

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 248th Edition – April 27th, 2008

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Eagles return to South Access Road in Whitehorse and resting on man made nesting post.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Tim - Looks like man is helping out this couple by building them a condo.- Sherron

Yup - Condos are spreading up all around Whitehorse.

The weight of the original nest was beginning to bend the tree so much that it looked like the tree would break so during the winter of 2006/2007 it was decided to build up the special frame, mount it on a pole and move the original nest into the frame and the hope was that the birds would nest in that area again - they were a very popular attraction during the summer of 2006. The Yukon Government Conservation Dept and Yukon Electric were involved in setting this all up and I am sure other businesses were also involved - making the frame etc. The birds did not return last summer. I heard the other day that a pair was again hanging around the nest and I have been checking it and yesterday was the first time I managed to see the birds there. I will be keeping a close eye on it from now on.

Tim Kinvig kinvig@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

SONGS OF OUR YOUTH

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

There's spring in the air as I wend my way,
Along the sea wall by the bay,
And a brand new spring in my step today
It's a glorious time of year.

I've joined the ranks of the teens, you see,
With my cell phone, camera, and MP3,
Most would never believe it's me,
With a headset plugged in my ear.

As happily out on my walk I go,
The music is playing, soft and low,
Music that only we seniors know,
With Frankie, Dino and Bing.
Music that cheered us and dried our tears,
Eased our troubles and chased our fears,
Guiding us through those war torn years.
Encouraging all to sing.

Songs of parting and fond farewell,
Songs of reunion and wedding bells,
Songs of our youth that we knew so well,
And we sang them all with a will.
Now more than half a century's passed,
Our songs have gone from the charts at last,
But deep in our hearts the words are cast,
And we remember them still.

I'm not enamoured by rock and roll,
Or offshoot music like rap or soul,
Give me a song from the days of old,
With Brewer, Day or Lynn
Let the instruments strum as I stroll along,
Remembering days when we were young,
And I'll hum to myself, our favorite song,
Reliving those times again.

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A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)

By R. O. (Bob) Harrison

I ferried the helicopter to Uranium City, Saskatchewan with an overnight stop in Hay River where I watched man's first walk on the moon. I met up with a party chief in Uranium City and we left for Baker Lake near the west coast of Hudson Bay. The rest of the crew went in by fixed wing. It was a long flight. Fuel had been cached for us along the route. Also, we carried extra fuel. At our first re-fuelling stop, near the edge of the barren lands, after shutting down the engine we were attacked by millions of mosquitoes.

After that, we re-fuelled with the engine running so that the rotors downwash would keep the buggers at bay.

We were at Baker Lake, an Eskimo settlement on the shore of a lake of the same name, for a few days. From Baker Lake, we set up camp in the middle of the barren lands in the game preserve on the Thelon River. The area is kind of an oasis in the middle of the barrens with trees and abundant wildlife, including musk ox, moose, caribou. In the early years, Jack Hornby and two others went there for trapping confident that they could live off the land. They built a cabin and settled in for the winter and starved to death. We were camped not too far from the cabin.

One day we flew over a huge herd of caribou, numbering in the thousands. The job was finished and we went to Uranium City where the contract terminated. On phoning Keith, he suggested I go to Watson Lake to see if I could find work for the chopper. I got on with the geological survey at Bonnet Plume Lake, northeast of Mayo as their contract helicopter had crashed. I finished out the season there and, at the end of the job, ferried the helicopter to Invermere, the headquarters of the company. So ended my first season on helicopters.



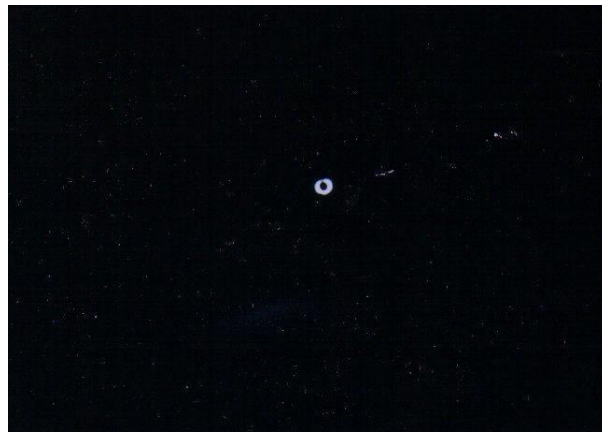
Hovercraft came from England to do offshore seismic in the Beaufort Sea. Arrived at Shingle Point the same time as the beluga whales did, and were not allowed to work until the whales left due to the danger to the whales from the explosives used in the seismic

The next several seasons were in the north. One season, with Barriere Reef Resources north of Mayo at Rakla Lake, a high-grade zinc property was found and created a lot of excitement and a big staking rush developed. Next year's drilling proved that there was not enough ore for a mine. The following summer's exploration with the same company, Barriere Reef Resources, exploration program resulted in the discovery of a property in the Gayna River area of the MacKenzie Mountains. It will sometime in the future be a mine.

I once watched a wolf chasing a dall sheep. It would catch the sheep, pull it down, and then turn it loose. The sheep would run and the wolf would catch it again like a cat and mouse. One place, the sheep got into some soft ground and got stuck. The wolf lay down about thirty feet away from the sheep and was watching the sheep. I decided to land the helicopter to see what would happen. The wolf was so intent on the sheep that it never noticed the chopper until we were nearly on the ground, then left. The sheep was badly hurt so I shot it to end its suffering. The next day, when flying by there, the sheep was gone, so I guess the wolf had returned and taken it to his den.

Also I did a lot of flying on forest fires, mostly in northern Alberta and in the N.W.T. I was on a fire near Swan Hills, Alberta. The town had been evacuated, and accommodation was in a hotel. It seemed strange that there was hardly anyone in the town except fire crews. On one fire, in Woods Buffalo Park, there were six people killed. Four when two Canso water bombers collided in mid-air. One who got his head in the prop of a floatplane he was tying up and another that a tree fell on. One helicopter crashed and seriously injured the pilot.

I also had a job north of Inuvik on the experimental seismic program trying for the first time to see if it could be done in the summer and not cause melt of the permafrost. It was not all that successful. I also had a short job at Shingle Point, a dew line site when there was a total eclipse of the Sun.



