

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 298th Edition – November 29th, 2009

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Bennett Lake - along the White Pass railway

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

MEMORIES

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

*I had a strange dream while I slept last night,
To the sound of stormy sea.
I was back in my barracks in Dawson,
It was nineteen fifty-three.*

I stepped outside in the early dawn,
‘Neath that clear blue Yukon sky,
Saw the boardwalk and the gravel street
And the river rushing by.
Looking ‘twards the farther bank,
Amid’st the piny tips,
I could see the rotting remnants
Of abandoned river ships.

Behind the barracks, to the north,
Arose the Midnight Dome.
When stampedeers saw its massive scar,
They knew that they were "home".
While down the street, the Commerce Bank
Stands just above the stream.
The bank where Robert Service worked,
Wrote his poems and dreamed

To assure myself that I was there,
I, later strolled the town.
There were many tilted buildings,
In a state of falling down,
The Palace Grand was boarded up,
As was Madame Tremblay's store,
An old and long-abandoned church,
With shutters o'er the door.

The Pearl Harbour was a'buzzing,
Though 'twas early afternoon,
As was John Jenson's "Downtown"
And Curly's old saloon.
And sitting in the "Penguin,"
At the counter, drinking tea,
Were two old-timers I'd not yet met,
Black Mike and Chickadee.

I walked on, past the Crocus Hill,
The blossoms were so pretty,
Across the River I could see
The ruins of Klondike City,
The rows of cribs had vanished,
And the dancehalls fallen down,
The ladies had deserted, or
Had moved to Dawson Town.

I passed the adit, leading
Into Harry Leahman's mine,
And farther up the valley,
I could hear the dredges whine.
A giant paddle wheeler
Steaming round the river bend,
Its whistle screaming loudly,
Signifying journey's end.

*With that whistle, I awoke,
I was back at home, in bed.
It's hard to concentrate and shake
That vision from my head.
I haven't lived in Dawson for more
Than half a century,
The things that I've been seeing
Are just in my memory.*

*Those buildings now have been replaced,
The barracks and the jail,
Those people that I thought I saw
Are long gone "down the trail"
The working dredge and riverboats.
We'll never see again,
But I saw it all when I was young.
I'm glad, I saw it then.*

(©) 2009 Gus Barrett

I'm more than a little embarrassed by a comment I made in Flying The Yukon's Bush ... more particularly the comment below the picture of Madame Tremblay's Store which went as follows: "And I wouldn't want to guess what went on there in the early 1900's!". I was very politely informed via e-mail by Madame Tremblay's granddaughter that the store was very definitely not used as a "House Of Ill Repute", and admonished for my lack of knowledge as to just exactly who Madame Tremblay really was. I request forgiveness for my 26-year-old ignorance, but being now enlightened requires a more direct action.

The inference is being removed from my documentation and website, and being replaced with some proper historical perspective.

Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth NS)

I would hope that those who offer Kit Cain advice on the accuracy of his material will be considerate of the amount of effort he put in to share this information with us and make the advice simply constructive. He was only working in the Yukon for less than a year and has a treasure of photos and stories to share with us. Kit has not published a book as such and it is relatively easy for him to correct any inaccuracy in his online material. In

this case he was honestly wondering about the business of the Madame. The accurate business information is included in this edition. – Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Flying the Yukon's Bush:

By Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth NS)

Story section – continued

Operation Porcupine - (Continued)

The Komakuk Herd, 7,000 strong.

A geologist and his assistant in a fly-camp were the first to encounter the vast herds of caribou. They were sleeping soundly in their tent one daylight night when they heard a grunting and clomping outside at 2AM. Alarmed, they peered out the tent flap and found themselves surrounded by a moving mass of grey-brown bodies. The caribou herd filled their small valley and moved by the tent as a huge flowing mass, grunting and sloshing in the muskeg—their heel bones clicking as though they were walking on stone rather than the soft ground of the tundra grass. A herd of six or seven thousand Caribou leave hundreds of miles of muddy brown trails paralleling and crossing each other, cut through the soggy moss of the green tundra as they migrate.

Antlers, still in the velvet, curve up over their heads like jutting scimitars. Close to seven thousand caribou moved by the tent in the early hours of the morning and disappeared to the south. And this was only a single herd! Fortunate for the Indian and Eskimo there are so many, as they use the animal's meat for food; its hide for clothing; and its sinews for sewing. Hardly is there a trap line cabin or old Indian campsite without the remains of a caribou rotting outside. The herds keep constantly on the move, remaining on higher ground or breaking into a run to escape the mosquitoes or the terrible blow-fly which deposits its eggs in the soft caribou belly raising a painful cyst. During the summer, wolves, singly or in pairs, follow the herds waiting to pounce on the injured or the stragglers. Not until late summer do the wolves travel in packs.

Is the North Pole moving?

At the dinner table, the geologists often talked their way into heated discussions on highly theoretical problems: Have the poles of the earth changed their positions in the eons of geologic time? Are the land masses of the earth's surface moving slowly apart? One of the secondary purposes of Operation Porcupine was to contribute some small amount of field research data to the substantiation of a firm "yes" or "no" answer to these questions. To do this, the geologists searched diligently throughout the summer for occurrences of a red sandstone which could offer a clue if it occurred under the right conditions. They

used the red sandstone because it, of all rocks, retains its direction of magnetization with the greatest accuracy.

Every rock has certain properties of magnetization which will align themselves with the earth's magnetic field when the rock is heated to its own particular "Curie" point.....and we'd best leave the description of this Curie point to the experts in ferro- magnetism. Geologists have different ways of correlating, to a reasonably accurate degree, in which period of time the rock last reached its Curie point; therefore, when they have determined the direction of the rock's ancient magnetization, they know along which line the north magnetic pole lay when the rock was formed. By having one other rock of the same age somewhere else on earth, they can obtain an accurate position for the pole by triangulation. Plotted on the map, these aged polar positions form reasonably smooth "polar wandering curves" which come successively nearer the present pole as time diminishes to the present.

Samples of the red sandstone which we obtained, marked to show orientation, helped in the plotting of wandering curves which, so far, indicate a movement of the poles of about one eighth of a degree per million years.....not exactly something you want to throw away your magnetic compass for, but having definite scientific value.

Assuming that the poles do move; and knowing that the earth's diameter is less at the poles than at the equator, it follows (to a scientist!) that even the slightest movement in the poles would set up a ripple in the earth's surface which might be one factor contributing to a movement of the land masses apart at an estimated 0.6 centimeters a year.....again, not something you'd need a radar detector for, but, then again, I have been bounced out of bed by a few California earthquakes.

This, however, is as theoretical as the idea of an expanding earth's core—which is in accord with the theory of the expanding universe—and which could also account for major land masses moving apart. This is just a small taste of Geologist dinner conversation—theories which surely don't send them reaching for the TUMS bottle, but rather make their work a continually challenging treasure hunt into nature's unknown.

The Arctic coast is like a gigantic bird sanctuary.

Toward the middle of July, we moved further north to Trout Lake, 25 miles south of the Beaufort Sea. Located on the Arctic coastal plain at the base of the Richardson Mountains, the lake is the midway point between the Mackenzie delta and the Alaskan border, and the best point for access to the low Arctic mountain ranges. We arrived at the peak of the Arctic summer when the mosses and grasses had grown to brilliant hues of green interspersed here and there by bright yellows, reds, and blues of flowers. The nearest tree grew 100 miles to the south! This is also the time of year when the Whooping Cranes, Canada Geese, and thousands of species of migratory birds arrive in the Arctic to breed and feed on the burgeoning bloom of insects.

The tents had been erected on a low, well-drained mound of shale above but not far from the edge of the lake. The site was exposed to the winds, and it was indeed impossible to be otherwise, but it was out of the muskeg and blessedly dry underfoot for a change. While pounding in tent pegs, one of the geologists touched off a scrambling treasure hunt by finding several ancient Eskimo flint artifacts: an arrowhead and a skin scraper. His well-trained eyes had recognized the flint as not being a native rock of the area. Several more arrowheads turned up and we later learned from an archaeologist that such a find is not uncommon since the same scarce campsites have been used time and again over literally thousands of years.

Farther up the coast toward Herschel Island and the Alaskan border, an archaeologist, Gordon Lowther, of McGill University and the National Museum, camped with his party of four on an archaeological site known as Engigstciak (pronounced En - geegst - see - ak).

Archaeological evidence of the “Little People” of Eskimo Legends

The site is an ancient campsite which received more use over the years than any other because of its strategic location. It sits on a well-drained mound on the Arctic coastal plain at the mouth of the Firth River; is the only break in the river canyon for miles where caribou can cross; and has a large rock which juts up 75 feet above the plain serving as an excellent lookout. Artifacts already found there date back 3500 years, and this summer the party dug deeper into the old site searching for 5000 year old artifacts. With the small group worked an Eskimo named Alec who proved uncanny in his ability to detect old campsites. Alec claimed that the tools already found had been made by the “Little People” of Eskimo legend—the stories of the little people having been passed down from generation to generation since before the time of Christ.

Twenty miles northeast of the archaeological site sits Herschel Island, stranded from the mainland by a mere 100 yard stretch of shallow water, and constantly battling the wind-shifted Arctic ice pack. The glacial geologist with operation Porcupine had reason to visit the island to check for signs of continental ice-sheet passage and so flew in by helicopter to the little settlement where three families lived.

