

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 381st Edition – October 27th, 2013

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Nares Lake – Noon Oct 15, 2013

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Amy Sloan

A time long ago and far away, I produced a series of radio programs for kids called The Adventurers of Ookpik, the arctic owl. The stories of Ookpik's adventurers were brought to life through a variety of arctic animals who were given voice by young actors from the National Theatre School of Canada in Montreal.

I have always had great respect for that school. The youngster, who portrayed whales, polar bears and foxes were on a steep learning curve. Greg Wanless, who played Ookpik, went on to become artistic director at the famed Gananoque Playhouse in Ontario. Dianne D'Quallia, who was terrific as the voice of whales and other arctic creatures, starred in a one woman show, Elizabeth Rex, at Stratford. One of the narrators, David Ferry, excelled as a character actor on many television and movie dramas.

So it was with great interest that I learned that a Yukon-raised actress had graduated from the National Theatre school in 1999. Her name is Amy Sloan. Many of you may know Amy, her father, Dave Sloan, who was once the Yukon's Minister of Health, and her mother Mary who was also an actress.

Amy lives near Hollywood these days, but her roots are in theatre in the Yukon.

She was born in Manitoba where she spent her first year. The family moved to Pelly Crossing and then to Watson Lake, where they lived for twelve years.

In 1992, they settled in Whitehorse where Amy attended the Porter Creek Junior Secondary School, where she'll be remembered as President of the student council. After graduating from F H Collins, Amy's first professional acting job was in the Gaslight Follies at the Palace Grande Theatre in Dawson City.

Then she attended the National Theatre School in Montreal, and graduated in 1999. Within a month, she was booked for two national commercials and a lead role in a television film. She also earned rave reviews for her role as Mary Warren in the Centaur Theatre's production of "The Crucible" in Montreal.

In Whitehorse, Amy played the role of Catherine in the Guild Hall Theatre's production of Dave Auburn's play "Proof."

Catherine is a young woman who has spent years caring for her unstable father, Robert. Robert was a brilliant mathematician in his younger years, but later became unable to function without the help of his daughter. His death brings Hal, a former student of Robert, into Catherine's life. She ends up falling in love with him, but in the process gravely misses her deceased father while resenting the great sacrifices she made for him.

In the past few years in the United States, Amy has worked with such notable actors as Halle Berry, Alan Alda, Ben Stiller, and Penelope Cruz. She has also worked with prominent directors like Richard Donner, Martin Scorsese and The Farrelly Brothers. After a North American search, Martin Scorsese cast her in the Academy Award winning film "The Aviator" in which she played the mother of young Howard Hughes. Some of her recent television credits include "Without a Trace," "Cold Case," "Gilmore Girls" and "C.S.I." Amy Sloan of Whitehorse has done well.

Too bad she wasn't at the Theatre school when I was casting Ookpik animal voices. I'll bet Amy Sloan would have had fun playing a Yukon salmon.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

This topic may be a change from people to events. Hopefully my story about DYC will get others to spend a little time on their computer and compose a response.

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

DYC (Dawson Youth Corporation)

I would be interested in knowing more about the DYC. I know very little about this youth organization that was quite active in late 1940s and early 1950s. I didn't have much involvement as I had only become old enough, went through initiation and attended a few functions held in the banquet room of the Arcade Cafe before we moved away to Mayo.

What I do remember is that DYC staged and was responsible for the May-Day Celebration that very much rivaled the Pioneer's Discovery Days. A May-Queen Contest was part of the event. I think it was May 24th then, rather than May 21st. There were some anxious days leading up to the special day. I know I always watched the lake that formed in Minto Park each spring hoping it would dry up in time. One other thing remembered; is a not so successful brewing-year. A lot of barrels of bottled root-beer and some birch-beer had to be brewed ahead of time for sale on the event day. Anyway a little too much yeast had been added to the mix, so many bottles served were not so full.

There is likely a lot more that could be said here and the young people of the day should be recognized for their contribution to the mid-century community of Dawson. I hope others who were more involved or knowledgeable will tell DYC's story.\

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

BILL FERGUSON REMEMBERED

I really enjoyed Alan McDiarmid's story on **Bill Ferguson** in MocTel 380. Alan described him to a T. He was a very soft spoken man .You always saw him with a book. Bill used to sit in the Penguin Café when I worked there, smoking his corn cob pipe and reading. not many people knew this but Bill read books written in Greek as well other books. He also wandered the hills around Dawson and found lots of flowers that probably only Martha Louse Black knew about. He always brought in the first Yellow Lady-slipper in the spring. Thanks for sharing a story about another "Old-timer" from our area and keeping History alive.

Myrna (Hadley) Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Yukon College is celebrating 50 years.

The 50th anniversary birthday party and Yukon College reunion will be held November 29, 2013. I'm looking for stories and/or memorabilia to display on the Yukon Vocational & Technical Training Centre. Please help me in putting together a collage of the Yukon Vocational School. All items will be returned.

Do you have stories you can tell? If you can't attend the party please pass along your memories and I'll display them.

Any and all help would be greatly appreciated.

Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

MOCTEL 380

Very interesting Moctel. Thanks to Betty Sutton for taking us on a beautiful journey up the Dempster Highway. Amazing photos !

