

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 349th Edition – December 25th, 2011

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



This busy duplex in Dawson is ready for Santa Claus.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

SEASONS GREETING TO EVERYONE

Vancouver Island Yukoners' 2011 Christmas Lunch

by Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)

The weather cooperated beautifully this year as 41 ex-Yukoners from Vancouver Island and from the Mainland gathered at noon on Thursday, December 15, 2011 at the ABC Country Restaurant in North Nanaimo for a wonderful time of friendship, chatting, delicious food and to be treated by the delightful mellowing voice of Liam McParland, as he serenaded us with a number of Christmas and other songs prior to the meal. Liam is the grandson of Ted and Trudy North and the great-great grandson of the famous Yukon musher, Percy DeWolfe Sr. He is also the great-great-nephew of Percy DeWolfe Jr, who at 96 is still going strong and attended the luncheon!

On the menu this year were the traditional choices of 1) a turkey dinner with trimmings, 2) a pot roast dinner with tender Angus beef, and 3) veal cutlets with breaded veal and beef gravy. The meal was followed by various choices of squares, cakes and cheese cake.

Amongst first-time attendees at the Christmas lunch this year were Paul St. Jean, son of Betty St. Jean, Leona DeOliveira, granddaughter of Frances MacLeod, Jack and Doreen Hildebrand and Frank Plenentos.

There was a good contingent from the Mainland as well and we thank each of them for the extra effort (and cost) to join with us for this festive gathering.

A big THANK YOU to Harriett Butterworth, Sharon Redmond, Fay Ash and anyone else involved for making the arrangements for the luncheon and to everyone for coming!

Following this write-up are some photos I took of the guests at each of the tables and of our guest soloist.

May I wish each reader a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Safe New Year.



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Liam McParland serenading the group prior to our meal



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Back L to R: Warren Rongve, Jean Rongve, Joyce Yardley, Fred Horn
Front L to R: Ron Butler, Colleen Butler, Niki Buchan, Bill Buchan



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Left F to B: Trudy (DeWolfe) North, Liam McParland, Jack Hildebrand, Doreen Hildebrand
Right F to B: Frank Plenentos, Ted North, Ron Smyth, Evelyn Smyth



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Left F to B: Dolan (Chaddock) Marsh, Blanche Barrett, Gus Barrett, Don Murray
Right F to B: Jack Marsh, Percy DeWolfe, Art Nakano, Harvey Burian



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Left F to B: Sheila Firth, Helen Munro, Maribeth Mainer, Carolyn Moore
Right F to B: Julia Trueman, Carol Munroe, Fay Ash, Anna Mancini



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Left F to B: Lenora De Oliveira (granddaughter of Frances MacLeod), Frances MacLeod
Right F to B: Betty St. Jean, Paul St. Jean (Betty's son)



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)
Left F to B: Sharon Redmond, Harriett Butterworth, Lowell Bleiler
Right F to B: Valerie Duckworth, Bev Mason-Wood, Lyn Bleiler

THE "BROWNIES"

By Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

Our crew stood around and gaped. The ghostly, grey Ford truck with the home-made-looking superstructure built on it was a familiar sight along the Highway, but not with Orval driving it.

"What the Hell," Tom Wallman, the crusher crew foreman exclaimed, "that's the Brownies' rig; what's Orval doing in it?"

Orval wheeled the Ford into the clearing beside the crusher and made a U-turn; looking neither left nor right, he drove back down the highway in the direction from which he'd come. We all stopped eating our lunch and roared with laughter. It was common to see the two severely coiffed and stern-faced Anglican sisters, dressed in their shapeless mud-brown uniforms in the grey truck, but not our favourite roving mechanic, Orval Couch, in striped coveralls.

In a few minutes Orval arrived, driving his usual yellow pickup with the covered box that contained all his tools and an assortment of spare parts, followed by the grey "Brownie" van. Orval stopped, the sisters just waved and kept going. It turned out that their Ford had broken down just a mile or so down the road and Orval, on his way to make some repairs on a dozer at the crusher site, had stopped to help. What we'd seen was Orval conducting a test drive following his field repairs.