Herschel Islanders live a lonely existence with only themselves and a radio transmitter to talk to. The last visitor to the island had been a supply ship four months previously in April, and the families had received no mail or fresh supplies since that time.

The settlement exists mainly for the purpose of raising and feeding Siberian Huskies for Mounted Police dog teams at outposts across the North. One of the buildings serves as a Mounted Police Post—one of the remotest—but still not remote enough to deter Walt Disney from making the movie Nikki there. Blue-eyed Nikki still lives on the island. The 26 dogs feed on fish, ducks, seal, and caribou which have been hunted, dressed out, and kept frozen solid during the warm summer months in an ice-house dug down into the permafrost.

Whaling ships used the island as a port of call in the 1890's and the settlement was much bigger then than it is now. Fifteen graves remain as a monument to the rugged whaling life—the dead having been young men of 18 and 19 years.

Weather on the Arctic coast is as fierce as it is unpredictable

... even more unpredictable, in fact, than weather in the mountains, but there are a lot more places to land when flying becomes impossible! When a north wind blows, it moves the ice pack in against the shoreline cooling the damp sea air. The fog that forms is so thick it has earned its own unique title called “Thule Ground Fog” from similar condions in Thule (pronounced Toolee) Greenland. Once when I had spent most of the day out moving fly-camps to their new locations, I started back to find that Arctic fog had moved in and covered the entire coastal area between the helicopter and home. I was forced to fly down beneath the banks of a wide and twisting riverbed to the coast; down the coast to the river leading to camp. Turning up the river bed, I was at times obscured by fog and at other times barely under the fog layer, until close enough to base camp to hover through the fog and land. Ernie said he had heard me coming up the river bed for five minutes, never sure whether I was going to make it or not.

When the wind blows along the coast, it doesn't get turbulent like it does in the mountains, but it blows very hard—around 60 miles an hour on some occasions—and I've attempted to make headway in winds where I showed 80 Knots (about 90 mph) on the helicopter's airspeed indicator and was barely moving forward over the ground. It usually rains at the same time and strong winds drive the rain almost parallel to the ground. The entire open ocean turns a coal black color like a cat-squall makes on a lake, and strangely enough, when this happens there isn't a wave on the ocean's surface. The wind blows with such force and speed it flattens the waves out and succeeds only in picking up sheets of sea-water spray. Stu, had the misfortune to be caught out in one of these storms on the way back from a traverse with two geologists. It took him a full hour to advance ten miles to a coastal DEW line station where he was given shelter until the storm moderated enough to continue on.

True or False: The Arctic is actually a desert.

The severity of weather conditions on the Arctic coast quite naturally limits the size and types of plant life that manage to maintain a grasp on a thin thread of existence. And, rather ironically, in spite of the proximity to damp sea air, the polar regions have less than 15 inches of rainfall a year which qualifies them to be classified as desert regions. Yet plants do manage to grow. Dark vegetation absorbs the warm rays of summer sun melting the permafrost and drawing water by capillary action to the surface. The resulting surface water is in many places stagnant, but nevertheless good to drink in spite of its mineral taste.

The incessant winds of summer and winter evaporate large amounts of moisture from the plant; so in the battle for survival, only the short plants live long enough to pass on their mutated qualities of growing down out of the wind's reach. Even the leaves take on a leathery, wax-like finish on their upper sides to lower water evaporation.

How the Arctic plants manage to survive the alternate freezing and thawing that would kill temperate plants remains a mystery. Seasonal variations in air temperatures range from 50 degrees below zero to 70 degrees above. Plant life close to the ground undergoes an even broader variation in its own micro-climate where air surrounding a plant may be 25 to 40 degrees warmer in summer, thus extending its growing season by a few precious weeks. As a result of these severe climatic limitations, mosses, lichens, algae and fungi are the main types of plants. Of the flowers, only the most brilliantly colored seem to have been able to attract the pollinating insects necessary for reproduction. Protected hillsides and rock havens shelter the bright colors of wild crocus; yellow Arctic poppy; and the purple flowered sax—just to name a few. The Arctic coast in August is like the southern deserts in mid March and April. Brilliant patches of color replace the drab uniformity of life the rest of the year.

From the air, the bright green grassy floor of the tundra looks as smooth as a golf course fairway, but a closer inspection reveals peaty tussocks of crabgrass called niggerheads spaced just far enough apart for a foot to twist clumsily between. Walking on the frost-formed niggerheads is very much akin to an attempt to walk across a gymnasium floor covered by thousands of glued-in-place softballs. An hour of walking on tundra muskeg covers barely half the distance normally covered on solid level ground and is twice as tiring. How the Barren Ground Grizzlies manage to lumber across the tundra faster than a man can run is another mystery and is amazing to watch, but having four feet to run on is like having four tires to drive on.

The Story in Pictures section – continued

Operation Porcupine – (Continued)

Life in the outlying Fly Camps proved to be less eventful with Operation Porcupine than with other exploration camps in the wilds. There were no bear incidents despite the fact that I would see very large Grizzlies and Black Bear all over the place in the areas we covered. Each Geologist had a helper with him, plus a rifle for survival purposes. You can see the HF radio antenna in the foreground. Each Fly Camp had its own radio for contact with the base camp. There were times when the mountain winds, fog and clouds were such a problem that I could not get the helicopter back into the mountains to re-supply or bring people out. The longest time without re-supply was about seven days.



Fly Camp - Photo by Kit Cain



Herd of Caribou migrating near Fly Camp - Photo by Kit Cain

The Caribou herds seemed to not be bothered at all by the presence of the Fly Camps, the entire herd of 7,000 or so dividing as they migrated right through several of the Fly Camp

locations at night. The biggest life-endangering enemies of the Caribou were wolf packs and bears who fed mainly on cripples and old. But by far the biggest psychological enemies were the insects. Insects kept the herd constantly on the move and swatting, brushing, leaping to chase the hordes away. I'd like to have a nickel for every can of OFF the expedition used that summer. Even that was only partially successful. Every time I climbed into the helicopter, I'd have to spend 5 minutes swatting mosquitoes with my hat because once the helicopter was running and the blades turning, I had no hands free to protect myself.



Pilot Kit Cain and Geologist Dr. Ray Price (note mosquitoes on him) - Kit Cain photo

As you can see from Geologist, Dr. Ray Price's shirt, the mosquitoes had no mercy. They seemed to bother some people more than others... the Indians and Eskimos not at all. They drove me nuts, which is why I stayed in the helicopter cockpit.

Shown below is a small portion of the Komakuk Caribou herd migrating northward as the snow disappears and the Arctic grasses start growing again.

This particular herd is a mainstay for the Old Crow Indians and the other Indian bands of the Northern Yukon. The meat is dried in the sun—flies and bugs notwithstanding—until it looks like beef jerky. It's consumed as a main food source in winter. Their heel bones make a sharp clicking sound as they walk.



Komakuk Caribou Herd
Photo by Kit Cain



Fly Camp Setup
Photo by Kit Cain

We had no maps at all of the area we were flying over. All navigation had to be done by memory of mountains, rivers, and un- usual landmarks. The expedition had aerial photographs of the entire area, which is what the team members are using here to discover where rock outcrops are located, but as pilots we had only our memory to rely on and it is amazing how radically the landscape (and memory) changes when the clouds drop down low enough to obscure hilltops and mountains.



Amerada-Hess Old Company Rig - Photo by Kit Cain

Another surprising landmark was the closed up Amerada-Hess Oil Co. camp at the confluence of the Eagle, the Rock, and The Waters Rivers.



CF-MLL & CF-ONF - Photo by Kit Cain

Seeing both of the expedition's helicopters together was a rather rare occurrence as we constantly worked the Fly Camps at different points of the compass. In this instance we were moving from one base camp to another and stopped to look at some river bank rock outcrops. As you can tell from looking at this and other photos, the choice of places to land was always extremely limited.

Probably the most anxiety-producing landing I made during the expedition involved putting a Geologist and Fly Camp in close proximity to the highest and deepest part of the Peel River Canyon (below) during spring breakup.



Peel Canyon - Photo by Kit Cain

As you can see, there's no place to land for the tree cover, but I did manage to find a huge, bare boulder on the left side of the photo which served as a partial landing pad. The only approach possible was a hovering approach over the wild water below. Once on the rock I could balance the helicopter on the uneven surface with the tail rotor hanging out over the river and sort of hover/land there long enough for the Geologist and his helper to unload their camp and supplies. Because the rotor blades were whirling only a few feet from a very large tree in front of me, I had to take off backwards, dropping down to a few feet above the water until I had enough forward speed to climb up out of the canyon; not something I'd do very often! When it came time to pick them up and return them to base camp, they had made a clearing in some of the lower scrub trees so we were all spared the discomfort of a repeat performance.



Ridgeline Landing - Photo by Kit Cain

One of the main problems with mountain flying is that although you can tell the general wind direction by flying in a circle and watching the airspeed indicator, there's often no way to know the precise movement of the wind over a ridge or around a peak. When carrying a load of extra fuel, rocks, or an entire Fly Camp, the ability to land directly into the wind can be critical. I always tried to land parallel to the ridgeline, as in the picture, so that, if caught in a downdraft, I could veer off and drop down either side of the ridge that felt best at the moment. In the Marines we used a smoke bomb; in the bush you watch the blades of grass!



