

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 351st Edition – January 29th, 2012

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Friends Cabin near Dawson

William Kleedehn wkleedehn*hotmail.com www.williamkleedehn.com (Near Carcross)

PWA AND INUVIK

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

“Good morning, gentlemen, and welcome to Pacific Western’s Flight 751, now departing for Norman Wells and Inuvik. Our flying time to the Wells will be one hour and 41 minutes. . .”

So went the senior flight attendant’s message over the p.a. system of the Boeing 737, as we taxied out for takeoff from Edmonton’s Industrial Airport. The airplane was full, and all the passengers were men, most of them in rough work clothing and carrying parkas.

Tuesdays were crew change days for most of the companies that ran survey parties, seismograph camps, diamond drilling and big-rig operations in the North. In response to this more or less mass movement of men once a week, PWA in the early seventies, ran a special non-stop flight every Tuesday morning from Edmonton to Norman Wells, then on to Inuvik, returning directly from there to Edmonton. Passengers from Calgary joined this flight via the regular Airbus which the airline ran about fifteen times a day between that city and Edmonton.

The trip, always designated PW 751, left around 8:30 and arrived in Norman Wells after about an hour and a half in the air. It continued to Inuvik after a brief stop, landing there about 45 minutes later. It was an excellent service, appreciated by both the companies and the crews, and made an efficient crew change trip. Men using this service were back home by the middle or late afternoon on the day relieved, and the fresh crew was on the job by early afternoon in Inuvik or Norman Wells.

This flight was often commanded by a dapper pilot named Crossen. He was a small, neat man in his early fifties, with a "Smilin' Jack" pencil moustache and dark, thinning, slicked-back hair. On the northbound trip, after reaching cruising altitude, he would come back into the passenger cabin and call the flight attendants (in those pre-PC days they were called stewardesses, or stews, and were invariably young women) to the front of the cabin and present them with roses, with a little speech about their unsung and unappreciated services to "PWA's valued customers". It was a welcome diversion to a mostly dull trip, and most of us, as well as the stews, appreciated it.

Captain Crossen would also give us running commentary from time to time if there was anything of note to see on the ground we were passing over. He obviously loved his work, and would expound the merits of the "fabulous 737" aircraft which had only been in regular service for a few years. On occasion, he allowed the first officer to do the take-off, and he always informed us of the fact and commented on it, as: "Gentlemen, how did you like that 737 take-off? Your loyal first officer, Johnny Pike did that;" and after a pause, "now that's performance." He was mimicking the last words of a ubiquitous Esso Canada television commercial of the era in which this phrase was always spoken, with emphasis on the last word.

These fine Boeing airliners had only been in service with PWA for a short time and we were all still getting used to their much improved (over the Douglas and the Convair) comfort and speed. Captain Crossen would compare the speed of the 737 to that of a "speeding bullet" and went to great lengths (over the cabin speakers) to show that the airspeed with a moderate tailwind exceeded that of a Smith and Wesson .38 calibre pistol bullet by several miles per hour.

Another little story he had was that of the mysterious forces that exist at the Arctic Circle. After takeoff from Norman Wells he would relate how the Arctic Circle had an emanation that would disrupt the atmosphere over it, and told us to be ready for a bump when we crossed over the Circle. About 80 miles north of the Wells we in fact crossed this imaginary line and, by somehow jolting the controls, Captain Crossen did cause us to feel a definite bump, supposedly caused by the emanation from the ground. It was great fun, especially for the new men, whose trip to the Arctic was perhaps his first, and it certainly entertained the rest of us on a long trip.

The far north in 1968 was suddenly thrown into the twentieth century, economy-wise, with the discovery of marketable oil reserves at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska. Within a year, the entire arctic was alive with exploration and survey crews, striving for similar discoveries on the Canadian mainland as well as the island archipelago that makes up much of our country's northern wastelands. Success in Canada was achieved when in January of 1970, oil was struck at Atkinson Point by Imperial Oil. Within two or three years Shell found gas at Taglu, Mallik, and other locations in the western arctic as well as on some of the more easterly islands. The population of Inuvik jumped from around 1200 in 1967, to over three thousand in 1970, with the influx of oil and construction crews, support and service companies, and builders of infrastructure for these

crews and services. The town of Inuvik, on the eastern edge of the Mackenzie Delta boomed, suddenly finding itself a major centre.

