

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 307th Edition – April 11th, 2010

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Bird Bath

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

SENIOR DRIVERS MEDICAL TEST

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

While musing one day of the doubts and the fears,
When I was approaching so-called, golden years,
Would my pension suffice? Would my health remain good?
Would I enjoy those years like I thought that I would.
Now in hindsight I think how I fretted and stewed,
I've enjoyed every one of those years that ensued.
My health has been good, though a little bit weighty,
Not bad for a guy who's about to turn eighty.

Then as I am praising my strength and endurance,
Came a note in the mail from my auto insurance.
Saying "now that you've entered your eighty first year,
You're a potential risk on the highway, I fear."
"With so many cars on the road, it's a fact,
That many old fogies are slow to react."
"So, now that you're eighty, if you still wish to drive,
Send us proof from your doctor, to show you're alive."

So, I went to the clinic and told whom I am,
And requested an old fogies licence exam.
I was shown to a room, where a young doctor sat,
My God, I've got grandchildren older than that.
But he put me at ease; he was gentle and kind,
As he said, "let's examine your body and mind."
'The insurance firm says, when you're eighty or so,
Your faculties slide, and your mind starts to go.'

He tested my vision and hearing as well,
Quite impressed with my glasses and aids I could tell.
He examined my kidneys, lungs and my heart,
And he tested reactions of various parts.
He bade me look over my shoulder to check,
Just how far, til I suffered a crick in my neck.
Then he said, "that looks good, so if you'll be so kind,
We'll commence to delve into the state of your mind".

He asked me the date, and the name of the day,
The month and the year, and what season was May.
I added up figures and connected some dots,
And identified pictures from what, really were blots.
Then I memorized sentences as I was tasked,
And, later, repeated them back when he asked.
I'm now getting weary of this little test,
And I'm wondering if I can suffer the rest.

Then he scribbled some notes on a file that he had,
And passed me his pen and a page from his pad.
"There is one final task that's requested from you.
Write me a sentence, any sentence will do."
Now I'm not feeling well, as I stifle a cough,
So I picked up the pen and I wrote: "Bugger off."
Then, shaking my hand, he announced with a grin.
You've aced it Old-timer, you're driving again.

© 2010, Gus Barrett

A Bitter Wind Greet the Beginning of the 34th running of the Percy

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

March 25, 2010

The morning of March 25 was a tribute to the power of wind chill. With the temperature at a moderate -15 or so, and the sun peeping brightly over the side of the Dome and on to

King Street, the breeze cut through gloves and parkas (some of the Percy crew were wearing multiple layers of parkas) and ran down the batteries of cameras in record time.

Though scheduled to start at 10:05, the race was a bit late getting off as the City of Dawson was still packing King St. and Front St. with snow for the dogs and sleds at that point. This was just as well, as it turned out, since most of the daycare and school children arrived to see the mushers during that time delay.

About ten minutes later, the announcer called out the traditional countdown for bib #1, run by the spirit of Percy DeWolfe after whom the race is named.

Then the Postmaster Robert LePage and R.C.M.P. Const. Stephen Knaack handed off the official mail sack to bib #2, Hans Gatt, who won this race last year with a running time of just under 24 hours. Following Gatt, at three minutes intervals, were: Susie Rogan (Whitehorse), Paula Ciniero (Two Rivers, AK), Fabien Schmitz (Whitehorse), Colin Morrison (Carcross), Gerry Willomitzer (Whitehorse), Maren Bradley (Carcross), Steve Gibbons (Whitehorse), Hugh Neff (Tok, AK), Ryan Kinna (Haines Junction), Crispin Studer (Whitehorse), Brian Wilmshurst (Dawson).

In spite of the city backhoe's best efforts the first few teams were reluctant to run on the new spread soft snow, and ran down the harder sides of the street. One team thought to follow that hard pack around the back end of the Visitor Information Centre and had to be redirected.

By the time they were passing the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre on the way to the dike, the teams had adjusted to the fresh snow trail.

The wind out of the north was even more bitter down on Front Street, up along the dike and down onto the Yukon River, where this year's ice race track forced a change in the initial route, taking the dogs down the east side of the river.

The teams are all equipped with SPOT GPS units this year and by the time of this writing, in the late evening, all of them appeared to be functioning well and to show that Gatt, Susie Rogan, Hugh Neff and Crispin Struder had reached Eagle. 105 river miles (170 km) from Dawson. There the teams must take a mandatory 6 hour layover before heading back to Dawson.



Const. Stephen Knaack joined Postmaster Robert LePage in handing Gatt the mail sack containing the special race envelopes that will become collectors' items.

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



Robert Service School and the two daycares both had kids on hand to watch the start of the race.

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



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



Teams 2 and 3 seem to be comparing notes before the race.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Hans Gatt, wearing Bib #2, was first out on the trail this year.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Alaska musher Hugh Neff passes the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre on the way to the dike.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The Percy Junior features an Eagle Starting Line this Year

by Dan Davidson

March 25, 2010

The evolution of the Percy Junior Race is interesting. Begun as a tribute to Percy DeWolfe Junior, it was also seen as a race that would be good for those who might want to run the whole race another year. That still happens, but something else is happening as well.

The Percy Junior is a shorter race. Teams go to Fortymile, camp overnight there in a heated wall tent, and return the next day. The total distance is 161 kilometres (100 miles). The race began on Thursday at noon on the ice bridge with a series of mass starts rather than individual timings. There were 12 teams in all, though only nine were present at this end.

In change of route, the mushers headed out to the south for some distance before turning and heading north to their eventual destination.

Starting from Dawson were: Ed Hopkins, Alexandra Rochat, Jason Biasetti, Cor Guimond, Marie-Claude DeFresne, Craig Houghton, M.C. Leroux, Sebastian Jones, and Elie LeFebvre.