Eclipse of the sun, early July, 1971 at Shingle Point Dew line site

I started to think about overseas employment so, in order to pursue this, I left my job and went to work for United Helicopters out of Calgary, Alberta as they were actively pursuing overseas contracts. My first season with United, I started flying a Hughes 500-C, a gas turbine powered helicopter. My first job with them, another pilot and I flew to Anchorage, Alaska. We were met there and driven to Palmer, Alaska where two United helicopters were that had been leased to a U.S. Company. We ferried the two helicopters

to Whitehorse where floats were installed and then on to the Eskimo village of Holman, on Victoria Island via Norman Wells and Coppermine.

Our job was with the geodesic survey of Canada that was re-mapping parts of Victoria Island and all of Banks Island. The Bufort Sea was still solidly frozen and the sun never set. We were at Holman two or three weeks, camp was then moved to Johnson Point on Banks Island. There was an oil company airstrip and camp. The camp was not in use but there was a caretaker. We stayed in the bunkhouse. I was asleep in the bunkhouse when it caught fire and the camp burnt down. So it was back to tents again.

We had problems with fog on the northern half of the island. We would just get out on line when the fog would roll in. We were not going to work until late in the day as the crew, because it never got dark, said that they would sooner work at night. This went on for a long time and nothing was really getting done as we were getting out on line the same time the fog did. I suggested that we get back to regular hours. It worked and we were able to get the job done.



Prince of Wales St., East Coast of Banks Island

In one area of Banks Island is a major nesting area of the snow goose, more than half a million geese nest in the area. We were not to fly over that particular area as it might spook the nesting birds and the foxes would get their eggs. Also there was a large population of musk ox on the island. When flying over the sea ice, we would often see seals near their breathing holes. As we got near, they would dive. On one occasion, there were two seals and they both decided to dive at the same time but the hole was not big enough for both of them. We also saw polar bears. There is one Eskimo settlement at Sacks Harbour where we stayed at the airport for a few days.

One day the party chief and I landed on the north end of the island and, lo and behold, when we looked over the bank there was wood sticking out of the gravel. I retrieved some of it, it was still in its natural state. You could reach inside of a hollow

log and pull out a handful of punk. I still have a bit of the wood at home. Apparently this was a tropical forest a few million years ago. The nearest growing trees today is about 300 miles south. The sea ice went out near the end of July.

Another place we stopped was Mercy Bay where a sailboat called “The Investigator”, the captain being Robert J. MacClure (MacClure Strait is named after him), got frozen in on the search for the Northwest Passage. In 1851, it sailed around the west side of Banks Island and into Mercy Bay on the island’s north end for the winter of 1851-52. The crew spent the winter there, but the following summer of 1852 the ice never left, so they were still stranded. The crew was forced to stay for another winter in 1853. A rescue party found them but some of the crewmembers had succumbed to scurvy. The ship was abandoned and was eventually used by Eskimos for firewood. I have a spike from it and did have a piece of planking.

The job finally got finished on Banks Island and the crew was moved to Copper Mine for more work. When we finished at Copper Mine, I got some time off. My fiancée, Sylvia Greensword, met me at the Edmonton Airport and we drove to Adams Lake and then went to the Momich River, where Mom and Dad had a cabin, for a week of relaxation.

To be continued



Rest Stop ! Another sign of spring.
Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Sandy Lansfield brought to my attention a story done by Bill Schoeman and even tracked down a contact e-mail address. I have now received the story. Thanks Sandy. – Sherron

Of course you may use my story. I'm just glad it is getting some response. I just had a call from the Yukon today asking for my correct e-mail address because some people want to get in touch after reading the story. It has also been prominent in the Whitehorse Curling Club this winter.

My wife, Jeannette, came up with the catchy title for my article..

Bill Schoeman [jbschoes*telus.net](mailto:jbschoes@telus.net)

STRESS RELIEF--A STONE'S THROW AWAY

By Bill Schoeman [jbschoes*telus.net](mailto:jbschoes@telus.net)

With my Yukon experience in education one would think that I would write about schools, students, Department of Education officials, or even the Yukon Vocational School of which I was privileged to have been a principal for a short time. However, being retired I feel I can take some liberties and write about a "sport" which has endeared so many of us to Yukon good times---CURLING. A social highlight of living in Yukon has had to include curling. Most of us never heard of curling until we arrived to take up our teaching positions.

We arrived in Haines Junction in 1967 to two sheets of natural ice. Everyone curled. You had to keep up with everyone otherwise you did not "function at the Junction". It did not take long to persuade us to begin the sport in that low, quonset-type building where the temperatures would often fluctuate between 20 and 40 below zero and that was inside because the rink, as in most cases, was not heated. Competition was fierce but there was a lot of fun as well. Most enjoyable were the bonspiels where the community would entertain 32 rinks of curlers for a weekend bonspiel. Curling, between dances, eating, socializing and drinking took place 24 hours a day. The sound of the old curling brooms, some with beaver tails in them, was deafening in the low building. Being appropriately fortified, however, this did not cause a problem. Before it was all over you would already be looking forward to meeting the same rinks at 1083, 1202, Dawson or elsewhere.

During this time I remember well a bonspiel we attended in Fairbanks. We were picked up by bus which, filled mostly with Whitehorse curlers, had left much earlier and by the time it got to the Junction you can imagine the shape they were in. Thank goodness the bus was equipped with a washroom. One lady, whose name I shall not mention, lost her glasses down the toilet, which had to be retrieved when we stopped in Beaver Creek. That was quite an undertaking but with much support from the passengers they were retrieved and proudly worn from 1202 on. Unlike today when we tend to stay in hotels we were all billeted out in Fairbanks and many new friends were made. New curling pins were bought and since I am on that topic, how many of you still are proud owners of these? Do some have gold nuggets, diamonds? I would suggest you hang on to them.

Proud were the Yukoners who bedecked their old time sweaters with pins from every community in Yukon and beyond.

Clinton Creek, where I was principal for two years, had the most sought after bonspiel in Yukon. Why? It did not matter whether you were a winner or loser everyone was pretty well guaranteed a prize. With so many donations from companies which serviced the mine there were usually more than enough prizes for all. And where else in Yukon would you get Alaskan crab legs, steak, shrimp and other culinary delights at a bonspiel banquet? One must not forget the moosemilk which was a heavily fortified concoction of liquors mixed with milk and cream-free, 24 hours a day for the duration of the bonspiel. We used to mix it in the mine cafeteria kitchen 25 gallons at a time. I remember well the sign at the far end of the two sheets of ice which read "IF". I'm sure I don't have to say more.

I remember a bonspiel in Dawson at 50 below zero. We finished at midnight on a particular night and still drove to Whitehorse sometimes in ice fog so thick you could hardly see the road. I do remember I took a short nap on the pool table before leaving. I'm sure there are many of you reading this who remember similar experiences.