Black Mountain Ridgeline - Photo by Kit Cain

The Richardson Mountains along the eastern border of the Yukon Territory are some of the most precipitous mountains in the world, rising six thousand vertical feet from sea level and made up of almost pure black basalt rock. They are certainly the roughest mountains I have ever flown in and we had to land on many of the peaks and ridges in the background. When there's any kind of wind at all, you never know whether you're going to get dumped on your side, blasted downward like the bottom has fallen out of the sky, or thrown into a blade stall situation. This is the real white-knuckle, sweaty palm, everyday bush pilot fare! It takes a certain kind of fearlessness to be able to do this kind of work year after year. I feel very fortunate in having had other options available to me.



Ridge Landing - Photo by Kit Cain

A few more things helicopters and their pilots don't like to do is land downhill (the tail rotor can get busted off), or land on uneven terrain such as shown here on the side of a ridgeline. Each case is a matter of wind direction and consistency. More often than any pilot would care to admit, mountain landings are a sort of "controlled crash" ... especially when dropping off a full load and carrying a full load of fuel for the return trip. It's quite exciting, though, to go flapping over a ridgeline with a 2,000-foot drop on the other side; or watch Mountain Goats and Dahl Sheep move about in virtually impossible places to reach otherwise.

(To be continued)

MOCTEL 297 - COMMENTS

Wonderful soulfulstories@gmail.com by Kit Cain in Yarmouth NS! I really enjoyed this segment! I'll be submitting some material at some point, Sherron! Just had my gall bladder out a week ago...time to rest and read and find inspiration!! I can't tell you enough how great it is that you are doing this for us!! Sincere appreciation, Sherron! You go girl!

Nan Desmarais nandesmarais@hotmail.com (In Coquitlam BC)

You're welcome Sherron.

You're doing a "good" work here! You deserve to be appreciated! You and your writers have taken me away to places I've never been or seen, and yet to places I have been and experienced sometimes larger than life. The very same things I have seen with my own eyes, I can see again through another's perspective. It makes it more real and valuable (the experience and the stories).

It is with a sense of wonder that I read about the bush pilots, sturdy folks, the native peoples, the prospectors and miners, and the pioneers who settled in these unforgiving lands of the north. The soldiers and engineers who relentless about building our northern roads and bridges, and settlements along the way. The ice roads and life lines to the outer reaches of the arctic communities that make travelling and trade accessible to all peoples. And let us not forget those who perished along the way.

Being a northern woman myself, I can well appreciate each and every one of the stories published in the Moccasin Telegraph. Each time I read the MocTel, I embark on those journeys once again, through the eyes and memories of those who took the time to write and share these amazing stories with us. The trials, the losses, the successes, the close calls, the discoveries, the disappointments, and across the miles and miles and miles of this beautiful part of Canada which is our North. Thank you for the memories! And don't stop telling the stories!! Please!! :)

Nan Desmarais

You ask "Sure would be nice to hear your comments if any of the material brings back memories to you."

I emailed Kit Cain about three weeks ago telling him how much I enjoyed his stories. And wasn't it Joyce Yardley who wrote such a descriptive tale of travelling the North Canol Road. I didn't get any further than Ross River but loved the story. And the mention of the cheese sandwich at the Caribou Hotel brought back a memory and made me think of Dorothy, Ralph Bolivar, the Watsons and a host of others. See you late Jan.

George Bliss [jrsports*sasktel.net](mailto:jrsports@sasktel.net) (In Regina SK)

PS For all you Canucks in Arizona land.

See:

[http://blog.rv.net/2009/11/southwestern-deserts-more-than-just-a-warm-place/?utm_source=feedburner&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=Feed%3A+RvnetBlog+\(RV.net+Blog+Daily+Updates+Feed\)](http://blog.rv.net/2009/11/southwestern-deserts-more-than-just-a-warm-place/?utm_source=feedburner&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=Feed%3A+RvnetBlog+(RV.net+Blog+Daily+Updates+Feed))

Diary of a River Trip

by Maureen Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

It had been my dream to trace the footsteps of our grandfather who trekked to Dawson City in 1896 via the Dyea and White Pass in search of gold. He never struck it rich mining, for all the historic claims had been staked by the time he arrived. However, he grub-staked miners and made a living operating the Gem Bakery in Dawson. In 1910, he went into partnership with Andrew Rystogi to buy the Occidental Hotel. His other ventures included the Chisana Gold Rush, for which he supplied lumber and operated a roadhouse on the trail. He also mined coal at Tantalus Butte in the 1920s. Ernest Schink, whom we never met, died in 1945.

Last summer, more than a century after the Klondike Gold Rush, we had the opportunity to follow his 450-mile route along the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson City. My husband Vern, sons Christopher and Sean and brother Allen were enthusiastic about the undertaking. We shipped our 12ft. rubber boat and 15hp. motor from White Rock and then had to charter a second boat in Whitehorse to take on the extra baggage we thought we needed. We were equipped with Michael Rourke's chart book *Yukon River*, a must for anyone planning this trip. Bear bangers, tarps to keep off the rain, a water purifier, general camping gear, and more than enough grub for the five of us – bears included - completed our provisioning. As luck would have it, we had chosen the wettest summer in 35 years for our adventure.



Rotary Park, Whitehorse, our launch site, now has a riverside bench donated by the Vancouver Yukoners Association which reminds us of the North's spirit that continues to inspire generations

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 1: Pushing off gives us pause for thought: how do we get two weeks' worth of supplies, all our camping gear, and five people into two little rubber boats? However,

once in the water drifting north, it proves to be smooth sailing and within four hours we reach our first night's destination, Egg Island (mile 42). We set up camp under the watchful eye of Ben Learmont, a 73-year-old story-teller packing a rifle and comfortably entrenched in camp who says he's working for Mackenzie King. The self-described "invisible architect" spends his time amusing tourists and designing cities, none of which has ever been built, he says.



*Our first night on the river, we meet intrepid Ben Learmont (centre)
From left, Christopher Buchholz, Allen Schink, Vern Buchholz, Sean Buchholz
Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)*

Day 2: Between breaking camp and saying our good-byes to Ben, it takes us four hours to get back in our boats. Lunch today is on a sandbar and consists of instant noodles because boiling water is efficient. Rafting together, we enter Lake Laberge (mile 53) and hug the right-hand shoreline. We'd been warned about the unpredictable nature of this lake where white water and large waves can wreak havoc on small boats within minutes. But today the lake is the picture of perfection – flat, crystal-clear glacial waters reflecting a blue sky seen only in the North. A picturesque bay (mile 62) with a shale beach provides outstanding moorage for the night, 'though mozzies chew us to bits in camp.



*A swim in Lake Laberge takes the place of a bath
for those who can tolerate the glacial temperature*

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 3: We break camp today in the rain, two hours earlier than yesterday as we start to get the hang of working as a team. While a couple of us make breakfast, starting with strong camp coffee, the others sort, pack, and load. After six hours of steady motoring in a downpour, we enter the Yukon River. Stopping at Lower Laberge, we find the hull of *Casca #1*, the old telegraph station, and the remains of a NWMP Post. Black bears abound. The Thirty-Mile is the most scenic section of the Yukon River and has been designated one of Canada's Heritage Rivers. We make camp at an island just beyond U.S. Bend (mile 90), a perfect confluence in the river where Christopher catches his first grayling. Dinner tonight is the freshest of fish and the remains of our leafy greens.



The truck at Lower Laberge hauled wood during the 1950s for the last of the river steamships

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 4: We wake to shifting river fog that burns off at sunrise. Our getaway is delayed by the arrival of a couple in a jetboat, accompanied by their dog. “Little Bear and the Crapper Crew” are responsible for picking up outhouse parts and we confirm with them the merits of our newly-adopted mantra: *never leave camp without shotgun, shovel and shit tickets*. Once past 17 Mile Woodyard, we break for lunch at Hootalinqua, *SS Evelyn*’s final resting place at the mouth of the Teslin River (mile 112). The steamship was built in Alaska and launched in 1908. The hulk is a wreck; however, its internal machinery was recycled in the *SS Keno*, now a National Historic treasure in Dawson. From this point on, the Yukon is no longer pristine but muddy, laced with seams of brown drifting in from the Teslin. We make for camp at Big Eddy (mile 136) only to find that German canoeists have taken over the site and their guide is not particularly welcoming. We are wet and hungry but press on, given our cold reception. After motoring for 10 miles, we reach Big Salmon Village at Big Salmon River. Eight Europeans are tented up in the best sites. We find ground for our tents, strike a fire, raise a tarp, hang clothes to dry, and cook a passable dinner in the rain. We traveled 60 miles today and are grateful to tuck into our sleeping bags.



The sternwheeler SS Evelyn, originally christened Norcom, abandoned on the ways at Hootalinqua Island following an accident
Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 5: Torrential rains during the night mean our gear is stowed wet; the positive side is its motivation to get going early. In our haste, we almost run over a porcupine swimming across the river. We stop at Cyr's gold dredge site and further along the river explore the remains of the old coal mine at Tantalus Butte. Throughout the 1920s, the mine was operated by our grandfather, Ernest Schink, who shipped the coal downstream to Dawson where the demand was high, given that the forests around the city had been decimated for fuel. We break for lunch at Little Salmon River, a fish camp for locals where drying salmon fill the racks. We are anxious to reach the Coal Mine Campground just south of Carmacks (mile 217), so today we motor all the way, covering the 60 miles in about 10 hours. It is a celebratory evening, my 60th birthday, and our crew has managed to bring along a bottle of champagne hidden in our gear, unbroken. We have a toast to family past and present, eat a wonderful meal at the restaurant, and relish in that most precious of commodities – a hot shower.