Cheers, Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

I especially found the explanation of street names interesting, thank you, we lived on both Alexander and Cook streets,

Kind regards, Maroesja van Oeveren maroesjabigm@hotmail.com (In Holland)

Hi Sherron

Wanted to let you and those that contributed to MocTel 380 know how much I enjoyed it. Mind you I enjoy all of them but this one really stood out for me.

I always enjoy Heather Jones' photos.

Betty Sutton – your rendition of your trip up the Dempster as well as photos were spectacular. That drive has been on my bucket list for 5 years and next fall I'm definitely going. I laughed when you said it seemed most of the vehicles were white – you could tell by the roof.

Vancouver Yukoners' Association – What a wonderful idea for a donation, a freezer for the Jean C Barber Lodge. I'm thrilled my donation to the silent auction is so greatly appreciated and will be well used. This was a great idea.

Dick North – so greatly missed, not just right now but forever.

Lady on a Pedestal – this really struck a nerve with me. I spent many hours flying in this wonderful aircraft. My ex-husband was a mechanic for Great Northern Airways (1969-Nov 1970) and I got to fly in CPY whenever I wanted. Stuffed into the only seat amongst the freight, then sitting on the jump seat during the flight cemented my love of flying. How lucky I was to be able to fly in this ‘lady’ whenever I wanted but now to be able to see her every time I drive into Whitehorse always gives me a ‘tingly feeling’. I will pick up my copy of the book, *Lady on a Pedestal*’ next time I drive by the Transportation Museum. I can hardly wait to read it! I have many stories about CPY, some I can tell, others maybe not. Lol Gordon, thank you for writing this book.

David Boyle found – On behalf of Civil Air Search & Rescue we extend our sincerest condolences to the family. Our pilots and spotters spent many hours volunteering to try and locate the white pick-up truck. Our main focus was Whitehorse to Haines Junction, Fox Lake, Faro, Carmacks, Ibex Valley, Wheaton Valley and Carcross, with all areas in between. In hindsight I now wish we would have checked east of Whitehorse, which was next when David was found. I was planning on attending the service on Saturday, Oct 5, however I was ill and could not travel.

Thanks again for such a great MocTel.

Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Bob and Jean Campbell, Gladys Hoggan, John Hoggan.
Photo courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Sherron, I keep coming back to this picture, thinking that I know at least the other man with my grandparents John and Gladys Hoggan. It is definitely an Eastern Star event, probably in

Whitehorse. From Nanna's dress, I think mid-1950s. The couple on the left may be visiting grand-whatevers' but maybe one of your subscribers can put to rest the niggling feeling that I should know who that tall man is. Who knows – the woman may also be a local.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Hi Sherron.

Sorry I can't identify these folks....perhaps Rolf Hougen can help here....he has the most extensive Whitehorse history I know of.

Jeri & I went to Whitehorse end of August to Sept 15th to celebrate our 45th Anniversary and Jeri's BD with family.

We had a great time. Jeri took lot of photos, And we did the Carcross trip....what a change since our last trip in 2011...I could send some of these if you think they might be of interest. I see you had some older photos of Carcross awhile back. Jeri & I had a nice welcome visit to City Hall by several of the staff from my term and the pleasure to meet the new Mayor Dan Curtis. The city really looks great to us! Lots of new infrastructure!

Hi to Bill and hope you are enjoying being back in the "sun",

Keeping busy here in Steveston,

Cheers

Bill Weigand

The couple on the left is Jean and Bob Campbell, they operated the Campbells Building Supply store at Alexander and 4th Avenue.

Regards,

Rolf Hougen

Thanks to you and to Rolf. Embarrassed that I did not figure it out as the Campbell's lived across the alley from my grandparents. I knew them for the first 12 years of my life. Bob's warehouse at that time was just up the alley on Jarvis. I'll send the picture to their son Bob Campbell and daughter Bev Zielke when I get home.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Celebrated artist marks a milestone birthday

People from across the territory gathered Thursday evening to celebrate renowned Yukon artist Jim Robb's 80th birthday at the Gold Rush Inn.

By [Christopher Reynolds](#) on October 18, 2013 **Whitehorse Star**



A GATHERING OF OLD FRIENDS – Friends and family gathered at the Gold Rush Inn on Thursday evening to celebrate Jim Robb’s 80th birthday. Here Robb, seated, and Ed Isaak, Cal Waddington and Hank Karr, left-right, help Robb celebrate. Photo by Vince Fedoroff

People from across the territory gathered Thursday evening to celebrate renowned Yukon artist Jim Robb’s 80th birthday at the Gold Rush Inn.

More than 300 people showed up, from Dawson City to Quebec, to ring in the anniversary. “It was really emotional for me,” Robb told the Star this morning. “So many people came, and it was a huge, almost family party in a way.”

Known for his paintings and cartoonish drawings of “the Colourful Five Percent” — past and present local fixtures of quirky repute — Robb has been creating art in the Yukon for more than 55 years.

His first public work, a painting of the late Wigwam Harry, who invented his own idiosyncratic jig blending the Highland fling with a First Nations “war dance,” hung in the lobby of the now-demolished Whitehorse Inn, beginning in 1958.

The Yukon Brewing Co. made a special bottle label in honour of the occasion with a photo of the then 25-year-old Robb holding his eight-by-four-foot painting in the hotel lobby.

Robb's brother and sister-in-law trekked up from Quebec, and with Premier Darrell Pasloski in attendance, Robb expressed gratitude for reuniting with "old-timers" like Otto Blattner and Babe Richards.

