

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 246th Edition – April 13th, 2008

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



CLOUDS

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

Most of the time I enjoy long car rides. There are times though, when I become bored and restless, traveling over a road that has become all too familiar over the years.

Conversation has run out; the driver immersed in his own thoughts...

At times like these I recall what my Mother used to tell me when I was little.

"Look up at the sky," she'd say, "and watch the clouds play."

Cloud watching can be a thrilling game when you are a child - filling you with adventurous spirit and lifting you to great heights. You can let your imagination run wild.

Summer skies are a feast for the eyes
cumulous clouds mushrooming up from the horizon
great round pillows of sunshine
piling up one on top of the other -dominating the skyline.

A wind materializes- breaking up the formation
whipping clouds across the sky
shaped and molded by the wind's fancy
they now turn into enticing shapes and forms
a moving picture extravaganza
to watch spellbound.

Every bend in the road presents a new vista
a skyscape for your viewing pleasure.
Monsters of all shapes and sizes plunge through the sky
horses with flowing manes rear up in the air
there are dragons with tendrils of white flame
flicking from open mouths.

Continuously changed by the wind
these massive creatures
create a metamorphose of form
before your very eyes
a parade of whales, flying fish, seals and dolphins
become ducks, teddy bears, kittens
and frolicking puppies.

In the evening when the fury of the wind dies down
tranquility reigns in the heavens
time now to lay back and contemplate
soft languid puffy clouds
little feathery wisps hanging lightly in the air
fluffy white swans, lambs and mermaids, slowly drifting by
merging lazily together, to form ever-new shapes
finally just dissolving into the hemisphere.

The sun sets; breath- taking hues of fuschia and silvery gray
hanging just above the horizon as daytime gives way to twilight.
Suddenly all this peace is shattered
by the swift straight shaft of a jetstream
streaking through the sky...leaving a white trail
piercing the blue like the blade of a knife.

But even as I watch, nature takes over
and begins softening the edges of this intrusion
gently blending it into the universe
restoring order once again.

© Joyce Yardley

A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)

By R. O. (Bob) Harrison rh007*telus.net (In Calgary)

I was involved in two search and rescues. The first one was a four-seat Piper Pacer that got lost between Fort Nelson and Watson Lake. They were found by search and rescue way off course, upside down on a bar in the Beaver River. All had survived. A helicopter was needed for the rescue and I was hired to take fuel for the helicopter to Toobally Lake and wait there to fly the survivors to Watson Lake, as the helicopter was too small to carry them all. I was actively involved in that search and while on that search I came over a valley known as “Million Dollar Valley”.

In wartime, three bombers crash-landed in dead of winter with wheels up, the deep snow and open meadows making for a soft landing. These were B-26 bombers with a crew of six on each. This was on January 17th, 1942. A well-known bush pilot from Fort St. James, Russ Baker, rescued them. The engines and machine guns and instruments were removed shortly after and, in the 1970's, the bombers themselves were removed. One of them has been restored and is now flying.

The other rescue also involved an American. He had stopped at Watson Lake for fuel and, when he left, followed the Cassiar Highway instead of the Alaska Highway. The Cassiar Highway terminated at Cassiar, some 60 miles away. He was found upside down in a lake near Telegraph Creek. There was no sign of a survivor, so I was hired by search and rescue to fly rescue personnel to the site. We found a shelter that he had built and a note saying that he was walking downhill. We flew to Telegraph Creek and advised the RCMP and they commenced a ground search. He was found a few hours later.

On the next service trip to the camp on Rabbit Kettle Lake, with groceries and mail, the mail brought excitement as some ore samples from the Flat Lake area revealed a very high tungsten content so the crew were moved back to Flat Lake so the property could be staked. This was the beginning of the Canada tungsten mine on the Flat River, a major tributary of the South Nahanni.

In the winter of 1958-59 it was decided that more ground needed to be staked. I was asked by Len White, who was in charge of the operation, to fly Hugo Brodel, Buster Groat, Merle Martin, and Kenny Williston into Flat Lake to do the staking. But there was one problem...the foursome was having a party at the Watson Lake Hotel bar and kept delaying the job. Len was after me to get them going. Len was in Vancouver. I went to the bar and asked Hugo if he wanted to go the next day and, if he did not, there was a different company that wanted to charter the aircraft and I would have to take them. This was not true, but was designed to motivate them to get moving. Hugo's response was "...I charter all of Dalziel's airplanes!" The next morning, I flew a hung-over crew to Flat Lake. I think this was in January and was about 25 below zero. I recall on the way in to Flat Lake, we saw a grizzly bear. Anyway, the job got done and I picked them up in about a week.

The same winter, the release of a geological survey party's results of the previous summer's program prompted a staking rush in the Tachilta lake area of northern B.C. So it was an unexpectedly busy winter. Dalziel and his wife had gone to Africa on a big game safari and I was left in charge of the charter business. There was no doctor in Watson Lake so we did quite a number of medi-vacs to the Whitehorse hospital, which was about a two-hour flight.