I would be amiss if I did not mention the teachers' bonspiels. They were excellent chances to meet teachers from other communities and much fun was had by all. Of course there was no drinking at these. One bonspiel that I fondly remember was at Takhini where we dressed in costume. We had much fun getting together with our rinks to design an appropriate costume for the weekend.

I could probably go on but I hope this article reminds you of one avenue of stress relief during the long, cold Yukon winters. I continue to be thankful for all my Yukon experiences and curling ranks among the top of them.

TWO OF CANADA'S FINEST

These twin girls born in Whitehorse to Vickey and Terry Aschacher prove the Yukon can be home to two of Canada's finest the R.C.M.P. Kathryn, on the left, graduated from Depot in Regina in April of 2006 and is now stationed in Airdrie AB. She shares a condo in Airdrie with her older sister Teri Elizabeth, who works for the City of Airdrie. Kimberly, on the right, graduated in July of 2006 and is stationed in Innisfail AB. Kimberly was married in the Yukon in the summer of 2007 to Jason Pennoyer (from Rock Creek BC) who is a member of the RCMP stationed in Red Deer AB. Kimberly and Jason met while attending college in Lethbridge AB. Parents Vickey nee Bradley from White River Lodge Mile 1169 and Terry Aschacher from the Crowsnest Pass AB are still living and working in Whitehorse.

Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)



Kathryn Aschacher on the left is now stationed in Airdrie AB and Kimberly Aschacher-Pennoyer on the right is stationed in Innisfail AB.
Photo courtesy Terry Aschacher

Edith Josie

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

When I first read her stuff in the Whitehorse Star, I thought it was kinda cute. Not very deep or insightful...just...well...just cute. But more than 30 years later, Edith Josie's columns have become an important record of lives of the people of Old Crow.

Her columns began appearing in the Whitehorse Star under the banner "Here are the News". Generally the news consisted of when the plane came and what it brought...who was out on the trapline...where the caribou were running...and what the berry season was like. Pretty mundane stuff until you realize that for a people with only an oral tradition, this material is really as complete a record as possible of their times.

Edith Josie joined the Star as a community correspondent in 1963. She wrote the way she spoke...in straightforward Gwichin influenced English. Soon, the Edmonton Journal began running the News from Old Crow and soon after that, the Fairbanks Daily News Miner took up her columns. All hand written.

Edith Josie was born in Eagle Alaska. In 1940, her parents moved to Old Crow. She was 16. Edith is devotedly religious and her columns reflect her attachment to the Anglican church. Details of baptisms, funerals, marriages, church, socials and especially the Christmas season have all formed part of "Here Are the News" for more than 30 years.



A partial panorama of Old Crow looking along the river. Some of the cabin roofs have been covered with flattened gas cans. Date: 1946. Yukon Archives. Claude & Mary Tidd fonds, #8197.



Peter Moses, the chief at Old Crow, stretching muskrat furs over wire frames. Date: June 1946. Yukon Archives. Claude & Mary Tidd fonds, #8242.



A large group of First Nations people sitting at a table and on the ground having a meal at Old Crow. Date: 1946. Yukon Archives. Claude & Mary Tidd fonds, #8249.

Over the years Edith became a bit of a traveller, joining Old Crow politicians as they travelled to Ottawa and Washington lobbying against oil exploration in the Old Crow flats. Her greatest fear is that exploration would harm the caribou and thus alter forever the way of life of the Gwich'in. In 1995, she travelled to Ottawa to meet with the Governor General, Romeo Leblanc.

This was not a political meeting. She was there to receive the Order of Canada for her lifelong dedication to her own special kind of journalism. When asked when she might retire, Edith Josie said "I wouldn't retire. Just when I pass away, that's the time my news will cut off."

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

The Milepost travelbook prints its 60th anniversary issue !

Hello Sherron ~

Earl L Brown, the Milepost Man from Fort Nelson here.

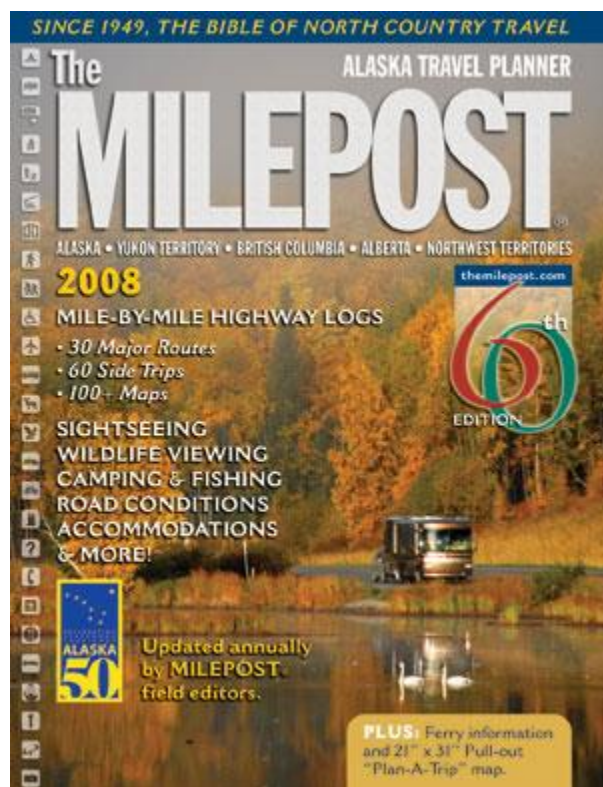
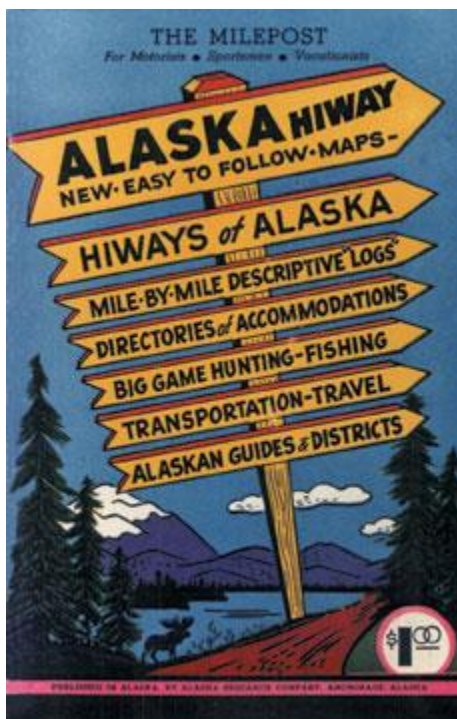
As one of your honorary members, I've certainly enjoyed receiving the Moccasin Telegraph these past 3 years.

