



Yukon Magpie

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

Role of the Wives in Highway Maintenance Camps

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

The maintenance camps of the fifties were for the most part comprised of a foreman, mechanic, three or four married men as equipment operators, and perhaps one of two single men. The married quarters were fairly primitive but most camps had a one room school and so kids were quite common in these camps.

Wives had to be resourceful: there was no corner store, so they always had to order weekly or monthly supplies and food well ahead; sometimes women were used in emergencies for transportation, communication, nursing, cooks, etc. For the most part, these ladies were a resourceful bunch, and much admired.

“Who in Hell is that coming down the trail?” Mike asked, looking towards the path we’d made in the sparse bush where, in the evening stillness we could discern voices.

“Sounds like our wives,” I replied, dryly, cocking my head and listening to what sounded like female chatter some yards up the trail.

Just then two of the camp spouses emerged from the bush, laden with Thermoses of coffee and large packs of sandwiches. Since we had been working on the fire since mid-afternoon, the food and coffee were a most welcome sight.

“When no one came for supper, we thought we had better take matters into our own hands,” Sheila, Mike’s vivacious blonde wife said.

Joyce, my wife added, “we didn’t know how long you’d be out here, so all the girls chipped in some lunch and we two gave our kids to the others to baby sit while we came down here on a little adventure!”

Wives, especially foremen’s wives, played an important role in the day-to-day operations in the maintenance of the Highway, particularly in those first few years of the Army’s tenure. Most basic facilities such as accommodations, meals, emergency road services, and communications were minimal at best. Thus the camp wives were often pressed into service as messengers, cooks, nurses, handymen, and in a few instances, as maintenance workers. In most cases these women were raising young families and could not work outside the home, even if jobs had been available.

During the spring runoff season, the men were sometimes away from camp for long hours, often working around the clock trying to save a stretch of road or keeping a bridge or culvert from washing out. Since camp foremen were usually chosen for their experience in general and not necessarily for their administrative talents, they were often the most experienced and skilled men in a maintenance camp. For this reason they were usually the key men on any given job, but especially in unusual, emergency situations. In some cases a foreman was the only person qualified to operate a particular machine or vehicle. Frequently this would mean that he would have to be at a crisis scene for the entire duration of the emergency.

Back in camp, his wife would therefore be called upon to fulfil some of the foreman’s routine chores. Her home was the only one with a telephone in many maintenance camps, and in the early days this telephone, connected to the often unreliable Army line, was the only one for miles. Of course, a phone was installed in the camp’s office at the main garage as well, and a camp was seldom left completely unmanned. The camp mechanic commonly stayed in camp most of the time, except in unusual circumstances such as ambulance or wrecker trips or emergency repairs of vehicles or equipment away from base.

Radio communication, becoming common in other regions of Canada for road crews, was unheard of on the Highway until after DND had relinquished its tenure in 1964. (We on the “front lines” very often longed for this basic adjunct, as it could save much time and trouble, even lives). So when the crew was on an emergency like a washout or rock slide, the foreman’s wife stayed by the telephone after normal working hours for vital messages from Area headquarters or even from the camp’s own crew. All foremen carried portable telephone equipment and “lazy lineman”, a portable system of wire connectors one could fasten to the correct pair of telephone wires on the roadside pole line. This tapped the World War II-vintage crank phone into the Army phone line. She had also to field calls for help like vehicle accidents or other developing road problems, since the weather conditions which probably caused the emergency could trigger more trouble elsewhere in the camp’s section.

These versatile and resourceful women frequently acted as messengers between camp and the work crews and often brought coffee and food to crews that couldn't easily be relieved for these amenities. They would just hop in their own vehicles to carry messages from Area or from other agencies to the foreman, because, while he could use his emergency phone above described, it was impossible for him to receive calls.

