

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 243<sup>rd</sup> Edition – March 9<sup>th</sup>, 2008**

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

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



Here is one more, this shows that the sun is coming back again, this picture was taken on January 6, the picture was taken at the junction of the Klondike river and the Yukon river, again by Palma. – Fred - Dec 24, 2007

Fred & Palma Berger [fpbrgr\\*northwestel.net](mailto:fpbrgr*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

### **A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)**

By R. O. (Bob) Harrison [rh007\\*telus.net](mailto:rh007*telus.net) (In Calgary)

The first trip I remember with pack horses was in 1939 when Dad arranged to take some tourists to Bella Coola from Wistaria and bring some more back via Tweedsmuir Park area of Shef, Michel, and Wells mountains. Mom and I and some fellow, name forgotten, traveled by boat to assist in the crossings of the Ootsa and Tetachuck rivers that had to be swum by the horses. I think this was in early August and when Dad got back in late September, he learned that we were at war.

At home, we had a two-hole outdoor toilet, complete with out-dated catalogues for paper. I remember being in Prince George, B.C. and staying with friends of Mom's and Dad's...how we got there and how old I was, I do not remember. I do remember asking, "where is the toilet?" and when shown by my Dad this little room inside the

house and the toilet, he asked if I knew how to flush it, and I replied “Yes”, although I had never seen one before. When I finished my business, I pushed a lever, and all hell broke loose. The noise of running water convinced me that I had broken it and what was I to do now? After things quieted down a bit, I thought if I don’t say anything, maybe no one would notice. That was my introduction to modern plumbing.

Cutting ice for summer use was one of the late winter jobs. It was a neighbour helping neighbour affair. A hole was made in the ice on the lake. Using a crosscut saw, ice was cut into long strips about sixteen inches wide and pulled out of the lake with a team of horses. It was then cut into manageable size blocks. The ice thickness was usually about 24 inches. It was hauled to the icehouse on a sleigh. The icehouse was a building made to store ice. The blocks were carefully placed close together and then chinked with wet snow. When they had frozen together, the whole thing was covered with sawdust. Usually there was enough ice to last all summer. One request that I liked to hear was, “...go get some ice, and we’ll make some ice cream”. By the time everyone had had enough ice, there was quite a large hole in the lake.

I remember one winter after the ice had been cut, and the hole in the lake had frozen over; our horses had wandered out on to the lake. One of them had walked on to the ice hole, where the ice was thin, and broke through. To the rescue! Dad went out to do what he could and sent me to Grandpa’s house to get help. A team of horses was needed to pull ours out of the lake. Half of our team was in the water. I was about 7 or 8 years old at the time and I think I set a new world record for the half-mile dash. I did not even stop to put my boots on. The horse was saved and suffered no ill effects. After that there was always a fence around the ice holes.

In the spring, our year supply of firewood would be cut. Green Jack pine poles, up to about 10 inches in diameter, would be fallen the old-fashioned way before power saws. Hauled by team and sleigh to our house where it would be piled. When the neighbourhood had gathered their wood, one of our neighbours who had a buzz saw, would make the rounds and cut our poles to stove length. We then split the wood and piled it to dry. The crew was always neighbour helping neighbour. Also when the farmers that were raising grain needed to have their grain harvested, a threshing machine would make the rounds and the crew was always volunteer help.

The first job I had, as a teenager, was for a local farmer. All the farms in the area were mixed farms with a little bit of everything. The job was to build a fence around his property to keep his sheep in and the coyotes out. This involved driving posts with a heavy post maul, stringing page wire and a single barbed wire on the top, on insulators, to have an electric fence. To try the hot wire out, I strung a short wire in a circle supported by empty bottles about six inches off the ground, then put feed for the chickens inside. There was quite the reaction when they touched the wire. My pay was one dollar per day, and I thought I was rich when the job ended.



Me around the age of 13.

By the time I reached my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, I had been on several packhorse trips and had pretty well learned the art of packing a horse. Just after my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, I had acute appendicitis and was admitted to the Burns Lake hospital for surgery. At the same time, Mom was there waiting for the birth of my brother, Ken.

That winter was spent trapping for mink, weasels, and hunting squirrels. On Dad's trap line across Ootsa Lake from the house, we shot squirrels in the head with 22 shorts so the skins, which sold for one to one dollar and fifty cents each, would not be damaged. The following summer, my cousin, Ernie, and I got a job working for a logging company on Babine Lake. The pay was 25 cents an hour and room and board. We stayed there until fall, when we decided to go trapping for marten on Mount Wells. The winter passed and was not too successful.

In the spring, we decided to fulfill our ambition to become cowboys. So we were off by train to Prince George and then bused to Williams Lake to find jobs on a cattle ranch. We were broke when we got jobs on the Wineglass Ranch at Risky Creek. Pay was forty-five dollars a month, plus room and board. The work was hard. The spring roundup meant long days in the saddle that included castration of the bull calves, and branding before they could be put out on the summer range.

In the summer, I moved to the river ranch where the hay fields were, and haying began on the bank of the Chilcotin River. One day we were fording the river on horseback, reason forgotten, when the horse I was riding floundered and I was thrown

into the fast-flowing water. I managed to reach the far bank. The horse was found on a bar, dead, a day or so later. Towards the end of summer, I lost my desire to be a cowboy and returned home to Wistaria.

About this time, perhaps the following spring, I took on a job with pack horses to move a diamond drill and supply a camp at a mining property about eight miles from the west end of Whitesail Lake. The horses, as well as all supplies, were taken in by boat. There was a cabin for me to live in and a shelter was built for the horses. The main camp was at the drill site. I made one trip per day, six days a week for the summer.



This is the cabin I stayed in one summer at Whitesail Lake

Another job I had around this time was as a cook with a survey party. We were flown in to Morris Lake for about three weeks. The crew seemed to survive my cooking. I had to leave this job as it was haying time. I had fallen heir to this job as well as shoeing the horses and getting things ready for the upcoming hunting season. I had obtained my Guides' license and was working with my father.