Blattner, who lives in Dawson City, "takes driftwood from the lakes and river and carves faces in them," Robb said.

Richards, now in her 90s, raised a family of nearly a dozen and was daughter to former Whitehorse Inn owner T.C. Richards.

"It was a huge gathering, people from all over," Robb said. "It was just a great reunion." Born in 1933 and raised in Montreal, Robb moved to the Yukon at age 22 to work as a surveyor on the Teslin River.

"That was the year they took the steamboats off," he said. "I just fell in love with the country and the history of the place and the people."

Robb also worked for the Canadian National Telegraph Co., but found his true calling in depicting the cabins and characters he first encountered as a young man.

He has painted everything from Whitehorse's Log Skyscraper — a three-storey log cabin office — to the late Buzzsaw Jimmy — a Dawson City woodcutter who accidentally sawed off his own leg, only to do it again with his new wooden one.

As an octogenarian, Robb is barely slowing down. He plans to continue making art, and through it, branch out into storytelling.

He also hopes to produce a video series on the Colourful Five Percent — a trademarked term he coined in a column for the Star in 1971 which was resurrected in the 1990s.

Although he misses the rugged characters of days gone by, Robb said he appreciates many of the advances the territory has seen during the nearly 60 years he's been here.

"People who need cataracts treatment and cancer treatment have specialists coming up. We never had that before," he said.

"I still think it's the greatest country to live in ... I just love the northwest."

JIM ROBB TURNS 80 YEARS YOUNG

By Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Friends of Jim Robb planned a birthday party like no other. On October 17, Jim's 80th birthday, 300 party goers gathered at the Town Hall in the Gold Rush Inn to honour the man that has put Yukon on the map.

The silent auction did very well, many items, of course, were Robb-related. One of the items was the new print by Chris Caldwell that fetched a princely sum.

There was even Jim's own beer label depicting one of Jim's first prints of Wigwam Harry dancing.

Jim's brother, David and his wife from Quebec also attended. Premier Darrell Pazloski gave a short speech on Jim's contribution to the Yukon since his arrival in 1953. The MC, Rick Steele was a marvelous Master of Ceremonies and cracked many wonderful jokes geared toward Jim.

The buffet style food was delicious and there was even Jim's favorite, a carrot cake that was enjoyed.

The entire evening was enjoyed by all. I believe Jim was a bit overwhelmed with the number that showed up to pay tribute to his 80th. All the best Jim, we love you!



Jim with his brother David and sister-in-law Louise
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Chris Caldwell, Cal Waddington, Norma Waddington, Jim and David Robb
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Ed Isaac, Cal Waddington, Jim Robb, Hank Karr
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Bob Charlie, Cal Waddington, Jim Robb
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Jim Robb, Darrell Pasloski, Sharon Shorty
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Louise Robb, Jim, David Robb
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Vince Federoff
and Chris Caldwell <http://www.caldwellart.com/>
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Silent Auction items

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Silent Auction

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



MC, Rick Steele

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Michael Gates being interviewed.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



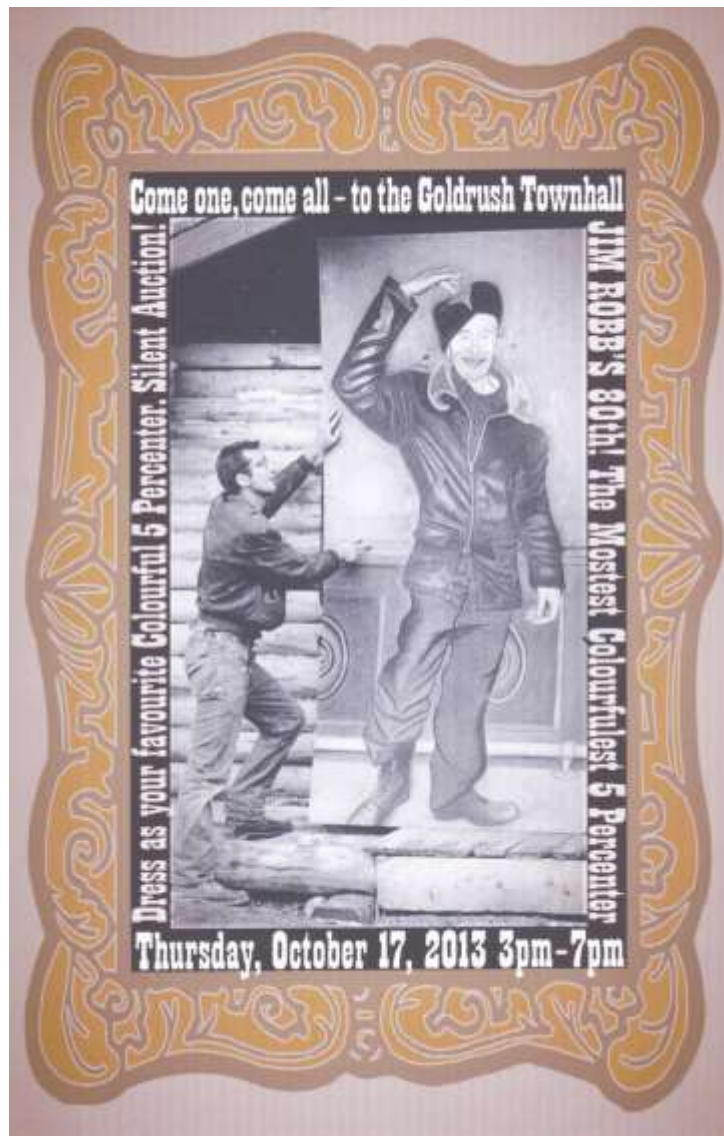
Diane and Sam Holloway

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Dick Stevenson

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



This logo was on a special run of beer just for Jim's birthday. I don't know how many were sold at the cash bar but they ran out. - Donna