One common thread that Yukoners and Alaska Highway folks share is exposure to The Milepost since it's first fledgling copy arrived on the scene in 1949, weighing in at 2 1/2 ounces, 72 pages and costing \$1.

The 2008 Milepost, in the bookstores in March weighs in at close to 2 pounds, some 800 pages and is priced at \$27.95 US (\$29.95 in Canada).

It might be interesting to hear from MocTel recipients of their experiences, recollections and stories related to the Milepost.

As an Alaska Highway kid, raised at Mile 245 (Prophet River) across the highway from the HME* camp, we were on the front lines of dealing with the travellers. From the 1963 edition of the Milepost our advert ran as ~ "Mile 245 - Prophet River Esso Service and Cafe, on left going north. Open all year, 7 days, 7 a.m. to midnight. Esso Products, & affiliated credit cards honoured. General auto repairs & welding. Atlas tires and tire repairs. Cafe serving breakfast, lunch & dinner, table and counter service. Novelties. Free spring water. Clean modern rest rooms. Owned & operated by the Einarsons & the Browns." The ad also included a 3/4" black & white photo of the lodge. (HME* - Highway Maintenance Engineers)



In my capacity of gas jockey, tire fixer, bed maker, short order cook, waiter, waitress chaser and dishwasher, when travellers (often dusty and exhausted) asked for highway info like "how far is it... where's a good place too ... or where can you see..." I'd grab the trusty Milepost and give them the best council that I could. Each summer I'd nearly wear out a copy of the book and the Plan-a-Trip map helping the travellers. I didn't realize that this period of my life was the training session to be a future Milepost Man - some thing I've enjoyed for the past quarter century now.
(By 1973 the book was \$3.95, and ran 544 pages.)

Flo Whyard was the Canadian Editor for the Milepost at that time, and meeting her in Whitehorse at the end of my first year on the road was memorable. "So your the new guy with the Milepost." says Flo. Then she poked her finger into my chest and continued "I hope you're smart enough to realize what a great job you've got. Don't screw up!" I can't think of better advice I've received in my life.

The Milepost was founded by Bill & Helen Wallace, and I'm regularly in touch with the feisty 96 year old Helen... who still asks about some of the folks and places from years ago (Rolf Hougen). If there is something she thinks might be better, she's quick to let me know ... but she's thrilled that what was created as Bill's vision years ago has become and still remains an Icon of the Alaska Highway.

Each edition of the Milepost has some special sidebar features, and editor Kris Valencia was delighted to reprint with permission a letter from another Alaska Highway/Yukon kid - Ken Coates. A distinguished historian and author of several Alaska Highway books and articles, his entertaining reminisces managed to turn the dry facts of the highway's metrification into a fascinating, funny and nostalgic trip down the Alaska Highway of the 1970s.
(Its on page 125 of the 2008 Milepost, but reprinted here for the MocTel recipients.)

“Time for a full confession. I am the villain of the Alaska Highway, personally responsible for trashing one of the most important historical legacies of the far northwest. It was a long-time ago and I was just following orders. But I am the one who removed the famed Alaska Highway Mileposts.

My father was the District Director of Public Works, with responsibility for maintaining and reconstructing the Canadian portions of the Alaska Highway. We were a highway family and it only made sense that I would find work along the highway.

It was 1975, in the midst of Canada's early flirtation with metrification. Fahrenheit was out. Celsius was in. Gallons banned. Litres required. Pounds verboten. Kilograms now the norm. And, most importantly for folks in the North, miles were to be stricken from the Canadian landscape, replaced by kilometers.

I had been hired by the Department of Highways, Yukon Territorial Government, and was assigned to lead a two person sign crew. The best part of the job was going to every intersection in the Yukon (count them up; there are not many) and putting up new signs.

The worst part of the job was removing the mileposts from the Yukon sections of the road.

The job was simple enough. A driver working a day or two ahead of us marked off every two kilometers along the highway. Since he started at the BC-Yukon border and not at Dawson Creek, the distances did not quite jive—but that was a problem for another time. We drove along the highway, our pick-up stacked high with the new posts, creosoted and painted. We had a full set of plastic numbers, so that we could customize each pole to its exact location. All we had to do was dig a hole, drop in the post, prop it up and pack it down.

The job description did not match the work precisely. As the first highway workers discovered, the Alaska Highway traverses some challenging terrain in North America: rocks, mud, muskeg, and mosquito-infested swamps. We earned our pay over the couple of weeks we spent enroute, enjoying the scenery and remarkable countryside, but exhausting ourselves with back-breaking labour. The hardest part was the abuse. People stopped to curse at us for removing the mileposts and more than a few completely bewildered and metric-averse Americans stopped to ask for help in figuring out the difference between the distances outlined in *The Milepost*® and the markers that now line part of the Alaska Highway.

The Milepost® is one of the most important publications in the far northwest. For generations, travelers and locals alike have depended on this impeccably detailed and always reliable publication. On long family drives down the highway, my brother, sister and myself were entertained by constant triangulation between the black-topped, metal flagged, white milepost markers and forthcoming sites of interest—a creek, a bridge, a campground or, please God, a gas station and restaurant—as described in *The Milepost*®. We spent many hours and hundreds of dusty miles planning our next stops, using the advertisements in the magazine as our guide to nirvana. I have vivid memories of debating the relative merits of restaurants in Fort Nelson and hotels in Dawson Creek (pool required as our reward for making it to pavement). And on the long stretches of highway between major settlements, it was only the assurance of *The Milepost*® that there was ice cream to be found at Pink Mountain, Muncho Lake or Johnson's Crossing that kept us under control.

Somehow, the Kilometre Post just doesn't sound right, does it? Forgive me for pulling out the mileposts, but join with me in celebrating the continuing value and longevity of that icon of northern travel, *The Milepost*®.

Ken Coates
Dean, Faculty of Arts
University of Waterloo
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N2L 3G1”

Best Regards

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web www.themilepost.com

If you have an story of an experience with the Milepost book, ad, mileposts, kilometer posts or travelling the highway. The MocTel and even the editor of Milepost are interested in hearing from you. – Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Percy Junior is a Race for Beginners

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

March 30, 2008

The Percy Junior could be seen as a race for beginning mushers, although it's quite true that some veterans of the trail run it as a sort of overnight camping trip. There were some from each category in the 2008 race.