Grandfather Ernest Schink (right) at his coal mining operation, Tantalus Butte, near Carmacks

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 6: After a wet night, we hit the river at 10:30am, making a brief stop in Carmacks to buy groceries at the market in the hotel. Then it's another 22 miles and we are paddling through the gorge at Five Finger Rapids (mile 239). The noise is intimidating, but we shoot through the rapids so quickly everyone wants to turn around and do it again. The Rink Rapids that follow Five Fingers are little more than ripples and Allen and Sean paddle hard to try and get a better ride. We check out the wreck of the *Casca #2* sternwheeler downriver, lunching at Yukon Crossing (mile 249), an interesting site that consists of old stables, a roadhouse, outhouse, and fields of wild raspberries. We pull in at Merrice Creek (mile 255) which proves to be a good tenting site. While the boys fish, Allen and I walk the Williams Creek Mine Road where the old cat and telegraph trails intersect. Dinner is steak tonight, and Vern cautiously surrounds our campsite with bear bangers as a precaution against midnight marauders.



*While steamships had to be winched through Five Finger Rapids,
we shoot through in seconds in our rubber boat*

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 7: We realize that the bear bangers are more a threat to us than to the bears should we get up in the night, stumble and set off the fireworks; plus, they take hours to assemble and disassemble. So we pack them away for good and cast off, passing an unused campground at Minto (mile 273). At the Minto Mine ferry slip, we go ashore and find a First Nation assembly site, old cabins and the road to the highway but no other signs of life. On our way north, the sun illuminates herds of Dall sheep enjoying the elusive summer's warmth on cliffs overhanging the river. The highlight of the day is Fort Selkirk (mile 297) which sits on a commanding cliff overlooking the river. For more than half a century the fort, inaccessible by road, was the centre of social and commercial activity on the river. We are greeted by First Nation camp administrator Nancy and her poodle Snuggles. The fort was abandoned in the 1950s; however, since the 1980s the territorial government and Selkirk First Nation people have worked on a summer restoration program. It now offers a wonderful respite in the company of a welcoming, talented crew of locals who bring out mandolin, fiddles and guitar in the evening for some Juno award-winning, foot-stomping music. Restoration has included St. Francis Xavier Church (second oldest Roman Catholic Church in Yukon), Taylor and Drury Store, cabins and schoolhouse. Nancy takes a group of us on a walk through the cemetery where children's graves dominate. We chat with many river travelers camped for the

night and they all have stories to tell. Some have had enough of the river and are pulling out at this junction, negotiating a ride on the Pelly River to Pelly Crossing where they can catch a ride either north to Dawson City or south to Whitehorse. This is the last opportunity to connect with the road for, from here to Dawson, there are few signs of habitation along the river, other than private cabins.



The Yukon Field Force of 200 officers was based at Fort Selkirk in 1898 to help maintain law and order during the Gold Rush
Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 8: It's cold and raining this morning and we learn that an overturned canoe surfaced up river. Snags and sweepers line the shore where the banks are cutaway, posing a continual hazard for boaters. A search initiated by three boats from the fort fails to find any trace of the occupants. As we set out, we are reminded of just how easy it is to make a mistake on the river. Unable to locate the old Holbrook Roadhouse site for our lunch break, we pull over on a sandbar and brew hot soup in the driving rain. This stretch of the river is full of sandbars and we are constantly grounded. On the river, we are surrounded by high banks and have trouble locating a suitable camp for the night. As the skies clear, we make for shore at Isaac Creek (mile 340), having covered 43 miles today in very rough weather. The boys commandeer the zodiac to check out what appears to be a body on a nearby sandbar, only to find that it is a huge rotting salmon attracting ravens, eagles, and bears. (We never did learn if the canoeists were found.)



Lunch is an excuse to get out of the boat, make hot soup, stretch our legs, and explore
Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 9: Today dawns sunny and warm and we are on our way by 9:30am. There is little variety along this stretch of high cutbanks, treacherous bends, and many misleading channels. Rourke's chart and a GPS save us countless miscalculations. We are delighted to go ashore at Kirkman Creek (mile 374) which turns out to be the summer home of Linda (Burian) Taylor who operates a mine there. There are flower and vegetable gardens, camping areas, old cabins, and the smell of fresh brewed coffee. No one is around but a sign directs us to homemade lemon pie (Vern's all time favourite), cookies, tea and coffee, and an honour-system for payment. So we enjoy the home baking and relax in the warmth of Taylor's patio. We can hear a cat working the creeks but no one ever appears at the cabin. It reminds me of our Paradise Hill mine, Hunker Creek, in Dawson. Dad would always leave it unlocked and stocked in case anyone needed shelter in an emergency. On the river again, we explore Thistle Creek, O'Neill's Landing (mile 382) and pull in for the night at Flanagan's Slough, around a bend in the river that we almost missed. The old cabin is uninhabitable but the location is beautiful, with rock cliffs catching the sun opposite this tranquil little fen. We dine well on grayling, shaggy mane mushrooms gathered in abundance en route, and cranberry scones.



*After a week on the river, we have “homemaking” down to an art:
drying gear, making meals, and enjoying evening campfires*

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 10: This slough is the home of a very busy beaver who didn't even bother to acknowledge our presence. We are up at 5am in anticipation of an early departure. At White River (mile 392) which is just around the corner, we hike to the viewpoint and it's stunning. Thousands of years of volcanic ash are still washing into the Yukon from the White River, thoroughly clouding it. This is the area where our grandfather, never one to miss a marketing opportunity, built a roadhouse and stables from where he serviced the Chisana gold fields in 1913. There are so many sandbars that from this point on it takes the full concentration of our skipper, Christopher, who reads the waters like a pro, to keep us from grounding. Camp this night is a tight spot in a heavily forested site which, like most in this section of river, is greatly unimproved. However, we manage to make a level area for our campstove and tents and soon have a hot meal on the go.



Where the White River flows into the Yukon, glacial silt and eroded volcanic ash turn the waters milky (note the foreground)

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Day 11: With thoughts of a hot shower and cold beer, we are up early, stow our lightened load (although I still have leftover bags of Bisquick, our staple diet), and we are on our way to Dawson. It is overcast; however, the rain holds off as we pass the entrance to the Sixty Mile River (mile 425). At Sunnydale Farm, just south of the city, we search for remnants of the gardens tended by the Catholic nuns of Dawson when I was a child, but find little remaining. Then just as quickly, our hometown Dawson City (mile 468) comes into view and we are pulling in along Front Street's shore. We make for the government campground not far from the old steamer graveyard, resting place of the *Julia B*, *Seattle #3*, and *Schwatka*. Then it's back on the river, this time by ferry, to reacquaint ourselves with our former home. It's a wonderful feeling to reach our destination, having had the river trip of a lifetime.



*Klondike Motors, operated by our family in partnership
with Jack & Ethel Colbourne in the late '40s, early '50s*

Photo courtesy Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

From a frigid grave

Found online in the Globe and Mail – Nov. 24, 2009

An international team of archeologists has discovered a perfectly preserved steamboat from the Klondike gold rush lying in the freezing waters of Lake Laberge, in the subarctic wilderness of the Yukon. Their images of the sternwheeler A.J. Goddard are the first views of the frontier steamer since it disappeared in a winter storm on the lake in October of 1901.



Doug Davidge was the first to reach the site and the first to touch Goddard since it disappeared in 1901.

Photo Credit: *Donnie Reid/Institute of Nautical Archeology*



The A.J. Goddard forge, used by the crew to repair ironwork, remains in place, bolted to the deck.

Photo Credit: *Donnie Reid/Institute of Nautical Archeology*



A wooden mallet from the Goddard engineer's tool box lies on the lake bed beneath the steamer's paddlewheel.

Photo Credit: *Donnie Reid/Institute of Nautical Archeology*



The A.J. Goddard, the first steamboat on Lake Bennett, circa 1896.

Photo Credit: *Alaska State Library*

Gold Rush steamer found in Lake LeBarge

By KATHERINE O'NEILL

Submitted by Merna Hensley terrtori_1@hotmail.com (In Kamloops)

Found online in the Globe and Mail – Nov. 24, 2009



A view through the rails at the bow of A.J. Goddard shows the windlass used to raise and lower the steamer's anchors.

Photo credit: Donnie Reid/*Institute of Nautical Archeology*

A B.C.-led team of archeologists has discovered the wreck of a Klondike Gold Rush steamer perfectly preserved in the icy waters of Lake Laberge, north of Whitehorse.

The vessel A.J. Goddard sank in a winter storm 108 years ago, leaving behind a snapshot of life during the frenzy of prospecting and mining that engorged the Yukon Territory and enriched the ports of Vancouver and Victoria during the late 1800s and early 1900s.

The detritus littering the deck of the vessel tells a harrowing tale of shipwreck and death, said Vancouver marine archeologist James Delgado, president of the Institute of Nautical Archeology.

"The boiler door is open and the firewood they tossed in to try to get up enough steam to get out of trouble is still in there with charring on it," Delgado said. "Somebody shrugged off their coat and kicked off their shoes as they tried to swim for it and that's still lying on the deck."