In addition, in those early days of the Army's involvement, wives of foremen or superintendents were authorized to provide meals for military personnel. These usually comprised officers on inspection tours, who happened to be in a camp at meal time. There were few commercial lodges or restaurants along the road until later, and only in existing towns such as Watson Lake and Fort Nelson were food and accommodations available. Army officers received twelve dollars a day for meal expenses, but the civilian wives at the maintenance camps were only allowed to charge 75 cents a meal. Payment was made to the superintendents and then disbursed to the individual women, and it was all done at one time, at the end of the season, or only about twice a year. This was of course a rip-off on the part of these officers and thankfully it didn't last too long. Civilian motels and lodges soon were established in most sections, and the practice was discontinued in about 1949.

The wives were called upon also to board single, permanent men who were assigned to maintenance camps for the winter. For example, I myself as a single man spent five winters at Brooks Brook maintenance camp, where the nearest commercial lodge was seven miles away. This camp had a shortage of married quarters, necessitating the use of up to three single men. This was mainly because Brooks was also Area Headquarters, and three families in the camp were Area office staff and not maintenance personnel. There was a single men's bunkhouse (known as the "Sourdough Hotel") but we took our meals with families of the camp. During my first year at Brooks Brook I boarded with Garth Holm, the camp foreman and his young family, while Bob and Michelle Dolen fed Lars, the other single. Garth's wife Lesley, a long time Yukoner, was a fabulous cook; she cured me of my habit of slathering almost everything I ate with ketchup. She would say, when I reached for the bottle, "doesn't it taste all right, Ax?"

I stopped using it after that; her reasoning was that if food tastes good, it doesn't need sauce of any kind. I'm not sure she wasn't totally right; I seldom use ketchup today.

Later I took meals with other families in the camp. By this time (the mid-fifties) these families got a more realistic pay for feeding us singles, and was at a rate somewhat above their costs, unlike the old practice of giving them 75 cents a meal. Most women thought of it as a small way to earn a little money, but others found it a bother. There were seldom times when no one would do it, though, and we single men often traded between homes weekly or monthly for variety, and some wives fed two of us.

By the mid fifties some roving crews were also, on occasion, being lodged at commercial establishments all along the road, to have them closer to their work site. This was necessary especially in Central Area, where the maintenance sections handled by each camp were around a hundred miles long. It sometimes took two hours or more out of a work day to drive from camp to a work site 50 or 60 miles down the Trail and return at the end of the day.

In the case of larger crews, temporary camps and kitchens (in the early days in tents, later in ATCO trailers) were set up close to a particular work site, such as a resurfacing operation.

These were of course staffed by civilians but supplied on a weekly basis by refrigerated trucks by the Army Service Corps (RCASC). Very often crews were combined at a temporary camp that was established by another crew, a further saving. For example a crusher crew of ten men would be scheduled to work near a surface crew camp and would then board there until the camp moved, or the crusher itself did so.

These temporary camps were necessary because most commercial firms couldn't handle such large groups, and the financial saving was considerable. In addition, surface crews often moved two or three times in a season, being equipped with camp trailers, and were remarkably self-contained.

Wives were also often used as nurses, since accidents were not uncommon along the road both by the travelling public and the work crews themselves. There was an ambulance stationed at most of the maintenance camps by 1954, but usually only the mechanic was available to drive it, and he was not trained as a paramedic. In some cases the wives were the only ones left in camp, and if an injured person was brought in, the women would often patch them up as well as they could, before putting them in the ambulance. Sometimes they would drive then to the nearest medical facility themselves in private cars, or go out to the work site to get someone there to do so. I recall one time, on a summer weekend my wife brought an injured man out to where I was doing some emergency work, since I had a St Johns' Ambulance First Aid certificate. Most of the camp crew was away for the weekend and no one was available to drive the ambulance. I patched the man up and my wife took him to Watson Lake, forty or so miles in the same direction from where she had driven.

These women came from all walks of life and were for the most part a most self reliant and versatile group of people. Some in fact had a professional background, such as in nursing and teaching, and filled these roles often on an ad hoc basis. There were some camps where one of the maintenance man's wife was the camp's one-room school teacher.