In the summer of 1959, the business was busy with exploration companies. A diamond drill was flown in to Flat Lake to evaluate the tungsten property and it proved a sufficient ore body for a mine. In the winter of 1959-60, a camp was set up on Flat Lake, which was frozen. A small tractor was flown in pieces, reassembled, and a runway was ploughed on Flat Lake to accommodate transport type aircraft, a Wardair Bristol freighter and a Pacific Western Airlines C-46. They moved in pieces such as large equipment, cats etc.

A road was built to the site of the mine. An airport was built, a town was built near some hot springs, mining equipment was brought in by air, a road was built from the Campbell Highway up the Highland River through a pass named after me, at the boundary between the Yukon and Northwest Territories and connected with the road from Flat Lake. The Canada tungsten mine was in production for many years and was closed for about 15 years, and as of the 1990's was back in production. The town was known as Tungsten, N.W.T., and had its own post office and store and was modern in every way.

In the early stages of construction, Tungsten bought a super cub. The pilot was Walt Foresberg. One trip into the strip, Walt was having coffee at the air strip shack when he looked out and saw a grizzly bear as it started to destroy the cub. Walt had just flown in some meat, and he felt that the smell had attracted the bear that ended up demolishing the plane looking for the meat. Tungsten also brought in a sawmill to cut lumber for construction purposes. Bud Stevens was hired to run the mill. One day, while cruising timber, he met face to face with a black bear. Bud swung at the bear as hard as he could, hitting the bear in the head area. The bear left, and Bud had broken his wrist with the impact.

In the spring of 1960, B.C./ Yukon was sold and the new owners moved to Watson Lake. We were operating three Beaver aircraft, a Cessna 180, and a Super Cub. I was given a job flying a Beaver on contract to the geological survey of Canada moving camps, hauling fuel for the helicopter, and caching fuel for next year's program as well. We were working and camping along the old Canol pipeline route as far as Ross River. The old road had been opened that far.

The construction of the Canol pipeline was done as a wartime effort to get fuel to Whitehorse for military uses. There were pumping stations and maintenance camps at regular intervals. When the pipeline shut down, the camps were abandoned and the machinery destroyed so that it could not be used again. I saw trucks with five and six hundred miles on the speedometer, that had had the hoods removed, spark plugs pulled

and left open to the weather. A Road grader with the wheels cut off with cutting torches, and racks of high-pressure gas line (most of the pipe has since been removed).

We were extremely busy when I could get away from the contract, I would do other charter flying trying to keep up with customer demand. In the fall hunting season we would supply the camps of the big game guides, move the American hunters to and from the camps. I had the honour of flying the brother of the Shaw of Iran along with his host, Herb Klein. Herb Klein was a Texas oil millionaire on a hunting trip with Scoop Davidson of Terminus Mountain.

Also I flew General Jimmy Doolittle who led the first bombing raid over Tokyo in World War II. The bombers were launched from the aircraft carriers and were not able to return to the carriers so found a place to crash land. His hunting partner was Bob Reeve of Reeve- Aleutian Airlines, a well-known pioneer Alaskan bush pilot.



Pleasant Lake, Yukon- one of many lakes where fuel was placed for helicopter use.

Our daughter, Sandra, was born at the Whitehorse General Hospital on February 17, 1961. I worked for B.C./ Yukon until 1962. I did not like the way the company was being managed. We had built a house in Watson Lake, but moved to Atlin for the winter to fly for Herman Peterson while he and his wife were away on an extended vacation.

We returned to Watson Lake in the spring, purchased a Beaver aircraft and started Harrison Flying Service. It took quite a long time to get the necessary licenses but we got in the air in the spring of 1963.

In the off-season, I worked as a carpenter's helper to help keep the wolf from the door. On December 9, 1963, our son, Arthur, was born in Vancouver. The charter business was fairly busy with exploration companies, geological surveys, hunters, road surveys and construction companies.

One job was for a construction company on the Stewart Cassiar Highway. One day while just after take-off from Gusty Lake, there was a funny sound from the engine. The Beaver has a 450 h.p., 9-cylinder radial engine. And a smell of exhaust fumes in the cabin. I turned and landed back on the lake. After tying up on the beach, I noticed that the top number 1 cylinder was split open. That meant a new piston and cylinder. We had radio contact with our base in Watson Lake. I had by this time gone into a partnership with Jim Close and Stan Bridcut and we are now Watson Lake Flying Service. My passenger and myself were picked up by another aircraft and returned to Watson Lake. When the parts arrived, Jim and I went back to do the repairs. We had to stay over night as it was a lengthy job.

Boy, was that a cold night! A few days before this, I had flown a lady to Whitehorse to have her baby and, for her comfort, she was using my sleeping bag. Her water broke and my sleeping bag was still at the cleaners. We got to Whitehorse just in time...the baby was born 15 minutes after our arrival. I tried to sleep by laying on a piece of cardboard by a campfire. The repair was made and everything got back to normal.