Looking at the mushers' list online one had to be puzzled by the lines showing zero dogs for the final three mushers: Wayne Hall, Nate Becker, Mike McDougall.

That was because these three were starting the race from Eagle, another innovation this year, and running to Fortymile to join the Dawson group for the night and then carry on to Dawson the next day.

It was mentioned at last year's banquet, and has been mentioned in the past, that it would be nice for Eagle to see some of the starting point action, so this year they got some.

At the Dawson end it was not known how many dogs they were using, though the usual number is nine.

What one notices from the list of mushers is that several of these teams used to run the Percy and now seem to be content to enjoy an overnight camping trip on the river with their teams and some friends.



The Junior Percy's starting line is on the Yukon River, next to the ice bridge race track.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The teams headed out to the south in groups of two or three.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Having made the turn back to the north, something caused the lead team to stop briefly.



Back in the race, the teams stretch their legs to the north.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The parking area showed an interesting variety of dog carriers, from pickups to trailers, from wooden boxes to barrel containers.

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

YUKON AURORA WITH STAR TRAILS

Hi Sherron, isn't this one beautiful?? Perhaps you can post it on the MocTel?

<http://antwrp.gsfc.nasa.gov/apod/ap100311.html>

Regards, Maroesja van Oeveren maroesjabigm@hotmail.com (In Belgium)

RE: MOC TEL 306

Hi Sherron! What a sad MOC Tel this was. I was so saddened to hear about three people you mentioned, Madeleine Gould who became very dear to me while we lived in Dawson for the summer of '72, Vi Campbell who was the first person we met when we arrived in Dawson for the summer and finally Ernie Standish who was my boss at the Canada Manpower Centre.

When we 'moved' to Dawson for the summer of '72, Madeleine and John took us under their wing and showed us what it meant to be Yukoners. Madeleine taught me how to bake bread and I remember a term she used. "I'd better get home before my bread comes down to meet me". She took the kids and I berry picking and showed up with tin cans with rocks in them. We were to tie them on our legs and when I asked why, she said so the bears would hear us coming. I spent the day picking but I spent more of it looking over my shoulder for the bear. I remember that all of us had very bad colds, but Karl had it the worst. He was completely congested in his head and his chest and it just wasn't getting better. Madeleine advised me to take a large onion, cut it in half, put it in a sock and let Karl wear it to bed for the night. That night we laughed and joked about it but finally decided, what the heck, it wouldn't hurt. Neither of us could believe that next morning Karl's head was clear and his chest was almost clear. I see that there are other stories in this weeks MOC Tel about the healing qualities of onions. John and Madeleine took us out on the creeks and introduced us to many miners who kindly showed us how to pan for gold. They took us to Hunker Creek and showed us where John and his family lived and where John grew up, and where Madeleine came as a young bride. And through it all Madeleine kept me in stitches and John gave us sage advice about the Yukon. Karl, the children, and I spend many a night camped on the creeks, with the fire going, and imagining what life must have been like in the late 1890's. Several times, much to our surprise and to the delight of the children, we had company that wondered out of the darkness to join our campfire for a cup of coffee and tell us stories of days gone by.

That summer we arrived in Dawson at approximately 8:00 PM. We were to live in the only apartment building in town. As we carried our belongings up to the apartment, along with two tired whining children, I heard someone coming along the hallway. That someone was preceded with tinkling and jingling noises. It was Vi Campbell in a hot pink jumpsuit and she had rings on her fingers, bangles on her arms and bells on her

toes. She brought coffee and invited several other neighbors from the building to meet us and that was our introduction to Dawson and the apartment building we lived in for the summer. I was in awe of her sense of style and I see based on her picture in the MOC Tel hasn't lost it. She was a wonderfully entertaining lady.

It was a magical summer and it is one of the best memories I have. We loved it so much that Karl worked to have us move to Whitehorse the following March.

Upon arrival in Whitehorse in March '73, I learned that most women worked because the winters were long and dark and it would be best for my "mental health". So I was told. I applied to the Canada Manpower Centre as it was called then, and much to my surprise they had a job for me, with them. Ernie was the manager. I spent 6 years working with him and as a result I stayed with the Federal Government for 30 years. I'm not sure it was his influence that made me make the Federal Government my career, but he certainly gave me a start. I later saw him again when we moved to the Vancouver area several years later from Saskatchewan. He was just in the process of working on his retirement. I spoke with him a couple of times over the years, and as a matter of fact he surprised me with a phone call on my first day of retirement, just in case I was sleeping in.

Thanks for the memories,

Helga Crosby fore65*shaw.ca (In St. Andrews by the Lake, BC)

50 YEARS AGO – SS KENO ARRIVED IN DAWSON – Can you identify the people in the photo.

(August 23, 1960 the Keno left Whitehorse on its move to Dawson as a Historic Site)

From: Palma Berger,
P.O. Box 2,
DAWSON CITY, Y.T., Y0B 1G0

Now, would you mind putting the attached photo in the Moccasin Telegraph and ask if any of your readers could identify the two outside figures in the photograph, please. Some locals have identified Margretta Gaundroue in the blue/green dress and Marjorie McPhail (the bank manager's wife) between her and the male figure.

Could they also send their information to pt_ell@yahoo.ca . That being the e-mail address of Pat Ellis of Whitehorse.

Pat is assembling some information on the arrival of the S.S.Keno in Dawson in August 1960, for the McBride Museum in Whitehorse. She asked me to ask around Dawson if anyone remembered. My goodness that is 50 years ago. There are so few still living in

Dawson who might remember. So I wondered if your wide range of readers might be able to help her.

They can e-mail me if they want. Either Pat or myself.

Many thanks for your help.

Have a good break.

