

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 233rd Edition – December 16th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Lewes Lake area.

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

QUALICUM STORM

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)

Yesterday, in the dawn's first glow,
On the seawall in the fresh laid snow.
The air was cool and my pace was brisk,
And the snow beneath my feet was crisp.

The shore was alive as birds and beasts,
Assembled there for the morning feast.
As eagles and seagulls and ducks all vied,
For morsels left by the ebbing tide.

The raucous cries of the gulls and crows,
Were muffled and stilled by the falling snow,
While far off shore I could hear the peal
Of the great sea lion and the harbour seal.

Oh, what a glorious day it was,
If only we'd take the time to pause.
The wonders of nature are all around
Wrapped in a snow-white fluffy gown.

Today I walked by the sea again,
The weather had changed to sleet and rain.
As in the early morning hush,
I made my way through the freezing slush.

The gulls and crows huddled near the wall,
Out of reach of the winter squall.
The eagles soaring on the breeze,
Had fled to the shelter of the trees.

The seals and sea lions feed today
Far under the surface of the bay.
I thought, "they'd be pleased to be safe and warm
So why am I out here in the storm?"

Then I answered myself, as I often do,
"Quit your whining and feeling blue?
Winter must bring its bit of gloom,
Even here in God's Waiting Room".

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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

Friday 27 August 1948

Beer 4.35

Down to 27° last night - but a bright clear morning with some promise of warming up. After breakfast Jaw and Ed and Ellen packed into Burwash to see if they could get started, I planning to look in on them later in the morning after seeing how our own plans developed. Paul said they got away OK about 10:30 so they apparently had no further trouble. Sat around in the brush camp discussing the Kluane Silt soil profile development, and then I gave Hugh a haircut which he had been wanting for some time. After lunch Paul gave me one, too, a regular scalping, but it'll have a couple of weeks to grow before I hit civilization. Following that I went down to the beach and had an icy shampoo. Around 2:30 Hugh, Bill, and I strolled in the trail to check a profile across the road from the Mission, and in Burwash we bumped into Albert Isaac and proceeded to converse.



Copper Lillie, Mrs. Jimmie Johnson, Lena Johnson, Hughie Johnson on hill at Burwash-3

Somehow or other the question of ages came up and he told me to guess his: I tried with 55 and he guffawed in amazement at my apparent lack of discernment. Then he pegged me at 37, which was damn close and said he was 78 yrs. old! That is hard to believe, especially after having seen him on horseback, but I expect he should know his own age at least within 10 yrs. Again he launched into tales of early days about his boyhood at Aishihik (his father was chief before him and he is now); about the first white men who came into that country by boat up the Nisling River to trade; how Jack Dalton blazed an overland trail through and brought the first horses they had ever seen: the horses were so astounding that the Indians called them “big dogs” and cached their food higher up in the trees so they couldn’t eat it. Then Albert told the old tale of the Indian Skookum Jim who first discovered gold on the Klondike River and so started the stampede of ’98: Albert took the shovel from my hand and proceeded to act out this find of Skookum Jim’s; the goldbearing sands were so black and heavy that Jim couldn’t lift a whole shovelfull, much less a pan full, so he filled the pan with as much as he could handle, and laboriously washed it, and lo! the bottom of the pan was covered with the yellow stuff. The first pan load contained \$500. worth of gold and so a new bit of history began. Jim’s wife was with him at the time and also someone else whose name I didn’t get.

Albert also told me that if I was interested I could pan for gold anywhere in the Big Arm, from Gladstone to Raft creek—I suppose he meant in the streams coming down from the mountains, or else in the sands at the base of the outwash gravels. (That, according to Gene Jacquot, is theoretically the place to find the gold – at the base of the gravels, and he tells about how the early prospectors used to dig down into these gravels: when they came to permafrost they built fires to thaw out a few inches at a time; and when the

shafts were so deep that fires wouldn't draw in them, they heated up rocks and tossed them in to speed the thawing. He once saw some miners expose a sheep skull 35 ft. deep in such gravels.) Cf. other notes on Albert Isaac and early traders to Aishihik. We complimented Albert on his horn spoons and ordered two of them, one for me and one for Raups, at \$7.50 each, the same large size as Kennedy's.



After the hunt: Gene, Mrs. Gene, Kennedy, Osborne, et al.

Apparently he has no sheephorn left at the moment, but he will try to get them made before we go, and if that isn't possible we'll arrange with Gene to have them mailed out. While we were examining the "marble cake" profile across from the Mission, Fred and Gene returned from Whitehorse: the deal is consummated and the wagon now belongs to Gene; we have the use of it until Sept. 9th. On the trip Fred got all sorts of stories from Gene: 1 - He and Louie originally emigrated from Alsace, as young men and came to the wheat farming country of western Canada. Louie, being older and having an itchy foot, always seemed to get on the move before Gene who generally followed in a year or so. When they perceived in a year or so that they weren't going to be successful farmers, Louie moved on again and presently ended up in Needles, California where he worked for Fred Harvey on the Santa Fe: because of his prowess as a baker he soon became Chief Pastry Cook. Then he sent for Gene who came down to Needles and was Assistant Pastry Cook. When the '98 Stampede came, Louie moved on again into the Yukon and Gene kept hearing from him and also getting requests for \$ because the pickings were lean. So Gene mailed him \$200. in Skagway—which Louie never got.