“The Percy Junior is one of my favorite parts of this race,” said Sebastian Jones at the Percy DeWolfe Banquet. “It’s so cool to see this combination of people who haven’t done any racing before, and people who haven’t done very much dog mushing before, getting together with grizzled veterans like Kyla (Boivin all of 25), sitting at the knees of wise people like Cor (Guimond 57), absorbing his wisdom.”

“The Percy Junior isn’t intended to be a seriously competitive race, but people don’t go out there mushing against each other without competing. So what we do is we take the entry fees and split it amongst the first five places.”

With that sort of introduction you had to expect that the awards ceremony for the Percy Junior race would be a light hearted affair, and so it was. But it was also an affair which showed how the veterans of the trail are working to bring the next generation into the sport. Take Matt McHugh, the red lantern winner for the race, who took 19 hours and 6 minutes to make the run from Dawson to Fortymile and back.

McHugh was pleased with his prize. “It’s pretty cool. You come in last and you get a lantern. Actually, I’ve got a lantern in my cabin there and I just broke it the other day, so this is perfect. “I want to thank the Ledwidges. You guys lent me just everything and taught me a lot throughout the year, let me run the race. Thank you very much, guys. That’s awesome.”

Elicia McLellan (12:25) was in 8th place, followed by Sandro Holzinger (11:14), and the “grizzled veteran” Kyla Boivin (10:44). In fifth place came Kyla Johnson (10:38), who

thanked Gerry Willomitzer for letting her run some of his dogs. Marcel Morin (10:35) came in fourth. Susan Rogan (10:30), who came in third, was another beneficiary of veterans.

Rogan had initially requested a skijoring race, but when no one else signed up for that option she decided to give mushing a try. “I want to thank Jan Newton and Hans (Gatt) for giving me some dogs to use and a sled and everything else, I had a blast. It was my first race. “It was a lot more work than I thought. I skijor normally and I thought you dogsled people just stood there, but now I’ve learned my lesson.” Cor Guimond, the Yoda of the group, pulled in second with a time of 10:04.

Race judge Mel Besharah simply described the winner, Crispin Studer, as “one of our up and coming mushers with one the fastest teams I’ve seen around lately” and, indeed, Studer’s was the very first team into Dawson on Friday afternoon.

Sebastian Jones noted that the Percy Junior race was a bit odd this year in that most all the teams travelled faster on the return trip to Dawson.



Everyone thought that first dog team in would be someone from the Percy, but the bib number, visible from down on the river, identified Crispin as a Percy Junior musher.

Studer began his obsession with dog racing by working for Frank Turner’s kennel and helping Turner during the 2002 Yukon Quest. Two years later he ran the Quest. This year he won the Percy Junior. “Thanks to the race organization for letting my dogs and myself run in this race,” Studer said. “It was a really fine race. Thanks.”



Crispin Studer accepts congratulations from race judge Mel Besharah.

Jamaica Dog Team entry Places 7th in the Percy

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

March 31, 2008

Oswald “Newton” Marshall got a hearty round of applause for his seventh place finish in the Percy DeWolfe Memorial Mail Race. The musher from Jamaica was undoubtedly the most unusual entry in this year’s race, and one of the most popular.

The 24 year old Newton was in Dawson to run a race that would qualify him to enter the 2009 Yukon Quest. He is part of the Jamaica Dogsled Team, an island tour enterprise which is part of the Chukka Caribbean Adventures group in Jamaica, which is owned by Danny Melville.

“He loves dogs and has a passion for Jamaica,” Newton said of his boss. Back home the dogs pull people in a buggy on a tour of the island, not much different from how mushers here train on wheels where there’s no snow. “We carry two persons and the musher,” Newton said. “It’s really fun. Everybody that has tried it loves it and wants to do more.”

Melville’s ambition was to tie his touring operation into real dog mushing, so Newton was dispatched to the Yukon last November to train under Hans Gatt.

An earlier press release describes his training regime as consisting of up to four-100 miles runs a week. “If it wasn’t for him (Hans) giving me those really good tips, I

wouldn't have finished as well at all," Newton said. "I was really happy on the trail and really confident that I was doing something good. It was really fun." And Newton apparently had so much fun that all the other mushers voted him the Sportsmanship Award for this year.



A happy Newton Marshall receives the applause of the crowd at the DeWolfe Banquet.

"This is the coolest award," said race marshall Mel Besharah, "because it's voted on by everyone by what they've seen on the trail. It's the person they think is the best out there, the most fun out there, the most helpful. This year the prize goes to the coolest guy out there: Newton."

"My heart is pumping," Newton said as he took the microphone. "I want to say respect in all aspect to you guys out there. Thank you."

In addition to being part of the tour group, the Jamaica Dogsled team is sponsored by singer/songwriter Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville organization, along with Sorel, Annamaet Petfoods and Alpine Aviation.

Another team member, Damian Robb, has also been competing this year, training in Minnesota and running races there and in Wisconsin. Chakka owner Melville hopes that one day Buffett will write a song about the team.



Newton Marshall, wearing bib #9, turns onto Front Street at the beginning of the Percy DeWolfe Memorial Mail race.

Willomitzer Wins the Percy DeWolfe

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

March 30, 2008

Larry Bagnell has been supporting dog mushing in a small way for years but this year he got bitten by the bug, as he told the audience at the Percy DeWolfe Race Banquet on Saturday night.

“This year Ned Cathers lent my wife and I a team and we went out and I can really see how you get hooked by this,” said the Yukon’s M.P. “It’s just fantastic and it’s all sorts of fun.” “You really exemplify the spirit of the North, and the spirit that we may need in our civilization, of a time when you can still do things without huge amounts of machinery and nonrenewable fuels.

“We really need that kind of toughness and that survival instinct. “What you do for Dawson and for the Yukon is really important, so please do anything you can to make the race as great as you have this year. This is a lot more people than past years. It’s a wonderful event.” Bagnell was well received by the audience crowding the ballroom at the Oddfellow’s Hall in Dawson.

The return to the ballroom was a sign that the race had returned to former glory. For the last few years the smaller space at St. Mary’s Catholic Church has been more than large

enough, but this year there were nearly three times as many teams - fifteen - in the main race and another nine in the Percy Junior, so the larger hall was a necessity.

Gerry Willomitzer was the winner of the big race this year, completing his move from third place to second and up to first over his last three races. His winning time was 22 hours and 20 minutes.

Willometzer and fourth place Hans Gatt (22:58) were two of the Iditarod mushers who persuaded the Percy committee to move the race back a week to the fourth week in March so that they could manage to run it. The move is being credited for the large increase in teams and it has been confirmed that the race will stick to this timing for 2009.