Palma Berger palmaberger@yahoo.ca (In Dawson)



Four people greeting the S.S. Keno as it arrived in Dawson in 1960. The photo was taken by Otto Blattler (who still lives in Dawson by the way, and now and again does one of his great carvings). - Palma Berger palmaberger@yahoo.ca (In Dawson)

REPLYS TO PHOTO QUERY

By now, you probably know that the gent on the far right is Howard Firth...I can only identify M. Gaundrou and H. Firth.....regards to you both.

Tina Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria BC)

Well, the centre one in the long greenish outfit is definitely Margretta Gaundroue, fire-chief's wife and the one in the beige coat I believe is Marjorie McPhail who lived next door to me and was the Bank of Montreal Manager's wife. The man next to her does not look like Roy McPhail, her husband. They always met the boats in 98 costumes. As for

the lady in black on the left, am wondering if it could be Ruth Troberg as she generally met the boats as well. Brownie (I am constantly in touch with Marjorie McPhail, will print this and send it to her by Mail!!!)

*Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)*

I'm not positive because her face is partly covered but lady on the far end from Howard Firth could be my mother, Nancy Firth. I'm basing this on her height. Mom was quite short -4 foot, 11 inches. Even though she is standing on a slight downhill, the women in black would still be shorter than everyone else if the ground was level. It would also make sense because she was with my father in Dawson for that arrival and her period costumes tended to be dark. They can be seen dancing together in Dawson City near the end of the film 'Voyage of the SS Keno'.

*John Firth john.firth*sunlife.com (In Whitehorse)*

Release of Ramesh Ferris book “Better than a cure”

Book was written by: Ramesh Ferris with John Firth

Ramesh Ferris' book 'Better Than A Cure One man's journey to free the world of polio' will be officially launched at Well-Read Books around noon on April 12 in Whitehorse. It is a print-on-demand book published by Trafford Publishing and is currently available through my website: www.johnfirth.ca

Go to publications and just click on the link to purchase. For those who are in Whitehorse it should be for sale at Well-Read Books and Mac's Fireweed. Also on line at Amazon and Chapters.

Dan Davidson also read an early version of the book and has apparently written a review on it. I haven't read the review yet and I'm in Alberta right now so probably won't see it until I get back. I have no idea what he thought of the book but you might want to ask him to write his opinion for the Telegraph.

The copy below is from the back of the book itself and is a comment added on my website.

On April 12, 2008, polio survivor Ramesh Ferris set out on a hand cycle to travel 7000 km across Canada. He made his journey to remind us that one of the most dreaded diseases of the twentieth century still poses a world-wide threat to health.

David Neufeld, historian and author: "Both the story of a disease and the program of its global eradication as well as a personal journey in search of identity and meaning in life. Building his journey on family, community and country makes our future look much brighter."

Thanks

John Firth john.firth@sunlife.com (In Whitehorse)



YUKON NUGGET – SS KENO – last Sailing to Dawson

Hi Sherron. I put this Yukon Nugget on Youtube accompanied by vintage film of the Keno on her last voyage to Dawson.

<http://www.youtube.com/tagish1#p/u/6/wOLX8L3olRk>

Your readers outside the Yukon can hear Yukon Nuggets on CKRW each morning at about 6:45am Yukon time. Then later in the day, I think around 12:30 and about 6:10pm but I am not certain of two broadcast times exactly.

www.ckrw.com and follow the links to listen on line.

Regards

Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)

1960 IS 50 YEARS AGO, PLEASE SHARE YOUR PHOTOS AND MEMORIES !

Send your 1960's, 1970's and 1980's photos and stories for sharing in the MocTel.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon) (and happy to be back in Canada and HOME. Working on the MocTel will be much easier.)

In Search of Farley Mowat through the Wilds of Canada

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

February 16, 2010

It was giving into a whim and sending Farley Mowat a manuscript copy of her husband Karsten Heuer's book version of their epic documentary film, *Being Caribou*, that triggered the six month journey that became Leanne Allison's National Film Board documentary *Finding Farley*.

The octogenarian author responded with such fulsome praise ("Finished the book last night, and wish I hadn't. Wish I still had it to look forward to.") that Heuer thought it would be neat to go and visit his boyhood literary hero.

Next thing you know the trip had morphed into an attempt to travel through the terrain of some of Mowat's most famous semi-autobiographical best sellers, a route that would take them by canoe from Canmore to Saskatoon, by van from there to the river systems of northern Saskatchewan, on to Arviat, NWT, by plane to Churchill and train to the St. Lawrence River, where the canoe took them to the tip of the Gaspé Peninsula, and a combination of ferry and schooner took them to Mowat's rural Cape Breton home.

They travelled from early May 2007 until early October of the same year.

Along the way Leanne, Karsten, their two year old son, Zev, and their dog, Willow, steeped themselves in the Mowat oeuvre, paddled northern rivers and lakes, endured mosquitoes, black flies and sand fleas and many times wondered just what they had gotten themselves into. Then, at iconically significant spots along the way, they encountered some of the same things that their hero must have seen in his day: an owl in the prairies; caribou and wolves in the Barrens, a finback whale near Burgeo, Newfoundland.

As they travelled they posted letters to Mowat and he replied to designated places along the route where they knew they could pick up mail. The film intersperses the Allison-Heuer footage with material shot with Mowat by a second film crew, some of which Leanne re-shot later to get a better take.

At various points along the way, Karsten can be heard reading from one of Mowat's books only to have the voice cross-fade to Mowat reading the same passage. That sort of thing, along with some of the wilderness sound effects that their camera couldn't quite pick up, were elements added by the sound designer for the film later on, but one would be hard pressed to call that cheating.

In the Q&A session after the film ran, Allison said the finished product hadn't worked quite as she had thought it might. Mowat is, after all, a controversial author, and many have chastised him for bending reality in order to make a point.