In 1951 we guided Lloyd Walker, Sportsman and former Co-Owner of the Moore Hotel, Seattle, into Tweedsmuir Park where he bagged one of the world's largest silver tip grizzlies (the hide was 11 feet long and 10 feet wide, it weighed over 1,000 pounds and its claws were 4 ½ inches long). An article in the May 1952 edition of Outdoor Life told the story of our hunt, and reads, on pages 57 to 58:

"About 10:30 a.m. Bob and I walked out on a rocky hog back jutting from the main ridge. There were some good-looking meadows below and we kept poking along trying to locate a moose. Suddenly Bob stopped. "My gosh," he said, "Look!"

I leveled my glasses. On the next ridge, about six hundred yards away, and considerably below us, was the biggest grizzly I had ever seen.

No doubt about it, this was the old monster that no one had ever been able to put sites on. The bear was moving slowly towards a thicket in the creek bottom feeding on huckleberries as he went. It wouldn't be long before he disappeared in the trees. We backed cautiously out of sight.

The wind was blowing straight towards us—maybe my lucky old shirt had something to do with that. We got behind some balsams and went down the hogback. There was plenty of cover- too much, in fact, when we got to the creek bottom, the alders were so thick we had to get down and crawl through them.

We got behind some balsams on the next ridge and edged around the hill, not knowing just where the bear was, but figuring he would be close. Bob stopped and motioned me to move up. I did- and there was the grizzly about a hundred and fifty yards down the hill. He was still feeding, half hidden in the brush. I tried to site on him but my hands were shaking so badly I couldn't make it. I looked around desperately for something to rest the rifle on. Just then the bear reared up on its hind legs and began eating berries off a bush growing on a rocky ledge. His back was toward me and looked as big as a barn door. "By gosh", I thought, "If I can't hit that, I better quit hunting!"

I dropped down on one knee. Something started to whirl- Bob was calmly taking motion pictures. That steadied me. I laid the site in the middle of the grizzly's back and touched off the rifle.

The bear dropped to all fours with a terrific bellow and was into an alder thicket before I could throw in another cartridge. We could see the trees shake and the grizzly's roars were about the most awful sound I have ever heard. Bob and I looked at each other. The monster was far from dead, and we knew what he could do if he ever got close to us!

We moved down to within 40 feet of the thicket, hoping for a chance to put in another shot. We didn't run down, we went slowly...we had a smoke and waited another 15 minutes. Then we moved up to the thicket. Bob had his little 30-30 carbine out in front of him and I was following the muzzle of my 300 magnum. I think we were both scared stiff. I felt worse in the thicket, because it was dark and we couldn't see for more than 20 feet...we moved about an inch at a time until Bob suddenly yelled, "There he is!" The bear was about 15 feet from us. It's hind quarters were down but his head was up (held by some alders) and every tooth was shining in the gloom...we didn't relax until we had ...sneaked up from behind to prod him with our rifles. Finally satisfied that he was dead, we began to breath normally again."

*Bob Harrison does have an image of the hide which I hope to be able to include in the next edition. – Sherron*

To be continued . . . . .



Downtown Hotel – Dawson  
The snow hanging from the roof like thick icing.  
Fred & Palma Berger [fpbrgr\\*northwestel.net](http://fpbrgr*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **Foxy**

A Yukon Nugget – By Les McLaughlin [leslorn\\*rogers.com](http://leslorn*rogers.com) (In Ottawa) and Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougén [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

It all began in 1959 when the Minister of Indian Affairs, Alvin Hamilton invited Tom Patterson to visit Dawson City. Then, the gold rush town was a crumbling shadow of its former self.

Yukoners wanted to change that and the feds agreed. Patterson, an impresario who had created the wildly successful Stratford Shakespearean festival, saw the tourist opportunities in the Klondike and recommended a series of measures to bring culture to the Klondike.

Thus, began the expansion of Dawson from a ghost town to a tourist mecca. But it would take a long time and oodles of money before any result would be apparent. The federal project to refurbish the town included moving the SS Keno from Whitehorse to Dawson and rebuilding the Palace Grand Theatre.



The Gold Rush Festival Committee was formed to manage local organization of the Festival. The first Dawson City Festival was held in the summer of 1962 and lasted six weeks. The focal piece was a Broadway play. By every measure of the day, the festival was a major flop.

Still, in the summer of sixty-two a cast of characters including Bert Lahr who had become famous around the world for his portrayal of the cowardly lion in the Wizard of Oz, descended on Dawson. The play was called Foxy and featured all the trite gold rush stuff one could imagine. Greed, grit, gold, girls and great expectations. Lyrics for the musical were written by the famous songwriter Johnny Mercer who penned the academy award winning songs Moon River and That Old Black Magic.

The play ran for seven weeks in the summer of 1962, usually to a nearly empty house, and its producers lost their \$400,000 investment. In late 1963 producer David Merrick decided to revive it. The on-Broadway production, opened on February 16, 1964 at the Ziegfeld Theatre, where it ran for seventy-two performances.

Foxy's failure was due less to critical reaction, which for the most part was favorable, and more to Merrick's lack of interest in the project. Lahr won the Tony Award for Best Actor in a Broadway Musical that year. Foxy was one of Broadway's more obscure flops. It was also one of the few Broadway plays whose soundtrack was never recorded until an off-Broadway revival troupe made a CD in 2000, so hardly anyone not in Dawson in 1962 has heard the music.



Bert Lahr talking to Rolf Hougen in Hougen's Sportlodge - between flights.



Foxy - Dawson City 1962.

L to R: Bert Lahr, Erik Nielsen, Bea Lilby, Tom Patterson, Marg Hougen in background.

Foxy didn't put Dawson City on the tourism map. It wasn't because the idea was wrong. It was the timing. Few tourists wanted to drive on highways of mud or dust or take an airplane to reach Dawson City, a town that didn't have any facilities to look after visitors.

But for the glorious summer of 1962, the Klondike hills were alive with the sound of Broadway music.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

### **MOCTEL 242 – Palace Grand – “Foxy’s”**

Another Moc/Tel - Another great memory. Reading Les's nugget on the 1962 Festival triggered it off this time. In 1962 I was working with the Canada Employment Office and was sent back to Dawson for a few months to open a branch office to assist with the hiring of extra staff required by the various businesses to carry out the great Festival.

Blanche and I were in attendance at the grand opening of the refurbished Palace Grand Theatre and "Foxy". And what a night it was. There were a dozen or so in our group. After fifty plus years, I can not remember who they were except that Bill and Mickey Grant were there, (Bill was i/c of Indian Affairs at the time.) The splendor of the new theatre and all the pomp of the Broadway stage show was something that, as a young guy from the depression era in a Newfoundland fishing village, I had never imagined being part of.