The community had only been in existence for a few years. An instant town, it was to be a reincarnation of Aklavik, hitherto the western Arctic's administration and distribution centre. Prone to spring flooding, Aklavik seemed to have no future. It was unable to grow physically because of its confined location on a muddy oxbow bend of the westernmost channel of the Mackenzie Delta. The Federal government, in its supreme wisdom, decided it should be moved, and in 1954 surveyors from the Fed's department of Northern Affairs and National Resources swarmed over the Delta, looking for a site for new town. The location finally decided upon, on the East Channel, was a much higher, somewhat more sheltered site with a good water supply and construction gravel available nearby. Construction began the next summer and four years later most of the new settlement was complete with schools, stores and government offices built. Property owners in Aklavik were given lots in the new townsite on which to relocate or build on free of charge. The generating station with diesel powered units went on line in the fall of 1958, and the town was in business.

By 1967, Canada's Centennial Year, Inuvik was the new centre of communication, administration and distribution for the Western Arctic, with a paved, all weather airport, a Canadian Forces Station; even CBC had a satellite transmitter on the air. Innovations like the famous "utilidor" was used to bring hot and cold water, sewer as well as electric and telephone lines to the major buildings of the town, and the entire community was built on pilings driven into the permafrost. To preclude excessive ground thawing; gravel pads were put down whenever necessary for the same reason, because if permafrost is exposed to the air during summer, it thaws and makes a quagmire of the entire area as it does so. Stability is then never achieved again, even if the opening is covered over.

As for Aklavik, the town that had no future, it still exists today, and contains some thirteen hundred souls, who adamantly refuse to move to the new town. Aklavik has not washed away by the currents of the Mackenzie River, but every spring it floods to a lesser or greater degree, and locals still call it Canada's most northern "Mudtropolis". The government, when it saw that Aklavik was not about to lie down and die, didn't push it too much and has supplied the town with a modern school, as well as a few key NWT government branch offices. The airstrip, however, is not yet paved!

(to be continued...)

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

PIERRE BERTON

He's written books on every Canadian subject you can imagine. Railways, churches, the west, the Arctic, and so much more. But it was the Yukon which made him a household name across Canada and around the world.

Pierre Berton was the son of a Klondike stamper. Francis George Berton was trained as a civil engineer in St. John, New Brunswick. He, like a surprising number of men from eastern Canada, caught the goldbug early on, and headed to the Yukon via the Chilkoot Pass in 1898. Francis staked one claim which proved worthless, but he stayed in Dawson City for the next 34 years, working jobs both in the town and out in the gold fields. In 1912, he married Laura Berton nee Thompson, a school teacher who had come from Toronto to Dawson in 1907.



Pierre Berton on the Klondike River Boat with George Dawson, 1985.

Pierre Berton was born in Whitehorse in 1920. His first 12 years were spent in Dawson City, where the family lived in a small but pleasant little house across the street from Robert Service. Berton recalled living among the relics of that glorious age. Everything, it seemed, was rusty and

old, yet he had no idea he was living in a ghost town of old saloons, and gambling halls and houses filled with the decaying riches of the Klondike Gold Rush.

The family moved to Victoria in 1932. Pierre attended Craigdarroch College here before enrolling in the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. He joined the student staff of the Ubysey newspaper and became a member of the University's radio society. It was here that his interest in journalism flourished. For three summer seasons, beginning in 1938, Pierre Berton returned to the Klondike to work as a labourer with the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation on Dominion Creek.