Three men - Captain Charles McDonald, cook Fay Ransome, and fireman John Thompson - perished in the wreck, later buried by the North-West Mounted Police after their bodies washed ashore.

As the vessel sank engineer Stockfedt and crewman Snyder were left clinging to the tiny pilothouse that was torn away. They were spotted by a trapper camping nearby who came to their rescue. What is known of the crew is garnered from a few scant newspaper accounts.

The survey that solved the 108-year-old mystery about the A.J. Goddard's final resting place was conducted by a team of researchers led by B.C.-based project-leader John Pollack and transplanted Albertan Doug Davidge, president of the Yukon Transportation Museum. The diving mission to the wreck was photographed by Vancouverite Donnie Reid.

The iron sternwheeler and her sister ship F.H. Kilbourne was built in San Francisco in 1897 for Seattleite A.J. Goddard and shipped in pieces to Skagway, Alaska where it was hauled inland, through B.C. over the Chilkoot Pass or the White Pass and assembled at Bennett, B.C. The tent city at Bennett was the jumping off point for stampedeurs travelling up the Yukon River system.

The vessel was registered at Bennett and would then have navigated the rivers and rapids to Lake Laberge for ferry and freight duty and as a floating repair shop.

"It was a pre-fab ship, so it was likely carried on another ship up B.C.'s inside passage to Alaska and carried over those mountains," said Delgado. "Talk about an amazing feat."

For three years, the A.J. Goddard served as a ferry for stampedeurs who flocked by the thousands to Whitehorse at the south end of the lake on their way to Dawson City and points north. More than 260 steamboats plied the Yukon River during the gold rush.

Southwestern British Columbia was the first staging point for the tens of thousands of miners who swarmed up the gold rush trail through Hope, Lytton and Cache Creek to the Klondike.

"Vancouver and Victoria boomed as a result of that gold rush and a lot of supplies come out of here and a lot of businesses thrived," Delgado said. "That link continued through the First World War and beyond."

Goddard was the owner of Seattle's Pacific Ironworks and likely crewed the A.J. Goddard with tradesmen from his foundry to make the trip north and assemble it and its sister, according to Davidge. That work was completed by May 1898.

Goddard sold the two vessels and the associated business interests about a year later.

Unlike wooden wrecks of the era, the A.J. Goddard is in excellent condition.

"This ship may have gone down 108 years ago, but it looks as if it had just gone down the day before," Delgado said.

"This craft was self-sufficient and that reflected the crew, he said.

"It had its own repair shop, a blacksmith's forge, an anvil and a workbench."

The stove was out on deck along with the remains of a pipe tent frame covered with canvas.

"That canvas wasn't just for the bugs in summer it was for winter, too. They are cooking and living their lives out in the open on the deck," he said.

Space beneath deck was only one metre high and filled with supplies and firewood.

"They were making a go of it on the frontier, very tough self-reliant guys," he said. Their dishes and tools are scattered on the deck and in the mud alongside the ship.

"It literally is a ghost ship," he said.

*For another story about the A. J. Goddard available on the CBC website – go to – <http://www.cbc.ca/canada/north/story/2009/11/24/yukon-goddard-found.html>
Link forwarded by Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)*

The Spirit of the Flame Visits Dawson

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

November 4, 2009

"I almost cried when I saw Kevin (Mendelsohn) coming up the street with the torch," said local relay organizer Jody Beaumont (Cirque Consulting & Communications).

There was a lot of excitement all through the streets of Dawson on Wednesday morning, tempered with a bit of disappointment that the promised Air North jet was unable to land at the airport and that the torch party arriving here had to be a bit smaller than planned.

The event ran about half an hour behind schedule, but that just meant that all the students and staff at the Robert Service School were nicely warmed up from chanting in the brisk morning air.

It also meant there was better light for taking pictures, though it might have been neat to see the Olympic Torch coming through the 9 a.m. dimness.

By the time the convoy of vehicles pulled up with the torch bearers, flags whistles and glow sticks shaped like bottles of Coca-Cola had been distributed and people were primed to cheer.

Local Marjie Kormendy was the number one torch bearer. She paraded the 94 cm symbol, designed to bring to mind Canada's open land, vast potential and smooth, and the fluid lines left in the snow and ice from winter sports, back and forth on 5th Avenue, while handlers staged photo opportunities, media people with video cameras got in everyone's way and the noise of the cheering, whistling crowd made it impossible to hear anyone more than a few centimetres from your ear.

Then it was off down 5th Avenue to King St., across 2nd Ave. to Queen, up to 3rd Avenue, south to Harper St, and then west to the newly paved Front St., after which it was a straight line to the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre, where the podium had been erected in the lee of the building.

There, a rapidly growing crowd had assembled and children were busy getting their pictures taken with Quatchi, the young sasquatch who is one of the 2010 Game's three mascots, as well as with Sparky the Fire Dog, who turned out for the event.

Along the way the flame was passed to Dr. Suzanne Crocker; Grade 3 teacher Peter Menzies; Australia's Winter Games star, gold medalist Alisa Camplin; and finally to Kevin Mendelsohn, who, up until the night before, had been the only local to know he would be in the parade.

It was Mendelsohn who mounted to the receiving platform and lit the cauldron to make the flame's arrival in Dawson official.

The Robert Service School choir opened the formal segment of the event with a bilingual rendition of "O Canada".

Angie Joseph- Rear took the podium to bring a traditional Elders' Blessing.

"I humbly ask that this torch be blessed by You with care as it travels the world wide," she said, addressing herself to God the Creator. "May we find peace among all that touch this torch."

Kevin Mendelsohn was humble in his reaction at being chosen to run the last leg. Asked if he felt like Greek god, he replied, "I feel like a delivery boy."

The Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in Singers took the stage, along with members of the school's native language classes, to present three numbers to the crowd, about all they could manage before the cold damaged the drums. Not even moving to the beat of the chanting could keep them warm on this day.

Chief Eddie Taylor welcomed both citizens and visitors to the ceremony. "As the torch makes its way from one community to the next we're reminded how we're connected as Canadians and how spirit has the power to unify our nation. We're proud and honoured to have the Olympic Torch in our community."

Tourism Minister Elaine Taylor took part of her time at the podium to announce that Klondike MLA Steve Nordick and his wife, Tracey, had just experienced the joy of the birth of their baby girl that morning.

"The Olympic and Paralympic Games encourage us all to be the best we can be, and inspiring individuals (such as the torchbearers) certainly remind us of what we can do and what we can be when we try our best. These individuals, through their life experiences, and certainly through their accomplishments, they represent commitment, endurance and a pursuit of excellence."

She welcomed Australia's Alisa Camplin, whom she praised for her Olympic

accomplishments and for her record breaking performances on the world cup skiing circuit.

Mayor Peter Jenkins, speaking at his first formal community event since his October election victory, recalled seeing the torch arrive in his home town of Montreal in 1976, “but this indeed a much better venue, it’s a little bit chillier, but hey, we’ve got some wonderful heat up on the stage now that the torch has arrived.”

VANOC’s Jim Richards thanked the community for making everyone of the visitors feel welcome. The Torch Relay was, he said, part of the Vancouver Olympic Committee’s attempt to make citizens from coast to coast to coast feel that they, too, were part of the Olympic story.

He praised the organizers and especially the volunteers that had made this day a success for the relay, saying that Dawson had truly showed that it had the Olympic spirit. “We’re happy to be a part of your day. Thank you for opening your arms and your hearts to us. We’re glad we could share a bit of the magic of the Olympic Flame with some of your citizens.”

As a community momento of the visit, to cries of “Right on!” from the audience, he presented Mayor Jenkins with one of the Olympic torches.

RBC’s Michael Malone and Coca-Cola’s Dave Kerr made a brief appearance as representative sponsors, and Malone announced a \$1,000 donation to the Robert Service School.

Willie Gordon closed off the podium events with a few brisk fiddle tunes.

After the formal part of the morning there was food (bannock, moose stew, coffee, hot chocolate, moose burgers and caribou smokies) to be had in the pavilions outside the Tr’ondëk Hwëch’in Community Hall, and the warm hall itself to eat in. Various entertainers took the stage to keep things lively inside during the early part of the afternoon, along with Arctic games, a hockey shoot-out and other activities.



A different flame. Other bonfires were lit to chase off the chill.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Angie Joseph-Rear blesses the gathering.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



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



Han singers. The Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in Singers perform.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Mayor Peter Jenkins

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



Mascot Quatchi meets with the kids.

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



Kevin Mendelsohn lights the cauldron.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The flame burns in the cauldron.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Warming at the flame. The torch bearers pose with the flame.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The torch bearers: Alisa Camplin, Suzanne Crocker, Marjie Kormendy, Peter Menzies and Kevin Mendelsohn pose for pictures with excited students.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Recapturing the flame. Keepers of the flame renew the flame in the carrier lantern before extinguishing the cauldron.

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



Fiddling Willie Gordon -Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Marjie Kormendy was the first torch bearer of the day.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Robert Service School greets the flame.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Chief Taylor poses with Peter Menzies and his grade 3 class.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The food tents were in the parking lot next to the community hall.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Dawson Gets the Olympic Mail Treatment

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

November 7, 2009

Dawson City continued to join in the preparations for the 2010 Winter Olympic Games with the unveiling of its own, unique, Stamp Cancellation stamp on November 6. Mayor Peter Jenkins joined Canada Post Yukon Area Manager Marina McCready in cancelling the first stamp on an envelope addressed to the mayor's daughter, Lauren.