One somewhat embarrassing moment we had was that at Intermission a group of us went next door to the Pearl Harbour Hotel for a drink, and we may possibly have had two, because when we returned to the theatre the show had restarted and the doors had been



locked to prevent interruption. It took some arguing and convincing but we were finally allowed to return to our seats for the remainder of the show. One of the many wonderful Yukon memories that will always be there.

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



Fall reflections on Waddington's pond  
Norma Waddington [norma@redwoodrealty.net](mailto:norma@redwoodrealty.net) (In Whitehorse/Lewes Lake)

## **LAWS OF THE YUKON**

Am sitting here at Marsh Lake enjoying my grandsons who are here for the weekend, and sat down to read this weeks' Moctel.

What a pleasant surprise to see the article about the Laws. My two grandsons are the great grandsons of Bert and Ellen Law. Their mother is the daughter of George Law. (This is all on their mother, Sandra's side, not our side). The boys were fascinated by the story, and can't wait to read the rest of it.

Pam Blackburn [pam04@northwestel.net](mailto:pam04@northwestel.net) (Marsh Lake Yukon)

## **BERT LAW:**

### **HE HELPED PROSPECTORS FULFILL THEIR DREAMS – (Cont'd)**

By Jane Gaffin [jane\\*diarmani.com](mailto:jane*diarmani.com) (In Whitehorse)

In 1952, another knock sounded at their door that was going to change the course of their lives.

Prospector Al Kulan (Hall of Fame) regaled the Laws with his prospecting adventures in the McDame Creek and Deadwood Lake areas of northern British Columbia and around Watson Lake, Yukon, where he had come in 1947.

Bert was impressed with the 30-year-old penniless prospector's infectious enthusiasm and charm. He brought out the best in others. He seemed to have potential to move ahead fast in life. Everything he did was quick, clean, smart.

The Laws had built up a small reserve and were willing to share. They invited Kulan to bring his wife, Wynne, and their young son, Barry, from Lower Post, British Columbia, to live with them. There was plenty of extra space in the winter at the lodge which could be used as a prospecting base. The Kulans must have thought they had gone to heaven to have such a generous offer. They had endured some hard times like the Laws.

The two men would stay up late into the nights, formulating a homemade strategy. Kulan insisted on a full partnership with Bert and an equal split of any profits. On this basis, they developed a five-year program that included the Ross River Indians.

It was easy to become enraptured with Kulan's enthusiasm and forget the lodge needed attention. One day, Bert had to refuse an invitation to go to the field with him. "I have to dig a hole for the new septic tank."

The next morning Bert crawled from bed to find an eight-foot-cube of a hole in the ground that Kulan had been digging since early morning so Bert could go prospecting. "He worked like a machine," remarked Bert, who did sometimes accompany Kulan in the bush. But mainly Bert was the grubstaker. He provided the money, food, shelter, airplane charters and had restored one of contractor John MacIsaac's decrepit 50-cent army trucks for Kulan's transportation conveniences.

Bert took Kulan into Tourist Services to introduce him to the lady in charge of the front end of the grocery store. Bert told Majorie Lester that his friend was going prospecting and needed outfitting with his food requirements. The bill was to be sent to the Silver Dollar Lodge.

Around 1952-53, Kulan was in and out of Tourist Services, charging back and forth between the Silver Dollar and the bush, coming in for supplies, going out again to prospect, staying in a constant blur of motion, moving at amazing speeds, never exhausting his endless whirlwind energy, but using an astonishing quantity of goods, supplies and equipment.

When Bert suddenly realized he had sunk deeper into grubstaking than initially planned, supplies and food bills had mounted to over \$4,000. He was supporting up to 10 Indians, who were natural prospectors, and whose dogs were used for transportation. As well, he was supplying the groceries to their families so the fellows were free to go prospecting. In July, 1953, Kulan was on what was supposed to be his last outing before he had to find paying work in town. With him at Vangorda Creek, 30 miles downstream from the

village of Ross River when the discovery was made, with Peter Thompson, a fresh-air fanatic and non-paying Silver Dollar guest from Montreal who replaced Bert Law in the field.

The contingent of Ross River residents consisted of Jack Ladue, brothers Robert and Joe Etzel, and Art John (Hall of Fame), whose boat was launched to travel down the Pelly River.

On July 10, Kulan and Thompson drove hell bent for leather from Ross River and burst excitedly into the Silver Dollar Lodge where Al and Bert fussed over the lead-zinc samples through the night.

Several days later, the prospectors obtained a verbal agreement with Ted Chisholm, exploration geologist for the Toronto-based Prospectors Airways.

Bud Harbottle of Whitehorse Flying Service landed them 150 miles northeast of Whitehorse on tiny Shrimp Lake. They pitched camp on the afternoon of July 15. In the evening, they staked their dozen discovery claims.

Bert's four claims were named the Elle May and Al's eight claims were the Wynne. Those claims encompassed the visible outcrop that became the Vangorda deposit's focal point. "It was a magnificent showing," Chisholm confirmed in a 1978 interview in Vancouver. The two prospectors who believed in the "bird in the hand" adage, accepted Prospectors Airways' terms reduced to \$150,000 from \$250,000, and a 12 percent vendor share, decreased from 15 percent, in a new company called Vangorda Mines.

As prevalent in mining deals, it would be 1984, after many shareholders were dead or infirm, before an agreement was haggled out in a Dome Petroleum appeal case in Vancouver that finally set the share's worth at \$8.00. Dome went bankrupt. It would be 1992, nearly 40 years after discovery, before the 10-million-ton Vangorda deposit would be mined by Curragh Resources. Clifford Frame's Toronto-based company also went bust.

Around 1953, the Laws had leased out the Silver Dollar Lodge and moved to the Indian village of Ross River, where they bought the old Taylor & Drury Trading Post. They did fur trading with the Indians, sold groceries and expedited oil and supplies to Vangorda Camp for a year.

The Vangorda deposit was jinxed with legal complications from the outset. As with most successful mining ventures, others smell money, and, rightly or wrongly, believe they deserve a portion.