“I thought we’d be revisiting all these issues that he brought up but, ultimately we just passed through these landscapes too quickly to comment on those things.”

She credits their son with helping them to get through the trip.

“He did better than we did most of the time. During the bad bugs and bad sailing he was absolutely fine. I think it’s just because at two years old you haven’t learned how to dread or to worry, and you’re mostly just living in the moment.

“We’d be freaking out and here’s this kid; he’s just playing with his stuff. He’s really the star of the film, and he sees it as his movie too. I don’t think he’s figured out yet that not all families do this.”

Meeting the inspiration for their voyage, with whom they had exchanged letters for six months, was a real thrill for Leanne and Karsten.

“It was wonderful to sit around his kitchen table and just talk ... like we were meeting an old friend,” she said.

“We were really struck by his discipline, dedication and modesty in terms of his writing. He must be a very wealthy man. He’s sold millions of books (44 books in more than 20 languages, selling more than 14 million copies worldwide), and yet he lives in an old farm house; his desk was an old door on sawhorses; his chair was full of duct tape; he uses an old typewriter.”

And, of course, he’s still writing.

“He says if he wasn’t writing he wouldn’t have a purpose and he’d die.”

They found very few people along the way who held any grudges against Mowat, who is sometimes disparagingly referred to as “Barely Knowit” by those who take issue with his veracity and style.

Even in Burgeo, whose residents do not come off looking good in ‘A Whale for the Killing’, Allison found no animosity. The family, sailing aboard the Elsie N, built and skippered by Tam Flemming, arrived in Burgeo harbour after a struggle with rough seas and a storm, and were warmly welcomed by the folk there.

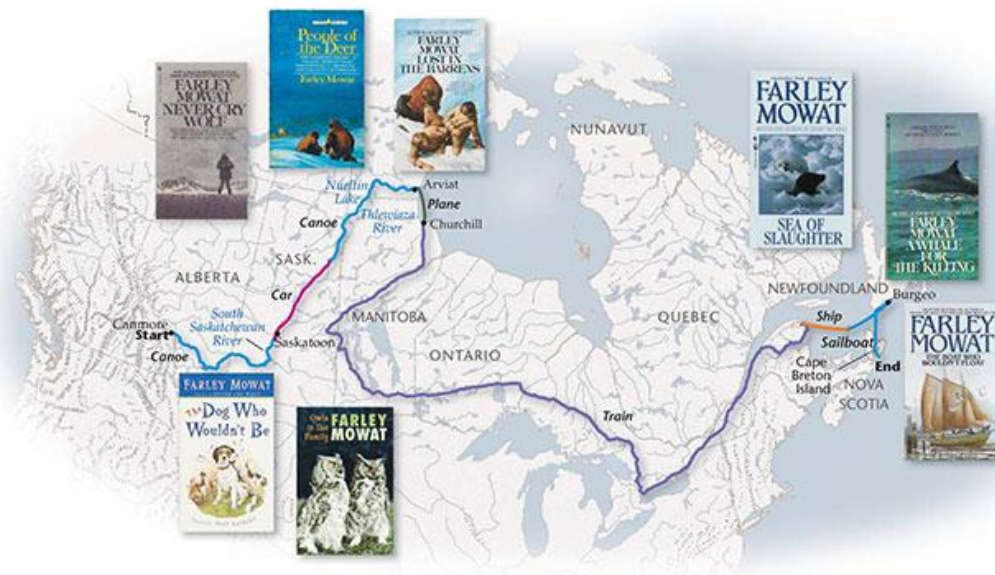
“Most people went out of their way to say they weren’t (angry with Mowat) and he’d be welcome there any time.”

During her stay in Dawson, Allison also provided local enthusiasts with a master class discussion on film making techniques.

These three come from their website.
She told me to use anything that might be good for illustrations.



Leanne, Karsten, Willow and Zev.



The map shows the titles of some of the books which inspired the trip.



The family braves a choppy river.
Photo by Alex Taylor



Leanne Allison was happy to visit Dawson again after several years' absence.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

St. Paul's Supports Haiti Relief

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

February 21, 2010

Ash Wednesday in the Christian liturgical year marks the beginning of Lent, which is traditionally a time when believers deny themselves something for the 40 days (not counting the Sundays) before Easter. In historic times the items to be denied were often special types of food, so it is not surprising that the day before, known as Shrove Tuesday, became a day of feasting and celebration before the days of penitence.

In English speaking countries, pancakes, due to the richness of their ingredients, came to be one of the foods used in the Shrove Tuesday feast, which has led to the days also being called Pancake Day.

At St. Paul's Anglican Church Shrove Tuesday is celebrated with a Pancake Supper, featuring Aldene Snider's famous Sourdough Pancakes served with sausages. The meal is open to the community and donations are collected to give to some worthy cause.

This year the evening was well attended on February 16; so well attended that an extra table and chairs had to be set up after the first half hour.

The event collected \$300.00, which was earmarked for Haiti relief.

The congregation had already sent money to that cause through the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund from its general accounts. The evening replaced that money and raised an additional sum to pass along through the same channel.



The Richard Martin Memorial Chapel became a dining hall during the Shrove Tuesday Pancake Supper. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Shirley Pennell and Aldene Snider were busy in the kitchen that evening.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Grade 5 Class Raises Thousands for Charities

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

February 28, 2010

The Grade 5 class at the Robert Service School has recently completed a two week fund raising spree which saw them take in \$3044.26 to help support Humane Society Dawson and Whitehorse accident victim Jessica Frotten.

Working with the cooperation of both the Bonanza Market and the Dawson City General Store, the students spent Friday through Monday of each weekend from January 29 to February 14 packing and carrying groceries for the stores' customers.

The stores' staff took the time to train the students in the proper way to deal with customers and took in donations through the collection jars at both stores.