Chickenbus Tales

The adventures of Vivien Lougheed and John Harris

www.chickenbustales.com

PO Box 2586
Prince George, BC
Canada V2V 4T5

Josie Sias, Oct. 21, 1927 — August 24, 2012 — Yukon, Canada

The first time John and I stayed at Kluane Bed and Breakfast we were given one of five little wooden cabins standing like sentries overlooking Kluane Lake. Each cabin had a porch attached, where guests sat in the evenings watching the waves lap at the pebbled shore.



Vivien and grandchildren.

Photo supplied by Vivien Lougheed chickenbus@shaw.ca (In Prince George)

We had just finished a hike up Congden Creek and out Sheep Bullion Plateau, testing routes for the Kluane National Park Hiking Guide. After we'd booked in, we crowded the showers, washing off bug repellent, dirt and smoke. That was followed by a steak dinner made in the communal kitchen and washed down with a bottle of wine we had left hidden in the truck. An hour of reading on the cabin porch and a long night's sleep on a good mattress with fresh sheets made us eager to return to the park.

After another shower the following morning, we gathered in the kitchen with the rest of the guests and shared stories while eating flapjacks, eggs and bacon, served by a tiny non-imposing lady named Josie. Her entire body seemed to twinkle every time she smiled — and she did this often. That was either in 1985 or 1986 and we've gone there almost every year since. During those first years we listened to stories that we could tie into the trails we were hiking. Josie at that time still worked as a park interpreter and her husband Frank worked for the Yukon Highway Department. Together they ran the B & B around their other jobs. In the evenings, they would sit on the porch of their house, teacups in hand and dogs at their feet, talking about the park and, as time went on, themselves.

Josie told us of routes that the elders had used long before the land became a park and she shared her own hunting stories of going up and down the creeks on horseback. We learned that Congdon Creek was where her father Louis Jacquot dug for gold and almost died when he was hit on the head with a rock while at the bottom of the pit. We learned that a collapsing log cabin we found on Congdon was theirs and that a stick and sod-roofed shelter big enough to hold only one man was used to keep travelling hunters or trappers warm during a winter night. Josie told us that Nines Creek was where the local people chased sheep so they could be captured for food and Grizzly

Creek was where Gracie Dickson's mother gave birth to twins that died and were buried under rocks beside the creek. Later we looked for the grave but we never found it.



Josie and Frank Sias

Photo supplied by Vivien Lougheed chickenbus@shaw.ca (In Prince George)

I observed that Josie was subtle when she was steering someone in the direction she thought they should go or to the information she thought they needed, and it took me a few years to realize she was directing me to write her story. It began with her adding details about her father Louis and her uncle Eugene, French immigrants who had left a hard life in France at the turn of the last century to try their luck in the Klondike. When the gold rush petered out, the two men had settled at Burwash Landing and became big game hunting guides. The enterprise worked out well and hunters came from the cities in the east travelling by ship to Skagway, by rail to Whitehorse and by horse and mule to Burwash.



John & Wes Harris at Sias Congdon Creek Cabin
Photo supplied by Vivien Lougheed chickenbus@shaw.ca (In Prince George)



Thomas Martindale who killed the moose and wrote the book *Hunting in the Upper Yukon*
Photo supplied by Vivien Lougheed chickenbus@shaw.ca (In Prince George)

But mostly they stayed in the area because Louis fell in love with the most beautiful woman in the Yukon, a South Tutchone lady named Mary. From Josie we learned how Mary was taught by the Jacquot brothers to cook French pastry for the famous hunters and how destroyed Mary was when her beloved children were sent to school in France, across a large water that she had never seen.

Josie cheerfully reminisced about being in France and later in Vancouver going to school, but she also told us how her sister Rosalie was angry at being sent away.

comment as I was leaving was, “I don’t know why I told you this.” But I knew and so did Josie. I went home and wrote the beginning of her story.

The last time we saw Josie was in 2012, just two weeks before her death. She told us she didn’t believe she was dying and we told her we were working on her story. When John and I left, she hugged me and said, “Thank you for being in my life.” Like everyone who knew her, we will always be thankful for her being in our lives.



Outpost Mountain – Kluane National Park
Photo supplied by Vivien Lougheed chickenbus*shaw.ca (In Prince George)

Territory loses a great teacher

by Roxanne Stasyszyn Friday September 7, 2012

No two trees are the same, nor any two leaves.

It may sound like a simple lesson, but have you ever stopped to look and appreciate that fact? Anyone who was lucky enough to have Josephine Sias in their life did.



Submitted Photo/Yukon News

Josephine Sias of the Kluane First Nation died on August 24.

“Anything you’re looking at is not to be treated as generic. You have to really, really be aware and look at what’s surrounding you. I think she taught that to everybody,” said Linda Wondga, Sias’ daughter.

“She certainly taught it to us, from a young age. We were brought up that way, to appreciate what we have, that is around us every day.”