The first indication of a pending lawsuit occurred when Prospectors Airways transferred the first portion of the payoff from Toronto to the Whitehorse banks, and the court seized it. Road contractor John MacIsaac had filed a statement on September 22, 1954, against Kulan and Law. MacIsaac claimed a 20-percent interest for his grubstake.

"We were real plums, fresh for plucking," Bert said. "Practically every lawyer in town had a piece of the action."

The five-day civil trial, heard in the Yukon's Supreme Court by Mr. Justice J.E. Gibben, started January 26, 1955, and focused on what constituted a partnership and when did the one claimed by MacIsaac dissolve.

As is common in civil cases, the judge never did rule on the matter before going to his grave. After two years, the prospectors were forced into action. "We had to move," Bert emphasized. "We had to get a settlement so that we could pay off the Indians. We wanted to pay them. We owed them."

In desperation, Kulan and Law made an out-of-court, take-it-and-run offer to MacIsaac for \$10,000 cash and almost an equal amount in stocks. Bert then made MacIsaac pay a rebate as partial compensation for his grubstake against MacIsaac's.

While Kulan and Law had been entangled in their own legal web, the Indians, who had always respected and trusted Kulan, had been presumably persuaded by MacIsaac, to sue for their portion.

Kulan and Law paid off through the Indians' lawyers, the King brothers. Stock certificates, issued in the Indians' names, were turned over to their lawyers but later burned in a fire that destroyed the lawyers' Whitehorse hotel and offices at the corner of Main Street and First Avenue.

When the matter of Vangorda Mines' shares initially came before the Vancouver court, Bert Law tried unsuccessfully to convince Indian Affairs to represent the Indians' interests. Sadly, the feds would not do it.

"It was all very distressing," said Bert, who only had a \$10,000 house to show for his efforts. The remaining \$15,000 had been spent in various ways during the two-year limbo period pending the Gibben decision that never occurred.

"Everything was so near," Bert said. "Nothing black or white but in shades of gray. Things happened fast in a short period of time. Obviously, MacIsaac thought he had a legitimate beef. But if he'd paid his share in the first place--or at least a decent part of it--there never would have been such a huge problem."

Law and Kulan got into some gray areas in their own partnership, too. Bert abandoned prospecting and grubstaking forever but retained a brotherly-type relationship with Kulan who needed bailing out more than once from bad real estate deals.

The Laws sold the Ross River store to Kulan. In 1955, they moved to Whitehorse to lead a more normal life in the frontier burg of 2,600 residents. Ross River was no place the Laws wanted to raise their youngsters. And, for sure, they did not relish going back to the lodge. "The life was too tough," Bert added. "It almost killed us both."

The Silver Dollar Lodge lessee operators and vandals had decimated the place. What hadn't disappeared was burned for firewood. Bert didn't want to lose the lodge to taxes, which he couldn't afford. He approached local businessman Clyde Wann who gave him a cheque for a bit more than taxes owing. Bert paid the \$900 plus owing and signed the transfer papers to Wann. That was the end of the Laws' lodge-keeping.

Bert was occupied briefly as a commissioned salesman with Hume Insurance. One day, he decided he needed a job. "I could either be an undertaker or go into real estate. I chose real estate."

He had formed Yukon Realty, probably the first real estate office in the territory. "But there was nothing to buy or sell in 1955." Business gradually picked up and he became well-known and highly respected for his long career as a realtor, businessman, a politician and a gentleman.

In 1959, he had begun early flirtations with politics. He was elected alderman when Gordon Cameron was on his second and final term as mayor before being appointed Commissioner of the Yukon.

Afterwards, Bert ran for and was defeated twice as a mayoralty candidate. "The first time I ran for mayor I was sincere about winning. I ran for mayor because nobody else wanted the position. I got people too interested. About four other guys joined the race.

"When the smoke settled, I had finished last--so far last that when I walked a couple of blocks down Main Street more people said they'd voted for me than the actual votes counted in my favour."

Bert did go back into municipal politics and was adored by the electorate for his fair, practical, common sense approach. During most of his city-hall years, 1980 to 1988, he was also in the appointed position as Yukon administrator, the person entrusted to sign official documents in the commissioner's absence.

Whatever the Laws undertook was done with pride and perfection. They were avid gardeners, as was evidenced by their neat Whitehorse log house and gardens on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Jarvis Street.

One of Bert's pet projects was to encourage city council to preserve a small, violet-infested island in the Yukon River for its natural beauty. In 1986, the city officially attached the name Bert Law Park and erected a nice signage on the tiny piece of real estate, connected to Robert Service Campground with a foot bridge.

Almost 40 years to the day of when the five-member Law family came to the Yukon in 1948, asthma forced Bert to resign his fourth-term seat as city councillor four months prematurely so he and Ellen could move to Vancouver Island's more hospitable climate. The Yukon pioneer, businessman and politician died on April 21, 1998, in Nanaimo, British Columbia, where Bert and his wife retired in 1988. He was 83.

Ellen Astad Law was 82 years old when she died on November 25, 2003, in Calgary, Alberta, where she had moved to be closer to her married daughter, Frances. The Laws' two sons raised their families in Whitehorse.

Bert and Ellen Law are remembered for their integrity, honesty, generosity and unconditional willingness to help anybody who needed help. But friends spoke first and foremost of the Laws as good, genuine people. One could not wish for a better legacy.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Bert Law was inducted into the Yukon Prospectors' Association's Honour Roll in 2005 in recognition of his unwavering faith in helping prospectors fulfill their dreams. His name is engraved in the base of the bronze prospector statue that watches over Whitehorse from Main Street and Third Avenue.)