He joined the army in 1942 and contributed to military newspapers. He eventually worked for the Vancouver Sun and began writing radio scripts on the gold rush days. This work led to some serious research on the Klondike and resulted, in 1957, in his first major novel called, simply 'Klondike'. It was this book which catapulted him to national acclaim, and astounded both he and his publisher by selling ten thousand copies in the first three months after it was published.

With the publishing of 'Klondike', Pierre Berton began to realize this period was a large part of a much larger story. It led him to research and write about the epic Canadian story which began long before Canadian confederation in 1867, and has not ended yet. What might Pierre Berton have written about or done had he not been raised in the Klondike? It's likely the Yukon story would be less well known and Dawson City might still be a decaying ghost town instead of a vital destination to many visitors from around the world.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Close call for lost adventurer

Friday January 6, 2012

By Samantha Dawson **Yukon News**

MAYO

French traveller Francois Guenot is lucky to be alive.

After getting lost on a solo trek in the Ethel Lake area, he arrived in Mayo, soaking wet from a fall in the Stewart River and with no food left in his supplies. He climbed the dyke and started knocking on doors looking for help.

Guenot is a 32-year-old ski instructor from Maiche, France who arrived in Canada last summer. Ever since he was a child, he said he dreamed of the world map and the North.

“In Europe, you see the print of man everywhere,” he

said, when interviewed recently in Mayo.

“Here, it's open land. It's wild.”

With no wife or children to worry about, and a healthy fear of growing old, Guenot decided to embark on a big adventure.

“I don’t want to stay like a dog on a leash in France,” he said.

He started his journey in Alberta last summer, slowly making his way to the Yukon by canoe, by bike and by foot.



Francois Guenot of Maiche, France slowly made his way to the Yukon from Alberta by bike, foot and canoe.

Photo By Samantha Dawson Yukon News

When he first crossed the border into the territory, he found a cabin on private property. Although he waited for awhile to see if the owners would turn up, he finally gave up and went in. It was cold and dark. When the owners of the cabin did show up, they gave him food and a ride to Watson Lake.

There he was given four or five bikes so he could put together one that he could use to travel. He also helped an elderly woman for four days and was rewarded with moose meat.

“That was three days food,” he said.

He made his way to Whitehorse by bike, where he spent four days at the Salvation Army. Then he headed north on the Klondike Highway.

Guenot spent eight days in Pelly Crossing. People in that community gave him mukluks, a hat, a digital camera, a map, \$20, long johns, a sweatshirt, moose meat, a headlamp and an antler-handled knife.

The generosity continued when he reached Stewart Crossing. He was given a map and a pair of warm boots before starting off on what would become the worst snowshoe trip of his life.

Leaving the highway just after lunch one December day, he started down the Ethel Lake Road. His goal was to hike up Hungry Mountain. Seventeen hours later, he reached a cabin he'd been told about where he spent the next four days before starting up the mountain.

The deep snow made it hard going. "It was laborious," he said.

His first camp consisted of a tarp hung over a tree. It was attached with smaller branches through the tarp holes. Underneath, he made a bed of spruce bows.

Once he had a fire going, dried his clothes and made some bannock, he slept for 12 straight hours, Guenot said.

Since he had misread the map on his first attempt up the mountain, he decided to make a second attempt. It was a tough decision, he said. "There is no trail, I've tried already, one time. I was lost."

Finally he climbed high enough to look down over the Stewart River Valley and got his bearings. He found a snowmobile trail and started to follow it to Mayo.

"I like to see that," said Guenot. "I felt like I was just dreaming."

So did Mayo resident Blaine Peter when he noticed snowshoe tracks as he drove his snowmobile into Ethel Lake from the highway.

"It was kind of weird because there were no tracks from the highway coming in so they were like out of the blue," Peter said.

The tracks went right through the gap trail on Hungry Mountain. He couldn't follow them because his machine broke down, but he returned a few days later. He picked up the trail and eventually found Guenot's spruce-bow bed and shelter.

Meanwhile Guenot was making his way to Mayo.

Josee Lemieux-Tremblay was surprised when she heard noise outside of her home in Mayo one day. It was Guenot speaking to her and her brother through the door in French. She opened it to find a wet Guenot and a sled filled with his gear and supplies.