A Stamp Cancellation imprint is an inked seal imprinted over a stamp to show that the letter has been processed. The Dawson version shows the four Olympic symbols over the date (which, of course, is changed daily) and the words Vancouver 2010. The words Dawson City YT appear at the bottom of the circular stamp, the YT settling for the moment the correct Canada Post abbreviation for the Yukon Territory.

“The 2010 Torch Relay passed through Dawson on Wednesday and I'm very pleased to announce that Dawson residents will now have the opportunity to commemorate this event and the upcoming Games with their very own cancellation stamp, said McCready.

“Canada Post has designed an Olympic cancellation stamp featuring the name of your community.

“Canada Post recognizes that not everyone can celebrate the 2010 Games right in Vancouver or Whistler which is why Canada Post is pleased to bring commemorative Olympic products to your community.

“As an Official Supplier for the Vancouver 2010 Olympic and Paralympic Winter Games, we are proud to partner with the Vancouver Olympic Committee to offer our customers a wide assortment of Vancouver 2010 stamp products and collectable souvenirs. Canada Post is a company that delivers to almost every community across Canada and we're excited to offer residents of Dawson the chance to collect unique postal souvenirs for this once-in-a lifetime event.”

Locals will have to ask specifically to have their mail cancelled with the new stamp.

McCready and Jenkins also unveiled a framed poster showing enlargements of the Olympic collectable stamps currently on sale.

McCready presented this to Jenkins as a gift to the City of Dawson.



Dawson City imprint stamp

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



Mayor Peter Jenkins cancels the first stamp with the new Cancellation Stamp

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



This framed poster was presented as a gift to the City of Dawson.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Youth Art Enrichment Expands in its 9th Year

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

November 9, 2009

Forty-five students from Pelly, Faro, Carmacks, Haines Junction, Whitehorse, Watson Lake and Dawson gathered in Dawson the week of November 4 to 9 for the Ninth Annual Youth Art Enrichment program offered by the Klondike Institute of Art and Culture. Numbers were up by about a dozen this year for the four day event.

“We added a course this year,” said coordinator Jenna Roebuck. It was planned to be four classes with 12 students in a course.”

This year’s classes were held at various venues around town, with meals at St. Mary’s Catholic Church provided by a cadre of willing volunteers.

Experimental Printmaking with Stacey Cann took place in the Oddfellows’ Hall ballroom. In this course students looked at different methods of printmaking by exploring gel transfers, monoprinting, stencils and paint, rubbings and other non-traditional printmaking techniques.

Downstairs in the KIAC (Klondike Institute of Arts & Culture) classroom Dan

Sokolowski encouraged students to Get Animated. The course covered the basic building blocks of animation all the way through to a finished DVD.

In the Confluence Gallery at the KIAC (Klondike Institute of Arts & Culture) School of Visual Arts Meshell Melvin offered a course in Drawing. Pencil, conte, ink, erasers, pens, markers and collage were the tools used in a wide variety of exercises during the course.

In the delightful setting of the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre Margaret Nazon offered a course in Traditional Arts with a focus on fish scale art. This delicate art form is finding a revival in Northern Canada and students were instructed in the process from beginning to end.

Special events during the week included a talk on contemporary Canadian Art by ODD Gallery (at Oddfellows Hall) director Lance Blomgren, a tour of the SOVA (School of Visual Arts) facilities with a talk on post-secondary options for artists by instructor Charles Stankievich, an open-gym night at the Robert Service School, an Open Mic Youth focussed coffee house at the Oddfellows Hall with a headline performance by the Robert Service School Rock Band and a closing banquet and walking tour of the four workshop areas on the Saturday evening.

Roebuck said this year's funding came from the Youth Investment Fund, Canadian Art Magazine, some from DCAS (Dawson City Arts Society) core funding, City of Dawson and Klondike Visitors Association.

An exhibition featuring selections from the event will open at the ODD Gallery on December 3 and run until January 5, 2010. It will later be mounted in the Grotto at the Yukon Arts Centre.



Animation workshop. Setting the stage for some stop-motion animation.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Printmaking Art workshop. Rubbing to make a slide with magazine art and strapping tape. - Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Traditional art workshop. Working with natural materials to make a sculpture. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Drawing workshop.

Students work on self portrait sketches.

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

Bell's Book Continues a Family Saga

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

November 9, 2009

Dawson City supports its local writers. In an evening crowded with three major events, a respectable two dozen folks turned out to hear Joanne Bell and to celebrate with her the release of her second young adult novel, *Juggling Fire* (Orca Book Publishers).

“That’s the trouble with writing a book,” Bell told her audience when they didn’t want her to stop reading.

“You spend a couple of years writing it and then people actually hear it.”

In this case, it was more like three years, and Bell admitted that people might not be seeing the book yet if her editor and publisher hadn’t insisted that she stop tinkering with it.

“I had a hard time letting this one go,” she said, explaining that she liked both the family she was writing about, and the Ogilvie Mountains setting in which much of the book takes place.

As with her first novel, *Breaking Trail* (Groundwood Books), this is the story of a family in trouble. It's the same family, in fact, only the first book was about Becky and this one features the younger sister, Rachel. In this case Rachel's father has succumbed to depression and has wandered off into his former mountain home and disappeared. Did he leave to commit suicide or did something prevent him from coming home? This is the question that sends Rachel out in to the bush with her dog, Brooks, to try to find him.

"We'll be reading till late tonight," was the reaction from the audience members when she stopped reading after about half an hour.

Bell said that the editing process on this book was fun but did involve some compromises. She was most happy with the suggestions made by her daughter, Mary, who inspired this book and was its first editor. There was a bit more of a tussle with her editor at Orca, but in the end they agreed on certain compromises in terms of the story.

The hardest part turned out to be when she was told she had to stop making changes.

"She told me to write something new." That hasn't been as easy as it probably should have been.

"I'm having real trouble letting go of this book, actually," she told her audience, "because I spent three years writing it.

It's kind of silly. You look at this book and it's only 169 pages - it's not that long - and I think 'what did I do spending three years writing it?' but I did.

"I could spend the rest of my life fixing this book."

Her solution will probably be to set other books in the mountains that she loves just as much, if not more, than she loves the family she has created in her fiction.

"For me, I really love the mountains up the Dempster, and for me, the main character in my books is the mountains."

"It's not only that, Joanne," said fellow outdoor enthusiast, trapper and fisher Gerry Couture, "but you articulate what many of us have experienced, but can't do. That feeling for the bush and that family in the bush comes through. You articulate that."

Bell has several other projects at various stages. She's through the first draft of a third novel now. There's another "Young Adult" book that she doesn't think is worth submitting anywhere - yet.

Also announced at this gathering was the news that her 2005 book *Breaking Trail*, which has already been translated and published in Germany, will soon also have an edition in Czech.



The book launch for *Juggling Fire* was well attended.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Joanne Bell enjoys a comment from the audience.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

EXHIBITION IN ABBOTTSFORD

My name is Scott Marsden and I am the Curator for the Reach Gallery Museum Abbotsford in Abbotsford, British Columbia. Before I came to the Reach ,I was Director/Curator at the Yukon Arts Centre in Whitehorse, Yukon. I got your name and contact information from Jim Perry who told me about the *Vancouver Yukoners' Association* and *Moccasin Telegraph*. He suggested I contact you regarding visual art exhibitions that I am presenting which deal with the Yukon. One of the curatorial mandates here at the Reach is to investigate art and history from the regions throughout the Pacific Northwest, which includes the Yukon.

In the summer, I presented, a group exhibition called *Whats Going on Up There*. This exhibition was of twenty fine artists, craftspeople and designers from the artists co-operative Yukon Artists @ Work (YA@W). YA@W, the only artists-run cooperative in the Yukon represents a diversity of creative practices which range from furniture-makers, drawings, graphic designers, bearers, printmakers, photographers, ceramic artists and jewelers. I saw this exhibition as a way to describe the Yukon through an eclectic and diverse exploration of forms of cultural production that combine materials and techniques into innovative designs and handcrafted construction. The art works in the exhibition created a variety of visual experiences that represent a community that is rich and diverse and contains art works that explore and celebrate the Yukon.

I am continuing to explore art and history of the north with a couple of projects in 2010. In January 21- March 21 of 2010, we will be presenting: *Beadwork-Radical Practices: Beading Practices of Yukon First Nations (Canada) and the Ndebele (South Africa)*. This exhibition investigates the beading practices of Southern Yukon First Nations (Canada) and the Ndebele (South Africa) and consists of both historical and contemporary work from the *Iziko South African National Gallery*, Cape Town, South Africa as well as historical work from the *MacBride Museum* and contemporary work from the *Yukon Territorial Government Permanent Art Collection* both located in Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada. This exhibition brings together the work of two distinct cultural communities with a focus on the role and significance of beads in the construction of cultural, national and gendered identity of Southern Yukon First Nations and the Ndebele from South Africa.

I would like to let Yukoner's who are now living in Vancouver and in the Lower Main land know about these exhibitions and Jim Perry thought *Moccasin Telegraph* would be a good way to let people know exhibitions dealing with the Yukon. If this is of interest to you, I would be happy to send you more information. I have attached two images of beadwork from the Ndebele and Yukon First Nations.