These two ladies, both in their fifties, were Anglican missionaries, who travelled the road, ministering mainly to the Natives. They always stopped at the various road houses and at the maintenance camps and visited, maintaining a kind of spiritual bond to the women especially, who for the most part in those isolated settlements had no other worship facilities. They would, if asked, and sometimes without asking, conduct a service in the camps' recreation halls, or school. The children were encouraged to attend a sort of Sunday School as well, usually done in the afternoons for the pre-schoolers.

They lived out of their vehicle, which was equipped with beds and cooking facilities, and parked overnight in camp compounds or in Lodge parking lots. They were often invited in for meals at the camps, as well as the local roadhouses or restaurants. They were trained as missionaries but many of them were nurses as well, and often helped out with sicknesses in Indian settlements.

When roads were bad, as in the spring when the frost was coming out of the ground and the bottom often fell out of some sections, or a section of road or a culvert had washed out, the Brownies could be seen in the van of a long line of vehicles, waiting their turn to be pulled through the mud hole or whatever. They were trained by professional drivers through their ministry and were quite competent on the roads. The vehicles were reasonably new, and got regular maintenance wherever the women found themselves, by whomever was available, as for example the mechanics of our highway maintenance crews.

While their travels took them to main road settlements, they also visited out-of-the way places, some at the end of very primitive, unimproved roads or tracks, and sometimes they walked miles to visit an Indian settlement or village, or some summer fish camp. They were well-received by almost all they visited, and though they were somewhat ridiculed because of their strange uniforms and prissy demeanour, most of us on the highway crews admired their grit and dedication. Two of these sisters, Miss Hasell and Miss Sayle did several years' duty up our section of highway, and were a Mutt and Jeff pair: one lady large, plain and somewhat shapeless, the other more petite and who wore the muddy brown uniform more stylishly, if that were possible. They came to know some of us regulars in the various maintenance camps and would call us by name,

often after only one direct meeting, even though we had no "professional" contact with them. They would use every means to do their jobs, including cajoling rides if the roads were impassable for their truck, and cadging meals from both highway lodges and highway crew camps when necessary or expedient.

Through the late fifties and early sixties these Anglican sisters and their grey Ford trucks were a common sight during the summers and made several trips each summer up the Highway and did their missionary work with little or no recognition by the people along the road. I'm sure that they didn't often make expenses from their services' collection plates.

Later, as more and more facilities were established along the road, the sisters disappeared, replaced by more mobile ministers and priests. Thus, in 1965 when I was at Swift River, the Anglican minister from Teslin drove the seventy miles to our camp every two weeks or so, usually on a weekday, and held a service in the recreation hall, well attended by the women at least. My wife, as foreman's wife, usually hosted the minister and his wife, and they often arrived in time for supper, carrying on the tradition of getting themselves invited for meals whenever possible. We didn't mind in the least, and the minister and his wife were delightful folks. There was also a Roman Catholic priest in Teslin and he made a few trips along the road as well, but Catholics seemed to be in the minority in the camps, for whatever reason.

Watson Lake, a hundred miles south of us, also had both an Anglican and an RC church; some of our people used these facilities for spiritual guidance and worship on their travels there for business, shopping and the like. Some RC families, being in general more devout than most of us Protestants, often made regular weekly trips to their Churches often driving a hundred miles or more for Sunday Services.

One of the Brownies' vans that was used on the Highway in the fifties and sixties is in the Yukon Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougén marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

Clyde Wann

On the morning of October 25, 1927, residents of Whitehorse heard a sound which would set the stage for a revolution in northern travel. High over-head, a single-engine monoplane, carrying five aviation pioneers, headed for a clearing in Cyr's wood lot above the clay bluffs overlooking the town. The Queen of the Yukon had arrived.