She couldn't believe he had walked to Mayo from Ethel Lake, spending about a week on the trail and running out of food.

“I offered him emergency kind of help,” she said, inviting him in to dry off, take a shower and have a meal.

“He appeared to be a really nice person,” Lemieux-Tremblay said.

At the Na-cho Nyak Dun offices where she works, she said people had been wondering where the mysterious snowshoe tracks came from.

“There’s a Christmas mystery,” she said. “Nobody knew for awhile. We had so much fun talking about this mystery.”

At a cabin in Mayo where Guenot has now taken refuge for a while, he stirs a pot of moose sausage and rice.

“I want to learn about the wild lifestyle,” Guenot said. “I am respectful about the old people and their ancestors.”

A copy of the Jim Robb’s Colourful Five Percent lies by his table. His journal is filling up with writing and abstract drawings.

Soon he’ll have even more to write about. His next destination is Dawson City. And then on to Inuvik which he hopes to reach by the spring.

But his adventures won’t be over yet. Then he plans to go to Russia, to meet some friends, and enjoy a good game of Risk.

Dawson loses a beloved resident historian

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

DAWSON CITY – The Yukon has lost another irreplaceable reservoir of knowledge and good will with the passing of John Gould, who left Dawson to join his late wife, Madeleine, at about 3 a.m. on Boxing Day.

Grandson Tim Grenon was staying with him at his house that night and was at his side when he took his last breath in his sleep.

Gould had been quietly winding down in the almost two years since the death of his wife and had no fear of dying.

Indeed, he expressed the desire to move on to both friends and family on several occasions.

Born in 1919, Gould lived the mining life as a boy at Nugget Hill, just off the Hunker Creek Road, spending enough time at school in Dawson to become boyhood friends with the late Pierre Berton.

According to the short memoir in his book Frozen Gold, the family moved to Burnaby, B.C. in 1933.

He was back for summers starting in 1936, until he signed up for military service in the Air Force in 1942 during the Second World War.

It was while training in Ontario that he met Madeleine and brought her to live in the same rural cabin where he had spent much of his boyhood.

Gould worked at the mine with his father until 1958 and toiled part-time at the mine even during the 13 years he worked for Parks Canada at Klondike National Historic Sites.

When he retired from Parks, it was to return to mining with his own son, Peter, in 1980.

By then, however, his interest in local history had been stoked to the point where it would become almost an occupation after his own retirement from mining in 1998.

Gould was a founding member of the Klondike Sun newspaper and a key member of the Klondike Centennial Society.

While not terribly political, he did serve as a town councillor at one time.

He was a stalwart member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, even while he supported his wife's attempt to break its gender bar, as well as being a faithful member of the Dawson branch of the Royal Canadian Legion.

In his later years, the Centennial Society and his research and support work at the Dawson City Museum took up much of his time.

He was instrumental in pushing for the revival and improvement of interpretation at the Discovery Claim, which formally opened this past August. His attendance at the ceremonies was his last major public event.

In recent weeks, Gould had finally lost his driving license. Prior to that, he could be seen in his small blue car driving to the post office, the grocery store or to visit friends, with his small dog, Mike, perched on his lap.

Gould was a member of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church and a funeral service was held there on January 7.

His ashes, along with Madeleine's, will be interred in the Roman Catholic Cemetery in the spring.



SPECIAL DAY CELEBRATED – Madeleine and John Gould clink glasses on John Gould Day in 2009, declared in honour of his 90th birthday.

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

Tributes for John Gould

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

Funeral services for the late John Gould were held at St. Mary's Catholic Church on Saturday, January 7. Tributes have been arriving at the Klondike Sun since word of his death got out.

John Steins, former Mayor:

When one thinks of Dawson, one thinks of John Gould; the two are synonymous. Love for his hometown was expressed by an inexhaustible knowledge of Dawson history. You could approach him with virtually any question about our past and he would provide a wonderful anecdote, thereby enriching us with historic insights that otherwise would remain hidden. And he would do so with such a gentle demeanour, never condescending, always kind, and sometimes with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, depending on the topic.