Another engine failure happened late in the fall. I was taking off from a very small lake when the engine failed completely due to timing gear failure. I was alone, having just dropped off supplies for a prospecting camp, as the lake was a drop-off point only. The radio signals were out so all I could do was wait. Stan flew over a few hours later and I could contact him and tell him what was wrong. Jim came in with the Super Cub, confirmed what was wrong and we left to try to locate an engine. One was found in Toronto and by the time it got to Watson Lake the smaller lakes were beginning to freeze. We flew in the Cub to remove the old engine. To do so, we had to build a tripod for a hoist. It was hard to find poles large enough as the lake was near tree line.

The new engine was brought in by helicopter, and the old engine was taken out. The new engine was installed and we were back in the air again. We had to taxi the Cub around the little lake to keep the ice broken while the change was taking place so we could get out of there. There was about 4 inches of snow. I was beginning to think about helicopters and a change of flying career.

To be continued

Whiskey Flats

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

"If you could read my mind, what a tale my thoughts could tell." Words from a Gordon Lightfoot song that could be applied to a place now long gone and largely forgotten. What tales could Whiskey Flats tell? The mosquito infested area is now known as Rotary

Park and a fine place it is. But it is certainly without the character of old Whiskey Flats where every house looked like a Jim Robb painting.

In the early days before the massive clean up of 1964, Whiskey Flats was home to the Yukon's colourful five percent. And the colourful structures that went with them. These shacks tilted against the wind. They lay helter skelter across a landscape littered with junk that today would gain a pretty penny or more on the Antiques Road Show. Early photos of the place seem to have been taken after a heavy downpour or else the drainage was substandard. Likely the latter and I expect that no one had a basement.

Whiskey Flats was a largely home to so-called squatters, a problem that bedeviled town planners for years. Almost every spring brought forth crocuses on the side hills and the annual Whiskey Flats clean up brigades. This was a losing battle until the bridge linking downtown Whitehorse with the new subdivision of Riverdale was opened.

Now a serious clean up was needed since it wouldn't do for those wealthy enough to live in Riverdale to drive through a strange place that would never qualify for communities in bloom. However, it wasn't until the spring of 1964, that the town got serious about Whiskey Flats. Its days were numbered. A community effort led by the Chamber of Commerce and with civic approval came up with an ingenious scheme to shutdown the Flats.

First, there was an extensive advertising campaign announcing the annual clean up, coupled with a notice that bona fide residents would not be required to move out.

The committee delivered signs to permanent residents that they should nail to their houses stating that the building was occupied. After several weeks, shacks that did not display these signs on the outside were deemed to be uninhabited. They were either demolished or removed. Thus, non resident owners or drifters were out of luck. However, the genuine owners could see the writing on the wall. They too were encouraged, but not forced, to move. In the end, it was attrition that sounded the death knell for Whiskey Flats. By 1966, the real clean up came as everything on Whiskey Flats was carted away to make room for the SS Klondike.

Today, the magnificently restored riverboat sits where once clapboard shacks dotted the landscape. Green grass grows where mud puddles filled the laneways. Park benches have replaced the back seats of derelict automobiles as a place to rest and watch the river go by. Swings, slides and other trappings of modern childhood have supplanted the cardboard crates we used to hide in. Modern Whitehorse is justly proud of its Rotary Park though I expect there are some who long for the old days of Whiskey Flats and the frontier spirit it brought.



Whiskey Flats - circled. Home to many people prior to government housing or the availability of a mortgage - eventually CMHC offered limited funds to build a home.



This was the home of SGT Bruce Cameron, Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, and his wife 'Jolly'.



Water source was the near by Yukon River - Jolly Cameron in photo.



The interior of the Cameron home.

But as a philosopher once said: "People seem to get nostalgic about a lot of things they weren't so crazy about the first time around."

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

MOC TEL 245 – YUKON BUDGET & FEDERAL GRANTS

I get a bit sick and tired of getting one sided comments about how the rest of Canada is supporting us here in the Yukon. Yes, we are very fortunate, but then if it was that great as outsiders' s make it out to be (and yes, I think it is a great place to live, but not just because of the extra goodies we've got through federal dollars – we lived here before the majority of those goodies arrived) then why aren't those folks living here? Surely they have found something that they think is better elsewhere?

A few other things that should be remembered:

- The provinces have control of, and revenue from, development of natural resources.
- Yukon, and the other territories, are part of Canada. If Canada wants to keep the territories as part of Canada, then it stands to reason that you have to have a presence there. It should be remembered that the territories are essentially a "colony" of the federal government and, no matter what the rhetoric, the governments in those territories operate at the pleasure of the federal Minister of Northern Affairs.
- We also have the great benefit of paying extra monies for everything we purchase, especially fresh fruit and vegetables, which people in southern BC can just pick off the trees or out of their garden in the back yard.
- A trip to southern BC during the wintertime would be "going south for the winter" for many of us.
- We also pay federal taxes at the same rates that those living outside do. But we don't have the commercial and industrial tax base that larger jurisdictions have.
- Finally, my calculations indicate that the funding received from the feds works out to about \$20,000 per person. I figure that for the past 35 years I have more than paid my way here in the Yukon and am still continuing to do so – thank you very much!

Just a few thoughts to make this a little more balanced topic.