## **BOB HOPE**

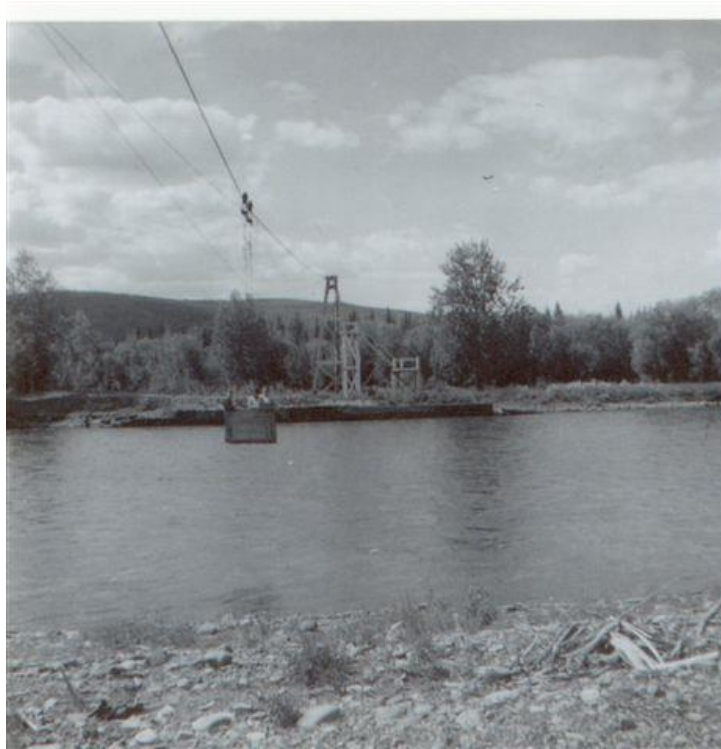
Sherron, I was told that Bob Hope was in Whitehorse and Watson Lake around 1942 to 43. I'm wondering if anyone knows if, when and why he was there. I'm guessing he was entertaining troops during the building of the Alaska Highway.

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



## North Fork Photos – (Continued)

Courtesy Newt and Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Bucket to cross the Klondike River, in Spring and Fall.



The bucket crossing the Klondike River at North Fork.

As I can tell it is Wilda (Mom) and Jim and me. It is hard to bring it into good focus.  
I think Dad at 94 has a better memory then me at 55.  
In the fall and spring that was the only way to get to North Fork before they put the bridge in. That is the bridge at the Dempster cut off.



First Bridge at Dempster Highway cutoff.

Dad said the first bridge they put in was a bailey bridge and he told them that the next spring at break up it would be gone and it was. The ice took it out.



Klondike River at North Fork-across river is the cable ferry used in summer



Newt Webster crossing on the cable ferry at North Fork.

I don't know who is in the picture with Dad I asked him and he can't remember.

Photos courtesy Newt and Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## Recycling

The story of the flour sack dresses got me thinking back on those years and how the habit of reusing and recycling was instilled in us from the cradle. I don't remember wearing flour sacking but I do remember re-using them.

They were the casings for pillows, to hold the stuffing so that the fancy satin covers could be taken off and cleaned as needed. Opened out and hemmed, they were for every-day use dish drying so that the linen tea towels could be kept for when company came. Turn the top edge down to make a drawstring casing and you have a bag for gym strip or a bag to hang stuff in the store room or porch. In any shape, they made a soft bed for new pups.

All the time I spent squeezing cold water through flour sacks, to get the flour out, stood me in good stead when I turned rolled oats sacks into pillow casings, dog and cat beds and drying cloths a generation later.

It wasn't just flour sacks our parents re-used. We made toy drums out of Quaker Oats boxes, rattles out of baby powder cans. At the mining camps, a chair could be a small keg nested inside a cut-away larger one, and covered in an old bedspread. A Pascal's candy tin has stored small things for me since 1953.

My mother and grandmother sewed. A dress outgrown became a skirt with the addition of a band and border and some rick-rack. Adult coats too shabby to wear got cut down for kids' jackets and snow pants. My Grade One snowsuit was cut from a damaged Hudson Bay blanket and trimmed with wolverine fur left from an RCMP parka. My

grandfather's worn-out Stanfield's Golden Fleece long johns yielded many a padding for pot holders. Every scrap of fabric got used for something: pot holders, pockets, etc.

Mom and Nanna weren't quite so successful braiding nylons for rugs but they did produce some effective teapot mats. One year, boxes of old coats and other woollens got sent off to a factory and returned as a fine green rug for Nanna's living room.

We had nice socks and mitts for school but far more in wild combinations for warmth and for play. I learned to take scraps of yarn, sort for ply, then divide each color up so the multi-coloured mitts that we knit would at least match. To this day, I'll keep knitting mitts that look alike until the yarn is used up, yielding 2-5 mitts that look alike. If I use 4 needles, I don't have to worry about left or right.

My favourite of Mom's recycling stories is about my christening dress. Just after the war, new fabric was scarce. Mom found white fabric, if not exactly new. (Secret) engineering plans for the Alcan Highway were drawn on handkerchief-grade linen. If Mom would promise not to tell anyone or to let anyone see the plans, she could have some linen for her baby's dress. She agreed, accepted the linen, and carefully laundered the fabric until all traces of the plans were rinsed away. It is a very simple dress, trimmed with a bit of lace, a little ribbon, and embroidered with a sprinkling of moss roses. In the 63 years since, the dress has been worn several times. It is as white and soft as ever.

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

## **MOCTEL 242**

I've noticed you've had lots of company. It's so exciting meeting these people and/or connecting once again to those you have lost touch with. I'm just reading the latest MocTel and not quite finished it. Sure enjoying it. The stories by Bob Harrison (A Bush Pilot's Memories) and Bert Law, including North Fork are particularly enjoyable. It's so wonderful having these memories available to all of us after so many years! Oh, rereading Edith Josie's column has been so much fun! I often wonder what we would do without MocTel. I think it would be like being weaned off drugs, just too painful to even think about. I'm already looking forward to the next one!

Take care Sherron

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



## EDITH JOSIE COLUMN - WHITEHORSE STAR 1963

The Whitehorse Star, Whitehorse, Yukon, Monday, August 26, 1963.



by Edith Josie

July 30 -- Mrs. Susie Luke had baby boy born and he is 7 lbs. 4 oz. So that mean Mrs. Sarah Simon will be back home anytime if the weather is clear.

Thomas boys they went up river for cutting wood and Isaac Thomas he kill one moose. So Mr. Steven Frost brought it in to town and they give it to Mr. Joe Kay so he make feast with it yesterday. Everybody invited for supper and I sure nice to eat fresh meat.

On July 30 Connelly aircraft arrived Old Crow with two of water resource and few mail come, too.

From here to Drift wood is 90 miles. The Hallecopter pass Old Crow from the camp up river. When they coming down they see caribou at Drift wood. Today is August first and we might see caribou anytime.

The weather is bad and rain all this morning. August first. The river is start to rise with rain.

Today is August 2 one of hallecopter land from one of the camp.