In some cases, as noted at the beginning of this article, the wives would get together and take lunches to their menfolks if they were on an unscheduled or emergency project requiring them to stay on the job until it was finished.

Forest fire fighting was of a "first-aid" nature, and could be carried out at all hours of the day or night, until Forestry crews of the jurisdiction involved were able to relieve them. Each maintenance camp had a cache of fire fighting equipment installed and maintained by the local Forest Service. This outfit was mainly for their use, but we were expected to use it as well, if we were first notified of a forest fire. Overtime was paid by the Army for this activity, but it was not one we relished.

At Swift River in the summer of 1964, several of us took a pump, hoses and hand tools to a small brush fire probably started by lightning on the shores of Swan Lake, some 15 miles west of camp. The smoke had been reported by a truck driver, and we responded with five men, almost all our camp personnel. We were able to drive to within a couple of miles, then had to walk in, carrying all our fire fighting gear. By eight that evening we had the little blaze under control, and were mopping up. We could not totally abandon the site until a BC Forestry crew from Lower Post relieved us, but we were getting quite hungry. We were considering sending someone for food, since it would be soon dark. If BCFS didn't arrive by then, one or more of us would have to stay

the night. It was at this point when two of our wives emerged from the bush about nine o'clock, laden with CARE packages. They had come mainly to take us food and coffee, but also as a way of relieving the often dull existence of raising small children in an isolated area. As Sheila had said, they came on "our little adventure to the forest fire."

Shortly thereafter, as we sat and ate our sandwiches, a float plane circled overhead and landed on the lake. It taxied into shore and disgorged a BC Forest Service fire crew to relieve us and to put a final coup de grace to the fire.

"Nice job of containment," the ranger told us, "thanks for your help. We were on another fire on Dease River, and we've come here straight from that. Makes our job easier when we have guys like you to help us."

We thanked them for the compliment and started walking out in the gathering gloom. It was another example of co-operation and team spirit that prevailed in the camps.

These women were a special breed of humanity and often thrived on the unique nature of their situation, the isolation and sometimes loneliness notwithstanding. It took a special type of woman to accept the conditions of poor housing, sub standard wages of their husbands, and the lack of facilities for medical services, especially for their children. Those who could not, or would not accept these conditions weeded themselves out and didn't stay on the Highway long. Those who stayed at least until their children required more education than the primary, one-room schools at the maintenance camps provided became better citizens for their experience. I certainly appreciated the efforts these people expended and the often innovative means they applied to their sometimes humdrum lives. We all loved them for it.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Roy Reber

Back in 1959, my last year in high school, I and three of my school chums played in the Whitehorse Senior men's hockey league. We were all fresh out of Juvenile hockey, barely old enough to drive and had the good fortune of playing for one of the best hockey coaches ever to hit the Yukon.

Roy Reber was from the old time hockey school of hard knocks. He scheduled so many practices that our school work began to suffer, but the late night practices in the cold Civic Centre (later Jim Light) arena were making men out of us boys in a hurry.

He was yelling "hurry-hard" long before Russ Howard made the admonition famous at various curling championships. He taught us to keep our heads up and watch out for the other guy. For Roy, in hockey, defense was everything. Any player who didn't like to back check would spend a lot of time on the bench. What kind of men did Roy Reber make out of us teenagers?

Well, the town Merchants team that year beat the older, tougher Army, Air force and Dawson&Hall teams to win the Whitehorse Senior men's hockey title. Final score in the final game was 6-2, Merchants over Dawson&Hall. I still have the boisterous team photo to prove it.

Roy Reber was born in Lethbridge, Alberta in 1923. He moved to Whitehorse in 1948 and became very active in the sporting community. Sports were Roy's life. He played hockey, basketball, fastball, badminton, golf. In 1967 he coached the men's hockey team at the first Canada Games in Quebec City. In 1971 he coached the women's team at the Canada Games in Saskatoon.