There are a number of things that Sias’ appreciation of nature could be attributed to. To begin with, “she was born into it,” said Wondga.

On October 21, 1927, Sias was born in Burwash Landing to Louis Jacquot and Mary Copper Joe. This was before any highway existed.

“She was born in the middle of nowhere, and she was raised in a totally different way than what people are now,” said Wondga.

Despite leaving Burwash for school, first to Whitehorse, then to France and eventually to Vancouver, Sias always found her way home.

After meeting and marrying Frank Sias, whom she once described as “her best choice,” she returned to Burwash Landing.

The pair manned roadhouse lodges along the Alaska Highway as they became parents, and eventually moved to Whitehorse where Frank took a job at the Donjek Pump Station.

But in 1972, the couple found their way back to the Kluane region.

They settled at Silver City, on the south end of Kluane Lake, where they had lots of land but only remnants of the former army base camp.

Within two years they built themselves a small cabin, a garage and a carpentry shop for Frank.

And in 1974, the couple was put in charge of a Parks Canada program called the Conservation Youth Corp.

“Mom and Dad were the obvious choice,” said Wondga. “Not only because they lived there, but also because of their personal background. They were very knowledgeable about wilderness, they were capable managers, and it wouldn’t be hard to place 16 kids in their hands and have a real strong feeling that it’s probably going to go well. And that isn’t something you would find with most people, but that is the kind of people that they are.”

For five consecutive years, Frank and Josey put the 15- and 16-year-olds to work building cabins from scratch (many of which are still used by the Kluane National Park) and cutting and grooming trails like the Kluane Glacier trail. The teenagers learned activities like rock climbing, canoeing and how to catch, clean and cook fish. They lived in tents in different places of the park each year and learned a lot about themselves, as well as nature, said Wondga.

“Mom was everybody’s mother, and more,” she said. “She had a strong belief in young people. Probably because of how she was brought up; she was raised by people who had a strong belief in her and her potential, and I think she always felt that young people maybe didn’t get enough of that. She always wanted to, and was very, very good at connecting to young people.

“Immediately, she could get them to talk and speak about themselves and what they might see around them and what they saw ahead of them and what their future might be.”

Sias was always “only a phone call away,” whether it was for her own children, her father’s family in France, or friends she met along the way.

But her encouragement for young people to look forward and have confidence in themselves was definitely something she did “in a big way,” said Wondga, pointing to the success of the Conservation Youth Corp. and its participants.

Moose may be in running for world record

Dawson City resident Heinz Naef has to wait 60 days to see if the moose he shot Sept. 25 will be recorded as the largest in the world – at 75 1/4 inches across.

By Chuck Tobin on October 11, 2013 – Whitehorse Star



Photo submitted

WORLD RECORD? – Dawson City hunter Heinz Naef holds up antlers from a moose he shot Sept. 25. Its' thought the rack may score as the largest in the world. Official measurements are scheduled for Dec. 2. Photo by BRITTANY RUDASHY

Dawson City resident Heinz Naef has to wait 60 days to see if the moose he shot Sept. 25 will be recorded as the largest in the world – at 75 1/4 inches across.

Naef said this morning in Whitehorse he hunts for meat, so if the antlers measure out to be a world record after the mandatory two months of drying, he'd like to see them displayed publicly.

“This would be good for the Yukon to have this in our possession again,” Naef said of the record currently held by a moose taken in Alaska, not far across the border where Naef shot his near the confluence of the Stewart and Yukon rivers.

Knock, knock.

That's all Naef heard when he let out his moose call, he told the Star.

His hunting buddies had heard the same thing the previous night, when they were cruising the river and calling.

"There was two knocks," he said as he rapped his knuckles solidly on the table to emphasize the brief but distinct response to a moose call the night before.

The next morning, Naef was dropped off in the same area. He called.

Knock, knock, is all he heard.

Naef waited for a while. Then he began walking into the bush toward a slough he was familiar with, as he and his sons and other hunting buddies have been hunting the area for more than 20 years.

He stopped and called periodically. Nothing.

Naef was about 300 metres in the bush from the Yukon River, when he heard the bull respond.

It sounded like it was a large empty fuel drum.

The leaves were still on the trees, and the veteran hunter couldn't see the moose.

"I started walking toward the empty fuel drum, and I called, and I called."

Naef said the moose began to talk back, and continued to talk while he moved toward Naef.

"I knew I had him, because at that point they are committed," he said of the typical behaviour of a bull moose during rutting season.

Naef said it was a sight to see as he watched the bull approach, swinging his massive rack silently between the trees, not making a sound, except for the grunt with every step.

Armed with his old British .303 with open sights, the 26-year resident of Dawson fired twice into the vital organs, and then fired a third time to finish the kill at 11:30 in the morning.

The knock, knock Naef and his buddies had heard was the bull slamming his antlers against the tree to announce his presence to everybody – would-be mates and any bulls thinking about encroaching on his territory.

Naef said the moose wasn't unusually large, given the size of his rack, and was probably eight to 10 years old.

He estimates it weighed about 1,250 pounds or more.

The eight in the hunting party – Naef and his son Brian, two other father-and-son sets and another couple of guys – gutted and cut up the moose and were back in camp by 5 p.m.

The bull dropped 248 metres in the bush from the river. They measured the distance.