Thank you.

Scott Marsden

Curator

t 604 864 8087 f 604 864 8048

The Reach Gallery Museum Abbotsford

32388 Veterans Way

Abbotsford, BC V2T 0B3 thereach.ca





The History of Madame Tremblay's store

Submitted by Joan White jomar31@shaw.ca (In Victoria)



My name is Joan Marie (Poirier) White, and my family lived in Dawson from 1935 until 1950, when we returned to our home town of Schenectady, New York. I am a granddaughter of Madame Emily Tremblay who owned Madame Tremblay's store many years ago in Dawson City, Yukon and thought perhaps there may be some MocTel readers who might be interested to know the history of this building.

The original 2 story building was erected in 1899 on a lot 1 block east of it's present location and was moved to King Street and Third Avenue sometime between 1904 and 1905. It was originally designed for 2 shops on the ground floor and either an apartment or possibly a boarding house for gold-rush "cheechakos" on the upper floor. There is also some evidence that there was a bakery and news stand operating on the ground floor sometime during that period. The building was apparently in continuous use from 1899, but after it's move to King St and Third Avenue (possibly in 1905) it's use is not clear until 1913. During most of this period it was owned and controlled by Richard Roediger, proprietor and manager of the Dawson Daily News, which he published from 1900 until 1909.

My grandparents Émilie and Pierre-Nolasque (called Jack) Tremblay leased that building in 1913 and purchased it in 1915. The upper apartment was where they lived. Jack had a shop in the southwest corner of the building where he did boat engine repairs. Emily ran a dry goods and novelty store on the lower floor until 1936, when she handed it over to my mother, Edna (Thibodeau-Tremblay) Poirier, who ran it for four years until it was closed down in 1940. The Tremblay's owned the building until 1946 when they sold it to Tim and Mike Cole who adapted it to their own needs and used it on an intermittent basis until 1972. They sold it to Margretta Gaundroue who then sold it to Parks Canada in 1976. Parks Canada then started work on restoring it as much as they could back to it's

original design and it is now a Canadian Heritage site. Much of this information came from Research Bulletin No. 92, entitled *Madame Tremblay's Store: A Structural History* by Richard Stuart, published in March 1978 by Parks Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Many of you "sourdoughs" may already know who Jack and Emily Tremblay were, but for those of you who don't, let me set things straight for you. The word Madame on her store's sign (having more than one implication) may have left you with the impression that it had been a "house of ill repute". However, I assure you that as long as Jack and Emily lived in that building, it definitely was not. My grandparents were well respected business people and good citizens of Dawson all the years they lived there and ran no such business.

As far as can be ascertained, Madame Emily Tremblay was the first caucasian woman to climb the Chilkoot Trail..which she did twice, once in 1896, then again in 1898. She was one of the founders of *Ladies of the Golden North*, president of the *Yukon Women Pioneers* and a life member of the *Order of the Daughters of the Empire*. She was awarded many medals for her good deeds, some of which she donated to the Historical Society Museum in Saguenay, Quebec. The story of her trek north called *Une Pionnière du Yukon* was written by Father Marcel Bobillier, O.M.I. and was published in 1948. Some of her history and pictures of her have been published in various books as well as on the Internet see websites below.

Her husband Pierre-Nolasque Tremblay (Jack) had been prospecting in the Klondike since 1886 and he was a much loved man who became known as "The Grand Old Man of the Yukon". Jack Tremblay passed away in 1935 and is buried in Dawson. Emily Tremblay remarried a long-time miner friend of theirs, Louis Lagrois, in 1940. Emily Tremblay died on April 22, 1949 in Victoria B.C. at the age of 77 and is buried there in Royal Oak Cemetary. Louis Lagrois died in 1956 and is buried alongside Emily. The first French language school in the Yukon at Whitehorse, called École Émilie-Tremblay, was so named in honor of this true Yukon pioneer.

<http://www.historicplaces.ca/visit-visite/affichage-display.aspx?id=9826&page=1>
http://www.hougengroup.com/yukonHistory/facts_year/1940s.aspx?year40=1949
<http://www.tc.gov.yk.ca/archives/wc/outstanding/outstanding2.htm>

Tribute to Danny Jurovich – October 23, 1939 to June 28, 2008 – Part 1

- composed and assembled by Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net from personal recollections and information, encouragement and photos provided by Eva Jurovich, George Jurovich, Mary Jean Morrison, Karren (North) Crowley, Lynette Bleiler and Gerald Newsham, Glen Campbell and Brian McGeachy and the Mayo-Elementary High School AURORA Yearbooks from 1955-56 and 1956-56
- unless otherwise noted, all photos are courtesy of Eva Jurovich

The Years 1939 - 1951

Nineteen thirty-nine was the year that Canada, along with a number of other countries entered the Second World War. In that year a number of notable births occurred, which included two future prime ministers – Joe Clark and Brian Mulroney, a future governor general – Adrienne Clarkson, a future provincial premier – Roy Romanow, a future star hockey player, Bobby Hull, a future author – Margaret Atwood and a future automobile enthusiast, retail and trucking entrepreneur, and one of the best friends and nicest individuals one could ever meet and know, Daniel Robert Jurovich, known all his life by his friends and acquaintances as simply, “Danny”.

Danny started his life in St Mary’s Hospital in Dawson City, Yukon on October 23, 1939. The first few years of his young life was spent in Dawson City where he lived with his parents Milo and Annie and his older sister Marie (1938) and later with his younger brothers George (1941) and Larry (1947). Milo had originally come to Dawson City in 1935 in search of work. In 1937, Annie had arrived from Prince Rupert and married Milo and they had settled down in Dawson. Except for a three year period when the Jurovich family moved to Prince Rupert (1943 to 1946) in search of a higher paying job for Milo to support his family, Danny spent his youngest years in Dawson City until 1951.



Milo Jurovich with baby Danny in his arms and Marie, Winter 1939-1940 in Dawson City



Marie and Danny Winter 1940-41 in Dawson City



Danny probably in 1941 in Dawson City



Marie and Danny c.1941



Marie, George and Danny in Prince Rupert c. 1943



George, Marie and Danny in Prince Rupert c. 1945



Danny and George in Prince Rupert in 1945



Danny, Marie and George with friends in Prince Rupert 1946



Marie and Danny in Prince Rupert c. 1945

During these years of growing up in Dawson, some of the qualities that would become his trademarks in later life were developed. He spent many happy times with his sister and brothers and with his family. He made many friends, some of which he kept in contact with for the rest of his life. He took a job handing out business cards to passengers who arrived in Dawson on the steamboats. He took a liking to cars, and never lost his love for “wheels”.

His brother George describes those years as follows:

“The first 12 years of Dan’s life we lived in Dawson city. Our first job was handing out business cards for George Shaw to the tourists when they arrived by steamboat advertising his jewellery shop. My dad worked on the dredges in the summer and cut wood in the winter, then he and Mike Franich leased the Royal Alexander Hotel and mom did all the laundry. Dan and myself would help her out. There were 3 large snooker tables in the back gambling room so we spent more time shooting pool than helping out. They had some huge paintings in the lobby of very nice ladies (partial nude) which we always admired.

Dad had an old Chev pickup and we would go every week in the Summer up to Bonanza Creek to visit dad’s old mining friends. We had great fun watching them mine or go up to Rock Creek to do some fishing. Mom always made an awesome picnic. Our house was

always busy. We had our school friends over a lot as mom was always baking. Robert, Tom and Jim Adair, Gordon Westberg, John Dines, and John Scott. Tom and Howie Firth lived on the same block. We always would have something on the go, like going over to Daisy Adair's and eating all her soda crackers (which always made her happy) or to Tom Firth's (senior) to raid his great garden. He had a lovely 4 door touring car that Dan always admired."



George and Danny with baby Larry in Dawson City 1948



Danny, Marie and George in Dawson City c. 1948-49



Marie, George, Danny and Larry at the entrance to the Jurovich home in Dawson City 1949



Marie, George, Danny and Annie holding Larry
at the entrance to the Jurovich home in Dawson City 1949



George and Danny ready for walking
Dawson City c.1949-50



George, Marie and Danny in Dawson City Apr 1949



George, Larry, Danny and Marie with Milo
Beside the Klondike River c.1949-50



George, Larry and Danny playing cops and robbers
Dawson City 7 April 1950



George, Danny, Marie and Larry - Dawson City 7 April 1950



Danny with a dog in Dawson City. The photo was taken by a tourist who later contacted the school to find out who the boy was



Danny by the family car. His love of cars was already showing



Danny by the family house in Dawson City.

End of Part 1 (To Be Continued)

YUKON SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS SOCIETY - Press Release

“Legend”ary performer to attend 2010 Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Festival

Whitehorse, Yukon: The 2010 Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Festival will celebrate “Legends of the Klondike”, and in keeping with its theme secured a Yukon legend to return for the upcoming festival. A contribution from Northwestel has allowed the society to ensure that Gillian Campbell will be returning to the 2010 festival from February 25 – 28.

In 1970, Gillian made her first appearance at the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Festival, however she was already widely known throughout the territory as “Klondike Kate”, a persona she adopted for her performances at the Palace Grand and Diamond Tooth Gerties in Dawson City. Gillian was a regular performer during the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Festival until the early 1990’s. Now living in Burnaby, Gillian will be returning with a troop of musicians including her husband and son, and will be joined by Yukon pianist Grant Simpson. Gillian will be performing at a number of events throughout the festival including the Queen Ball, and within the tent at Shipyard’s Park.