Clyde Wann was a visionary, a Yukoner whose many business endeavours were geared to the future - none more-so than in 1927, when he established the Yukon Airways and Exploration company. He and pilot Andy Cruikshank had travelled to San Diego that year to take delivery of Ryan Brougham 1, a 5-seater aircraft. While in San Diego waiting for their plane to come off the busy assembly line, they met Charles Lindbergh who was there to buy the sister ship he called the Spirit of St. Louis. Lindbergh would fly his Spirit to Paris. Clyde and Andy would fly their 'Queen to Vancouver, dismantle the wings, ship it to Skagway - then fly it to Whitehorse.

When they took off from the beaches at Skagway, the weather was overcast. They had to circle upward through the cloud banks while trying to avoid the mountains all around them. They finally reached clear skies at 12,000 feet. The flight to Whitehorse took one hour and ten minutes. The next day, Wednesday October 26, Clyde and Andy left for Mayo and Keno, a trip which took two hours, and became the first commercial aircraft flight in the Yukon. The Queen of the Yukon operated for two years, carrying mail and passengers from Whitehorse to Mayo and Dawson, and to Carcross.

In 1929, the plane crash-landed at the Whitehorse airport and was damaged beyond repair. The Queen of the Yukon No. 2, a Ryan Brougham 5 monoplane was ordered to replace the first Queen. However, it had a more deadly fate, crashing in Mayo in 1932 with the death of the pilot and the end of the Yukon Airways. But, Clyde Wann had proven that air passenger and freight service would be an integral part of the Yukon's transportation system.



Clyde Wann (3rd from right)
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen



Clyde Wann
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen



Clyde Wann
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

MEMORIES FROM ANNE DOMES

Submitted by Carol (Domes) Foster CarolAMAFoster@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)

I wrote this on Oct. 21st 2000 - as it is too faded to scan and send, I will type it again for your file.

The 21st. of October, yes I know, it means something special. 49 years ago, Konrad, I, Poldi and Max left Europe to immigrate to Canada.

Konrad's Dad Hugo saw us off at the Railway station in Bruck a.d. Mur, Austria, I still see him standing there. We were all excited to go. How must he have felt, left behind, an elderly Dad, with no one left to go to.

We took the train to Genova-Italy, as our boat left from there on the 10th of October 1951. We spent a night in an Italian Hostel. I think it was a former Monastery or something like it.

We boarded the "Vulcania"- an Italian ship 26,000 BRT---- at that time, it was a huge boat---now it seems a nut shell. The ship was loaded to the brim with immigrants except for the very top part, which was 1st class and had the Mayor of New York - an Italian - as guest, amongst others.

We left Genova, along the coast of Italy till down to Sicily, then by Portugal and thru the strait of Gibraltar into the sea. Our trip took 11 days and it was a good crossing, except before New Foundland, we encountered heavy fog and the fog horn went ever 30 or so seconds. It was early.

Papa and I did not get sea sick and could enjoy the 7 course meals, noon and evening. Pasta at every meal and all the wine one could drink. And even more after we had left Gibraltar and so many people got sick and the dining room was empty.

The quarters were something else. The men slept in separate stalls. We were housed way on the bottom of the ship amongst freight, bunk beds, no windows and I forgot how many females to a quarter. To the day I shudder at the thought, if the boat would have sprang a leak, rats would have gotten faster out than us. Thank God, we made it.

We had left Europe with 13.- bucks each and we used \$ 3.- each during the crossing for cigarettes and beer (tax free on the ship).

On the 21st of October, we arrived in Halifax, were duly registered at the Immigration (Pier 23 I think it was) got 23.- bucks each for food and left the same evening for our assigned destination: Vancouver. Poldi and Max had to go to Toronto (followed the next spring to Vancouver).

It was a long train trip from Halifax to Vancouver and till Winnipeg. The seats were wooden and all was primitive. Everybody threw all the garbage on the floor, but we found out later, it gave somebody a job.