Second place went to Percy Rookie of the Year Jarod Chinnick (22:44) and third to last year's winner, Ed Hopkins (22:38), who also won the vet's choice award presented by lead vet John Overall.

Local musher Peter Ledwidge (23:26) took fifth prize in what he admitted was a technical victory over Didier Mogia (23:20 + 1 hour penalty), who was penalized for forgetting to wear his race bib at the finish line.

In his speech, Ledwidge admitted that he might have warned Mogia about this as the team passed his. "I have a bit of a killer instinct when I'm racing and decided that if I couldn't beat him on the trail I would beat him with a technicality."

Neither Peter nor Anne Ledwidge will be in the race next year (they've been taking turns) as they will be in Australia for year working on a geological contract, but for this year Peter also picked up the Humane Society Award for great dog care.

Seventh place, the last place with a monetary award, went to the most unusual entry in the race. Newton Marshall (24:10) from Jamaica took the award. He said he encouraged his dogs on the trail by singing reggae songs.

In descending order the rest of the field were John Stewart, Paul Geoffrion, Michelle Phillips, Scott Read, Laird Crow, Darryl Otto, Simi Morrison and Craig Houghton. Houghton was the Red Lantern winner in last place this year. He invited everyone to join him in a similar race which is run in Fort St. James, where he hails from. John Overall noted that it was the first race he can recall where all the teams were back in under 36 hours. Houghton's slow time was still 34:10.

Usually the organizers are left hoping that everyone will make it back in time for the banquet. Race Marshall John Borg, from Eagle, was presented with a promise of a pair of fur gauntlets by race committee president Anne Ledwidge.

Borg has been race marshall for 30 of the race's 32 years. He explained that it was a mail run rather than a race for the first two years and so it didn't need a marshal then.



Brent McDonald (left) and John Borg (right) present Gerry Willometzer with the antler trophy

Willomitzer Wasn't sure he was Going to Win

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

March 31, 2008

When Gerry Willomitzer picked up the antler memorial as the first place winner in the Percy DeWolfe Memorial Mail Race, it wasn't the first time he'd held the heavy trophy. "Mel (Besharah) actually presented me with this outside and made me carry it up here," he joked. Willomitzer didn't start out thinking he would win this race. "It was a fun race, but when I went down to Fortymile it didn't look like I was even gonna be in the top five. I guess the rail was slow for everybody else going down, but it always looks like it's just slow for yourself. "I told Mel, it looks like my dogs already ran 800 miles. But they kept doing that speed and that was enough. Willomitzer was one of the Iditarod mushers who pushed for the race date change. "I really like this race and I'm glad I was able to come here this year after running the Iditarod just like Hans (Gatt) said. That date change really made it possible for us to come over here, "I was really disappointed last year when both races overlapped because I just couldn't come here last year." Willomitzer noted that he'd been working towards this win. "My last Percy I was second and the one before that I was third, so I just followed through mathematically. The glare ice going down to Eagle made the run a bit challenging, but he said it was nice to have some variation on the trail in spite of that. "On the way back I was racing ahead ... and I just had three headlights behind me. I didn't know any more who was who and I didn't see if they changed position. "Coming out of Fortymile I had a team behind me by about seven minutes. I

actually looked at my watch all the time and I knew it was seven and a half minutes or seven minutes. I didn't spend too much time in Fortymile because I didn't wanna wait for anyone. He said he hadn't worried much about Hans Gatt, who came in fourth because he was pretty sure he was carrying a dog, and Ed Hopkins was farther back too. When the team behind him turned out to be newcomer Jarod Chinnick, Willomitzer said he wasn't that worried. The audience broke up when he explained why. "Just a few days before the race I told him he could work for me in the summer, so I figured that he was smarter than passing me." In closing, Willomitzer referred to Percy DeWolfe, the Iron Man mail carrier in whose memory the race was begun. "I think about him every time I race. I know where his place was at Halfway House, and I think about the old times. It's real inspiring to think about. We have it easy these days. If it took him four days then it must have been tough and doing it for a lifetime is quite remarkable."



Gerry Willometzer approaches the final sprint to the finish line.

MORE PHOTOS COMING

Tina and I took some photo's at the banquet and have a few not posted so far. We are not computer literate but have put them on a CD which we plan to drop off to you in a couple of weeks.

We are heading your way on a month long road trip. We will likely be coming through Vernon on Monday May 5th and will stop in if you will be home that day.

Tina's mom-Dar arrives today for a week visit and her timing is not the greatest as we are in the middle of a nasty bit of weather. Snowing and blowing with high wind chills. It is a good thing she is not coming for the golfing!!!

Hats off to Jim Perry for taking so many photo's. It is great for those that were unable to attend and even those who were there and didn't see everyone. Also it may give a kick start for non-attendee's to come out next year to join in the fellowship of the YUKON. Hopefully even more folks will arrive early to meet and greet in the hospitality room.

Hope to see you soon.

Dave Perks and Tina Chambers birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

Vancouver Yukoners 2008



Jean Hartnell, Lucinda (Hall) Carter

Photo courtesy Jean Hartnell jvhart@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)

I was so pleased to meet Percy he treated me like a long lost friend when he realized I was Norm's wife. He phoned Norm the next day and they talked a long time about remember when? Glad Tina sent the picture of Percy and Art.

I found everyone there so friendly thanks to you and Moc Tel.

The hotel was lovely and the food delicious. It was nice to sit back and be spoiled.

We tried the Casino and lost \$5.00 Betty \$10. Next time we plan to try blackjack. We can likely lose more at that! I did not get too many pictures, too busy talking as usual.

Jean Hartnell jvhart@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)



Betty Martyniuk, Lucinda (Hall) Carter
Photo courtesy Jean Hartnell jvhart@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)



Our table at Vancouver Yukoners Banquet.