After a while Gene got tired of his job as Ass't. Pastry Cook and left for Skagway. On the way he had a dream about a letter so he stopped in the P.O. at Skagway to see if there were any mail for him: here they told him there was another letter (for Louise) Jacquot in

town and so he went there and found upon inquiry that she had received his letter and the 200 meant for Louie. To make the coincidence even more striking, Gene had mailed the money from Indiana (where he had gone for some reason I forget between Needles and the Yukon) and Louise Jacquot of Skagway had an old uncle Jacquot somewhere in Indiana who could have sent her the \$. Anyhow Gene got the money from her and went on over the Chilkoot to join Louie.



Trail from Burwash to camp

This old **Mrs. Allen**, the mother of Sam Johnson's wife and French Paul's wife, whom we've seen around lately, is the widow of an old Tanana slave captured and kept by Copper Joe. After this Allen, brought back as a slave, had been around here for some time, he eloped with this girl and they ran off to Selkirk on the Lewes where they lived for 10 yrs. Old **Mrs. Allen** must be in her late 70's now.

Copper Lillie and Mary Jacquot out in the eve with some more moccasins (none for me) and afterwards we sat by the fire in the brush camp and drank the beer which I had bought last night but it was too cold then.

Saturday 28 August 1948

Looked as if it might be clear and bright all day so decided to pack a lunch and run north up the Highway as far as possible for a look-see and also to check a peculiar speckled tree pattern that appears on the air-photos of the muskegs north of Dry Creek. Cleared

from Burwash at 9:30 and enjoyed a fine drive.



Upstream Jarvis Creek from bridge



Slims River mudflats - downstream

Crossed the seven channels of the Donjek (6 bridges) and held up a few minutes there where they are driving some new piles under bridge #6. Halted again at the White River to get some pictures, and again at Mile 1157 between the two crossings of Koidern Creek where Fred and I climbed up into the woods and skinned off as much birchbark as we could get in a 1/2 hr. This is the spot where the Burwash Indians go for bark, as it is the closest to Kluane Lake.

Passed Paul Nieman's place at about Mile 1191 (just north of the turnoff to Snag): he has two neat-looking little cabins finished and third started, although he doesn't seem to have

too good a tourist spot, what with the nearness of Dry Creek Inn, and the muskeg and mud. But I wish him luck. Lovely country up through there, although it is all a giant black spruce muskeg; a few black flies out but they didn't seem to be biting, and fortunately all the mosquitoes all frozen out. The muskegs have now turned a beautiful fall color with the *Betula* and *Arctostaphylos* going red, the *Salix* yellow, etc. The black spruce which grows weakly on the muskeg is the most stunted and tortured I have ever seen because of the intensive congeliturbation still going on. The permafrost zone is only 12" deep under the surface moss.



Island of drunken spruce in muskeg kettlehole, Mile 1179



East across lake from "our creek"



Paul giving me a haircut

We never did find the answer to the peculiar business at once. Mrs. Jimmie checked over the bark and said she'd make some baskets for us: then she went around pointing to various pots and pans in the cabin so we'd get an idea of size. I wanted especially a baby cradle so that was good for some joking and she seemed pleased at the idea of making one. Then she showed me how the bark is worked: the piece must be fairly solid with not too many knot holes; it is thinned down by peeling from the bark surface in toward the cambium; then for softness and malleability it is held over heat for a few moments after which it may be bent, folded and shaped most anyway desired. Later, when we went up to Burwash-3 to check the profile again, we bumped into Mrs. Jimmy over there in company with Copper Lillie, Lina Johnson (Moose's daughter who works in the café), and young Hughie Johnson. Mrs. J. had her canvas bag and 5 ft double-pointed digging stick and she and Copper Lillie were on a spruce-root-digging spruce clumps because we didn't have time to dig enough thru the permafrost—it's almost as easy to penetrate as concrete! These spruce clumps are characterized by a group of perhaps 6-12 trees which grow noticeably taller and straighter than the surrounding trees and in every case they are located on a low mound rising 1-2 ft. above the level of the surrounding muskeg. The only old stumps we noted are also located around the central point of these clumps. Something about these mounds, which are spaced roughly 200 ft. apart in all directions—has caused reduced congeliturbation and allowed the trees to grow more rapidly and straighter to heights of 20-30 ft., while the general run of the muskeg spruce is crooked and twisted and little more than 10 ft. tall.

Had lunch of barbecued sheep steaks on the rim of a borrow pit just S of [Sanpete] Creek. There is also much [tussock] tundra in this section of the Beaver Creek Muskegs. It is apparently a knob and kettle moraine area, and to the west the Nutzotin range of Alaska

is clearly visible. After lunch, and an hour spent trying to dig futile holes in and around the spruce clumps, we shoved on up the Highway to a little beyond Mile 1200, just a few miles short of the Alaska border, then we turned about and headed for camp. That whole section of road is very rough as they are trying to build up the grade level without size gravel.

Arrived back in camp about 7:45 for late supper and a brief evening by the fire. Found a nice letter from Elaine waiting, but too late to write her. Below freezing again tonight.

To be continued



Sun & Shadow

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Sun & Shadow on December 2

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The winter has come on quite firmly
and the season is making its mark.

Minus 37 is the low point today
and it really is getting quite dark.

The sun is diminishing daily
as the daylight hours decline.
The town is now mostly in shadow
even when the weather is fine.