On the 26th in the morning, we pulled in to Vancouver, right across from the Royal train, which had brought at that time Princess Elisabeth to Vancouver. As we departed the train, a German speaking elderly man said to us: What do you want here; there are so many unemployed people any way. What an encouragement to start a new life in a strange country.

But--- that's another story.

Today is the 9th of April 2006- I added some things to the original---Remember Dietram Zell from the 50th. Wedding Anniversary in Vancouver? He was with us on the Vulcania. Small world.

Anne Domes (wrote this for her family.)

CAN YOU HELP LOCATE ANY OF THESE PEOPLE

I came cross this clipping recently. The whereabouts on those in the photo is unknown except for Klaus Hoenisch who lives in Vernon.

Rolf Hougen marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

March / April 1961



Friendly office staff at Hougen's halt activities long enough for a "family" portrait. They are (left to right): Liz Fengler, Gail Sturgeon, Mo "The Great Dane" Nissen, Barbara McKinnon, Klaus Hoenisch and Colleen Parliament.

They All Like The Work

Sometimes a business office seems a formidable place but this isn't the case at Hougen's. Staff members are friendly and cheerful in dealing with the public. Reason for this is simple enough.....they like the work and they like working with Hougen's customers.

Six are on the staff there. Klaus Hoenisch is assistant accountant. Still a bachelor, his single days are just about over as he plans to marry this spring. This, however, won't curtail his activities in the community for the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Colleen Parliament will be leaving Hougen's with regret soon because her husband, who is in the services, is to be transferred to Germany.

Also a service wife is Gail Sturgeon, a switchboard operator and steno. Gale's husband is with 19 Coy at Camp Takhini.

Bonnie Romfo, popular during her school years here, has

just joined the hard-working staff. She is the daughter of flyer Lloyd Romfo.

In accounts payable is Elizabeth Fengler, and, taking over from Elizabeth shortly, is Ann Oegren who came to Canada not long ago from Denmark.

Work in the office is simplified by use of Systems Equipment "Write It Once" bookkeeping methods. Hougen's are agents for this efficient record-keeping system.

Emails to:

Bonnie (Romfo) Vars

Do you know the whereabouts of anyone else besides yourself and Klaus Hoenisch who is in Vernon?

Sherron Jones

Rolf

Bonnie Romfo married Dan Vars and they live in Calgary. Although it doesn't mention Bonnie in the photo portion of the article – it does mention her in the article.

Also I observe that it looks like Bruni Hoenisch's writing in the left column. I worked with Bruni for a few years and recognize her printing.

Sherron Jones

Bruni, do you or Klaus know the whereabouts of anyone else in this article. Will place it in the next MocTel as well.

Sherron

Readers – if you know the whereabouts of any of the people mentioned in the 1961 article, please let me know at sherronjones@shaw.ca

Sherron

REPLIES:

(Had a phone call here in Yuma from Bruni Hoenisch tonight – Dec 20th 2011– Bruni confirmed that it is her printing in the margin and that she had come across the article when going through some old letters from Klaus this year. Klaus had sent the article to her in Germany before they were married and when she found it again she thought it would be of interest to Rolf. She also confirmed that Klaus is not aware of where any of the ladies are now.)

– Sherron Jones

No, sorry, used to keep in touch with Gail Surgeon but have lost that connection. Others, nope!

Bonnie Romfo dvars@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND MOCTEL CD'S

Just a short hello and Merry Christmas to you both and all other Moc Tel members out there. When would Bill be making an updated version of all the Moc Tels? We had a computer failure and lost some information and the updated list of members and some editions went missing. Could you have Bill send me one when he makes them up, cost immaterial.

All the Best.

Harry Miller ee.miller*shaw.ca (In Coombs)

MOCTEL CD'S

Moc Tel CD's will be available for you to order after this MocTel. MocTel 349 will be the last edition prepared in 2011 and therefore will complete another year available on the CD.

A CD, containing 2003 – 2011 editions (9 Years), and including an up to date copy of the Ex-Yukoners and Yukoners list will be available for \$25.00 which includes shipping.