It's in the freezer now, and Naef will know Dec. 2 if his bull will take over the record as the largest in the world

Whitehorse resident Clint Walker, an official scorer with Boone and Crockett, explained this morning the mandatory 60-day period to allow for drying is meant to create a level playing field for all hunters.

There is some loss in size due to drying, so it would not be fair if some hunters scored their antlers the next day and others who were in the bush for an extended period couldn't score theirs for a month or more, he explained.

Walker said antlers are essentially scored using four measurements, though there are other technical considerations.

The four measurements include the overall width, which has been measured at 75 1/4 for Naef's bull.

The circumferences of the two main beams where the antlers attach to the head, the widest point of a single palm, and over length of a single palm, Walker explained.

He pointed out as drying occurs, the two palms tend to pull inwards.

Over an extended period, the 75-1/4 inch width of Naef's rack could shrink to 70 or 71 inches, he said.

Walker said Naef's antlers could be a new world record.

"It would be kind of neat for a Yukoner to have the largest moose ever taken," he said.

Yukon outfitter Dan Reynolds established a world record last year for the largest Dall sheep taken with a bow and arrow, Walker said.

"If you ask me what am I going to do with it, my house is too small," Naef said.

"If it happens to be the world record, then I would like to have it somewhere where a lot of people could see it."

Giant Moose Shot in Yukon Video

<http://video.ca.msn.com/watch/video/giant-moose-shot-in-yukon/16acjzg48?from=en-ca-infopane>



Earliest days of construction of the Civic Centre (Jim Light) arena

While I was in Whitehorse in early August, I made another search through the box of old family photos out at Grant's place. I wonder how many readers will remember this.

The one I'll attach comes from the earliest days of construction of the Civic Centre (Jim Light) arena. For a year or two, the roof trusses stood within the fences of the new ball park, just across the alley from our house. I recall walking and sitting amongst them.

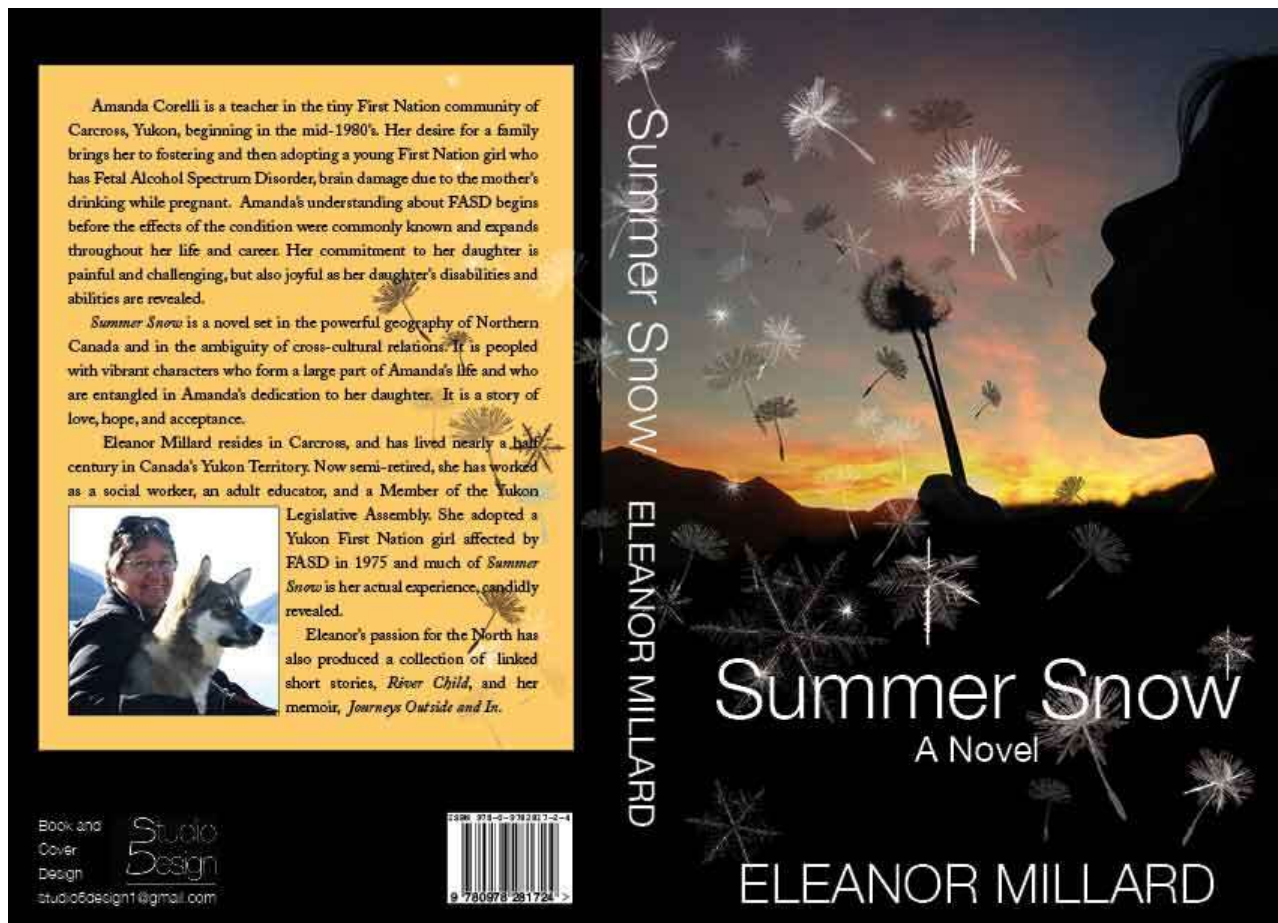
I wish Les McLaughlin were still around to expand on my sparse memories (I'll check his Yukon Nuggets).