Roy was an invaluable worker during the early years of the Arctic Winter Games. He attended the first games in 1970 as a basketball player. In 1972, he was the General Manager when the games were held in Whitehorse. In 1974 the Arctic Winter Games Corporation appointed him to the Steering Committee. He remained a member of the Board of Directors until 1978.

He served on the National Advisory Council for Fitness and Amateur Sports. In 1983, Roy Reber was inducted into the Sport Yukon Hall of Fame for his life-long commitment to coaching and promoting many sports.

I can still hear the sound of his voice echoing through the crisp air of the Civic Centre arena on any given cold winter night.

"Hurry-hard and keep your head up."

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Klondike historian John Gould dies at 92 (died Dec. 26, 2011)
CBC News Posted: Dec 28, 2011 6:28 PM CST Last Updated: Dec 28, 2011



John Gould, a well-respected amateur historian who worked to preserve Klondike heritage, has died at the age of 92.

John Gould, a celebrated chronicler of Klondike history, died Monday at the age of 92.

Gould fell on Christmas Day and died in his sleep the next day, a family spokesman said.

He was born in Dawson City in 1919. Over the years, Gould was a businessman, gold miner, taxi driver, mail carrier, amateur photographer and historian. He also saw service as a pilot during the Second World War.

Friend Kathy Gates once wrote that Gould's love for Klondike history was fuelled by his father's stories about mining in the area and Gould's membership in the Yukon Order of Pioneers.

Gates remembers how Gould stood behind his wife, Madeleine, when she took her fight to join the all-male order all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada.

"He had to stand and take all the insults and crap thrown at him by those members, and a lot of women in the community who thought what she was doing was outrageous," Gates told CBC News on Wednesday.

Gould, who knew Klondike author Pierre Berton, immersed himself in tales and facts about the area, beginning with its Gold Rush days and Dawson City's spell as the "Paris of the North." He loved to share history and often wrote about it. He also supported projects aimed at heritage preservation.

"He would always be, you know, very kind, never condescending and always very gentle," said former Dawson City mayor John Steins.

Gould's legacy must be preserved, Steins said.

"He [was] a very avid documentarian of Dawson, and I know that he has a vast collection of photos," he said. "so I'm hoping that material is archived, not to mention his writing and other material."

SAD NOTE FROM DAWSON INDICATES MORE DEATHS

*John Gould's daughter Susan (Gould) Herrmann's husband Ken has passed away (2 weeks to the day after John Gould). Ken in his late 50's died after a battle with Cancer. Making that Monday December 26th, 2011 for **John Gould** and Monday January 9th, 2012 for **Ken Herrmann**.*

***J.J. Van Bibber** also died, January 9th, 2012 in Hospital in Whitehorse, from pneumonia.*

LONG TIME YUKONERS IN LA CRUZ MEXICO

Ron and I are in Bucerias Mexico at present. We came down to spend Christmas with the family and were nicely surprised to run into long time Yukoners. One is Judy Deacon who has been traveling down here for more than 15years and the other is Barry Redfern (who I worked with during the 70's in Tourism). Barry has been living in Mexico over 20 years and it has been longer than that since I saw him last. He has a very popular little bar in La Cruz where we had a fun reunion -Judy also worked with us during the 70's. Here are the three of us at Barry's Bar.

Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Mexico)



Judy Deacon, Barry Redfern
Photo courtesy Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Mexico)



Judy Deacon, Joy Denton, and Barry Redfern
Photo courtesy Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Mexico)



Barry Redfern
Photo courtesy Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Mexico)

BOOK WITH YUKON CONNECTION

*Marilyn Chase mentioned this book when we talked today. Her father was lost in a plane crash off the coast of Alaska on Salal Island. Her father **Charles Gropstis** died while piloting a plane for **Livingston Wernecke** a mine owner from the Mayo area.*

***Gerald “Bud” Bodding** was a pilot who went down near the same place under similar conditions and survived by using provisions left behind in Marilyn’s fathers’ inverted plane.*

*Marilyn shared with us the story which included her meeting Bud Bodding and this became the Moccasin Telegraph Special Edition “**Death is a Two Sided Coin**”.*