To order send a cheque to:

Sherron Jones
483- 5707 E. 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona 85365 USA

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Yuma AZ)

UPDATE FROM GUS BARRETT

Just a quick update on health condition. Saw my surgeon in Victoria on Monday for the Pathology results after the lung operation. He informed me that the results are “about as good as it gets”.

The cancer was contained in the lobe that was removed. No sign of any spreading, no chemo, further treatment at this time. “Come back for a checkup in four months.” Isn't that the best Christmas present ever.

Life is good.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

Uffish Thoughts: Let it Snow, Let it Snow

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

December 15, 2011

One of the things that I always get asked when I meet someone who doesn't know anything about the Yukon is, "I suppose you get lots of snow up there every winter?"

The answer, which usually requires a long explanation, is "not as much as I recall getting overnight in the Annapolis Valley where I grew up."

There's not as much as the amount that caused a former mayor of Toronto to call for military aid after a storm a decade ago. The city where my daughter lives may be experiencing a December heat wave today, but you never know what it will do next there and it gets a lot more snow than we ever see each winter,

It's true. There will be half a metre or so in my yard by the time the winter ends, but it will take all winter and every snowfall we had to put it there. What we get stays put until April.

Having said that, I must admit that I feel as if we're getting more than the usual amount so far this winter. For the last week, every single time I've needed to use our truck – sometimes twice in the same day – I've had to clear off all the windows and headlights, and brush off the snow mounded on the hood so that it won't suddenly rear up and cover the window while I'm moving.

It's not really annoying. A snow-covered window is, after all, window on which ice has not formed, so it's just a matter of brushing it off rather than having to go at it with the scraper.

The powdery stuff compacts really well as soon as there's any weight put on it. The steps that you could simply sweep off if you thought to do it immediately, require a firm hand with a shovel, preferably with a metal blade, once they're been stepped on a few times.

If there isn't any wind, then the powder will settle into itself and harden till it eventually holds a shape as if it were made of Styrofoam. It will then hang tenaciously onto the top of a fence or the branch of a tree, and resist anything but a determined effort to move it. The wind may whisk some of its surface away, but that just helps the lower levels to become more solid.

Because of this effect, there's a neat white garland of snow hanging from the fence at the end of my driveway, and another one on a fence just down the back lane from our house. I posted both of them on Facebook and people from all over the country tapped the "like" button.

When there's daily sunshine, sublimation eats away at the layers as they go straight from solid state to gas without ever melting, but with nothing but indirect sunlight this close to the solstice, there's no chance of that happening until a few weeks into the new year.

The sun tried to peek over the hills south of Dawson today at 11:04 and I watched from the kitchen window at Berton House this afternoon around 3:15 as a soft pink glow suffused the horizon and reflected off the clouds north of town. Sunset was officially at 3:21.

The ploughs have been busy around town, trying to keep up with the accumulation and pare down the hard pan before another spate of -40 turns it to concrete. That's a good thing. Just last week I crossed Fifth Avenue coming off Church Street and smacked my head on the ceiling when those mounds that looked so soft turned out to be serious bumps.

Not to be snarky, but I'm more used to having that sort of thing happen in Whitehorse than I am here.

There's usually enough of a slight breeze to keep snow from building up on the Tribute to the Miner statue down on Front Street, but it's been fairly calm these last few days and so he now wears a bowler hat and shoulder pads, and will until the weather changes. It won't be that long until the light begins to return.



Miner complete with top hat and shoulder pads.

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

The Museum's Twelve Side-Dishes of Christmas

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

The Dawson City Museum's annual Christmas Open House was once again highlighted by "The Twelve Side-Dishes of Christmas" on December 4. This annual gathering gives museum patrons a chance to get together, enjoy the food, and renew their memberships.

The gift shop and the theatre are the main venues for the evening, but people also take the opportunity to wander about the galleries and look at the exhibits.