Stan Marinoske smarinoske@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)



Whitehorse Elementary, Grade 3, 1955

Photo courtesy Cathleen (NETZEL) LYONS lousana*xplornet.com (In Lousana AB)



Whitehorse Elementary, Grade 5, Tuesday May 21st 1957, Mrs. Mudiman

Photo courtesy Cathleen (NETZEL) LYONS lousana*xplornet.com (In Lousana AB)



Christ the King Elementary 1958/9 6 or 7

Photo courtesy Cathleen (NETZEL) LYONS lousana*xplornet.com (In Lousana AB)

DeWolfe race Emerges from the Doldrums with triple the Teams Running

by Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)
March 26, 2008

Well, that's the last of them, said a spectator on the dike as Gerry Willomitzer, wearing bib number 15, slid over the top and down onto the Yukon River ice bridge during the first half hour of the Percy DeWolfe Memorial Mail Race.

But it wasn't, because there were 15 teams entered in this year's race - the highest number in a long time - and bib #1 is always reserved for Percy DeWolfe, the Iron Man in whose honour the race was founded 32 years ago.

So the first team out of the gate was actually #2, with Ontario's Jarod Chinnick mushing the dogs and carrying the memorial mail sack filled with DeWolfe Race letters that will be cancelled, stamped and mailed in Eagle.

While the number of teams in the race is never certain until the mushers meeting the night before, this year was unusual in that six teams were pre registered. Nine more

turned up, making this the largest race in quite a few years. There were 19 teams in 2004 and 14 in 2005, but the last two years have seen only five and six teams running.

Moving the mid-distance race back a week to the fourth week in March seems to have had the results that were hoped for. And the additional week also allowed the sun to shine on the starting line once more, something it couldn't quite manage during the third week of March on President Bush's version of Daylight Savings Time.

The morning started out at about -20, but gradually warmed up as the sun crested the Dome. The street was lined with locals and school students out to celebrate Dawson's home grown dog race.

Teams were lined up along both sides of Third Avenue and the east side of King Street as the fire truck pulled up on Third and Fire Chief Jim Regimbal began the countdown to race time. Gabby Sgaga took over that chore for the actual race start, exhorting the crowd to count down each of the last five seconds with her during the two minutes between teams.

As usual the dogs were yelping, jumping and straining at their harnesses, held back by braking hooks and the fact that each sled was tethered to an ATV 4 wheeler. Chinnick was away just minutes after receiving the mail bag from the Postmaster and a Mountie in Red Serge.

He was followed by Simi Morrison (Marsh lake), John Stewart (Whitehorse), Didier Mogia (Whitehorse), Ed Hopkins (Tagish), Peter Ledwidge (Dawson), Laird Crow (Whitehorse), Newton Marshal (Jamaica), Michelle Phillips (Tagish), Scot Read (Winnipeg), Hans Gatt (Atlin), Paul Geoffrion (Whitehorse), Darryl Otto (Whitehorse), Gerry Willomitzer (Whitehorse) and Craig Houghton (Fort St. James).

It took just over half an hour to launch all the teams. By late afternoon on Thursday the GPS tracking units carried by each musher were showing Mogia, Stewart and Marshal approaching the checkpoint at Fortymile.

Race committee member Anna Claxton cautions that the satellite tracking isn't quite what the committee had hoped it would be. Ed Hopkins unit never did work, and therefore he shows on the Google Earth display as being back in Dawson. Three other devices have been erratic and probably aren't showing mushers actual positions any longer, since it's been several hours since they sent out a signal.

Still, the Google Earth display, with the race route marked as a yellow line on the map and the mushers showing up as little red numbered boxes, adds an almost realtime excitement to a race that is generally only visible at the beginning, middle and end.

Allowing for a mandatory six hour layover in Eagle the race, which is typically won in about 24 hours of running time, should end back in Dawson City on Friday afternoon.



Jarod Chinnick from Ontario, wearing bib #2 and carrying the mailbag, led the pack as the 210 mile Percy DeWolfe Race began on Thursday morning. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Ed Hopkins, last year's race winner, is cheered by the crowd as he leaves the starting line. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The route takes mushers past the Dänojà Zho Cultural centre, along the dike and down onto the Yukon River. Here Hans Gatt, #12, mounts the dike. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The teams leave at two minute intervals. Here four teams, belonging to Paul Geoffrion (13), Hans Gatt (12), Scott Read (11) and Michelle Phillips (10), can be seen heading northwest to Eagle. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Percy Junior Race has a healthy field of Nine teams

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

March 27, 2008

The dogs were mad to run the Percy Junior dogsled race on Thursday at noon. The temperature had risen about 12 degrees from the -24 of the 10 o'clock start for the Percy DeWolfe Memorial Mail Race, and there was a breeze along the river that hadn't been there two hours earlier, but it still appeared to be a good day for a run.

The dogs were ready. The spectators were eager, The photographers were wading through the deceptively spongy snow on top of the river ice to find their vantage points.

The Percy DeWolfe Junior Race is slightly less than half the length of the Memorial Mail Race, with the teams stopping to spend the night at Fortymile and then returning to Dawson.

The race committee works in miles rather than kilometres, so the race is described as being 100 miles long (approx. 170 km) as opposed to the 210 miles (338 km) of the longer race.