Old Sol creeps over the southern hills
less and less each day.
He touches the Dome with a clear, cold light
and then he slips away.

On days like this when we go outside
we're bundled from head to toe,
and we find that even our canine friends
wear booties to walk in the snow.

It's going to get darker for 20 more days
before the Earth tilts, and then,
as the light creeps down from the hill to the town,
the cycle begins again.



War Memorial – Whitehorse – 1944 - 45

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

Cenotaph must have been on Second Avenue near Elliott Street. Wonder what year it was built and by whom? Then it must have been moved to the front of the new Whitehorse federal building in around 1952. Then sometime after that it disappeared. Wonder why?

Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com (In Ottawa)

War memorial this was WWI as WW2 was still on. It was on 2nd Ave half a block off Main Street. I want you to look closely at the picture; there is a lot to see in it.

A) Notice the sewer line going down the lane (being installed).

B) You can see the back of the log telephone building.

C) You can see the poles lying in the yard for future use.

D) look down the left side of the picture to the back of the fence, the house you see was Geo Milne's (you told his story when he crashed). The house went to Gordon Cameron (former Yukon commissioner) he sold it to a lawyer named Bob Rowan; he had an office above the N.C. store.

The reason I know about this is - to the right of the photo out of the picture was my dad's bakery on 2nd Avenue before it was moved over on to Main Street.

I lived there for about 10 or 12 years.

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

This monument was moved from Second and Elliott to the front of the Federal Building. When this was torn down and replaced by the current Elijah Smith Federal Building the plaques were removed and the Cenotaph destroyed. The plaques were then installed on a new structure in front of City Hall.

Rolf Hougen marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

A WINTER SAFARI

Please tell the folks that I feel quite certain that the year I went with the others to Elsa to curl was during the winter of 1955-1956 and not 1957. I've decided this from the colour of the licence plate. Thanks to Harvey Burian.

Thank you.

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



Sternwheeler White Horse - Dawson

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

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



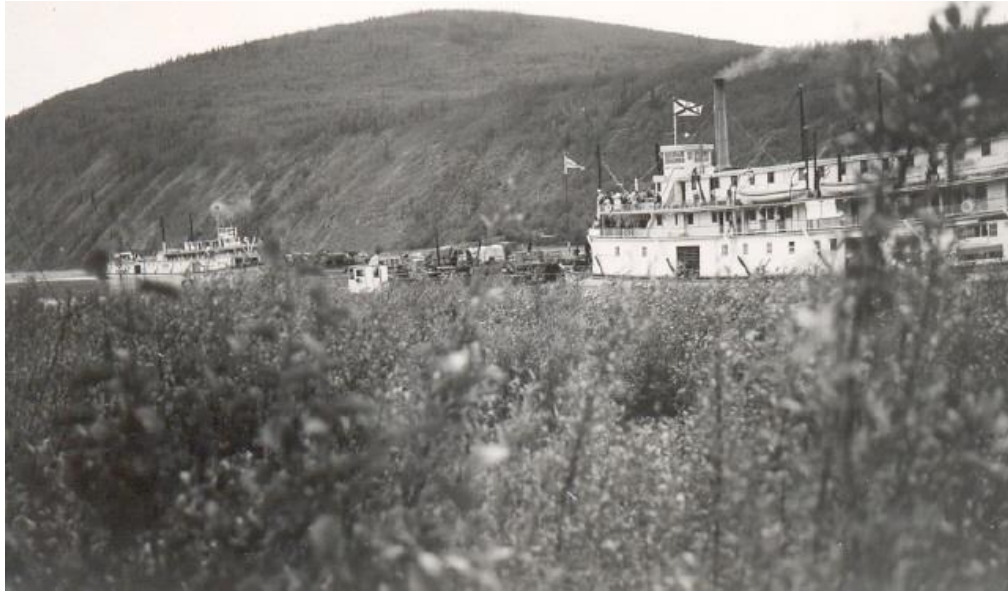
Sternwheeler White Horse – pushing a barge – Dawson

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

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

The first picture looks like Dawson; she could be docked and just ready to pull out, from the wave I noticed in back of her. She would be heading upriver.

In the second picture, she is heading downstream and my guess is that this picture is out of sequence; it looks as if she is making her turn below the dock to start back upstream to the dock. This is also Dawson.



Sternwheeler White Horse - Dawson
Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Sternwheeler White Horse – pushing a barge - Dawson
Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

The third and fourth pictures show her leaving Dawson, heading upstream.

I believe that is the Klondike coming downstream on the other side. She has no barge and the Klondike was used more as a tourist boat, rather than for freighting.

Margaret Underwood yukonl80@hotmail.com (In San Jacinto CA)

EDITH JOSIE'S COLUMN

The Whitehorse Star, Whitehorse, Yukon, Thursday, April 25, 1963

OLD CROW NEWS

BY EDITH JOSIE

March 30, the skiers arrived back in Old Crow. Sure nice to see them. They said they really had a good trip, and go to another city which they never see before. Sure interesting for them. They just live in a small village along the Porcupine River and here they travel in bus and most of the time by plane. They really tired when they get to Old Crow. They've been doing ski races and travel and were sure tired. I hear that Mrs. Martha Benjamin, Ben Charlie and Isaac Thomas will go back to Ottawa for training. I hope they stand it when they practice Abraham Peter was in Edmonton hospital and Susie Linklater was behind cause they fix her teeth.