The take-away item from this open house is the menu, which doubles as a small cookbook of seasonal goodies. This year the selections were Hot Cranberry Cider, Cheese Straws, Spinach Gratin, Baked Mashed Potatoes with Parmesan Cheese and Bread Crumbs, Carmelized Red Bell Peppers and Onions, Sweet Corn Bread Pudding, Yam, Cranberry & Walnut Salad, Spicy Brown Sugar Carrots, Brussels Sprouts Gratin, Cranberry Sauce, Over Roasted Corn and Pecan Squares. Volunteer chefs for the event were Palma Berger, Sylvia Burkhard, Molly MacDonald, Laura Mann, Nancy Rhyno, Elaine Rohatensky, Debbie Winston and Nora Van Bibber.



The Twelve side dishes of Christmas.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



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

Robert Service School Remembers Christmas at Moosehide

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

“A Winter Walk to Moosehide” was the theme of this year’s Christmas Concert at the Robert Service School. As always the gymnasium was packed to capacity for this event that re-imagined the way things might have been at Moosehide sixty years ago.

Student narrators Jayde Dubois and Erin Hilliard did a fine job of keeping the narrative flowing between the set pieces, which began right after the Junior Rock Band played a trio of carols. The individual grades (from Kindergarten to Gr. 6) did a fine job of presenting songs, dancing, and showing off the costumes their parents and others volunteers had prepared for the evening. The audience showed its appreciation of the efforts made by students and teachers by applauding in all the right places.



The box drums used by the Grade 5s in this sketch has also been made by them.

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



Over the river and through the woods to Moosehide Village they go.

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



Sleigh Bells. Grade 2 rings bells and topple snowmen.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



‘We wish you a Merry Christmas’ in Hän, English and French.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Kindergarten managed a chipper “Jingle Bells”.

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

Uffish Thoughts – Creating the West Dawson Connection

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

Early December’s sliver of sunshine was slicing at the tops of the hills across the way, and a good deal of the light was a reflection off the fully lit Moosehide Slide. The sun’s not actually hitting our streets at this point, but if the day is not overcast or it’s not snowing, the Slide still lights up nicely. I was down by the ferry landing on Monday, hoping to catch sight of people using the latest incarnation of the ice bridge.

Trucks and SUVs have been crossing the Yukon River between Dawson and West Dawson since last Thursday (Dec. 1) on a one lane ice bridge that takes a circuitous bend around the area near the west bank that took so long to freeze over and still seems to steam a little in colder weather. On the Dawson side the bridge begins at the ferry landing and it doesn’t get lopsided until it’s almost to the other side.

It’s not the first crossing point this year. I started hearing about people walking across the ice (and getting wet feet) about two weeks after they pulled the George Black Ferry out on October 27, but it was quite some time before I actually saw anyone do it.

Ice formed strangely again this year, piling up thickly along the east bank and most of the way across. It seemed pretty solid bank to bank as far back upstream as the Commissioner’s Residence, but it stayed open beside the west bank just where it needed to join the landing, and stubbornly refused to fill in.

The walking trail, when I finally spotted someone taking it, began just below the ferry’s winter berth and was marked out with red flags by the early adopters. Not too long after, that skidoos began to appear on the town side of the dyke, a sign of people making grocery runs.

Next came light 4x4 trucks.

Talking to folks about it I learned that it was a rough trail, but a nice walk if there was no breeze.

Any wind out on the river ice can be nasty, as I’ve been told by mushers time and again.

I watched a couple of snow machines going across six days after I first found the trail, and it looked like it would be a really tough go for most wheeled transport.

Apparently the residents thought so too, and set to work making a flatter trail closer to the traditional ice bridge location.

I hadn’t been down to the waterfront to look things over for a couple of days, but the presence of a goodly number of west Dawson folks during the December coffee house at the Odd Fellows Hall on December 3 alerted me to the likelihood that something new had been done.

