

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 385th Edition – January 19, 2014

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



Winter in Whitehorse at 30C below Yukon River behind buildings.

This is 1st Avenue, looking out at the Yukon River with the hospital in the background. Taken from Closeleigh Manor. These two buildings were White Pass Employee houses as I understand.

To the left is The Old Fire Hall and further left is the White Pass building at the end of Main Street. Yes, the lights behind the houses are on the walking path aka as 'Millennium Trail'.

Photo courtesy Davina Harker

via Donna Clayson on Facebook [bdclayson*northwestel.net](https://www.facebook.com/bdclayson*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

The photo of the White Pass residences was taken on December 17, 2013 at a time when the temperature was dipping, offering the backdrop of mist/ice fog on the Yukon River and a wonderful backdrop to the buildings.

The day offered many variations of light play from morning until the evening. I often witness spectacular scenes such as these from my apartment windows.

The lights behind the cottages are the new installation of lamp standards part of the refurbishing of the Whitehorse Waterfront and are also a part of the Millennium Trail System from the Robert Campbell Bridge to Spook Creek.

The Millennium Trail is a 5K trail system bordering the Yukon River both downtown Whitehorse and through Riverdale and a portion of this trail system passes directly behind the White Pass cottages.

Enjoy, Davina Harker

The Sourdough

By T.B. Caulkin – Inspector (Retired) R.C.M.P.

As written in “My 60 years in the Klondike” by Andrew Baird

The sourdough rose up from his bunk
And scratched his tousled head
The night before he’d been so drunk
His limbs felt just like lead.

He stumbled to the open door
The time was just eight bells
He glanced afar and murmured loud
“Thar’s gold in them thar hills”

He turned and lit the old cook stove
Prepared to cook a meal
Pink elephants danced before his eyes
And they were surely real

Again he scratched his tousled head
As he took a slug of rye
“I’ll kill them varmints off someday”
He muttered with a sigh

The bacon sizzling in the pan
Disturbed him from his dream
He spilt some cornflakes in a bowl
And soused them well with cream

With breakfast o’er he donned his coat
His mukluks and his cap
Then shook the cornflakes from his beard
And sauntered from the shack

With eyes aglow he grabbed his tools
And set off for the claim
“If I could only strike it rich”
He murmured once again

The poor old chap was getting on
Full three score years and ten

He seemed to realize every day
His sight was getting dim

He panned for gold for many years
But never made a stake
Been up and down most every creek
Since eighteen ninety-eight

He'd squandered many pokes of gold
In the good old days gone by
He recalled the days in Jake's saloon
When the stakes were all sky high

He remembered Pearl the dancing girl
Who worked for Sammy Meeks
She'd cleaned up many a healthy poke
From sourdoughs off the creeks

He started from his reverie
And sauntered home once more
The sun had gone behind the hill
As he closed the cabin door

He lit an ancient coal oil lamp
That threw such fitful gleams
Appeased his fickle appetite
With bannock and baked beans

He shook the mukluks from his feet
And sprawled across the bed
He lapsed into a dreamy doze
As he sank his weary head.

He saw a mountain open up
With yellow gleaming core
And gold came pouring out in waves
To halt beside his door

At last he thought he'd struck it rich
No longer need he tarry
He'd pack his bags and hit the trail
Back home to Old Glengarry

We'll not disturb him from his dreams
To spoil such sweet repose
We hope someday he'll realize
The wish of all sourdoughs.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Flo Whyard

Flo Whyard is a journalist - always has been - and a good one at that. She comes by the trade honestly. One of her first memories is the sound of an old typewriter banging away on the other side of the wall beside her crib, in the London, Ontario home of her father.

W.E. Elliott was then a reporter with The London Free Press.

At home, there were always books to read with a newsman's point of view on the world. In her teens, the public library, an excellent resource for Flo, was just across the street from her family's home.