It's been described by some as an overnight camping trip, but the mushers are serious enough about winning once the dogs take off.

The race isn't intended to be a scaled down version of the original, Founded in 2002, it was named in honour of Percy DeWolfe Junior, who had been a special guest of the race committee the year before during the original race's 25th anniversary year.

The other big difference between the two races can be seen as the starting line. The Percy is a timed start race, with teams leaving at two minute intervals from the Old Post Office on Kings Street.

The Percy Junior runs from the ice bridge on the Yukon River, and is a mass start event. This sort of start is initially more exciting, but is over pretty quickly.

There were nine teams to run the race this year: Kyla Boivin (Whitehorse), Kyla Johnson (Fort St. James), Sandra Holzinger, Crispin Studer (Whitehorse), Cor Guimond (Dawson), Matt McHugh (Dawson), Marcel Morin (NWT), Elicia McLellan, and Susan Rogan (Whitehorse).



The beginning of the race was a little ragged, but all the teams put their shoulders into it.

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



Mushers and fans gathered on the ice bridge shortly before noon.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The lead teams were soon dwindling in the distance.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

COMMENTS – re MocTel 245

Hi Sherron , just wanted to comment on that lovely photo by Norma Waddington "winter reflection on Waddington Pond" it is fantastic (almost makes me home sick!)

In regards to getting outside and enjoying the nice warm weather before you head across the border go for it girl- take time to smell the roses.

Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

GOSH SHERRON.....WONDERFUL PICTURES ..especially of the Band...New Years Eve....such great old friends..... AND INFORMATION....
I HAD A REAL FEELING OF BEING HOMESICK FOR THE YUKON.....I will go and make myself a cup of Tea....

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

NEECHEAH

Hello Sherron. I am one of the directors at the Yukon Transportation Museum. We have done some work on sprucing up the appearance of our Neecheah (I have attached photos), but we have very little information to use for doing some additional work to bring her to look as she did before. I was wondering if you could put in a request to the Moccasin Telegraph (and add me to your distribution list of the MT) for anyone that has pictures of the Neecheah to scan or make copies for the Museum. We have a few pictures showing her in the water, but no idea what her rudders looked like, or about interior details. Even pictures of the Neecheah in her later years out of the water as a restaurant will add to our file. Any pictures or information would be appreciated.

Regards,

John Gryba grybas*whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)



Neecheah

Photos courtesy John Gryba grybas*whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)

Please folks, try to help John Gryba with this project. – Sherron

JOYCE YARDLEY IN 1925

My father Eric Richards used to make costumes for the whole family when they had one of their “masquerades” in Whitehorse many years ago. My mother was pregnant with me

at the time this picture was taken. She didn't want to take part in the event for that reason, so Dad designed the tomato costume to hide her tummy. The costume also included a red (mesh) tomato which she wore on her head, but could still see through. So I was actually inside that tomato can ... Wow, that was in late 1925!

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



Grace Richards 1925

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

Caribou Hotel becomes Yukon Historic Site

The Caribou Hotel in Carcross has been designated as a Yukon Historic Site, under the Yukon Historic Resources Act.

By Whitehorse Star on March 31, 2008

The Caribou Hotel has been the mainstay of Carcross for almost a century. The building has been designated a Yukon Historic Site.

The Caribou Hotel in Carcross has been designated as a Yukon Historic Site, under the Yukon Historic Resources Act.

Tourism and Culture Minister Elaine Taylor made the announcement on Friday.

The 98-year-old hotel was nominated for designation as a Yukon Historic Site by owner Anne Morgan.

This nomination was evaluated and recommended for designation by the Yukon Heritage Resources Board, and supported by the Department of Tourism and Culture.

“I would like to commend Anne Morgan for her commitment to preserving Yukon’s built heritage,” Taylor said in a statement.

“I am pleased that we were able to assist her in safeguarding one of Yukon’s significant historic places for all Yukoners to enjoy.



Photo by Whitehorse Star
APPROACHING 100TH BIRTHDAY

This is a terrific example of what can be achieved by co-operation between government and private parties.”

“The rehabilitation of the Caribou Hotel has been made possible through the tremendous support of the Yukon heritage branch, and we would like to extend our thanks to the Government of Yukon and the heritage branch staff, the community of Carcross and the many organizations and individuals who have provided support,” Morgan said.

“The rehabilitation of the hotel is well underway and will continue this spring. With the assistance of a heritage architect, the Caribou Hotel will retain many of its original features and will re-open in 2010 on the 100th anniversary of the building’s opening in Carcross.”

The heritage values of the Caribou Hotel lie in its architecture and historical and social history.

The structure is one of the oldest buildings in the Southern Lakes Region and one of the last two historic three-storey frame buildings in the Yukon.

The Caribou Hotel has served as one of Yukon's longest continuously operating food and lodging businesses, and has provided accommodation and services for tourists, big game hunters, and visiting dignitaries. It has also provided long-term lodging for the RCMP, construction workers and local residents.

The hotel also played a significant role during the construction of the Alaska Highway. The United States Army and private road construction crews used it for housing and as a mess hall when Carcross was the major distribution centre for road construction.