Anyway, here's an early memory.

I just checked Yukon History on the Hougen website. I saw that the arena opened in 1952, so the photo must have been from 1951 (perhaps even 1950).

Cheers.

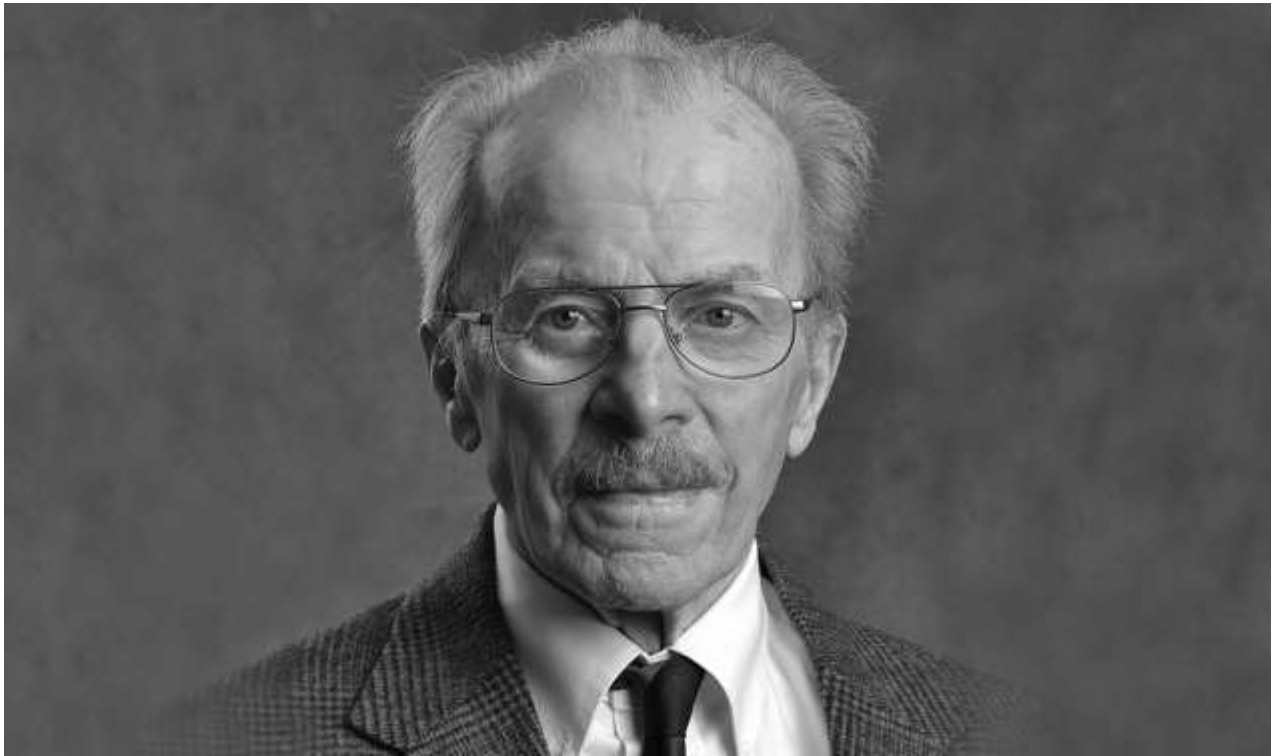
Ralph Lortie rlortie001@shaw.ca (In Calgary)



My novel, *Summer Snow* is now available from me, Box 165, Carcross, Y0B 1B0, for \$20 plus postage. I also still have *River Child* and *Journeys Outside and In* available. They are available on my website is: www.eleanormillard.com

Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

OBITUARY



PAUL JOSEPH CYR

August 21, 1923 – October 11, 2013

The Last of the Cyr Pioneer Family Has Gone to Rest

Father Antoine (Tony) Cyr (1871-1946) came into the country via the Chilkoot Trail in 1898, along with his older brother Maxime (Mike) 1857-1933. They'd heard about the railroad beginning and thought White Horse was opportunity enough. Mike guided boats through the rapids and both brothers worked on Macauley's Tramline before beginning a wood and water delivery business.

Marie Ange Beaudin Arbour Cyr (1884-1970), a widow with two young children, arrived by train from Montreal in 1918 with a promise of a job as housekeeper for Laderoute, Mayor of Kirkman Creek, who also owned a ranch. The ranch turned out to be a passel of goats sharing his dirt floored cabin and a horrified Marie Ange caught the same paddlewheeler she had just gotten off on its return to White Horse where she attempted to purchase a train ticket to connect with the last trip of the Princess Sophia at Skagway. Unable to understand French, the ticketmaster called in a passing bilingual teamster to translate. Tony Cyr talked the beautiful widow Arbour, not only into staying in White Horse, but within two months he'd made her his wife and they had five more children. A lovely gift of circumstance since the Princess Sophia never made it past Vanderbuilt Reef in Lynn Canal.