In the Thirties, Flo Elliott went to the University of Western Ontario as a general arts student. But the depression made paying for college impossible so she left Western and signed up for credit courses by correspondence, and worked three jobs, graduating from Western with a Bachelor of Arts in 1938.

When World War II began, Flo's father moved to Ottawa to help run the newsroom in the Information Branch of The Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Flo followed and learned there was an opening for an information officer with the navy. So she enlisted in the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service and wrote about Canadian Wrens serving in Canada.

In Ottawa she met, and in 1944, married, James Whyard, a graduate engineer who had worked on surveys in the north and taught map-reading to his reserve army unit.

A year later, he was transferred to Yellowknife to help create order out of the staking boom in the Northwest Territories. It was an exciting time to be in the settlement on the rocks, as Flo discovered after her discharge in 1945 to join him there.

Ten years later, they were off to Whitehorse, where James was to provide mapping and claim services.

In 1955, the Whitehorse Star editor, Harry Boyle, hired Flo to write about social items, women's organizations, church activities, and, when her three kids were in school, police court, city and territorial council.

Later, Flo became the editor of the Star and in the mid-sixties provided daily news copy for the fledgling news service of CBC Radio. I clearly recall reading the nightly news that Flo hand-delivered to the station on yellow news copy sheets, neatly typed and ready to be mangled by this rookie radio news reader.

In 1974, politics beckoned. Flo won the Whitehorse West seat on Yukon Territorial Council, and assumed cabinet posts for Health, Welfare and Corrections.

After a four-year term, she went back into journalism and community life, but politics soon called again, and she became Mayor of The City of Whitehorse in 1981.

Shortly after putting on the chain of office, Flo was faced with a major flood, the closure of the largest producing mine, and the shutdown of The White Pass Railroad. It wasn't a happy time.



Flo Whyard Commissioner Jack Cable presenting the Commissioner's (Yukon) Award to "A Community Icon", Flo Whyard - 2001 at the Yukon Transportation Museum



Florence Whyard at Herschel Island. Yukon Archives. Richard Harrington fonds, #445.

But Flo was gaining recognition for her years of service. In 1979, she received an Honorary Doctorate from the University of Western Ontario, where she had graduated forty years earlier.

In 1984, she was invested as a Member of the Order of Canada.

Of all her accomplishments, she is perhaps proudest of her role in promoting Martha Louise Black's Yukon legacy. Flo authored an updated version of Martha's biography called *My Ninety Years*, and is tireless in promoting her role in Yukon history.

Flo continues to write, and participate in community life as well as being an active volunteer with the Transportation Museum - all the while researching the Yukon's colourful history of which she has become a very integral part.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Note from a article written by Michael Gates in 2012.

“It was the end of an era when Yukon icon Florence Esther Whyard, known to all as Flo, passed away on April 22nd. Now, instead of reminding us of our history, she has become part of it, and her contribution has been huge.”

Extract from:

A Collection of Yukon River Indian Legends Compliments of White Pass & Yukon Route

How Summer Came to the Yukon An Indian Legend

Once upon a time, many centuries ago, winter held the Yukon in its grasp for the entire twelve months of the year. Glaciers filled the hollows, and deep snow covered the whole country.

There were no trees or bushes or flowers to be seen at any time, nor were there any lakes or rivers in the broad expanse of the territory. It was a land of perpetual cold.

One day a band of Indians were hunting, when they came upon a huge black bear. He was the largest animal they had ever seen; but what impressed them most was that he carried a sack suspended from a collar about his neck. The Indians had always held the bear in reverence, so instead of killing this animal they talked with him.

One of the braves asked what the bag contained, and the bear told him it was filled with heat; that if this heat was released from the bag, summer would visit the Yukon for a portion of the year. Then the rivers would flow, the trees and flowers would spring from the ground, and there would be fish and berries in abundance.

The hunters could think of nothing they desired more than the possession of this bag, so one of the braves asked the bear what he would take in trade for it. The bear replied that he would not part with it for any consideration. The Indians coaxed, and they begged, but the bear was firm in his refusal. When they saw that it was useless to argue any longer, they decided to return to their tribe and think up some plan to get the coveted bag.