March 30, Peter Tizyah was in from Crow Flat. He said it is not much good for ratting trap. Some lakes are frozen and not much good for trap. I hear Moses Tizyah is coming down to Old Crow and John Joseph went up to meet him, but still he gone yet.

Sure nice sunshine this morning and soft wind, too.

APRIL 6

Moses Tizyah and his wife came down from Simon Cache. They never see caribous or any moose. They catch few dog salmon last fall. They use it for dog feed.

April 6, same day, Johnny Ross, Joel Peter, Robert Bruce and Ronnie Linklater got into town from Crow Flat but not may rats. Some of them got hundred rats. That same evening Andrew Charlie came in to town he's not ratting.

Ben Charlie - Isaac Thomas
Phares Thomas - Erwin Linklater
Susy Linklater - Abraham Peter - Doris Niootli
Father Mouchet Martha Benjamin.

April 6, Mr. William Blake and his wife Maria and three kids went down river to cut wood for sale before Easter. They will be back during this week.

April 8 Mr. Paul Ben and Lazarus Charlie arrived back from their ratting camp, but some of them still gone.

April 9, it is nice morning - bright, warm sunshine. The snow is melting a little. Sure look like spring.

Mr. Rev. J. Simon is expecting our Bishop Marsh. He's really busy, he and his wife. Everybody is waiting to see Bishop. Sure nice for him to be with us Easter holiday.

APRIL 9

Norman McDonald, Albert Frost and Freddy Frost came back from Crow Flat, I hear they're doing fine with rat traps. They lucky boys for their lake.

It is nice bright sunshine this morning but around 4 p. m. the weather is bad --- wind and storming a little. I hope it will get clear by morning, because tomorrow April 10 is mail day.

No caribou and some people got no meat for spring. I hope we see caribou when the weather is warm, cause when no meat to eat, sure don't look very nice, just like we don't eat nothing and hungry.





Bazaar – Dawson – November 2007

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

Bazaar Draws a Crowd

by Dan Davidson

November 20, 2007

It's easy to tell when the pre-Christmas season begins in Dawson. Just watch for the coming of the annual Christmas Bazaar.

On November 17 the school gym was packed as usual with folks looking for that locally made item which would make a good gift for relatives Outside. The choices ranged from locally made parkas to the simpler joys of jams and jellies, with sweaters, pottery, locally produced holiday cards and craft items in between.

Some of the tables were staffed by local shop owners looking to cash in on the bazaar atmosphere.

The Thrift Store staffed by the Anglican Church Women, normally busy on a Saturday any way, moved some of its goods to the bazaar and did a brisk business in second hand ware and baked goods.

Santa was busy on the stage, getting his picture taken with the younger set while doting parents looked.

In the next room the Grads of 2008 were busy promoting the sale of tickets for a cake walk.

For some it was simply a chance to get out and meet others, and there was a lot of chatting done amongst the displays.

The bazaar is always a busy event and this year's was no exception.



The Christmas Bazaar filled the school gym on Nov. 17.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



This locally made parka was among the goods on sale.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Fabric art creations vied with photographs and paintings for peoples interest and money.
 Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

MAYO CPA PHOTO – In MocTel 232



Just scratching my head and curious a bit about Tom Tait's photo regarding the CPA office in Mayo.....am I getting old, and not remembering correctly??? For some reason that photo does not look like the CPA office I remember in the 50's in Mayo. It was situated in the corner of the Chateau Mayo Hotel. And that hill in the background just doesn't belong there! I don't mean to correct Tom on his memory....as mine is really fading....but I think this photo must have been taken in Dawson. Maybe I am wrong, but if you could help me out here Harvey, I would be really happy to know I haven't lost it all together. The hill shown in the picture really looks like Dawson....Mayo didn't have any hills that close other than Lookout Mtn. and it was not that close. I know I'm rambling on....so bare with me. I worked in the Chateau cleaning rooms when I was fourteen, so I know it was a two storey building....somehow that just doesn't add up in my memory.

Also when we lived in Mayo, the only other hotel that had a restaurant in it was the Silver Inn owned by the Juroviches at the time. Just thinking out loud, and rather confused

about these details. Could you help me rattle my brain again Harvey.....thanks in advance.

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

OK now you have me wondering whether it was Mayo but sure isn't Dawson City. See the attached.

It is 55 years since I worked there.

Ton Tait



Canadian Pacific Airlines Office – Dawson
Photo courtesy Tom Tait ttait@telus.net (In Coquitlam)

This picture is definitely in Dawson City. We don't recognize the one in the Moc/Tel but then, we weren't too familiar with Mayo at that time.

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

Sherron, that building is in Dawson on Front Street next to the grocery store. I think Dave (Buffalo) Taylor owns it.