From left Lu Carter, Abbotsford - Phyllis Rogers, Tagish – BettyMartyniuk, Abbotsford. Our Table at Yukoners dinner. Haven't the names of others. Gentleman at front old time Yukoner, his wife next to him and then his sister. They were interesting people and we enjoyed their company. We had lots of laughs. - Jean Hartnell

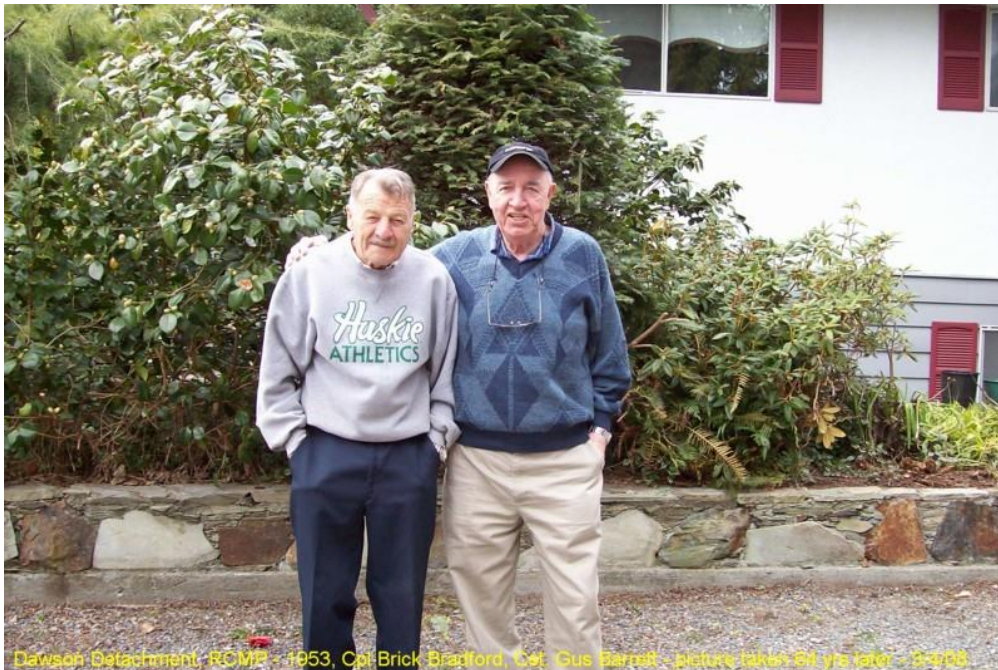
64 YEARS LATER

Many of the old time members will remember this guy. He was quite active in the sports scene at Whitehorse and Dawson in the early 50's.

Hard to believe that these two old farts were once all that stood for law and order in umpteen thousand sq. miles of the territory. I visited with Brick in Ladysmith recently. He has been retired there for many years.

Still maintaining relatively good health, still has that great sense of humor and hearty laugh. No longer involved in sports but still very active in his garden and enjoying life.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)



Dawson Detachment, RCMP - 1953, Cpl. Brick Bradford, Cst. Gus Barrett - picture taken 54 yrs later - 3/4/08

Dawson Detachment RCMP – 1953, Cpl. Brick Bradford, Cst. Gus Barrett.

Picture taken 54 years later 3/4/08 in Ladysmith BC.

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)

Ice Bridge Ceremony Unites Longtime Partners

By Dan Davidson

April 19, 2008

The middle of the ice bridge on the Yukon River isn't exactly a wedding chapel, but it's the place where Karsten Hansen and Nancy Rhyno decided to solemnize their union in marriage on the morning of April 19, with the town of Dawson City as a backdrop to the occasion.



Karsten Hansen and Nancy Rhyno exchange rings on the Yukon River ice bridge.

The wedding party of some 20 souls assembled at the ferry landing at 8:50, parked, and walked out to the approximate center of the ice bridge, where marriage commissioner Romy Jansen assisted the couple in formalizing their 14 year relationship.



The members of the wedding party were dressed for the day rather than for the occasion.

The morning was crisp, but not uncomfortable, although the ink in Jansen's pen had to be warmed up before the couple could sign the official documents on the hood of Harry Campbell's SUV after the vows were said and the rings exchanged. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous breakfast at the Eldorado Hotel.

ARTISTIC TALENT



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

OBIT

Hi Sherron - Following is the obituary for my step mother who passed away April 4th, 2008. – Marie Morgan mariem@facmail.com (In Kelowna)

Sally Fisher passed away April 4, 2008 at the age of 92. For the past five years she resided at the Trinity Care Centre in Penticton, B.C.

Sally was predeceased by her first husband Cal Harris, her second husband Clifford 'Bud' Fisher in 1992; mother Sarah Kliever (Siemens); father John Siemens; brothers; Hans, Henry, George, Cornie and Dave Siemens; sisters Gertrude Cornies and Katherine Regher as well as two nieces, Inez Hill and Darlene Shellon (Hornung).

Sally is lovingly remembered and sadly missed by her five step children; Doris (Butch) Miller of Merritt, B.C.; Kip (Jo) Fisher of Whitehorse Yukon; Ila (Carol) Welton of Duncan, B.C.; Patricia Street of Duncan B.C.; and Marie (Al) Morgan of Kelowna, B.C., as well as thirty grandchildren, nieces, nephews, great nieces and nephews.

She will be deeply missed by her sisters; Betty Horning of Penticton, B.C.; Era Siemens of Abbotsford, B.C.; Lena Heidelberg of Red Deer, AB; and Mary Saddler of Bay Tree, AB.

Sally was born on March 21, 1916 in Siberia, immigrated to Mexico at ten years of age and then when her father suddenly died the family moved to Saskatchewan in 1926. Sally had a love for life and wasn't happy unless she was helping someone.

Sally spent 40 years living in the Yukon experiencing more of life's challenges. She worked as a cook at the Mayo Hospital and took her job to heart and cooked to the best of her ability to help the patients get well.

Sally was an avid crocheter and made many Afghans for her loved ones. She had a wealth of stories collected over the years that she freely shared, and her sense of humor, witty sayings and feistiness kept everyone she knew and loved laughing. Her caring and giving way touched many people's lives and will be sadly missed and fondly remembered by her family and friends.

ELLIOTT, Albert H.R. Peacefully on Sunday, April 20, 2008 in his 98th year. **Born December 17, 1910 and raised in Dawson City, Yukon.** Beloved husband of the late Elinor Maud Elliott. Loving father of Joan (Peter Davidson) and John. Proud grandfather to Kathi (Derrick Stanford), Sharon (Jason Thomson), Michelle (Donald Grimard), Donald Elliott (Victoria) and Tracy (Scott Jeror). Cherished great-grandfather to Samantha, Jordana and Brett Stanford; Sierra and Jordyn Thomson; Carinna, Peter and Breanne Davidson. Albert graduated from UBC with a degree in Electrical Engineering in 1943. Longtime resident of Bowen Island, B.C. and Pointe Claire, Quebec. Albert is predeceased by his younger brothers and sisters. Funeral arrangements to be announced. A special thank you to the staff at the Forest Hill Nursing Home. In lieu of flowers, donations to Alzheimer Society would be appreciated. Published in the Ottawa Citizen on 4/23/2008.