Alaska's Father Goose: Capt. Gerald A. (Bud) Bodding: a Career in Aviation [Paperback]
Gerald A. Bodding (Author), William F. Cass (Editor)

It is available at:

<http://www.hancockhouse.com/products/alafat.htm>

OR

<http://www.amazon.ca/Alaskas-Father-Goose-Bodding-Aviation/dp/0888396511>

Sherron Jones

J. J. VAN BIBBER PASSED AWAY – January 10, 2012

J. J. Died in hospital in Whitehorse on Tuesday, January 10th at age 91. He had pneumonia.

Below is an article from 2010 which gives some information about J.J.

Sherron

A century of stories: Dawson elder J.J. Van Bibber turns 90

Wednesday September 15, 2010

By Niall Fink

Michael Edwards/Yukon News



J.J. Van Bibber during the Canada Winter Games in Whitehorse in 2007.

It's been 90 years since J.J. Van Bibber was born at the side of a trail near the Pelly River.

Two days later, mother and child walked the rest of the way to the trading post at Russell Creek.

“Well, I was a bit too young to walk then,” says Van Bibber.

It's stories like these that have earned him some attention over the last few years.

On August 29, more than 100 people gathered to celebrate his 90th birthday at the Yukon Order of Pioneers hall in Dawson.

The occasion also marked the first public screening of a short promotional film introducing the man and his life.

The film, ‘Telling the Children’, is one step toward a feature-length documentary, which Lulu Keating of Red Snapper Films is currently raising money to produce.

Meanwhile another Dawson independent, Jody Beaumont and Michael Edwards of Cirque Consulting, are producing a book that will feature Van Bibber's photos and stories, to be completed by the fall of 2011.

I first met Van Bibber this summer, as an archival researcher on a project of my own.

Now I find myself writing a manuscript for the book.

As everyone involved in these projects, or anyone who knows Van Bibber for any length of time can tell you, his story has a way of drawing people into its web.

While there is no shortage of fascinating stories in Yukon Territory, Van Bibber has earned this special attention for several reasons.

For one, his life links a time of dogsleds and log rafts with highways and heavy machinery.

Of mixed heritage, it also bridges disparate cultures and politics.

But, perhaps most importantly, Van Bibber remembers every part of it.

And no less important, he has the photos to prove this.

Since he was 13, Van Bibber has carried a camera with him for much of his life afield, photographing both the ordinary and the extraordinary while trapping, booming logs, building highways, mining, prospecting, and hunting.

His wife Clara added to their collection, both with her own photos dating back to the late 1930s, and with the 8mm video camera she purchased in the early 1960s.

“We never thought of photography work or nothing,” says Van Bibber. “We just liked pictures and we took pictures.”

For years, the photos sat scattered in boxes and among family members.

Then, in 2003, Van Bibber approached the Tr’ondek Hwech’in heritage department with a shoebox of black-and-white photos. With his wife Clara terminally ill, Van Bibber sensed a new immediacy and wanted the photos preserved.

Sue Parsons, collections manager at Tr’ondek Hwech’in, immediately recognized the historical significance of these pictures of boat building, dog sledding and life on the land.

She initiated research that resulted in the Van Bibber and Clara Van Bibber Collection.

Today, it features more than 1,235 digitized images (with hundreds more still being processed), 46 8mm films, five beaded artifacts and an associated archive containing dozens of oral history transcripts.

In 2005, a selection of these photos went on display at the Danoja Zho cultural centre in Dawson.

The exhibit, *Trapped Memories: Illuminations*, marked the first public presentation of Van Bibber’s photographs and stories.

Illuminated in light-boxes, the images showed Van Bibber and his brothers at the peak of their trapping career.

In one season alone, the brothers trapped hundreds of marten and beaver, explored new ground in the Ogilvie Mountains, gunned down a monstrous grizzly and piloted a moose-skin boat down the Miner River.

Today, as more people come to know such remarkable stories, Van Bibber has added yet another job to add to his already long resume.