July 31 -- Those water resource went up river with Father boat they suppose to come but they still gone. They use Joe Netro trucker for saw logs but not very good and they been work with it but still never run.

Mr. Peter Lord Charlie, Abel Dick, Nukon, Norman McDonald, and Robbert Linklater is working with the logs. All the boys been cutting wood for sale at the store and also for school. No caribou and no fish so nearly all the women are setting rabbit snare and gotten enough to eat.

Tomorrow is August 3 and everybody will clean grave yard if it good weather.

Same day one of Connelly Aircraft DC3 will arrived here to Old Crow and go to Inuvik.

August 3 -- They have ski meeting at 7:30 so Father Mouchat tell the people how those skiers are practise. Some of them never go to practise and those who been to Whitehorse and also those who go to Ottawa for the race. It is not very nice when they never go to practice every night. It take only 15 minute even that they never go.

So Mr. Lucy said if anyone don't want to be in practise he told them to said so. But no one get up and told them that he told them that he been working with the skier that he was present of the skiers at Whitehorse. He said if the ski keep go own said so. If you don't want to be in ski or practice just go to Father and mark your name off. It is not very nice for other people when they not in it. So if they quit ski more better for them cause they been in race once and don't want to practice is not good. So Mr. Lucy told them if anyone quit ski it is not his rule and it is up to them.

So Father told them they have to sleep early and eat plenty every meal. When they have meeting they have to bring everything up what is going on with practise for skiers. They have to be in exercise when Ben Charlie Bell ring for them. So Ben is doing very nice for them but they never go it don't look good for the people.

And after that must be some other place they might win in the skiers. They have over 9 hundred dollars in Whitehorse while that they never practise good.

So Father told Peter Lord say few words to the skiers. And he said he don't know what to say but he want those boys and girls to practice every night cause they win once. And never do good for the skiers it don't look very nice for other people.

He said try best you can and do and listen to Ben Charlie when he bell ring for practise cause it take only 15 minute.

And next is Charlie Peter say few word and he said Ben Charlie is doing practise cause he get letter from one of the man in Vancouver. So he try to practise every night and sometime some of the boys and girls are absent it don't look very nice he said to the skiers. Next Charlie Abel said he always to to ski meeting and when Father talk about ski. He really like the ski to keep on and they don't have to quit or get away from practise.

And Lazarus Charlie said same thing to the skiers. But Moses Tizzah he said try and come to practise every night. If they never go and they might forget the ski and they might get but when they go to race. It is very good to be in ski and also school that is how they could listen and learn. How they can exercise well before they go to race different place.

August 6 -- One of Connelly Airways arrived Old Crow from Inuvik and Mrs. Sarah Simon and Mrs. Myra Moses and



## ANOTHER GEM IN YUKON HISTORY SHARED

Sherron: Your CD on MocTel Archives arrived yesterday but I haven't had a chance to watch it yet. Thanks for the good service. We greatly appreciate the service you provide all us, "Sourdough wannabes".

Attached is a short story I prepared, sadly it was prior to me knowing about your MocTel. If you publish it, please ask your subscribers to provide me with any information which would help me flesh-out the meagre information I have on Jack MacDonald. I did canvass a number of my buddies who were serving at the time of Jack's death - none of them could remember anything of the topic. I also phoned various MacDonalds still in the Yukon, hoping they were relatives or someone who might shed some light on this story, all to no avail.

Bill Dawson [yhuree@sympatico.ca](mailto:yhuree@sympatico.ca) (In Burlington ON)

### JACK MACDONALD (By Bill Dawson – 13 March 2006)

Jack was remembered for a most selfless act.

He walked overland from Dawson City, Yukon to Fort McPherson, N.W.T., and back during the summer season. To accomplish this he had to put up with black-flies and mosquitoes, miles and miles of muskeg, swamp-like terrain; mountains, river crossings, and no roads. What he would eat he had to carry on his back.

What would possess a person to undertake such a daunting task? Was it to deliver vaccines to a settlement stricken with smallpox or diphtheria? No, none of those common reasons which had prompted so many humanitarian endeavours in the past. This undertaking was of a different sort.

In Jack's pack were two bottles of "rum;" overproof rum! These were not for himself. Jack had a friend in the R.C.M.P. who was transferred from the Yukon to McPherson the previous year. Hearing that his friend could not purchase liquor at his new posting Jack knew what he must do. He was spurred on during this epic, solo journey, simply to provide his buddy with a wonderful surprise.

The recipient was flabbergasted. How could he ever repay Jack?

Jack had a simple request; "Make sure I'm buried in my blue serge suit!"

\* *"Now a promise made is a debt unpaid,"* to quote from the Bard of the Yukon. When Jack passed on to that final gold-rush the search was on for his, "blue suit." It wasn't with

Jack's effects in Dawson City but after many messages back and forth between detachments in the Yukon the suit was found in Mayo Landing.

The Mountie buddy, "repaid the debt!" Jack was laid to rest in his blue suit!

\*THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE – Robert Service – *THE SPELL OF THE YUKON*

--- Thanks Sherron: You are correct, Jack's trip was before I was in the Yukon, however, it was during my Yukon service that Jack died. I suppose some Yukon Govt. dept. could give the date of Jack's death. The closest approximation I have would be between 1956 and 1964. Really hope some folk can answer the many questions we are left with.

Kindest regards, Bill Dawson

*NOTE: Today you can drive from Dawson to Ft McPherson using the Dempster Highway. Using this route it is 590kms. You can use GOOGLE – Maps to see the route. – Sherron*

*Hi Bill*

*I have just realized I do not know what a blue serge suit represents. Could you fill us in on that?*

*Guess I was so focused on the walk that I didn't think about the blue serge earlier. Sherron*

Sherron: Serge was an old popular material for suits back in the late 40s, early 50s. Guess we could have left off the "serge" and just said "blue suit". However, I remember the signals (messages) which were sent out specified, "blue serge suit!" Regards, Bill

## **MEMORIES OF JACK MACDONALD**

I am sure it is the guy that I used to know from Mayo, when I was working for 'Keno Hill Mines' in Calumet, I think he was called 'Hard Rock Mac Donald, Mayo and Keno City were full of characters in those days, I am talking about the years 1954 to 1957, and one of these was this guy that walked to Mc Pherson or Aklavic, just with some sourdough and bacon and some flower and salt, I never spoke to him very much, but saw him every time we made it to Mayo, he used to love, like many of these guys, sitting in the bars and shooting the bull. After I moved to Dawson City in 1957, I lost track of him till one year, I think it was around 1959 or so, give or take a year or two, it is some time ago, he had a room in the old 'Occidental Hotel', but did his drinking next door in the Westminster

Hotel beer parlour, one afternoon he passed away sitting at a table, but no one noticed that he was dead and for a couple of hours he was served beers by the bar, every time people bought him a drink. Nobody noticed that he was not drinking, every one thought that he was taking a rest, that was why he was so quiet.