John Gould jgould@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

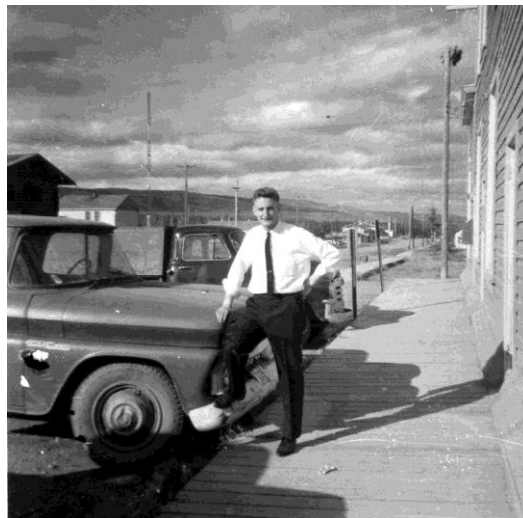
Hi Sherron,

Enclosed are three photos that show the CPA Office in Mayo. The first is of the Chateau Mayo Hotel and you can see the red Canadian Pacific Airlines sign above the door near the corner of the hotel. The office was in the corner and the door on the other side also opened into it. The red truck parked in front of the hotel is the CPA vehicle that

transported all the baggage (and mail) for outgoing fliers to the airport and carried the same for the incoming fliers. Incidentally, the fellow in the red shirt in the photo is Brian McGeachy. Unfortunately I can't remember the name of the other person. The photo was taken on May 10, 1961. (I noted the date but not the names of the people!)



The second photo is a close-up of the sign and door to the CPA office on the South side of the Chateau Mayo Hotel, and of the agent at the time...around the mid 1960s I believe. This person came after I left for university so although I met him I cannot remember his name. My mother took this photo.



The third photo is of Trevor Bennett who was the agent for a couple of years about 1962 to 1963 or 64. He has his foot on the bumper of the red CPA truck and is in front of the other door on the West side of the Chateau Mayo Hotel. The view is looking up Centre Street and was taken in August 1963 just before I left for Vancouver.

I believe the CPA Office would have been in this location from about 1956 or 57 (perhaps even a bit earlier). I am not sure where it was before that time. I think CPA may only have had an office at the airport but I could be incorrect. Perhaps someone else who lived in Mayo can remember. CPA moved to this location the same time that it and the Post Office moved into what had previously been the GN Cafe operated by my Uncle George Nagano and then for a period a dress shop operated by Ruth (Batty) McIntyre.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)

Thanks Harvey

Now I feel better.....I'm not losing it! I really appreciate you finding these pictures and clearing this up for us. I can flash right back to the days of walking down those board sidewalks. It's great to see the town once again, as I remembered it. Yikes, 50 years ago, seems like forever. We still hope to journey back that way soon.

Karren Crowley

I just had another memory flashback while looking at your pictures Harvey. In the first photo, the one with the un- identified person and Mike McGeachy....to the left of the unknown person on the wall of the Chateau seems to be a couple of "things". I can't blow the picture up any bigger to identify them, but in the 50's that wall was used to advertise coming events in town, such as the weekly movie or an up coming event (dance or a tea). It was always so exciting to see the newest poster and know that we would be in for a little entertainment in the near future...ahhh how marvelous life was back then. Just thought I would share a little more with you. Goes to show you what memories one photograph can stir up!

Thanks for sharing,

Karren

Just to add a bit more trivia to the mix. Notice that pointed object on the roof at the corner of the Chateau Mayo Hotel. That was the town fire siren which sounded when there was a fire. I think it used to be on the tall tower where they dried the fire hoses beside the fire hall on Front Street (1st Ave) but when they took down the tower a high location was needed so I presume the corner of the Chateau Mayo Hotel was that place! How we miss Henry Breaden who would have been able to nicely weave a whole lot more information into the mix! I was thinking of him as yesterday (Dec 7th) would have been his 80 birthday.

Harvey

Sherron

I think we can assume the picture I labeled as the Mayo office in 1950/51 isn't. Karen is right the background doesn't fit nor the building configuration, although there was a sameness about most CPA offices in that era.

I worked the station in relief in both summer and winter so that won't pin it down. Incidentally Red MacDonald was the Taxi Service back then and transported the passengers and mail to and from the airport.

The pictures sent by Harvey Burian are definitely Mayo although ten plus years after my time.

The only other place I can think of as the site of the original (mislabeled) photo is Quesnel, and I don't have any Quesnel connections with whom I could check. Helen Kovack was the Agent back then. Maybe we can get somebody from that town to ring in on this?

The plot thickens.

Tom Tait

We (Moccasin Telegraph) have a puzzle going.

Is there any chance that this was the CPA Office in Quesnel in 1950?

I worked the station way back then. Helen Kovacks was the Agent and Ceal Tingley, who I think became Mayor sometime after that was associated with our operation. I think he may have owned the Taxi service.

Tom

At this point Kathryn (Griffin) Goulet is checking around Quesnel for an oldtimer to verify the original photo in this section was taken in Quesnel and not Mayo. – Sherron

I went to the Museum and to the Library and there are no pictures taken of the Airline Office but the ladies said they would take the picture around to some of the older folks that lived in this area in the 1950's so were on it. One lady said she was sure it was taken in Quesnel but just wants to ask a few more people before we say it is. I even went on line and checked out the Provincial Archives for photos of Quesnel in that year no luck any how I should be able to tell you by next week. We had another dump of snow two days ago so now we're sitting at 3 feet of snow; more then we had last year at this time,

they say we're going to have the worst winter on record in many years. Not sure which is worse, the very cold or the snow. We had -26 to -30 here last weekend. Any how I will keep you posted on the photo.

Bye for now

Kathryn Goulet (December 15th 2007) jjgoul*telus.net (In Quesnel BC)



Tutshi in Carcross – Postcard

Image courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

BLACK FOX

This black fox has visited the neighborhood several times now, always just after sunset or just before sunrise. This is just before dawn and is poor quality but many have said they haven't seen a black fox very often. I'm still hoping he/she will visit in daylight sometime so I can get some sharp pictures. The auto focus had a hard time focusing in the dull light - the flash filled in a bit but was too far away. The raven was after the cup beside Blackie's tail which he'd had his head in.