This class has taken on a fund raising project as an alternative to giving out Valentine's Cards every year since they were in Grade 1. In the past they have made pinatas and sold tickets to those who got to break them as well as sorted and counted recyclable goods.

With the money they have collected they have, in past years, purchased fruit trees, clothing and animals through the World Vision relief program, as well as sending school supplies to needy children in other parts of Canada.

This year they picked the two causes, which they kept a secret until the end, to donate money to.



Kahlan Franks packs groceries at the General Store.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Will Connellan volunteers at Bonanza Market.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

18 Days from Fairbanks to Dawson on Foot

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

March 1, 2010

Joachim Rintsch came strolling up the ramp from the ferry landing in Dawson City on February 22, just about 10 minutes after his advance promotion people had thought he would. It was 12:05 and he'd been walking steadily but not too quickly, since 7:30 that morning after a night spent in a damp and somewhat lumpy sleeping bag.

Most nights he hasn't even put up his small tent, just sleeping in his bag in the open.

Three days back on the trail the overflow got his gear wet, and there really hadn't been any time since when he could dry it all out. It isn't as if his sleeping bag could be spread out over the top of his small pulk (sledge). His 80 pounds worth of gear are tightly packed in that small sled, and he pulls it behind him attached to aluminum poles which hook to a belt fastened round his waist up under his parka.

There's enough space between him and the pulk that his feet don't hit in on the backswing and his steady walking pace is timed to keep him warm without raising a sweat. He uses a pair of walking poles to assist him as he moves steadily forward.

He'd made it to Dawson so I offered him a ride to the Downtown Hotel, but he said he'd rather walk. With my nonexistent German and his hesitant English even this exchange took a while. I had been warned; however, and I had Martin Hochrein, a young man who has been doing some volunteer work at our local paper, standing by to handle the translation chores.

That this interview works at all is to Martin's credit, but the number of times he said "Wow!" while listening to Joachim told me there was a lot I was missing.

This is Joachim's sixth trip to the Yukon, and he says he always comes in the winter because this is when the Yukon is most beautiful and when there are not so many people around. When we met he'd been on the trail since he left Fairbanks on February 4, sometimes going for up to 6 days (between Central and Eagle) without seeing another person.

Joachim has run the Yukon Arctic Ultra race five times, most recently in 2009, and decided this year that he would walk the Yukon Quest trail. He found that the weather was great for him this year, except for right at the beginning, near Fairbanks, when it was -40 to -42 and he lost his orientation, was only able to hike 4 to 5 kilometres a day, and had to wait for the weather to settle down. On his more normal days he hiked 10 to 12 kilometres, sometimes as much as 15.

In his home town near Bodensee (Lake) in Germany he is an employment trainer, helping people to find jobs. His passion, however, is extreme sports events, and he has taken part in races all over the world, having exhausted every event (marathons, triathlons and triple triathlons) he could find in Germany years ago. He has also hiked extensively in North Africa, Australia and in China.

He kept this year's trip a secret until about two weeks before he left because he wanted to do it alone, and was afraid he wouldn't be able to turn down friends who might want to make the trip with him. This is more than just a pleasure trip for Joachim. He is raising money for two organizations. One, in Germany, assists children and young adults who have untreatable diseases.

The other project is a school in Nepal, where Joachim lived for a year and made a living doing odd jobs as well as working on the founding of this school. Living that way gave him a greater appreciation for the wealth that we have in the west as contrasted with life in poorer nations.

Joachim allowed himself about six and a half weeks to make the entire trip and intends to make it to Whitehorse by March the 10th or 12th. It's an open ended schedule and he prefers it that way.

The trip has not cost him much other than supplies. His friends had raised some money for his 50th birthday and that paid for the trip to Canada and Fairbanks.

On the trip he cooks only every second day. He consumes one litre of water daily, which he gets from a camel pack he fills with snow and wears inside his parka so that it melts. He also gets energy from chocolate and a dry powdery substance which is generally mixed with water, but which he eats in dry form.

The coffee he is clearly enjoying while we eat lunch is the first hot drink he's had in days, since he passed through Eagle.

Joachim planned a two night stay in Dawson City and was on the trail again before the end of the week. It is possible to follow his progress on both <http://share.findmespot.com> and <http://trackleaders.com/> , and comments from latest news update on the Yukon Arctic Ultra site late last week indicated he was then approaching the Pelly Farm.



Joachim Rintsch arrived in Dawson from Fairbanks in a walking time of 18 days.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



At the Downtown Hotel Joachim got himself a ground floor room.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The Tale of EV1 and EV2

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

March 4, 2010

According to research done by Peter Menzies and Doug Cotter there are over 2200 registered gas powered vehicles in Dawson City. There are two electric pickup trucks: Cotter's 1982 Toyota and Menzies' 1984 Ford Ranger.

EV1, as Cotter's truck was known, ran for a year and has since donated some of its parts to EV2.

Both had the capacity to drive out to Henderson Corner and back to town, a range of about 55 kilometres. A person could make short trips around town all day or make a trip to the Quigley Landfill and be in no danger of running out of power. The faster you drive the faster you wear the batteries down, but these results come from a top speed of 80 kph.

EV2 charges from a standard outdoor electrical outlet, which also powers the heater in

the box in the truck bed where the batteries live. They need to be kept warm in order to charge and function properly during much of Dawson's year.

Both Cotter and Menzies, who were presenting their project to the Repowering the Future energy conference held in Dawson on February 27, indicate that plugging in their vehicles had no appreciable impact on their electrical bills. During a normal Dawson winter many folks would be powering a block heater, oil pan heater and battery blanket in order to keep their gasoline engines running any way.

The vehicles run on 12-12 volt batteries and a 28 horsepower motor.

Menzies figures it costs him about a dollar a day to operate his Ranger and this includes the cost of keeping the batteries warm.