I am sure that he was this same fellow, because for one, there are not too many people that would walk all the way up north by themselves.

Cheers,

Fred Berger [fpbrgr\\*northwestel.net](mailto:fpbrgr*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Sure sounds like the same type of character. The story just keeps on improving doesn't it?! I was hoping for this type of feedback. Thanks Fred.

Bill Dawson

*We are hoping more of you will share your memories of Jack MacDonald.*

## RENDEZVOUS – MR & MRS YUKON

Hi Sherron thought I would send you a couple of pictures of the activities during Rendezvous. We had a wonderful time and it went way too fast. On our way to our hotel on Saturday night, we both agreed that it was a busy fun filled 5 days and how much we enjoyed our time. Met so many new people and of course all our long time friends and .

thanks to the High country Inn, they kindly donated a room, which we so much appreciated as driving back and forth to Marsh Lake would have been a little tiring.



Rendezvous Queens- girl in blue-left hand sitting-Lindsay Agar, Queen for 2008.



Bucky and I among the beautiful ice carvings



Whitehorse group-ice carving





Our carriage awaits- little history -Ken Mason, owner Mic Mac Motors,- this vehicle was the first one he sold when he bought Mic Mac I believe in 76/77? He bought it back a few years ago and intended to fix it up as a hunting truck, but by the time he was finished, it was far too pretty so has used it for Mr. & Mrs. Yukon the last couple of years. guess he must be still packing all his gear on his back when he goes hunting!!!!



Solid comfort!!!

Looking forward to the Yukoner's banquet April 5th. It appears that there will be a full house. Bucky's two sisters and brother and his wife plus our grandson and his wife will



all be there and maybe a niece of mine. It will be fun. Are you and Bill able to come this year???

Take care Sherron

Hugs

Shirley Keobke [mistyonmarsh\\*northwestel.net](mailto:mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net) (Marsh Lake, Yukon)

*Bill & I will not be back in Canada in time for the Vancouver Yukoners banquet. -  
Sherron*

## **REPLY TO - Moccasin Telegraph - Special Edition - Dawson in Winter 1955-57**

Hi Sherron,

Just came across this 'Special edition' from May 8/ 2007, and the question about how the old " Pearl Harbour" hotel did get its name.

I do not know if this ever answered, but as a former owner of this old hotel, I can shed some light to this question. Most people think it had something to do with 'Pearl Harbour' in Hawaii, but it has nothing to do with that place at all. But it was the fact that 'Nick and Pearl Carswell' bought the place, and I would think the name should have read correctly 'PEARL's HARBOUR' .

When I owned the place it was called 'Bonanza Hotel'. I sold it in 1964 to 'Syd Carr', who sold it to Parks Canada later on. Parks was working on repairing the foundation, when some fire bug from California lit a campfire on the bar-room floor because it was chilly, it was early Spring. Well to shorten the story it did not take long and the whole place was on fire, it was a three story log building, with a lapboard siding on the outside. The space between the siding and the dry logs acted like a chimney with a lot of draft. The fire was so hot that it just about ignited the wood on the 'Palace Grand' theatre. It also blistered the paint on 'Lowes mortuary', and that place was more then half a block away from the hotel.

Hope this answer Emily Stillwell's question, and is not too late.

Regards, Fred Berger [fpbrgr\\*northwestel.net](mailto:fpbrgr*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

*Hi Emily*

*This[the above] just in tonight and wanted to be sure you saw it.*

*I have pasted it into the next MocTel.*

*Sorry if I didn't answer your last mail. I was under the weather for awhile and didn't have the energy to keep up.*

*Also hope you enjoyed your trip.*

*Sherron*

Dear Sherron, Thanks for forwarding the info from Fred Berger. Interesting, don't you think? My thanks to Fred.

I had a great trip to Kelowna and Westbank. Thanks! Did lots of things. My Aunt who will be 90 in July is doing well.

I did have a pretty good tumble and my knee still hurts. I expect a small tear in my meniscus which should get better in time.

During my stop over in Calgary, second cousins came to the airport and took me out for breakfast. That was lovely, too.

By a strange coincidence, I discovered that Betty Mackie is living in Kelowna. One of her daughter's (my name sake) lives there.

I didn't get to see Betty as I only made the discovery on the evening before I was to leave. I wrote her a little letter which was going to be hand delivered to her the next day. Hopefully, I'll get to Kelowna, again, before too long, and can visit her then.

Enroute back to Moose Jaw from Regina, on February 27, the driver had to make a stop. While waiting, I looked up and saw a flock of Waxwings high up in a tree. The first sign of spring. It made me feel good.

Hope you're feeling much better.

Emily Stillwell [eistillwell@hotmail.com](mailto:eistillwell@hotmail.com) (In Moose Jaw)



Jerry & Chris Simon – Feb 2008

Picture was taken in the atrium at the Bellagio while we were in Vegas.

Photo courtesy Jerry Simon [jclsim@telusplanet.net](mailto:jclsim@telusplanet.net) (In Edmonton AB)

We had asked Jerry and Chris to send along a photo after we missed taking a photo of them when they visited us in Yuma recently. Looks like they were having a grand time playing tourist in the glitzy city.

### **MORE YUKONERS COME TO VISIT**

Had a visit from Rick and Monica Hoenisch here in Yuma this week. They were traveling though on their way from Lake Havasu and onto San Diego and spent a night in Yuma to see the area and say hello to the Jones'. While camped in the RV park their Yukon license plates attracted someone else who had also lived in Yukon.

The second time in a couple of weeks we forgot to take a photo – so I have put a request into Fred Hoenisch to take a photo of his aunt and uncle when he next visits them in Vernon.