I am so fortunate to have known John. He certainly enriched my life and he will continue to do so.

Stephen Johnson, Town Councillor

I was immediately saddened when I learned of the passing of Dawson's preeminent historian, Mr. John Gould. John, known as a kind gentleman and through his remarkable contributions to the history of our town, will be greatly missed. I wish to convey my heartfelt sympathies to the family and John's close friends

Laura Mann, Museum Director

I find it hard to think of John without a smile on my face, even now as I contemplate how much I will miss my friend. He was one of the first people that I met after arriving in Dawson on a grey mid-April day in 2007. He had come to meet me, he said, because the museum was very important to him. He told me about his work in the archives and that I was to call him whenever I needed anything. We took a shine to each other right away. How could I not? Here was a man who had spent the better part of his later life creating a whole new profession for himself. He researched all the stories of Dawson and its characters. He was a living encyclopedia with a heart about twice the size of his boundless knowledge.

And he was as good as his word. Whatever I needed, if he could deliver, he would. His unflagging support of all the changes that I wrought meant more to me than I could ever tell him.

So it shouldn't be surprising that when the love of his life went on ahead of him, John accepted the change in his life and did his best to carry on. His cooking brought a smile to both Susan's and my face, but even more so, the pride that was evident when he announced that he'd made the concoction "without a recipe." I will miss my friend, but he and Madeleine are together again. Somehow that's the way it should be.

Danielle Metcalfe-Chenail – Berton House writer-in-residence, 2010

Thanks very much for letting me know about John. I'm sorry to hear he's passed, but I know how much he wanted to be reunited with his beloved Madeleine. I feel so fortunate I got the chance to talk with him last year, and to digitize his logbook, scrapbook, and family history for my book, and to help record his achievements for posterity.

Palma Berger, founding director, Klondike Sun

I appreciated the way John, and at times Madeleine, joined Fred and me for lunch at the Downtown on Fridays. Fred enjoyed reminiscing with John about 'old' Dawson, but also was delighted that John was well up on current affairs and they had some good conversations about current events. It was a great distraction for Fred as he fought against his difficulties at the time.

Wayne Potoroka, Town Councillor

John Gould was a giant. He was my comrade as a member of the Royal Canadian Legion and colleague as a fellow writer. I also served with John on the old Dawson City Planning Board, where he instilled a sense of how deep roots go in this relatively young northern town.

Whenever I needed backstory for a Klondike-based piece I was writing, John was a reliable first stop for information. He gave generously of his time, as he did with most anyone who asked. And many did. His recollections have been widely recorded and will be invaluable for future generations trying to make sense of twentieth-century Dawson City.

But John was more than a lavish source of knowledge and a last connection between Dawson City and its gold-rush history. John was a teacher. And the greatest lesson he taught was that there's always something new to learn about this place.

Chief Eddie Taylor, Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in

Our Elders are precious sources of information. Whenever one passes, it is felt throughout our families and the greater community. John Gould will be remembered as a quiet caretaker of our town's history and a peaceful man who gave freely of his time and knowledge. He will be missed.

David Rohatensky - Superintendent, Klondike National Historic Sites of Canada.

John's dedication to Dawson's history, and personal commitment to preserving and sharing this heritage was highly valued by Parks Canada and the entire Yukon heritage community. Remembering John will serve as inspiration as we work to keep this history alive and relevant.

Dan Davidson - next door neighbour and Klondike Sun editor

John was with us, along with Madeleine, at the beginning of this long, strange trip we call the Klondike Sun back in 1989. He was in on the planning sessions and proposed the combination of old newspaper names that we blended to make our own. In his 70s he returned to a boyhood occupation as paperboy and helped to deliver our papers to our retail outlets. He also wrote articles and took pictures for the paper and was a valuable research source for those of us writing current affairs. We had many a chat over the fence between our yards and I will miss him.