Doug Bell cheechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



"Blackie" is very tame.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

A TRIBUTE TO YVONNE LAFRENIERE

BORN: March 30, 1925 (Swift Current, Sask)

Died November 17, 2007 (Kamloops, BC)

Moved to Vancouver as a young girl where she became a city girl.

Participated in the war effort at the age of 18 as a Radio Telephone Operator for the Royal Canadian Airforce

With men, Mom had a colourful life.

Originally she was Shorting (her father's name)

Then Crossley (her stepfather's name)

Then Guilbeault (her first husband)

Then Lafreniere (her second husband) With Harry Lafreniere she had 3 children Tom, Mark, and Joe (deceased)

Then was with Duke Cunningham (her third husband)

Finally Mom survived her last partner, Lance Hewston, with whom she spent 20 wonderful years.

Her first child, Tom, was born in Vancouver in 1949 but moved to Whitehorse in 1950. In Whitehorse she had her second child Mark in 1952 and her third child Joe in 1955.



YVONNE LAFRENIERE & Teisha

Mom left the Yukon in 1956 only to return to Whitehorse in 1960 where she remained until 1998. To escape the cold winters she moved in 1998 to the Desert Gardens Seniors Centre in Kamloops where she made many friends through her participation in the executive at Desert Garden, playing cribbage and bridge, doing crafts and even line dancing. However her heart always returned to the Yukon where she talked fondly of not only good times but also hard times. (They say you can take the person out of the Yukon but you can't take the Yukon out of the person.) She played cards with us in the Yukon; contract bridge and cribbage and even gambled with the crew on Saturday nights in the Yukon. We even used to call Glenn Darling on the radio (CKRW) and ask him to play tunes for us on a Saturday night. She was known as 'Gravel Gerty' for some of her antics at the card table. I don't know if you all know how to play Rumoli, pass the ace, or teakie, but Yvonne sure did and over a glass of rye & water, she was the life of the party and we loved her. The Contract Bridge Club in Whitehorse had a good, competitive member and she always said she wanted her name in the paper for winning just once.

As a single mom in the Yukon she was employed as a waitress while raising 3 children during their early teens. During those trying times she received lots of help from close friends and from the Royal Canadian Legion. Fortunately she found employment with the Federal Government, with the Department of Public Works and then Health Canada.

Her knowledge and experience in material management were very much respected by both departments and the employees she managed. She mentored and helped many along their way through the Civil Service and they became good employees with her principles and values about what Civil Service really was. She knew or could find anything regarding the assets/write offs of the department at any time. She was really happy when retirement presented itself in 1990, as computerization was not her cup of tea. She didn't trust "the system" as it was never as reliable as she, her files and co-workers were.

Yvonne, loved Crafts; she was a master at crocheting, needle point and proficient at lots of other crafts that took her fancy for awhile then slipped away to something new but always returned to the crocheting and needle point. She also taught the Craft Society here a thing or two about doing crafts. The first year she took all her snowflakes, angels, dolls down to Spruce Bog and some of the other vendors told her she was selling her things too cheap. She didn't think so and proved it at the end of the day when she left with very few articles left, money in her pocket and ready to start again the next day. Music & Dancing; I have never witnessed "cutting a rug" like she could do. With Lance and Harvey (Acheson) I saw some of the smoothest steps and wonderful moves that anyone could imagine. No toes trod on here. She always enjoyed Lance's banjo and was so encouraging and appreciative. Singing; she could always hum a few bars and loved to sing along especially with Lance when he played. She was shy about singing alone but had a marvellous voice and in a group was always an avid participant. And her pets (Gibway and Tiesha); these critters were very well tended to, Gibby passed away just after she returned from a Caribbean cruise with family. Teisha is now with Doris Gates in Clinton and on a diet. She loved to travel, as was evident when she retired and with Lance drove across Canada and back. She and Lance travelled extensively from one end of the Yukon to the other. My favourite pictures of her are at Otter Falls, which Lance took. Her excursion with Jean Banks to Lake Havasu, Arizona and the Caribbean cruise and her trips back home in the Yukon. She helped Lance with his magazine endeavour and the book which was never published. I still have all the original biographies from Lance's book about ordinary Yukoners. Sam Holloway has the biographies she and I edited/printed off after Lance's death in 1992.

She loved watching TV especially, lately, CSI. She also was politically involved and supported her candidates with vigour. She was a Conservative, like Lance, and did her bit for them. Always the worker and worked with pride.

Most of all she loved her children Tom (Donna), Mark (Carol), and Joe and Debbie (the daughter she never had). Her 5 grandchildren Robin, Kevin (Natrishia), Sherri (Ben), Brad (Ashley), and Curtis. Her 6 great-grandchildren Isabella, Nicolas, Mathew, Anthony, Evan, and Hailey. She was so proud of her grandchildren, Robin, the entrepreneur, Sherri the wonderful loyal Mom and activist, Kevin, the doer and great Dad, Brad, who is so much like his dad, Mark, and Curtis who is just heading into life with all the advantages of the older ones. So proud was she of you all and the values you have been handed down.

Her very close friends in both Kamloops and in the Yukon were very important to her and brought her much joy and comfort. She became active in the Golden Age Society after she retired and still played contract bridge after Lance's passing and gave her support to politics and supported the Legion and gave back to the Yukon community so much more than she received so many years ago.