Cotter, a licensed auto mechanic, got interested in doing vehicle conversions in 2007/08 after seeing a documentary called "Who Killed the Electric Car". He talked it over many times with Menzies, a former Dawsonite who was then teaching in Carmacks, where he tried to create a "Green Collar Job" unit as part of his high school Industrial Arts Program.

Conversion on EV1 began in January 2008 and the Toyota hit the road in November, running for a year before it was retired.

By then Menzies, who had moved back to Dawson City to teach, was ready to invest \$15,000 in buying and converting his Ranger, which has been running since November 2009.

There will soon be an EV3, a light truck to be owned by the Conservation Klondike Society. It will be used for dump hauling as part of the society's paper recycling pickup service. Presently the group is borrowing EV2 for this project.

For Dawson purposes the pair suggests light trucks with standard shift and two wheel drive. As long as the body and the glass are in decent shape the conversion should work. At this point they still haven't licked the problem of heating the cab for comfort. There's a heater installed in the Ranger, but Menzies admits that it hasn't worked well. This will be a phenomenon familiar to anyone who ever owned a VW Beetle.

Once you have your donor vehicle you strip out all the parts related to gasoline operation, mount an electric motor to the transmission; install the battery pack, the controller, charger and other electronics, turn on the switch and go.

It takes longer than that sounds, and the pair admit they still don't know how quickly a conversion can be done. Cotter noted that any small car with two wheel drive could also be converted. It depends on what you want to use it for. He and Menzies, he said, had more use for trucks.

Conversions can also be done for snowmobiles, quads, ATVs and bikes.

They see the following benefits to the process: no carbon emissions, a longer life for a used vehicle, really low costs for in-town driving, and a reduction in the dependency on an outside fuel source. Menzies admits that most people would still need a second vehicle for long haul trips, but notes that a lot of folks already seem to do that, using a truck or SUV for the highway and a smaller car around the town.

Their presentation ended with a number of questions to which there are no answers at present: Is there a vision of the future in which every Dawson household has a short haul electric vehicle?

Will the increasing price of gasoline influence acceptance of EV ownership?

Will the need for conversions become redundant if the vehicle industry invents a cheap enough new purchase option?



Peter Menzies (center) and Doug Cotter (right) present their electric truck conversions to the first Dawson City energy conference.

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



Peter Menzies' Ford Ranger, known as EV2. The box in the truck bed holds the batteries which make it run.

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

First Trek Run was Beautiful says 11 Year Veteran

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

March 6, 2010

The Trek Over the Top may be reduced in numbers this year, and cut back to two weekends from the usual three, but that doesn't mean it hasn't attracted both veterans and rookies once again.

Dennis Bible is on his 11th Trek this year and says the trip from Tok to Dawson on March 4 was one of the nicest he's made.

"The trail was beautiful. The guys on the US side, they've improved the trail there. The Canadian side was perfectly groomed. It was a nice, fast trail.

"Y'know we've had some ugly trips and some ugly trail in years past but not this year." There wasn't much wind on this trip either.

"It's a wonderful way to change the seasons for me. We winter in Alaska like you guys winter over here. To me the Trek turns the corner into springtime.

“It’s a fun thing to do. It’s a quality experience for the money. I like the people, the people I ride with, and we’ve made a lot of good friends here over the years. It’s like going home again.

“It’s a local thing, a friendly thing. You know people here.”

The Bibles also come to Dawson in the summer, riding motorcycles in that season, and enjoy a stay at the Goldrush Campground. Winter and summer have different attractions for him, but he enjoys both.

The Bibles live in Soldotna, a town on the Kenai Peninsula.

Mike Seaman, a resident of Kenai, has also travelled to Dawson by motorcycle in the past, but has just made his first Trek run. He was persuaded to come by the Bibles. “They’ve been trying to talk me into it for ages, and I just couldn’t see how it would be fun. But this year, man. I picked a good year. This is excellent.”

While in Dawson, the Trekkers have a lot of activities laid on for them by the local organization, including a new variety entertainment show at Diamond Tooth Gerties, a new Poker Run Trail, a Texas Holdem Poker Tournament at Gerties, the Snowshoe Shufflers, the Sleddawgs Sled Drop, Curling, and tours of the Dawson City Museum. Between 80 and 90 people came over on the first trek. The second run will arrive on March 11th.



Dennis Bible has made the Trek 11 times now and also comes to Dawson in the summer by motorcycle. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Numbers may be down, but 2nd Avenue is still lined with snow machines this year.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

CHILDREN OF THE KLONDIKE

I'm pleased to announce that my new historical nonfiction book, *Children of the Klondike*, is now out, along with a new, 15th anniversary edition of my earlier book, *Women of the Klondike* (the main change in the latter is the very attractive re-design).

As some MocTel readers will remember, I was working on *Children of the Klondike* when I was in Dawson as Writer in Residence at Berton House from October to December 2008. It returns to territory I previously explored in *Women of the Klondike* to focus on the Klondike gold rush's youngest participants. There weren't a lot of children around during the gold rush, but they left some great stories and photos behind.