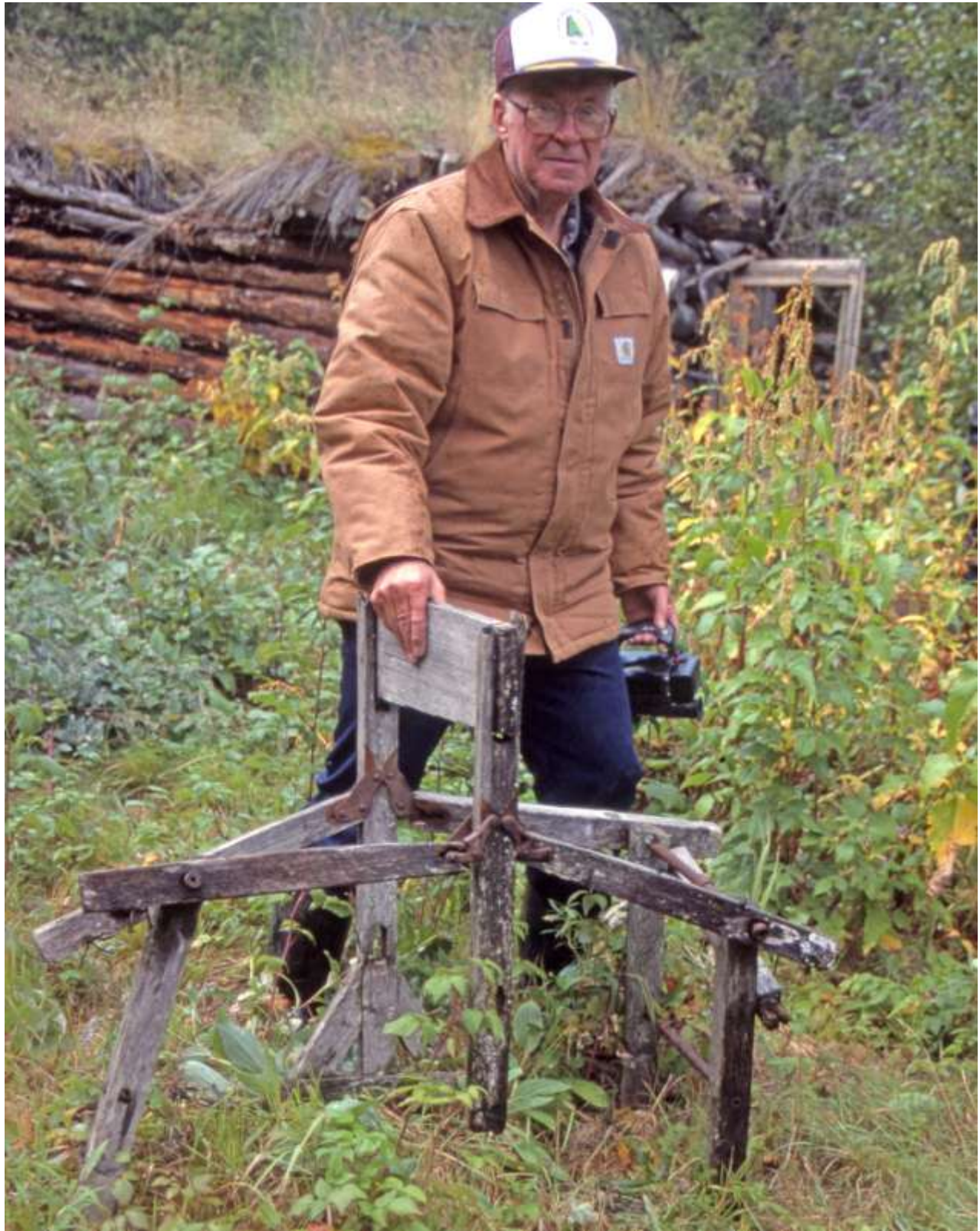
John and Madeleine in front of the Museum in 2009.
Photo by Michael Gates



John with local guide, Larry Taylor, boating up the Fortymile River in August of 1998
Photo by Michael Gates.