“This was very exciting for us to be able to do.” Said Marj Exchak, President of Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous. “We are working hard to recognize the Legends of the

Klondike, as well as the Legends of the Ykon Sourdough Rendezvous this year. Being able to bring Gillian back to the festival fits perfectly with our goals and theme, and will mean so much to so many people that have seen the festival of the past.”

“I am thrilled to bits, also very honoured,” said Gillian Campbell. “I have spent a lot of my life in the Yukon, have many friends there, and the Yukon has been good to me, in so many ways. Giving me a place to work, raising my two wonderful sons, also I met my second husband, who is much better than my first ! He was a Bank Manager in Dawson City, also the Treasurer for the K.V.A.”.

The Sourdough Rendezvous Festival will be re-introducing the Queen Ball in 2010, and Gillian will be the featured performer, in addition to performances at other venues throughout the festival. . . .

This photo taken today, Nov 19 at Boston Pizza, where we met for lunch. Always great times with visiting these fine folks. Gail & Murray have given permission to send them to you for use in the MocTel.

Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Gail Laroque & Murray Biggin
Photo courtesy bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

ARTISTIC TALENT



West Coast Silver

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBIT

Sheila Goertz passed away peacefully October 31, 2009 with her husband Gary and daughter Tamara by her side. Shiela (Franklin) came to Yukon and worked for White Pass in the Payroll department where she met Gary Goertz. Their daughter Tamara was born in Whitehorse. Bill & I were witnesses to their wedding in Las Vegas on a summer trip we took together. Sheila was a good friend and travelled to Vernon with me when I left the Yukon to set up house in Vernon. Our paths only crossed once more when we travelled to Winnipeg to see them a couple of years later. Sheila was a kind, generous and loving person and will be missed. The following message is from her husband Gary. - Sherron

Two years ago, Sheila was diagnosed with neck cancer. She had the radiation and chemo a couple of months later. She beat the cancer after her treatment and two surgeries. She had a stroke and pneumonia 4 times. She had a trach and fistula (hole in her neck) and said she was ready to go 3 weeks Monday. She was always in pain. She died peacefully on Saturday, October 31 at 1.30 am with me holding her Tamara holding her hand and her best friend holding her shoulder. The memorial service was last Friday, with over 100 people in attendance. They were recognizing her commitment to giving to others first and often.

I am still numb. Call me if you would like at 905-880-7521

Gary Goertz gary.goertz@sympatico.ca (In Bolton, ON)

In Loving Memory of



Sheila Elizabeth Goertz

January 3, 1950 - October 31, 2009

A courageous battle that began with cancer more than two years ago ended peacefully on Saturday, October 31, 2009, at her home in Caledon, surrounded by her family and dear friend, Cathy Olive (Winnipeg). During her long struggle, Sheila never lost her sense of humour, her tenacity, or her deep concern for others. Beloved wife of Gary for 30 years. Cherished mother of Tamara and Adam Ostrowski, Bolton. Loving daughter of Mary McNutt, Toronto and the late Joseph Scott. Dear sister of Brian Scott, Winnipeg; Marian and Lance Wadhams, Bolton and predeceased by John Scott. Dear daughter-in-law of Marian and Vernon Goertz, Vancouver. Sheila will also be sadly missed and lovingly remembered by her many nieces, nephews, cousins, sisters and brothers-in-law, and friends. Thanks to all the health care providers – your care and kindness helped make her journey that much easier. The family will receive their friends at the Egan Funeral Home, 203 Queen Street S. (Hwy. 50), Bolton (905-857-2213) on Friday, November 6 from 10 o'clock until time of memorial service in the chapel at 11 o'clock. If desired, memorial donations may be made to the charity of your choice. Condolences for the family may be offered at www.eganfuneralhome.com

CAMERON, Willa Yvonne (Bonnie) (July 24, 1924 - November 1, 2009)

Beloved wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, Bonnie Cameron passed away peacefully at her home in Edmonton in the early hours of November 1. Born in Drumheller, Alberta, Bonnie grew up primarily in the Edmonton area. In 1944 she married Gordon Cameron, and moved to the Yukon, where the popular couple raised four boys: Bob, Scot, Hunter and Dean. During the mid 1950's Bonnie was First Lady of Whitehorse as Gordon served a term as Mayor, and later, First Lady of the Yukon as she and Gordon carried out the duties of Commissioner of the Yukon. Bonnie was an active (and founding) member of the Whitehorse Drama Club throughout the 1950's and, later, a strong supporter of the Citadel Theatre in Edmonton, up until her death. An avid curler, she was an active member of the Crestwood Ladies League in Edmonton for many years. She also loved "her" Edmonton Eskimos. Bonnie is survived by her husband of 65 years, Gordon Cameron (Edmonton); four sons Bob (Lois) of Whitehorse, Yukon, Scot (Sandy) of Devon, Alberta, Hunter of Edmonton, Dean (Carol) of Whitehorse; six grandchildren, Douglas (Shannon), Lisa (Brent), Marsha (Sylvain), Kyle (Casey), Bryan, and Fraser (Jill); four great-grandchildren, Austin, Kennedy, Adam and Ashtyn and many nieces and nephews. Bonnie was predeceased by her parents, Art and Alice (nee Brownell) Hunter, her sisters, Phyllis Strong, Grace Fisher, and her brother Bob Hunter. Bonnie's passing is sadly grieved by all who knew and loved her. Donations in her memory can be

made to any of the performing arts in the Yukon or Edmonton, or to the Cancer Society.
Published in the Edmonton Journal on 11/20/2009

NEW ADDITIONS

I'm from and am currently living in Dawson City, Yukon.
If possible, I'd like to be added to your mailing list for the Moccasin Telegraph.
Thank you,

Allie Winton allie.winton@gmail.com (In Dawson)

MOCTEL CD found useful by the Yukon Government !!!

Hi Bill

We would like to order a CD of the Moc Tel's for the office here. We find that they are great for research. Do you accept Visa? If not, I can send a cheque. Are they still \$22.50 plus \$2.50 for mailing costs?

Thank you.

Kerri Scholz Kerri.Scholz@gov.yk.ca
Administrative Assistant
Historic Sites
Cultural Services, Tourism and Culture

*Yes, the cost is \$22.50 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.
We can either accept an electronic - e-mail bank transfer or a cheque to Sherron Jones c/o Moc Tel.
Once we receive payment, the C.D. will be shipped within 24 hours.
Thank you for your inquiry.*

Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Yuma)

If you wish to order a CD, please send a cheque for \$25.00 with a note that you would like the CD – to:
Sherron Jones
#483 – 5707 32nd Street
Yuma, Arizona, USA 85365

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“The miracle, or the power, that elevates the few is to be found in their industry, application, and perseverance under the prompting of a brave, determined spirit.” - Mark Twain

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Penuche

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

3 cups brown sugar

2 tbsp corn syrup

1 tbsp butter

1 cup WHITEHORSE DAIRIES milk

¾ cup nuts

1 tsp vanilla

Boil sugar, syrup and milk to form a soft ball in water. Remove from heat, add butter. Cool to lukewarm and beat until creamy. Add nuts and vanilla. Pour into greased pan.

Mickey Dunnett

First Presbyterian Ladies Aid

DATES TO REMEMBER

Yukoner's Christmas lunch

ABC Country Restaurant

6671 Mary Ellen, Nanaimo, B.C.

Thursday, Dec. 17th, Noon social, with lunch to follow

More Info: Harriett Butterworth 250-751-1194

Sharon Redmond 250-729-9773

MocTel readers, check out Vancouver Yukoners' Association NEW website

www.vancouver-yukoners.com for more information as it becomes available but here is your invitation to VYA Banquet 2010:



*The Vancouver Yukoners' Association invites
you to attend the 82nd Annual Banquet*

Date: April 17, 2010

**Place: River Rock Casino/Resort – Whistler Ballroom
Address: 8811 River Rd, Richmond BC – Free Parking**

Hotel reservations:

Telephone: 604-247-8900 or Toll Free 1-866-748-3718

**Ask for Vancouver Yukoners' Rate – Best price before Feb. 1; next best before
March 16, 2010 but our block of rooms is going fast.**

Banquet Tickets:

**\$55.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to
*Vancouver Yukoners' Association***

**Banquet Reception/Registration: Ballroom Foyer 5pm – 6pm
Dinner: 6:30 pm**

Hospitality Suite: Open Friday evening and Saturday

Note: registration/pick up tickets at Hospitality Suite

.....
FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

email: lornellis@shaw.ca

Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St

Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

For further information contact:

hmunro@shaw.ca

Phone: 604-937-3740

www.vancouver-yukoners.com

PLEASE PASS THIS INVITATION ON TO YOUR YUKON FRIENDS

**YUKON RESIDENTS – AIR NORTH IS OFFERING A DISCOUNT
PLEASE CONTACT THEM FOR DETAILS – Convention Code F8EHNP17**

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 of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Summer -

Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon, B C
V1B 1V8
Phone: 250-549-2736

Winter -

Sherron Jones
#483 – 5707 32nd Street
Yuma, Arizona, USA
85365
Phone: 928-341-0690