Sure enough, local ploughs had smoothed out a decent looking single lane and I watched as a couple of trucks and an SUV made the trek in both directions. We've had enough cold weather over the last two weeks to harden some of that open water, and enough snow to sit on top of the ice and help to provide a base.

In short order the Highways Dept. will be out there flooding that base to thicken it and widening it to allow for passage in both directions. Maybe they'll be able to straighten it out as the winter sets in, though for now it seems to follow the west bank route pioneered by the foot traffic. If the last two years are any indication, racing enthusiasts will struggle to create a winding course just off the south side of the finished bridge and prepare themselves for another winter's fun.



Skidoo on River – The first of the season's ice bridges was popular with foot traffic and snow machines.

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



The second bridge is better suited for larger vehicles.

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

THE BIRTHDAY BOYS

Hi Bill and Sherron

I am attaching a photo taken today in the Gallery Lounge of the Edgewater Hotel in Whitehorse - of Art Webster, long time Yukon resident and former MLA; very long time Atlin and Yukon resident and former Commissioner Jim Smith, and me [Tim Keopke]. Here's the story behind it.

We all share December 31st birthdays. About 20 years ago, Jim and I started meeting for lunch annually on or close to that date to talk about the years behind and ahead. Somehow we discovered that the late Dr. Doug Craig, again a long time Yukon resident, former Northern Affairs Regional Geologist and F.H. Collins teacher, also shared that birth date. Then we discovered that Art was also eligible for membership, and so it has continued ever since. This year's was early because of my travel away on Boxing Day.

We have a tradition of each of us filling in a sheet of paper with predictions on anything and everything global, national, regional, civic, political, and economic - no holds barred. Then we seal up the three sheets of paper in an envelope which is brought along to the following year's lunch for opening and rating of how we did with our predictions. I think the moving average is that we get most of it right, some of it hilariously wrong, but we have a lot of fun doing it and have almost established prescriptive rights to that corner booth in the Edgewater.

The aggregate age this year is 225. Go figure!

We all extend our greetings and best wishes to you and Bill for the coming Christmas season and the New Year and may it be filled with good health and happiness. And let's hope Peace breaks out somewhere.

Tim Koepke tim@klondiker.com for The Birthday Boys (In Whitehorse)



Art Webster, Jim Smith, Tim Koepke
Photo courtesy Tim Koepke tim@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

YUKON FLOWERS



Lupins in Spring near Carcross
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard*northwestel.net (In Carcross)

OBIT



Sharon Anne Jensen

August 26, 1942 – November 30, 2011

It is with heavy hearts that we announce the passing of Sharon Anne Jensen at Whitehorse General Hospital following a valiant struggle to overcome cancer.

Sharon was born in Toronto where her parents, Alice and Larry Patnode, were involved in the war effort, moving back to the family farm near Dawson Creek, B.C. and soon after moving north in the early '50s to Whitehorse, where Larry worked for the army.

Sharon went to school at Whitehorse Elementary and F.H. Collins Secondary. After high school she married Bernard Potter, worked in the banking industry, and managed Riverside Grocery and rally racing. A popular flight attendant with Great Northern Airlines, she enjoyed many adventures while flying in DC3s across the north, obtaining her pilot's licence in the '60s.

A second marriage and long partnership with Peter E.S. Jensen brought an expanded family and new joys and challenges: operating Hunt Yukon, the oldest outfitting business in North America, along the Dempster in the Tombstones. Wrangling, guiding, cooking, and lots of driving kept her busy, and during the short Yukon summers, farming in the Braeburn and Carmacks areas, and June barn dances.

Sharon will be missed by all who knew her. She worked hard all her life and loved doing what she did. A true northern lady, Sharon could climb mountains all day in bare feet – camped in the mountains with her hair frozen to the ground – and was perfectly at ease with anyone she met.

Although a very independent and private person, she enjoyed many lifelong as well as new friends, from all walks of life, and was successful in all she pursued.

A lifelong love of horses inspired her to build the indoor Whitehorse Riding Arena on the Mayo Road to allow other horse-loving people to pursue their passion all year round in Yukon.