He's fast becoming a professional storyteller.

During the summer, Van Bibber can often be found telling his stories at the Tombstones Territorial Park visitor centre.

Visitors sipping Labrador tea can catch a glimpse of what life in the mountains around them was like more than 60 years ago, when Van Bibber trapped just west of the park.

The new building stands just a short distance from a pond where, 65 years earlier, Van Bibber trapped three beaver.

For the first time since he stopped trapping in the late 1940s, Van Bibber has picked up a tin harmonica and started to play again.

A budding showman, he likes to begin his stories with his theme song, 'When I Grow too Old to Dream'.

The tales are rich with details, from the smell of a dead body rising from a cabin floor to the tinkling sound of ice on a bear's fur in March.

But while such details might seem like pure theatrics, there is more hard fact behind them than most visitors would likely believe.

"It's no good to start making up stories," he says. "Pretty soon you can't keep track of your own lies, and then no one believes you."

Van Bibber hardly needs to invent his details.

When presented with a photo of himself at five years old, he still immediately recalls why he was glowering: "Helen stole my moccasins!" he exclaims.

"She hid them and I had to have my picture taken with bare feet.

"I was mad at her all day."

Show him a map and he can trace the exact route he took on any trapping season, though he never used a map himself.

He'll even show you exactly where you might yet find the skull of the monstrous grizzly the brothers killed above the Blackstone River.

But such treasures will soon be lost.

The Van Bibbers are well known for their longevity (Van Bibber's brother Alex still runs a trap line at 94), but this last birthday was no small milestone for Van Bibber.

At his family celebration on Labour Day weekend, Van Bibber was less lively than usual.

Suffering from varicose veins, chronic infections, deteriorating eyesight, stiffening joints, and the effects of a life of hard living, he's candid about the situation:

"I'm not gonna be around much longer," he says.

"You'd better get all you can from me now."

It will take much more than a book or a documentary film to really live up to this challenge.

But at least it's a start.

Niall Fink is a University of Alberta student who came to Dawson City this summer to work on the oral history of labour changes for men in the territory. He is now involved in putting a book together about J.J. Van Bibber.

Yukon elder J.J. Van Bibber dies at 91

Renowned photographer and storyteller documented life in Pelly Crossing

CBC News

Posted: Jan 12, 2012 7:47 PM CST

Elder J.J. Van Bibber, who captured life in the Pelly Crossing, Yukon, area in photographs and in his storytelling, has died at the age of 91.

He was part of one of the Yukon's largest aboriginal families and is remembered as a man who had a positive outlook on life, a great deal of pride in his family, and a great sense of humour and wit.



J.J. Van Bibber was born under a spruce tree along the Pelly River in 1920, one of 14 children of Ira and Eliza Van Bibber. (CBC)

Like most of his siblings, Van Bibber was born out on the land — under a spruce tree along the Pelly River in 1920.

He had a large family. His parents, Ira and Eliza Van Bibber, raised 14 children. Half were boys.

Yukon's former Commissioner Geraldine Van Bibber is J.J. Van Bibber's niece by marriage.

“It’s just hard to comprehend how they lived from the land,” said Geraldine Van Bibber. “They were introduced to school for a while, however most of their experiences come from life, the hardship of the land and being self-sufficient, you can say.”

At 13, J.J. Van Bibber bought a Jiffy Kodak 616 camera at a shop in Dawson City. He captured images of life in Pelly Crossing, his travels, and adventures.



J.J. Van Bibber bought this Jiffy Kodak 616 camera at a shop in Dawson City, Yukon, in the 1930s. The collection of photographs he took of life and work in the Pelly Crossing area are now in the care of the Tr’ondek Hwech’in First Nation. (CBC)

Geraldine Van Bibber said her uncle left behind a treasure trove of Yukon history.

“He said he wasn’t really documenting, he just liked to take pictures. So as it turned out it was a wonderful history he was capturing of their way of life, the fun they had, the work they had, the prospecting.”

Van Bibber shared his love of photographs with Clara Van Bibber. They were together for 62 years and had four children.