John mining at Nugget Hill in 1983.
Photo by Michael Gates.



John looking at artifacts at Fortymile.
Photo by Michael Gates.



John and Madeleine on Canada Day during one of the Centennial Years (1996-98)
Photo by Jay Armitage.

Parks Canada Remembers John Gould

By David Rohatensky - Superintendent, Klondike National Historic Sites of Canada.

As the newly arrived Parks Canada Superintendent, I first met John Gould on Remembrance Day, 2009. I recall a vibrant man filled with passion for his community; it's people and history. Given his long association with Parks Canada John always had something important to share, and whenever we met he made sure to leave me with a nugget of wisdom, or the beginning of a lesson, or a unique personal insight into his beloved community of Dawson City.

For John, community was defined by the stories, lives, and history of its residents. As one of the very first Parks Canada staff in Dawson, and later as a community advocate, John saw a valuable role for Parks Canada in linking together Dawson's past, present, and future stories, and in sharing those stories with the world. Having spent his life in the goldfields, John was committed to telling this story; both from the perspective of a resource industry, as well as the social and lifestyle elements that made the community of placer miners truly unique.

Developing and opening The Discovery Claim Interpretive Trail was a priority for John. He felt strongly about each detail being complete and accurate. While reviewing a historic photograph installed at the site John lamented over a couple unidentified individuals. "It just isn't right to refer to a person as unknown," said John, proposing a future community contest to correctly identify the unknown individuals.

On August 17, 2011, John addressed the official grand opening and ribbon cutting at Discovery Claim Interpretive Trail. Although August 17 fell mid-week, John reminded all present that this was the only possible day for the opening, since August 17 was the actual historic Discovery Day. History after all, is about getting the details right.

John's dedication to Dawson's history, and personal commitment to preserving and sharing this heritage was highly valued by Parks Canada and the entire Yukon heritage community. Remembering John will serve as inspiration as we work to keep this history alive and relevant.



John Gould at the reopening of the Discovery Claim in August 2011.
Photo by J. Cliff, courtesy of Parks Canada.

J.J. Van Bibber, Master Storyteller and Photographer, Passes On

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

January 14, 2012

Dawson First Nation elder J.J. (John James) Van Bibber passed away on Tuesday morning, January 10. He had been medivaced to Whitehorse a few days earlier and was known to be in serious condition over the previous weekend.

While he lived the latter part of his life in Dawson, he grew up in Pelly Crossing and also lived in Mayo and Whitehorse as well as Dawson during his long life.

His wife of 62 years, Clara, was a Dawson girl and niece-by-marriage Geraldine Van Bibber (Yukon's former Commissioner) says that was how he ended up spending his last couple of decades there. He was a registered member of the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in.

J.J. was part of a large family that included seven boys and seven girls. Five of his siblings are still living. He and Clara had four children. One daughter and one son are still living.

Remembered as a prolific photographer, J.J. began taking pictures at age 13 with a Jiffy Kodak 616 camera that he bought at a shop in Dawson City. He donated a vast store of photographs to the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in in 2003, and 2005 saw some of them mounted as the summer display in the Gathering Room at the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre. That display is now part of a binder that is available for viewing at the centre.

J.J. was also known as a storyteller, and loved to enthrall audiences with tales of his younger years.

"I was born under a tree (on September 6, 1920), way up the MacMillan River, at Russell Creek," J.J. told the Klondike Sun back in 2009, "Whenever a baby was ready to be born, mom (Eliza) just holed up for a week, and then put us on her back, and just keep going."

The family did live on the land in his early days and J.J. spent many years trapping with his brothers. It was nothing for them to walk to Fort McPherson and back.

One of his favorite stories was about how the children came to school in Dawson. His father and mother put them on a log raft in Pelly and floated them down the river. With the oldest child being the one in charge, Ira and Eliza (known to all as Shorty) reasoned that there was no point in paying for boat passage when the river was running in that direction.