She knew something was happening when she paid her last visit to the Yukon in September. She talked about and did so many things that should have given us all some indication of what was to come. Now we can rejoice in the fact that we all had the privilege of knowing her in her vibrant, colourful and friendly manner. A loving, understanding Mom, grandma and great grandma to her family and a true and loyal friend who was a part of our extended family.

I hope I have done you justice today, as I will never have the "Class" that you had and still have in my vision of you. Good bye, my friend.

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

ANYONE REMEMBER SOPHIE or know where she is now.

I have been wondering if you have Sophie Adams on your list? Sophie was the teacher at Keno, 1958/59.

Regards Bill & Ev Dawson yhuree@sympatico.ca (In Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno; 1956-1964) Burlington, ON

Sophie Adams not Sophie Wiegand

Sophie Weigand never taught at Keno. Always in Whitehorse starting in 1949 till she left in 1960.

Bill Weigand

Gus Lundberg – Murray Lundberg – not related.

Hi Murray

Just received a message about CPA from Tom Tait and he mentions an employee in Whse by the name of Lundberg back in the early 1950's. Do you have a relative who was there then?

Sherron

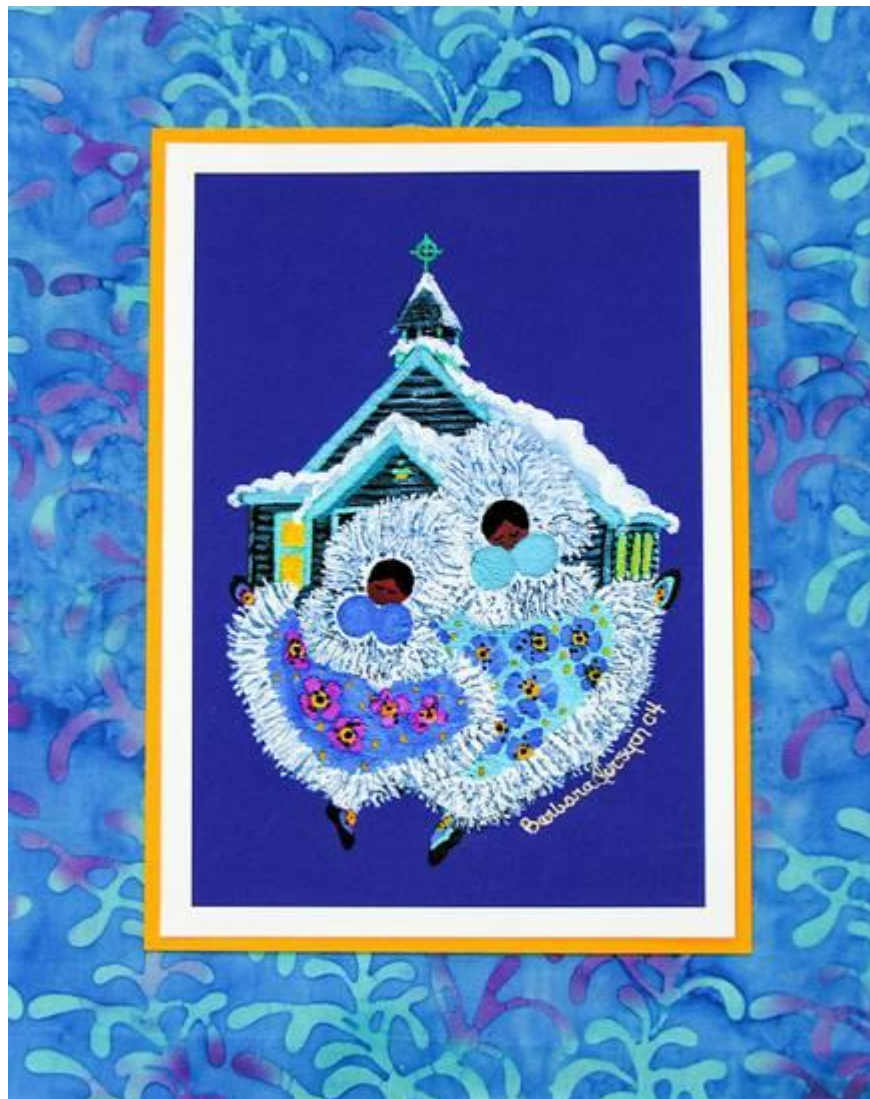
*"Stan Baron was the Agent in Whitehorse a **Gus Lundberg** was the Yukon Manager. Some of the Clerks working in Whitehorse then were Jamie Mutch, Tom McLaughlin, Bob Robinson."*

Hi Sherron,

I get queries about Gus Lundberg every now and then. It's not a common name, but Gus isn't a relative.

Murray Lundberg [webmaster1*yukonalaska.com](mailto:webmaster1@yukonalaska.com) (In Whitehorse)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Old Log Church

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

OBIT

REED Grace Evelyn passed away December 5th, 2007 in her 92nd year. Grace was born near Melfort, Saskatchewan and moved to Vancouver in her early 20's. **Grace and her husband Charles were married and lived in Whitehorse, Yukon for several years** before residing in Burnaby where they made a home and raised their family. Charles predeceased his wife in 1978. Grace will be lovingly remembered by her sons William (Heather) and Jerald (Connie) and her grandchildren Trevor (Anna) and Janine. There will be no service by request.
Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 12/9/2007.