Anyone who wants to know more about the book can go to my web site:

<http://www.backhouse.ca/Books/children-of-the-klondike.html>

and/or my Facebook page:

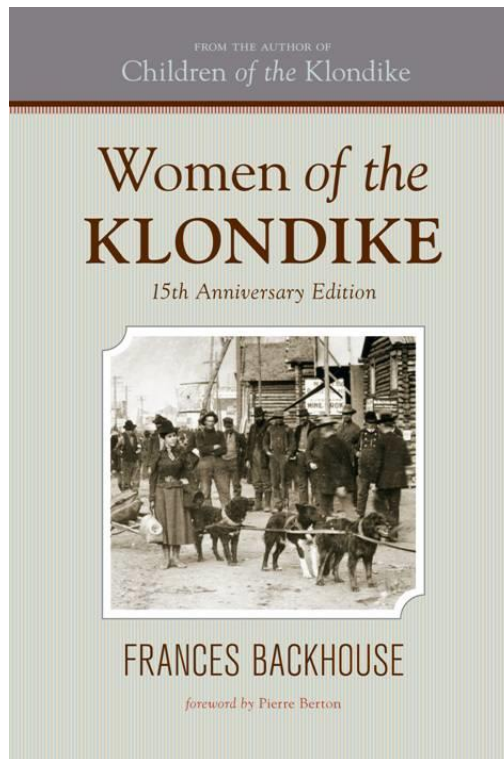
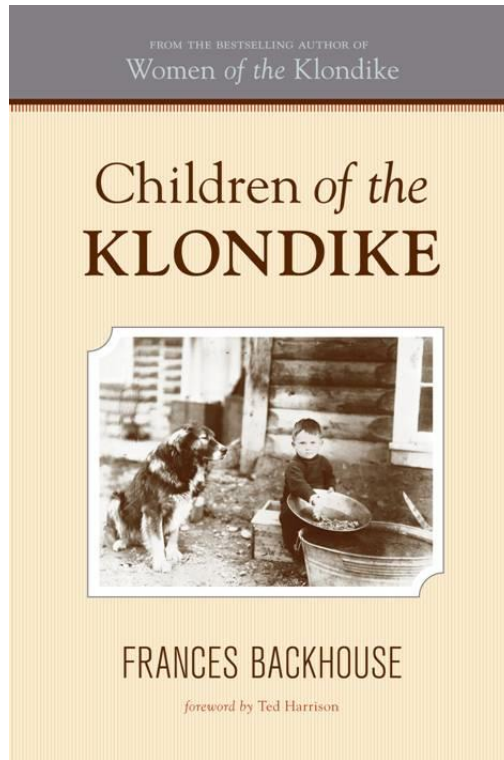
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Frances-Backhouse-Klondike-Author/111688515514387>

I'll be heading north some time this summer to do readings in Dawson, Whitehorse, and probably other locations. Once I know the places and dates, I'll send the details to MocTel. I'll also post that info on my web site and Facebook page.

I've attached copies of both book covers. The photo on the cover of *Children of the Klondike* comes from the Yukon Archives and is one of the most endearing images I

found during my research.

Frances Backhouse frances*backhouse.ca (In Victoria BC)



Sherron,

Both books will be in bookstores very soon or are there already. Most bookstores will order books for customers on request, if they haven't got them in stock, and won't charge for shipping. Or you can order online through Amazon or Chapters. (Don't be confused by the cover image they show on these sites; they're currently using the version the publisher sent out before the cover design was finalized.)

I'd be delighted to have you run the excerpt from my web site. Also, anyone who has access to the Spring 2010 issue of *British Columbia Magazine* can read a piece I wrote about children who travelled the Chilkoot Trail during and before the Klondike stampede. There's a teaser at <http://www.bcmag.ca/issue/article/?id=2978>, but the full story is only available in hard copy.

Thanks,
Frances

Children of the Klondike excerpt

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From Chapter 6: The Arctic Brotherhood of Babydom

It was barely dawn on the July morning in 1898 when the S.S. *Hamilton* pulled up to the Alaska Commercial Company dock at Andreeofsky, Alaska, and woke little Lucia, the company agent's daughter. She knew at once that something was amiss. Despite the early hour—not yet even 3 a.m.—and the fact that the *Hamilton* belonged to a rival firm, the boat's captain and purser came straight to the house to speak with her father. When they emerged from their discussion, his expression was as grim as theirs.

As the sky lightened, Lucia watched several deckhands come ashore with spades and climb the slope to the village cemetery, then return to the ship a while later. Shortly after that, a procession of passengers and crew members carrying a long, white box came down the gangplank and followed the same route. By then Lucia's father had told her why the sternwheeler had made an unscheduled stop. Just after midnight, one of the passengers, a young woman of only twenty-four or twenty-five years, had passed away. After a brief service, a freshly painted marker was placed at the head of the grave, identifying the deceased as Augusta Schultz. Then the sombre parade retraced its steps and the *Hamilton* continued down the Yukon River bearing a motherless baby who was not yet a year old.

When Augusta and Charles Schultz had left Seattle in April 1897 on board the steamer *Al-ki*, the future must have seemed bright. Having caught wind of the gold rush rumours that were drifting down from the North, they wanted some of the fabled wealth for themselves. Whether or not they knew Augusta was four months pregnant when they left, there could have been no doubt about her condition by the time their journey to the

Klondike via the Chilkoot Trail was completed.

More than a thousand stampedeers, including the Schultzes, poured into Dawson that summer, most of them without sufficient provisions to see them through the winter. The transportation companies had done their best to fill their warehouses before the close of the navigation season, but by September it appeared there wouldn't be enough food to sustain the Klondike's abruptly inflated population until spring. Everywhere in town there was talk of starvation warnings and speculation as to whether it would be best to leave before freeze-up.

On September 8, while everyone else was preoccupied with these concerns, Augusta gave birth to the first white child born in Dawson. Bursting with pride, the Schultzes named their daughter Dawson Klondike and welcomed the many well-wishers who came to greet her, including eleven-year-old Florence Barrett, who visited the famous baby on September 12. Florence and her family had just arrived in town after their long journey down the Yukon River in the *Buga-boo* and were living in a tent on the waterfront. Finding no children her own age to play with, she had struck up a friendship with Mrs. Howard, the wife of the Lousetown toll-bridge operator, and tagged along on one of her regular visits to the Schultz cabin.