He left his collection of photographs with the Tr'ondek Hwech'in First Nation in Dawson City.

"I wish more of First Nations would do this with their elders," said Geraldine Van Bibber. "I think it's so important. Time passes so quickly; you lose so much."

A service for J.J. Van Bibber will be held Monday at 2 p.m. at St. Paul's Church in Dawson City.

VIDEO OF J.J. VANBIBBER ON MARTEN TRAPPING.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FkK-ChK0L0I>

VIDEO OF ALEX VANBIBBER ON THE TOPIC OF TRAPPING.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jvQ_uJbFd-k&feature=related

CYCLING SOLO 8400 KM - Vancouver, BC to Tuktoyaktuk, NWT.

I don't know if you or the MocTel readers have heard about the 41-year old employee, Brek Broughton, from Cap's Cycles in New Westminster, BC who is currently in the process of cycling solo and without an accompanying vehicle on an 8,400 Km ride from Vancouver, BC to Tuktoyaktuk, NWT. He and his associate are writing a Blog as he travels and it makes for an interesting read. Currently he is travelling in the Yukon. I had not heard of him but my son, who is an avid cyclist about the same age, alerted me to Brek's adventure.

Brek has previously cycled from Vancouver to Halifax and is making this trip for various reasons, including the desire to promote self-propelled and self-supported travel and to raise donations for bikes for Africa. He and his colleagues at Cap's have built a special bicycle for the journey and called it, "Surly Bib Dummy". Perhaps some might think this refers not just to his bicycle, but whatever one thinks, it seems to me that, although I have never met him, Brek has a lot of guts to attempt this trip in the winter and I certainly wish him well in his endeavours! (One reason he says he is doing it at this time of the year is that the only way one can travel from Inuvik to Tuk by road is when there are ice roads to travel on.)

You can read of his preparations, adventures and about Brek on his Blog site:

<http://cyclingintothedark.com/>

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

*Really interesting blog. It reads from bottom to top. I only read the **Yukon portion** which started December 21 arriving in Dawson Creek. - Sherron*

YUKONERS IN YUMA

Met Rhea Van Hees and John McDonald today in our park in Yuma. I was having lunch in our clubhouse and sitting with Sandy Lansfield from Tagish when Rhea and John came. Rhea and Sandy had worked together in Yukon. - Sherron Jones

YUKON FLOWERS



Jacobs Ladder

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Effective immediately, our new email address is: dougvantine*shaw.ca

Please change your Contacts info accordingly.

Doug & Aneta VanTine

Please let your readers know that the email address for Vancouver Yukoners' Association (Secretary & Newsletter Editor) has changed. Technology caught up to me at last. I'm still trying

to figure out how to transfer the address book but at least I have a new address: vanyukoners@gmail.com. Fortunately, the main contact at this time of year is the Treasurer/Banquet Ticket vendor, Vivian Stuart, whose email remains the same: _Jornellis@shaw.ca.

Now, as long as I have remembered your email correctly....

Maribeth Mainer

Shaw have bought out Sunlite so I have had to change my e-mail address again.....I've just substituted "shaw" for "sunlite"so now it reads

jonak5@shaw.ca

Joyce Nakrayko

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Live every day as if it were your last and then some day you'll be right.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

BEAN STEW

1 lb. ground beef
1 c. coarsely chopped onions
1 c. thinly sliced carrots
2 c. chopped cabbage
1 tbsp. brown sugar
1 (28 oz.) can whole tomatoes, undrained, cut up
1 can white or kidney beans, undrained
1 c. water
1/2 tsp. paprika
1/2 tsp. dried thyme leaves
1/4-1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. vinegar
1/4 tsp. hot red pepper sauce
1/3 c. chopped fresh parsley

In large saucepan or 4 quart Dutch oven, brown beef and onions; drain. Stir in all remaining ingredients; bring to a boil. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 15 minutes. 6 (1 cup) servings.

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

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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
483 - 5707 E 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona 85365 USA