Brian Cheney

He leaves to mourn his Mum Margaret, his nephew Graham and his niece Chelsey, as well as his many dear friends he has touched in his journey through life.

Brian will be cremated, and he will be inurnment along side his sister Merle and father Hugh at the Masonic Cemetery in Burnaby, BC.

Brian passed away suddenly on Wednesday morning October 31st, 2007 at the age of 55.

Born and raised in Vancouver, Brian lived a significant part of his life in the Yukon and called Dawson City his home. Brian adored traveling around the world, expressing a fondness for places like Mexico, Nicaragua & South East Asia. Brian delighted in sports, politics and was exceptionally well read. A jack-of-all-trades, Brian made a living tending bar, gold mining, was a heavy equipment operator, diamond driller, first aid attendant and taught English as a second language.

Brian enjoyed people from all walks of life, was compassionate and down to earth. He will be remembered with much love and great affection.

THOMPSON Maxine Ruth (Watters) Born June 20, 1925 in Portage la Prairie Manitoba. Passed away peacefully after a brief bout with cancer in Peace Arch Hospital, December 10, 2007. Maxine is survived by her loving family; **husband Tommy Thompson**, her 2 sons Kevin (Heather) and Lance (Lynn) and grandchildren Ross, Erica, Corey, Scott and Jack. Maxine and Tommy endured the tragic loss of their eldest son Rick to cancer in 1998. With her pleasant demeanor and great sense of humour, Maxine made many friends along the way in her home town of Portage (where she worked at #7 AOS and a doctors office), **Whitehorse (where she married Tommy in "The Old Log Church")**, Prince George, Cranbrook and finally White Rock. She was an accomplished cook, seamstress, a master of the knitting needles as well as a music lover who played cornet in the #7 AOS military band. She was a devoted mother and wife and will be missed immensely by all who knew her. Maxine and Tommy enjoyed their years together building several homes, raising 3 boys, travelling in their later years and spending time with their grandchildren. Their lives have been enriched with the various postings and **people in the RCMP where Tommy served until 1970**. No service as by request with immediate family gathering to be held later. In lieu of flowers please make a donation to a charity of your choice. Special thanks to Dr Bourke and the staff at Peace Arch Hospital.

Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 12/15/2007.

*(To send a message of condolence to MocTel reader **Tommy Thompson** use mactom*shaw.ca and convert the * to @)*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

New email address raycyr*telus.net

Ray Cyr (In Edmonton)

My new email address dorotheaK*telus.net

Dorothea Komish (In Langley)

My new email and website address is as follows...

Cheers

Michael Bellamy

#1 Brookwood Place Spruce Grove AB T7X 1H4

Res: 780-962-5168 Cel: 780-499-3363 Fax: 780-960-3058

Email: MDBellamy*shaw.ca

<http://members.shaw.ca/MDBellamy>

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

My mother taught me about WEATHER. - "Your room looks like a tornado went through it."

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From First Presbyterian Ladies Aid book the Art of Cooking in Whitehorse.
Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Sausages in Batter

12 pork sausages
2 tbsp flour
1 tsp salt

BATTER:

1/8 cup flour
1/8 tsp pepper
1/4 tsp paprika
4 tbsp fat
2 tbsp salad oil
1/2 cup WHITEHORSE DAIRIES milk
1 egg (stiffly beaten)

Prick sausages and steam for 10 minutes. Roll in 2 tbsp. flour and salt mixture. Into a bowl mix remaining ingredients. Let stand 1 hour. Dip sausages in batter and fry in hot fat till crisp, brown and puffy.

Dory Rotondo

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners would like readers to know that plans for the spring banquet are well under way. Mark **Saturday, April 5th** on your calendar and join us at the **River Rock Resort Casino [in Richmond]** for a weekend with friends. There will be a hospitality suite this year, a locale for early registration and an area where we can meet and greet to our hearts content. In truth, many of us have booked for the evenings of the 4th and 5th as that allows us more time to visit at our leisure. The response has been very encouraging to date and we want to stress that if you are interested, please make your arrangements sooner than later. WE are selling 300 tickets only (due to fire marshal

requirements re banquet area) and the sales have already begun. Get a group together - we guarantee you a good time.

Free parking, reasonable rates for lovely suites, use of pool and hot tub, never mind the other entertainment venues offered the River Rock. For information, bookings and tickets:

For tickets, contact Vivian Stuart Treasurer at lornellis*shaw.ca

Send monies to her at #217 -3255 Cook St. Victoria, BC, V8X 7K4

You can also call her at 250.383.1349

For reservations at the River Rock call toll free 1.866.748.3718

For on line reservations www.riverrock.com

BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE YUKONERS RATE WHEN RESERVING.

Reserve rooms early as they are limited.

If you have any trouble reserving or if you have any unanswered questions please contact:

hmunro*shaw.ca (604.977.3740) cclarke*shaw.ca (604.325.4774)

In closing, we sincerely hope you and your families are well and content. A Merry Christmas from the Vancouver Yukoner's Association, your Klondike connection. OK, OK, it is now snowing like mad and we are getting our comeuppance!!

Cheers. Helen Munro Fitch

(Correct any e-mail address by substituting @ for the asterisk. All valid e-mail addresses are amended in each Moccasin Telegraph to protect them from computer viruses.) - Sherron

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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Yuma, Arizona 85365

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