and has been interested in scanning the MocTel to keep up to date on what we are doing. - Sherron

Hi Mrs.:

As you know I don't like to spend much time in the kitchen. I'm sure there are others around just like me so I am passing on a few recipes that are quick, easy and delicious for Christmas or anytime...I am always asked for them again and again.

MERINGUES

3 large egg whites
1/8 tsp salt
3/4 c sugar

Whip egg whites and salt until stiff - add sugar gradually until stiff peaks are formed. Place onto parchment paper (in any shape you choose).

I make mine look like birds nests then I can stuff them with almost anything - i.e.: pie filling - lemon, chocolate, whipped cream, strawberries -- use your imagination. Can really be decorated pretty in red and green cherries etc for Christmas.

For Easter I filled mine with lemon pie filling and a little whipped cream with a chick sitting on top it was cute.

Bake for 1 1/4 hrs at 175 degrees
EASY and can be colorful.

STUFFING:

No fail

Old bread crumbs (or fresh bread)

onion chopped in small pieces

3/4 tsp salt and pepper (or to taste)

1 tbsp poultry seasoning (I use 3x that amt)

melt in 1/4 - 1/3 cup margarine (or butter)

melt it in the microwave and pour in hot toss...

Easy AND EVERYONE'S FAVORITE IN OUR FAMILY

CHICKEN WINGS...EASY

1 cup cream sherry

1 cup soy sauce

1/2 c brown sugar

few green onions chopped

Mix the above ingredients in a saucepan - put in raw chicken wings and boil on low for 1 1/2 hrs.. delicious... ENJOY!!!!

DATES TO REMEMBER

It would seem that the number of Vancouver Yukoners who are also MocTel subscribers must be rising, for I got an email this morning wondering why our push to get members out for our Christmas meeting did not include putting the information on the Moccasin Telegraph. If it is not too late:

Vancouver Yukoners' Christmas Luncheon meeting Dec. 6, 2007 12:00 noon at the Croatian Cultural Center, 3250 Commercial Drive

What better day for a party than St. Nicholas' Day! It's the cheapest Christmas meal of the season: \$10.00

We encourage car pools for our meetings, especially this one. We don't have one for Yuma yet but we have Burnaby and Coquitlam pretty well covered, thanks to Helen Munro and Mary MacDonald. Sue Morrison covers Maple Ridge. Corinne (Appleyard) Loeppky has the Richmond list; Bill Drury, Sechelt. We are still recruiting in the Lower Fraser Valley and North Vancouver.

The Croatian Cultural Centre is wheelchair accessible; parking is free. For the really mobile Vancouver/New Westminster folks, walk or bus a few blocks south of Broadway and Commercial Skytrain stations.

Why not plan a mid-week Christmas shopping foray into Vancouver and stop off for a couple of hours for lunch and a visit with old friends from the Yukon?

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Winter Address –

483 – 5707 East 32nd St.

Yuma, Arizona 85365 Phone 928-341-0690