The pregnancy and birth had taken a heavy toll on Augusta and her health only became worse as the winter wore on. When she rallied a little in late May, Charles urged her to go south while she had some strength. The sale of their cabin netted them \$1,000, of which \$300 went for a boat ticket to Seattle. The rest of the proceeds were to cover Augusta and Dawsie's living expenses until Charles could send additional funds or join them.

On June 24 Charles escorted his wife and nine-month-old daughter down to the docks and onto the waiting steamer. He stayed with them until the last moment then hurried off the boat as the crew loosened its moorings. As soon as he left, one of the other passengers went to Augusta and, after introducing herself, took Dawsie in her arms. Mrs. George Guy had her own young son and a gravely ill husband to care for during the journey, but her kind nature and great fondness for babies made it impossible for her to ignore the obviously ailing young mother.

After that the two women were seldom apart, spending long hours talking or sitting together and watching the scenery slip by. One afternoon, Augusta handed Dawsie to Mrs. Guy and said she was going to her state room to rest, as she was not feeling well. Over the following hours Mrs. Guy checked frequently on her friend but left her to sleep undisturbed until she began to worry that she'd been lying too long in the same position. She quickly fetched one of the boat's officers and they entered the cabin together, where her worst fears were confirmed. Augusta was dead.

With a heavy heart, Mrs. Guy prepared Augusta's body for burial. Later, when they reached Andreaofsky, she watched as the casket was lowered into the ground and said a silent farewell to a woman she barely knew but would always remember with affection. It was to be a month of sorrow for her. Her husband died at St. Michael a short time later. When the *Hamilton* reached St. Michael, Dawsie was handed over to the US commissioner, who put the baby in the care of a Yup'ik woman and sent news of Augusta's death to Charles. On August 6, the *Klondike Nugget* reported that "Schultz has just received word and is crazy to go down and mark the grave and take possession of the child. He has asked the manager of the N.A.T.T.. Co. to refund him part of the fare, seeing that the company had only carried his wife a part of the distance to Seattle, but it

was refused on the grounds that ‘they didn’t want to take her in the first place.’ ” Even if Charles had had the means to head downriver, he wouldn’t have found his daughter at St. Michael. On July 4, the US authorities had taken her from the Yup’ik woman and entrusted her to the wife of the first mate of the sailing vessel *Hayden Brown*. A few days later, in a prearranged rendezvous in Kotzebue Sound, Dawsie was delivered to a Coast Guard cutter that was on its way to Seattle.

For the next few years, Dawsie lived in Seattle with a woman named Mrs. Hume, who had little good to say about her charge’s father. In January 1901 Dawsie’s guardian wrote to the *Klondike Nugget*, saying that she would be forced to place the three-year-old in an orphan’s home if Charles didn’t start providing for her. She claimed he had given her no financial support and “never so much as written to explain his conduct.” When tracked down and questioned about the matter, Charles declared that “he had never heard from Mrs. Hume concerning his child or its welfare” and “promised to write at once and send some money.”

A month later Mrs. Hume wrote to the *Yukon Sun* with further allegations about Charles’s negligence. After Augusta’s untimely death, she said, the people of Dawson had raised several hundred dollars to help with Dawsie’s care and the money had been deposited in a Seattle bank. In 1899, Charles had “made a trip to the outside and secured the money and used it for his own pleasure.” He had then returned to the Klondike and had not been heard from since.

Dawsie’s early years may have been, as the *Nugget* reporter put it, “one long, drawn out note of pitiful misfortune,” but her luck was about to turn. At the end of April, “the poor little waif who no one seems to want or care for” was turned over to the Washington Children’s Home Society. A few weeks later, she got a permanent home with Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Erwin, a Seattle dentist and his wife. Charles came to see Dawsie soon after she moved in with her new foster parents and visited a few more times over the following years. Then, when she was twelve, he disappeared without a trace, leaving her with more questions than answers about her part in the Klondike story.

BACK ON THE MAILING LIST

Just had Northwestel get my email up and running again - as I wasn't here most of the winter and they did a bunch of upgrading they removed my address because it was dormant - would like to continue receiving the Moccasin Telegraph. Thanks.

Linda Christiansen lindachristiansen*northwestel.net (In Dawson City, Yukon)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I've changed my email address to dannybereza@gmail.com. Please give me a quick reply so that I'll know if you got this message.

Thanks,

Danny Bereza

Please change my email address to helen.fitzsimmons@gmail.com when you get a chance. Thanks Sherron

Helen Fitzsimmons

We've changed provider from Telus to Shaw.

Ken & Dorothy Krockner can be e-mailed at: krey36@shaw.ca

I have added a new email address which will become my new email address later this year. I would appreciate if you could start using the new email address as soon as possible. I will be maintaining the old email address for now, but will switch later in the year to just the new address.

New----- garygoertz@gmail.com

Gary Goertz

This is our new e-mail address kitkat@northwestel.net, the old one was kitkat@whtvcable.com

Thanks Sherron

Terry & Vickey Aschacher
25 Redwood St. Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 4B2

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"You win some, you lose some, and some get rained out, but you gotta suit up for them all." - J. Askenberg

DATE TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet
River Rock Casino Hotel
8811 River Road
Richmond BC V6X 3P8
604 247-8900; 1-866-748-3718

www.riverrock.com or e-mail info@riverrock.com

Vivian Stuart can supply the contact information for other hotels very close by. All are accessible by the Canada Line (Skytrain) from Vancouver, Surrey or the Airport. Meet your friends in the Hospitality Suite from 3 pm on Friday and from 11 am on Saturday. Yes, there will be a bar available there on the Friday night. If you haven't purchased a banquet ticket, please do so soon. Sales have been going well.

Contact Treasurer, Vivian Stuart, with your cheque for \$55 per person, payable to Vancouver Yukoners' Association.

217-3255 Cook St.

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250 383-1349

lornellis@shaw.ca

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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