Ellen and Harold Babcock stopped by this week to return the printed copies of the MocTels from this winter. I was not, but Bill was home and asked Ellen if she enjoyed them. She says she read everyone and thoroughly enjoyed them and is thinking of getting a computer.

### **A NEW EARTH**

In between MocTel work and socializing we have been reading the book 'A New Earth' by New York Times best selling author of 'The Power of Now', Eckhart Tolle. Would highly recommend everyone reading it. It is the book currently being given world wide coverage by Oprah and weekly lessons online by Oprah and the author. If you haven't checked out the book or the lessons and would like to – go to

<http://www2.oprah.com/index.jhtml>

This book is sure to have an impact on our world and we hope you will be part of it.

Bill & Sherron Jones [sherronjones@roadrunner.com](mailto:sherronjones@roadrunner.com) (In Yuma AZ)

Here is a nice little short story if you are looking for something to put in the MocTel.

Rusty Reid [rustyreid@northwestel.net](mailto:rustyreid@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

### **THE WINDOW**

It will take just 37 seconds to read this and change your thinking.

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room.

One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window.

The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back.

The men talked for hours on end.

They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they had been on vacation.

Every afternoon, when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window.

The man in the other bed began to live for those one hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color of the world outside.

The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in exquisite details, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine this picturesque scene.

One warm afternoon, the man by the window described a parade passing by.

Although the other man could not hear the band, he could see it in his mind's eye as the gentleman by the window portrayed it with descriptive words.

Days, weeks and months passed.

One morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths only to find the lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body away.

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone.

Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the real world outside. He strained to slowly turn to look out the window beside the bed.

It faced a blank wall.

The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his deceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window.

The nurse responded that the man was blind and could not even see the wall.

She said, 'Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you.'

Epilogue:

There is tremendous happiness in making others happy, despite our own situations.

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Lake Superior

Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich\\*lohmann.ca](mailto:heinrich*lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

## OBIT

**TERRY GAMBLE** Terry died in his sleep at his home in West Bank in November 2007. Born in Calgary, the younger of 2 boys to Donna Gamble. Terry's beloved brother died as young teenager. Terry was drawn to the Rocky Mountains and became an experienced mountaineer. He moved to Canmore where he was a member of a team attempting to be the first to ski the north face of Mount Robson. **He climbed in South America and the Yukon where he lived in Whitehorse for a time.** Terry later moved to Vancouver's west end where he worked in film and graphic design. He could be found pint in hand in his trademark white runners at Buddies Pub. Terry nurtured community and nature and was a dedicated vegetable grower. Terry returned to West Bank to care for his ailing Mom whom he loved so deeply. Terry was never quite himself after her death. Terry is survived by Nika, his companion by his bedside this November past. Fly be free Terry! I will miss you forever, love Blair. Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province

on 3/8/2008.

## **NEW ADDITION**

Hello I would like to be added to your moccasin telegraph email list. Thank You, Chuck Burrell. [riverrat.chuck@gmail.com](mailto:riverrat.chuck@gmail.com)

Hi Sherron, My name is Brenda, I am the daughter of Chuck and Norma Burrell. They are new computer owners and users and were told about your newsletter from Roy and Ellen Eby in Whitehorse, Yukon.

We moved to Whitehorse, in 1965 and have lived here ever since. Dad was a truck driver so he knows all the nooks and crannies in the Yukon and its communities. My Dad was on the road alot but my mom was involved in lots of things in Whitehorse, Curling, Fastball etc. My Dad is/was a avid hunter, snowmobeiling, fishing and boating.

Home address is Chuck and Norma Burrell  
#6 17 th Ave. West (Porter Creek)  
Whitehorse, YT.  
Y1A 3W6.

My parents are looking forward to reading your newsletters and if you would like any further information, please let us know.

Thanks, Brenda (for Chuck and Norma Burrell)

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST TEMPORARILY**

We are going away for awhile, and will not be checking email regularly, and since our computer is old, slow and overloaded, I would appreciate it if you would take us off the Moccasin Telegraph mailing list for now. Thank you so much for all the great work, and have a great spring.

Millie Hall [millie\\*northwestel.net](mailto:millie*northwestel.net) (In Haines Junction)

Would you please hold my mailings for a bit? I am leaving for Hawaii on Sunday and will be there for a couple of weeks, then will be touring a bit longer once I get back to Calgary. I will write you as soon as I arrive home so you can forward me the issues that I would have missed.

Thanks, Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj\\*northwestel.net](mailto:buzzy.cj*northwestel.net) (In Haines Junction)



## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*In order to attract success, you need to welcome it whenever you see it.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Moge Mogenson [elgolfo\\*shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo*shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook) and typed by Donna Clayson [yukonlady\\*albertacom.com](mailto:yukonlady*albertacom.com) (In Ardrossan AB)

### SOURDOUGH CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 cup Sourdough  
1 cup Sugar  
½ cup Cooking oil  
2 Eggs  
1 cup milk  
3 squares Chocolate (melted)  
½ tsp. Salt  
2 tsp. Vanilla  
1 tsp. Soda  
1 tsp. Baking powder  
1 cup flour\* (add if Sourdough is thin)

To Sourdough mix in sugar, oil, eggs. Add milk and vanilla. Add chocolate melted over hot water. Stir well but do not beat hard. Fold in soda and baking powder at the very last. Action starts and batter starts puffing and doubling.  
Flour is needed only when Sourdough used is thin. Bake in 9 inch tins for 30 minutes in 350F degree oven.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet April 5th, 2008

Tickets can be purchased from:

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

email: [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca) phone: 250.383.1349

Cheques payable to: Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Reception/Visiting: 5:00 p.m.

Dinner: 6:30 p.m.

Plated dinner \$55.00 per person.

Special Yukoners' rates at River Rock

Example: One bedroom suite \$159.00 plus tax

To make a reservation at the River Rock:

toll free phone: 1.866.748.3718 fax: 604.207.2641 phone: 604.247.8900

Location: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C., V6X 3P8.

[www.riverrock.com](http://www.riverrock.com)

FREE PARKING

For more information contact:

Carol Clarke [clclarke\\*shaw.ca](mailto:clclarke*shaw.ca) phone: 604.325.4774 or

Helen Munro [hmunro\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro*shaw.ca)

## **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.

There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph. The amount is your call.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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