Grateful thanks to the excellent hospital staff, both at the Vancouver cancer clinic and Whitehorse General, and her many friends who gave her loving kindness.

Predeceased by husband Pete, mother Alice and brother Bruce, Sharon is survived by son Kirk Potter (Anne Williams) of Whitehorse, and grandsons Logan and Mac; son Peter Jensen (Grethe Holm) of Whitehorse, and grandsons Peter Joe, Trygg and granddaughter Line; and daughter Jackie Read of California.

In accordance with Sharon's wishes, no funeral will be held.

Please send photos/memories to energyn@northwestel.net

A celebration of Sharon's life will take place early next summer at the riding arena.

Kathryn Sonia Ross (nee North)

Dec.12, 1943 - Dec.11, 2011

Sonia passed away on Sunday in Carson City Nevada. She was born in Cranbrook BC. Lived many years in Mayo Whitehorse Yukon. Also lived all of her married life in Alaska, Illinois and Nevada.

She is predeceased by her husband Bill Ross, parents Wilfred & Alberta North, younger brother Fred North. Left to miss her are her six siblings. June Love (Denis), Ted North (Trudy), Penny Donald, Karren Crowley (Bob), Jim North (Barb), Holly McKay (Dale). Many nieces and nephews. Private family gathering to follow in Nevada.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have changed my mail to augustp1951@gmail.com
August Pociwuschek

Can now confirm my new email address as from 29th December, 2011 will be :-

denmeve@btinternet.com

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Peaceful and Healthy New Year.

Dennis Eve (In England)

Please note we have changed our e-mail address tlaw*northwestel.net

Have a good Christmas season and a Blessed New Year.

Tom and Marilyn Law

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Please cancel our subscription to the Moccasin Telegraph. Thanks.
Sheila Parkin

PARKIN, Vern & Sheila (COELL) svparkin*klondiker.com (Sheila born Dawson 1944, Vern in Yukon 1947-present) Whitehorse

550 No such user (hgdavies@northwestel.net)

DAVIES, Herb & Gudrun hgdavies*northwestel.net (In Mayo)

yukonunicorn@hotmail.com (after RCPT TO): 550 Requested action not taken: mailbox unavailable

ANDERSON, Jim & Dolores (SCHEFFEN) yukonunicorn@hotmail.com (In Dawson)

wknutsen@telus.net> recipient rejected

KNUTSEN, Bill wknutsen*telus.net (In **Atlin** 1938-48, then moved to
Yellowknife) Kelowna

550 No such user (dcooper@northwestel.net)

COOPER, Dave dcooper*northwestel.net (In Watson Lake Yukon at 121
Nisutlin Way apt#1 1-867-536-7879)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

I predict future happiness for Americans if they can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people under the pretense of taking care of them. - Thomas Jefferson

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Noelle (Cyr) Misko sourdoughyt@hotmail.com (In Edmonton)

Cucumber Salad

½ cup Sour Cream
¼ cup Sugar
¼ cider Vinegar
Salt & Pepper
1 Cucumber
1 Onion

Mix & pour over veg and cool 4 hours.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Association 84th Annual Banquet

April 14, 2012

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

Hotel reservations:

Telephone: 604-247-8900 *or* toll free 1-866-748-3718

Ask for *Vancouver Yukoners' rate*

Book before Feb. 1, 2012 to get the “early bird” rate

One bedroom suite April 13-15 \$147 until Jan. 31; \$167 from Feb. 1

Comparable discount on two bedroom suites;

Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet,
based on availability

Banquet Tickets:

\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Banquet Reception: Ballroom Foyer 4pm – 6pm

Dinner: 6:30 pm

Hospitality Room: Open Friday from 4pm and Saturday from noon

Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

Check www.vancouver-yukoners.com for updates

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)

IN WHITEHORSE CONTACT GOODY SPARLING: 867 668-3958

We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North;

Convention Code available from Goody or Vivian

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.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones

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