The Caribou Hotel is the fifth place to be designated as a Yukon Historic Site.

An official designation ceremony will take place later this year.

RICK & MONIKA HOENISCH HEADING TRUE NORTH

Hello Sherron and Bill; We came back to Parker Cove on Easter Monday - had a very good trip, all in all. Had to go over the Coquihalla and I think lost some of the few hairs I have left, but we made it.

Anyway, I just wanted to say that it was nice to see you both and that we are very sorry to hear about Bengie. I'm just getting around to reading all the stuff that came in while we were gone.

We are heading back to the true North on April 13th and again are not taking the computer along, so please take me off your mailing list temporarily. I'm sure I'll find somebody along the shores of Marsh Lake who'll let me have a copy of the Moccasin Telegraph.

Take care.

Rick Hoenisch [rhoenisch*cablelan.net](mailto:rhoenisch@cablelan.net) (In Vernon)

Rick & Monika stopped to see us in Yuma this winter and were hauling a travel trailer. Don't envy them making the trip over the Coquihalla in winter conditions. Suggested to Rick that if he took a computer north, perhaps someone at Marsh Lake (or even in Whitehorse) could save the MocTel to disc for him so he will be able to read it on his own computer. – Sherron



Feel free to pass this along – Glenda Bolt glenda.bolt@gov.trondek.com (In Dawson)

VANCOUVER YUKONERS' BANQUET – 80th

Tina & I are back home. We had a great time at the banquet. Enjoyed seeing folks after so many years and also making some new friends.

I may be prejudiced but I feel the hospitality room was a great success and will be even bigger and better each year as people find out about it and make an effort to arrive early to meet other attendees.

The location was excellent. We were treated very well and enjoyed the variety of things to do and see.

Congratulations to yourself [Helen Fitch] and the organizing committee. I know these functions take a lot of work usually by a small group of dedicated people. I want all of you to know how much enjoyment and comradeship you have provided through your efforts.

Dave Perks & Tina Chambers birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grand Prairie AB)

Hi Sherron, I am enclosing a few photos from the 80th Annual Vancouver Yukoners' Association Banquet held on April 5th at the River Rock Casino Resort in Richmond, BC. There were 264 in attendance including Mr. & Mrs. Yukon, Bucky and Shirley Keobke who live at March Lake, Yukon. Perhaps someone has sent you the stats re the breakdown of numbers as I did not write them all down. I did catch that there were 72 from the Yukon and Northern BC included in the above number. We had a delightful time visiting with old friends and catching up on what has been happening in their lives. The committee is to be commended for the excellent job of organizing another very successful banquet.

I also hope that you will receive more photos from others who attended. I was busy visiting and so only have 12 photos to send, mostly of former Mayoites with whom I attended school.

Take care.

Harvey J. Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

**80th Annual Vancouver Yukoners' Association Banquet
Held at the River Rock Casino Resort in Richmond, B.C.
April 5, 2008**

Photos courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)



Head Table showing the banner



Scrumptious Salad



Jim Fordyce, Mary Jean (Boyle) Morrison, Bill Drury



Claus Barchen, Blaise Shilleto



George & Corrine Leopky



Lowell & Lyn Bleiler



Lowell & Lyn Bleiler, Harvey Burian



Mr & Mrs Yukon – Shirley & Bucky Keobke



Karen Shaw, Muriel (Close) Hemmerling, Mary Jean (Boyle) Morrision



Muriel (Close) Hemmerling, Rilla (Zaccarelli) Mickey



John Close, Bucky Keobke, Alvin "Lugs" Close



Gus & Blanche (Holbrook) Barrett, Donna (Holbrook) Rivest

80th Annual Banquet was held at the River Rock Casino, Richmond BC. 264 people sat down to a delicious 3 course dinner, the briefest speeches of our 80 year history, and the most stream-lined door prize awards ever. Ken Taylor kept the crowd in line so that President Sue Morrison could get through the essential ceremonies in a timely manner.

Our honoured guests of the evening were Anita Mayhew from Montreal and Lorraine Mackie from Nelson, daughters of Clarence Craig, one of the original members of Vancouver Yukoners. Also honoured were Mr. & Mrs. Yukon, “Bucky” and Shirley Keobke, whose family filled a table. They were all beaming with pride. Carol Clarke and Helen Fitch, using every communication tool available, rounded up a large group of Whitehorse Elementary High School grads of their era. Dawson and Mayo grads are invited to do the same for their peer group next year.

“Bear Creek Girls of a Certain Age” chose the banquet for their reunion. The four were joined by others of that select sisterhood. Increasingly, Yukoners are making a weekend of it, moving back and forth between the visiting spaces and the casino. Air North’s super deal for banquet attendees must have been well subscribed: 72 from Yukon! At the River Rock, caregiving family members have more to do while their elders hob-knob with old cronies, easing the strain on all. We also seem to be seeing more large family groups.