Maureen Gertrude McLean left us for a new journey on April 1st, 2008, in her 85th year. We will miss your charm, love and smile, but we are happy knowing you are with Dad. Mum was predeceased by her parents, Gertrude and W. R. Leslie, her husband of 54 years, **Lloyd Stuart McLean**, and her siblings, Jean Mitchell, Shirley Stratton, and Gwen Leslie. She was the proud mother of Maurice (Marjorie) of Gowanstown, Sharon (Percy Butler) of Victoria and Janice (Mike Dunlop) of Ottawa. She will be lovingly remembered by her grandchildren Dan, Mike, Gennisee, Tyler and Danica. Loved and also remembered by numerous nieces and nephews. She was born in Morden, Manitoba, where W.R. was the manager of the Experimental Farm. **She married Stuart and moved to Whitehorse**, then to Edmonton, Lethbridge, back to Edmonton and then to Ottawa. She was a teacher at Gloucester High School in Orleans, Ontario, in the business and guidance areas. She retired in 1980 and moved with Stuart to Victoria where she volunteered, was very active in James Bay and did taxes for seniors. A celebration of her life and accomplishments will be held at James Bay United Church, 511 Michigan Street, on April 25, 2008 at 2 p.m. After the service, friends and relatives are invited to share their memories of Maureen with her family, at the church. The family has requested that

in lieu of flowers, expressions of sympathy may be made in a donation to the Victoria Epilepsy and Parkinson 's Society. Mom, you will walk beside us every day, Unseen, unheard but always near; Still loved, still missed and very dear. The McLean family would like to extend a heartfelt thank you to Dr. Ted Rosenberg, the entire staff of Douglas House and Mount Saint Mary's Hospital for their compassionate care and respect of Maureen. 461900 Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 4/23/2008.

NICK Albert Herman "Al" Al passed away peacefully, after a short illness, at Port Moody Crossroads Hospice on Tuesday, April 22, 2008 at the age of 74. He was predeceased by his parents John and Sophie and his brother Wally. He will be sadly missed by his brothers Frank (Carolyn), Joe (Waverly), Ernie (Karen); many nieces and nephews; and also by his friends and companion Louise Johnson. **Al started working at the Royal Bank of Canada right out of high school and worked at many branches throughout BC and the Yukon for 37 years.** Al had many interests including skiing, boating and touring North America with his motorcycle. Special thanks to Dr. Jacobs and the caring staff at Crossroads Hospice. Prayers will be offered on Sunday, April 27th at 6:30 pm at Our Lady of the Assumption Church, 3141 Shaughnessy St., Port Coquitlam, BC, where a Mass of Christian Burial will be held on Monday, April 28th at 10:30 am with a reception following. In lieu of flowers, donations in Al's memory may be made to the Canadian Cancer Society or Crossroads Hospice in Port Moody.

Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 4/24/2008.

ADD TO THE ADDRESS LIST

Thanks so much for this list, Sherron. It is really helpful (and interesting...)
For your next list update, you can add to Ron and Kip Veale that we've living in Whitehorse since 1973. (got to our 35th year in Whitehorse last month.. and have never regretted it. We spent 3 summers up here while Ron was finishing up Law School and Bar Admission in Ontario and as soon as he graduated, we moved up permanently with our 10 month son who was conceived during our summer as caretakers at Forty Mile.)

Kip (Catherine) Veale veale*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron. Les McLaughlin here in Grande Prairie where it is slippery and snowing. I thought I had escaped the winter but the day I left Ottawa, first week in April, the weather warmed and has been in the 20s ever since. But the cold has followed me

through the interior and on to northern Alberta. I may be sending you snow photos in June.

I am at my sister Margaret Heath's place in Grande Prairie. She wishes to rejoin Mocket after having her email changed.
Can you add her to the list.

mheath2@telus.net

Les McLaughlin

A friend informed us that you produce a news letter re. the Yukoners here and outside. We would be interested in signing up so if you can let us know what has to be done. Our friend mentioned that pictures of the last Yukoners day in Vancouver are available.

Ron & Iris Daniels daniels@whtvcable.com

We have lived in Whitehorse only.

Iris 53 years

Ron 48 years

We have two sons and three grand children in Whitehorse, no one else in Yukon.

Iris's maiden name is Brown.

Ron & Iris Daniels

DELETED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: pattipeel@shaw.ca

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 5.1.1 unknown or illegal alias: pattipeel@shaw.ca

PEEL, Pat pattipeel@shaw.ca Powell River

This is a permanent error. The following address(es) failed:

gawright@uniserve.com

WRIGHT, Glen & Elly gawright@uniserve.com (In Whitehorse 1966-72, 80-87) Kelowna

Recipient address: lwise@shaw.ca

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp; 550 5.1.1 unknown or illegal alias: lwise@shaw.ca

WISEMAN, Lyle & Susan lwise@shaw.ca (In Clinton Creek 10yrs) Victoria

Recipient address: d.gregoire@planet.tn

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

GREGOIRE, Denis & Donna d.gregoire@planet.tn (10 years in Faro 1975-84) Tunisia, North Africa

Recipient address: markmclaughlin@canada.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
McLAUGHLIN, Mark markmclaughlin@canada.com (In Whitehorse 1964-68) Ottawa

Recipient address: gudrun@whtvcable.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
Diagnostic code: smtp; 550 unknown user <gudrun@whtvcable.com>
SPARLING, Gudrun (ERICKSON) gudrun@whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Enjoy when you can, and endure when you must. - 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)

From - Yukon Cookbook, A selection of recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs.

OLDTIME OATMEAL PANCAKES

½ cup flour
1 tsp baking powder
½ tsp salt
1 egg
1 1/2 cups cooked oatmeal
¾ cup milk, either fresh, evaporated or dried reconstituted
2 tbsp melted butter

Sift together dry ingredients; beat in egg and stir in remaining ingredients.

Bake on a hot griddle and serve with maple syrup.

DATES TO REMEMBER

It's time to start thinking about the Spring Picnic to be held as usual at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens on Sunday June, 22nd at noon. A few people will be arriving about 11am, so if you want a longer visit with friends come early and stay late.

We will have the usual fare of a Pot Luck lunch starting at noon. You will need to bring your own cutlery and dishes. We will try and get some coffee made up but no promises. There is water and electricity available.

We always seem to be blessed with good weather, even last year the storm waited until we were finished before it hit.

If you know of any of our older members who don't drive maybe you could give them a call and see if they would like to attend.

It would be nice to see a few people from the Island and the lower mainland again this year.

To find your way to the Picnic, come north on 97 from Penticton or south from Summerland.



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.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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