Aline Arbour Cyr Taylor 1911-2004

Wilbrod (Brody) Arbour Cyr 1913-1992

Laurent A. Cyr 1919-2006

Lomer J. (Tuffy) Cyr 1920-2005

Gloria B. Cyr Kohler 1922-1996

Paul J. Cyr 1923-2013

Rosalie (Lil) Cyr Newton 1925-2010

Paul attended Lambert St. School and was a waiter on Casca III, the summer job of choice for White Horse boys in the late thirties. The ink on his driver's license still damp, Pan American offered him a job ferrying pilots between town hotels and the airport. By the time he was 20 he had earned an A&E mechanic's license from Boeing in Seattle. After his turn donning the uniform for the King, Paul drove bus, truck and tanker for White Pass & Yukon Route (BYN) on the brand new, but unpaved, Alaska Highway. In January 1959 Paul found his true calling as Heavy equipment Operator for White Pass in Skagway and is best known for his sterlingwork ethic, his every ready wit and humor, and for his daredevil exploits running the high bridges. In 2010 Paul was named Transportation Pioneer of the Year. A Celebration of Life will be held in the spring with his ashes taken to The Hill he loved so much, Mile 14 to 20 on the White Pass Railroad. Paul is survived by his two beloved daughters, Karen Louise Cyr Goertz, born to Paul and Lois in White Horse 1950, and Kristin Elizabeth Cyr born to Paul and Alice in Skagway 1962. Alice Cyr, Paul's wife and partner of 52 years, also survives. With enormous gratitude for the most excellent care Paul received at Copper Ridge Special Care Unit. A special thanks to Sylvie whose loving touch made all the difference at the end.

Subsequent message from Alice Cyr:

Actually, clicked on your address by mistake and decided to leave it in the list. Not sure why it is in my address book, but I have heard about it. I hope it encourages others of the old, large families to do a "family tree". One niece sniffed that she'd never seen an obituary like that, but she liked it.

I got the idea from the November 2009 obit of Edith Bohmer which I clipped and pasted into Cruikshank's *Their Own Yukon*, along with the genealogy it allowed me to draw that filled in some of my blanks. I knew there was a connection between one of the Jacquots, Patsy Henderson and the Dickson who was the Mountie but was unsure how it occurred.

There are many photos of Buck Dickson in the Cyr family albums and I remember Paul's sister Gloria saying what a handsome man he was and that he always had a rifle with him. Gene Jacquot's wife was a Dickson and Louie's Jacquot's daughter Josephine Jacquot Sias lived with the Cyr's from fall to spring so she could go to school. The kids were always close to Josie and she was mentioned in Marie Ange Cyr's will.

Glad I left your Moccasin Telegraph in the list. Thank you for helping to spread the sad tidings. Alzheimer's and Bone Cancer are a nasty business.

Sincerely, Alice

"This is my simple religion. There is no need for temples; no need for complicated philosophy. Our own brain, our own heart is our temple; the philosophy is kindness." Dalai Lama

Alice Cyr — 405-32 Waterfront Pl. Whitehorse YT Y1A 6V1 867.633.4161

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I am not sure if you received our new email address' or not! Both Bob & I have changed our server as of Oct. 16, 2013. The new address will be as follows -

Karren kcrowley@shaw.ca

Bob kbcrowley@shaw.ca

Changing over was not easy as we encounter many difficulties. But, I think we are now both back in business. So look forward to our next Moctel newsletter.

We have just passed the record for eight consecutive days of fog. Not a great feeling when you know the sky is blue above us. Sure played havoc with air traffic. It's times like this that you want to stay snuggled in your nest.

Karren Crowley

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Don't worry be happy -- Let go of what's gone, be grateful for what remains & look forward to what's coming.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Potato Soup

2 1/2 pounds baby red potatoes, sliced into small bite sized pieces
1/2 regular package uncooked bacon, finely diced
1 medium onion, diced
1/4 bunch celery, diced
8 cups milk
4 cups water
4 chicken bullion cubes (use a cup of the hot potato water to dissolve, then use the cup of hot water in place of one of the above cups of water)
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
3/4 cup salted butter
3/4 cup flour
1/4 bunch freshly chopped parsley
1 cup whipping cream

For garnish: Shredded cheese fried bacon bits chopped green onions

Directions: In large pot, boil potatoes in water 10 minutes. Drain and set aside. In sauté pan, cook bacon until crisp. Drain bacon fat and place on paper towel over plate to drain more. Add onion and celery to bacon pan over medium-high heat until celery is tender, about 5 minutes. To the large potato pan, add milk, water, bullion, salt and pepper. Cook over medium-high heat until mixture is very hot, about 8 minutes, stirring often. Do not let mixture boil. In small, heavy saucepan melt butter. Add flour and mix well. Cook over medium-low heat until mixture bubbles, stirring 2 to 3 minutes to make a roux. While constantly stirring soup, add roux slowly until soup is thick and creamy, about 4 minutes. Stir in parsley, reserved potatoes, and cream. Garnish with cheese, bacon bits, onions or all three. Serve hot!

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Island Christmas Party

Thursday, Dec 12, 2013 at 12:00 PM
ABC Restaurant
6671 Mary Ellen Dr.
Nanaimo, B.C.

Lunch and Social
Entertainment by Liam, grandson of Trudy and Ted North
choice of 3 items for lunch, approx. 20.00

Please RSVP by Dec. 4th by E-mail or phone:

Sharon	dawson1@shaw.ca	250-729-9773
Harriett	harriett3@shaw.ca	250-751-1194

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 – East 32nd St., Yuma Arizona 85365