New this year, thanks to the suggestion of Sharon Redmond and Dave Perks, was the hospitality room. We used our “free” room that we get for making a quota of room-nights booked, to reserve the Seymour Room. Open for a few hours on Friday and most of Saturday, it was a popular drop-in spot. About a third of the ticket envelopes were picked up there, relieving the prebanquet crush. Treasurer Vivian Stuart and her stalwart sister Arlene Hayes (aka the Lelievre sisters) were on duty almost the whole time the room was open.

Door prizes were truly prized this year, with volunteers lining up with offers to unburden winners of the Okanagan wines donated by our Okanagan counterparts, the fireweed wall hanging donated by Bev Campbell Zielke and the \$100 gift certificate for dining at the River Rock (won by Sidney restaurateur [Doug] Stuart!).

In recent years, the banquet hall has emptied quickly after the meal. Not this year. We had planned to move the bar into the smaller room at 10. The bartenders declined; the group was still too big. Hotel staff had to flush us out of the banquet hall when it was time. The party then moved upstairs to various rooms.

* * * * *

Just one correction for you Sherron.....the last blurb which was in the Newsletter, indicates the \$100.00 gift certificate donated by the River Rock was won by “Wayne” Stuart. That should be Doug Stuart. He is my son and was very very pleased to have won. It will certainly be used at another visit by him.

Our numbers were as follow:

99 – Lower Mainland
33 – Island
25 – Okanagan
77 – Yukon/Northern BC
3 - USA
25 - Alberta
2 – Ontario

I am sure the excerpt from our Newsletter would be just fine to post, but check with Maribeth Mainer.

It was indeed a “Grand Party” and we are very pleased at the turnout and positive response received from all.

Thanks,

Vivian (Lelieve) Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Hi Sherron

I believe Maribeth wrote the blurb in our newsletter and on behalf of the Assoc. I give you permission to use it, if you have not already heard from someone else.

Carol Clarke clclarke@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Ontario

Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

EDITH JOSIE COLUMN - WHITEHORSE STAR 1963

Anglican Church at Old Crow

The caribou are not close so nobody hunt for caribou they just wait till it get close to town. Cause if it's farther away from town they won't have enough gas to get caribou.

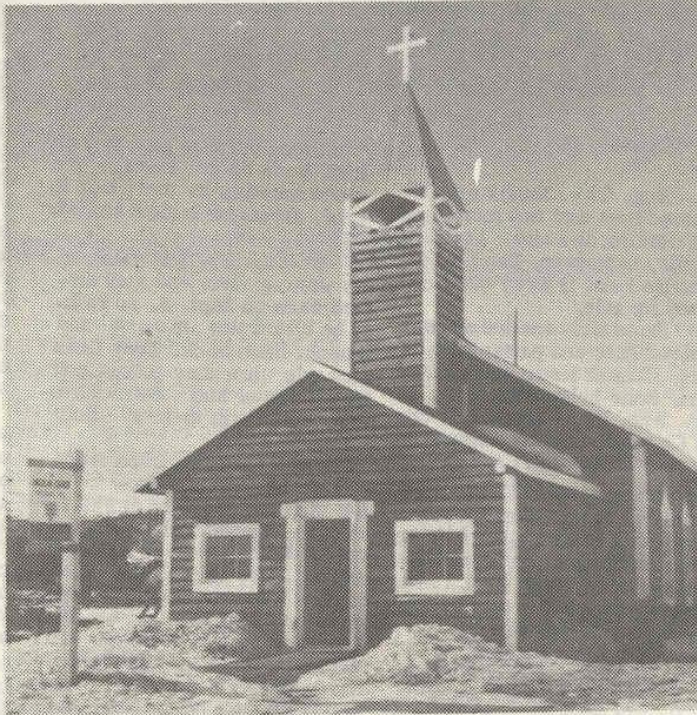
Low River

The river is getting low and the Brainstorm boat might have no water to come here. Just if it's lots of rain then the water will raise. When the boat come everybody glad to see Mr. Stutter and the crew. This year the water is high and no King Salmon. But few white fish and grayling and since last week they been set net and they catch few dog Salmon.

Aug. 20 - Mrs. Eliza Ben she move down river to 6 miles that is were she always stay fall time. For caribou and set nets for Dog Salmon that is for herself to eat and also his dogs feed for winter. She had canoe of her own and she set net for herself and if she see caribou she had 30:30 rifle.

Mr. Rev. J. Simon is doing well and make service every sunday at 9 a.m. Holy Communion and 5 p.m. Mr. Joe Kay make service to. When James Simon make service Johnny Abel and Crafton Yootle is helping James for Communion service.

And also church wardens is Charlie Thomas and Charlie Abel help him for ring the bell and also collection. After service he's always to Mrs. Josie house for service and Commu-



nion and when he make service about six or seven womens go to service.

So he really doing very nice and sure good native minister him and his wife. He will start with sing hymn practise and also Bible Class soon that if he had time to do it. And if everyone agree he will teach the women or either men for practise song or reading Bible.

Boat Arrives

Aug. 24 - In the morning at 10 a.m. Mr. Mike Stutter boat arrived Old Crow. They all look OK and fine and they also bring one caribou up in the boat. On Saturday they got to Old Crow and unload the boat that same day. On Aug. 25 morning at 9 a.m. they had Holy Communion and 11 a.m. they had memorial service of McDonald. After service over they had sandwich tea and coffee by Mission house. Every-

body had lunch and enjoy the nice service.