The kids would return by steamer when school was out. Geraldine Van Bibber says they stayed at St. Paul's Hostel when they attended the Dawson Public School, but that they didn't go for very many years.

She estimates that they only got as far as elementary school in terms of formal schooling, but they knew how to read and continued learning all their lives.

J.J. met Clara Taylor at 12 Mile and while his stories about just how they met would vary, he was always clear that he knew immediately that she was the one. They were together until she died in 2004.

Besides trapping, J.J. had a store in the MacMillan area, ran heavy equipment, hauled trailers into mining camps, and took up placer mining in a serious way in the 1960s, when he was in his forties.

J.J. had many interests in life. He loved curling and enjoyed watching hockey either on television or at live games. The family notes that he attended his first live Canucks game in Vancouver when he was 90.

During the Second World War J.J. wanted to sign up, but his brothers (who did) told him he had to stay home, so he joined the Northern Pacific Rangers, 38th company, which later evolved into the Canadian Rangers. He was proud of that connection.

During the anniversary of S.S. Keno's final trip to Dawson in 2010, J.J. captivated audiences with tales of running timber rafts on the river and sometimes being a spotter on the steamboats.

J.J. was a gregarious soul, and especially fond of having his family around. It was his wish to have family members present during his final illness and Monique Van Bibber says that they managed to fulfill this wish.

A funeral for J.J. Van Bibber was held at St. Paul's Anglican Church on Monday, January 16, followed by a gathering at the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in Community Hall.



Storyteller JJ – J.J. Van Bibber holds forth in the shelter of the S.S. Keno in July 2011.
Photo Courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Robin in Whitehorse in January.

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

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

I've enjoyed the newsletter, but I'm looking for what the politicians like to call "budget efficiencies" and have decided to not renew.

Thanks and best wishes,

Frances Backhouse frances@backhouse.ca

I will be leaving on Maternity Leave within the next month. Randy Mattson will be taking over as Coordinator for the Transportation Hall of Fame in my absence. Please add his email (randy.mattson@gov.yk.ca) to your mailing list and remove mine for the time being. Thank you.

Elizabeth Beecroft Elizabeth.Beecroft@gov.yk.ca

A/Program and Research Officer

Transport Services

Government of Yukon

867.667.8835

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Dogs Have Owners ~ Cats Have Staff

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Blueberry Scones

The buttery, crumbly texture of scones falls somewhere between that of moist muffins and light biscuits. Scones can be eaten at breakfast with preserves, honey, fresh berries, flavored cream cheese, or butter; or they can be served with traditional clotted (Devonshire) cream, whipped cream, or lemon curd for tea.

Whether you prefer this Scottish quick bread savory or sweet (as with this version studded with fresh blueberries), the most important thing to remember is that too much mixing, kneading, and baking will produce dry and tough results.

Ingredients

Makes 8

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 tablespoons sugar, plus more for sprinkling tops
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoons cold unsalted butter, cut into pieces
- 1 1/2 cups fresh blueberries, picked over and rinsed
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon zest
- 1/3 cup heavy cream, plus more for brushing tops
- 2 large eggs, lightly beaten

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 400 degrees, with rack in center. Place a baking mat on a baking sheet, and set aside.
2. In a large bowl, sift together flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, baking powder, and salt. Using a pastry cutter or two knives, cut in butter until the largest pieces are the size of peas. Stir in blueberries and zest.
3. Using a fork, whisk together cream and egg in a liquid measuring cup. Make a well in the center of dry ingredients, and pour in cream mixture. Stir lightly with fork just until dough comes together. Turn out onto a lightly floured surface, and knead a few times to mix well.
4. Pat dough into a 6-inch square about 1 1/4 inches thick. Using a floured knife, cut into four 3-inch squares. Cut squares in half on the diagonal to form eight triangles. Transfer to prepared baking sheet. Brush tops with cream, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake until golden brown, 20 to 22 minutes. Transfer scones to wire racks to cool.

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
483 - 5707 E 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona 85365 USA