Mr. Rev. J. Simon Joe Kay, Peter Charlie, Neil McDonald and Charlie Abel they are helping minister in service. And also Mrs. Simon tell the story of Rev. McDonald when he teaching the people when he's alive.

Aug. 25 - One of Connelly aircraft arrived Old Crow at 11 a.m. and he bring fresh for Philip and mail. When it took off Miss Glance is passenger in it to Whitehorse. It suppose to come to Old Crow Monday with few more fresh stuff for Mr. Philip.

Aug. 26 - Morning, the Stutter boat left toward Dawson he suppose to make another trip to Old Crow. No Caribou in Old Crow and sure don't look good without fresh meat.

This is the End of the Edith Josie Booklet shared with MocTel by Gus Barrett and with permission of the Whitehorse Star and Edith Josie via her daughter.

OBIT

My very good friend Bertha Gibson passed away in February. She and Roy spent many years in the Yukon so many on the Moc Tel will know her.

Marie (Fisher) Morgan mariem*facmail.com (In Kelowna)

Bertha Alice Drake Gibson passed away February 18th, 2008 at Stillwaters Private Hospital, Kelowna, B.C. Bertha was born on January 30th, 1913 in Dartmouth Nova Scotia. She is predeceased by her husband Roy in June of 1988, one brother and three sisters. She is survived by her son Lance, granddaughter Tammy and her mother Dawn, daughter June, granddaughters Cara Krvavac (Zack) Dakota, Cheyenne. Cori Derrickson (Glen) Autrey, Macey, Chance. Heide Roseberry (Dan Flynn) Alycia. Jordan, seven great grandchildren, sisters Shirley Hayes and Evelyn Moriarty, sister-in-law Evelyn Gibson, many nieces and nephews.

Bertha arrived in **Dawson City** with her mother in 1937 to start her nursing career at the Dawson City Hospital after completion of her nurses training in Halifax N.S. Bertha married Roy Gibson in September of 1937 at Granville, Yukon. While on a short holiday in Vancouver, Bertha took very ill preventing them from returning to the North so after Roy spent some time working at the shipyards they were able to build a home at Silver Sands (Maderia Park) on the Sunshine Coast where they started a Logging Business with Jack and Blanche Mac Neal (Gibson MacNeal Logging). In December of 1949 they adopted June. In 1950 they moved to Boston Bar B.C. and built the sawmill there. In October of 1951 they adopted Lance. Returning to Silver Sands in 1956 Bertha nursed part time at the Hospital in Garden Bay, while Roy logged. In 1962 they moved to Prince George, B.C where Roy and Jack MacNeal started Staghorn Lumber Mill and Bertha nursed at the Prince George Hospital. The call of the North was very strong all these years and in 1965 they were finally able to return to Dawson City where Bertha worked at the hospital and Roy worked at Clinton Creek. Roy and Bertha worked their own small gold mine on Supher Creek on their days off and eventually became full time miners until Roy's health failed in 1983. Leaving Lance to take care of Lucky Lady placer mine they moved to Westbank B.C. where June lived. In 2001 Bertha sold the home in Westbank and moved to a Seniors Complex in Kelowna and shortly after was moved into Stillwaters Nursing Home where she resided until her death.

A memorial service will be held May 10th at 4:30 at the Westbank Cemetery. for more info please contact June at 604-467-1471 or email chunjugoodgob*shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Folks, Spring is blooming in beautiful downtown Gallagher Bay [Maine Island, BC] and we are celebrating with a brand new state-of-the-art computer (thanks Tim) and an amazingly fast high-speed internet connection. Life is good!

As the only fly in the ointment, I have to change my email address:

The address change is effective immediately and the old address turns into a pumpkin at the end of May. Sorry for the inconvenience.

I look forward to hearing from you often at the new email address.

Cheers

Weldon Pinchin just-a-mereplace*gi-wireless.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Always leave something to wish for; otherwise you will be miserable from your very happiness. - Theodor Seuss Geisel

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC) and typed by Donna Clayson yukonlady*albertacom.com (In Ardrossan AB)

SOURDOUGH HOTCAKES

Make your basic batter the night before, mixing:

½ cup starter
2 cups warm water
2-2 ½ cups flour

Cover container (do not use metal) and let it set in a warm place overnight, or 10-12 hours. Save ½ cup of this batter for future baking.

Add to the remaining batter:

1 tsp soda
½ tsp salt
1 tbsp wild flower honey or
1 tbsp maple syrup

2 eggs

Beat with fork. Stir in:

(2 tablespoons oil, or melted butter, optional)
(a handful of wild blueberries, optional*)

Pour batter on to a hot griddle and brown cakes on both sides. Serve with blueberry syrup, rosehip jam, maple syrup or honey.

SOURDOUGH BUCKWHEAT CAKES

Replace $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat flour with $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buckwheat flour; and add 1 tablespoon dark molasses.

Only wild blueberries should be used; the commercial variety will be too mushy in pancakes.

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
Phone 928-341-0690