After hearing the story in detail, the chief called his braves together. Here was a prize worth having, and he didn't mean to let it get away. There was great discussion, and one of the learned men of the tribe suggested that as the bear was a very greedy animal, they might fill him up with food, after which he would lie down to sleep, and it would then be a simple matter to take the bag away from him. The chief thought this was a very good plan, so he ordered the hunters to invite the bear to eat with them.

A great feast was prepared. The daintiest parts of the caribou and moose were cooked up. Even if the bear were not hungry, he could not resist gorging himself with such tempting food.

In the meantime the hunters had gone forth in search of bruin, and when they located him they asked him to attend the feast that night. He readily accepted the invitation, and told them that as he was very hungry, he would appreciate a big meal.

That evening the bear arrived, but to the great disappointment to all the tribe, he did not bring the sack of heat with him. The feast was served, however, and after filling himself with the warm food, the bear grew drowsy and fell asleep. Then the chief called four of the best hunters in the village and ordered them to follow their guest home and forcibly take the sack from him.

The next morning the bear awakened, and after bidding his hosts farewell, left for his den. The four braves trailed him for about an hour, when they came to a large cave. Peering inside they saw the sack lying on the ground a few feet from the entrance.

Standing guard over it on each side were two immense black bears. However, the four men had been selected for their courage, and without hesitating, they entered the cave and demanded the sack.

The bears sprang at them. Three of the hunters were instantly killed. The last man was struck down, mortally wounded, but before he expired he slashed the sack and released the heat.

Instantly the air grew warm, the snow began to melt, and the rivers and lakes came into being throughout the land. The hills and valleys were covered with trees and flowers, berry bushes grew everywhere, strange birds came in great numbers to build their nests, and the streams were filled with fish.

And every year since that time, summer has come to the Yukon.

Misadventures in Dawson 1898

First hand account from Andrew Baird's Book –

60 years on the Klondike 1898-1958

Shared by Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

First Avenue, which runs parallel to the Yukon River was a muddy and unsightly thoroughfare. There were some permanent business houses on the east side and some temporary ones along the waterfront. The North American Transportation and Trading Company and the Alaska Commercial Company, the predecessors in title to the Northern Commercial Company, had substantial buildings and a plentiful supply of merchandise. The other permanent buildings were saloons, dance halls, variety theatres, and gambling joints.

First Avenue was the general meeting place and all the idlers gathered there in order to keep in touch with the latest news. Occasionally a rumor would spread that rich pay had been found on some outlying creek. A stampede would follow and the creek where the reported strike had been made would be staked from the source to the outlet. On three such ventures I was among the stamperders, staked and sank shafts on Thistle, Scroggie and Henderson Creeks. In the spring of 1899 I walked down the Yukon from Henderson Creek completely broke. I had consumed all the provisions I had brought with me and spent all the funds. I had lived during the entire winter in a tent which was heated by a small Yukon stove built of light sheet metal with a firebox in front and an oven at the back. So long as the fire was burning, even during the days when the thermometer would reach fifty below zero, the tent could be kept comfortably warm. When the fire was out and even with the most careful stoking, an hour was limit of its life unless the fuel was replenished. It was as cold within the tent as on the outside. During the night I was carefully wrapped in an opossum skin robe eight feet by ten which I had brought from Australia and managed to sleep in comfort. Each morning, however, the portion exposed to my breath was frozen solid and had to be thawed and dried. Leaving the warmth of the robe and stepping into an atmosphere of forty or fifty below zero in order to start the fire was a bitter chore. Each evening I prepared an abundance of kindling and just as soon as the fire was arranged and the kindling caught I would creep back into the folds of the robe and wait until the tent was warm. To one who had seldom seen either frost or snow until reaching Vancouver, B.C. it was quite an experience.

Sinking a shaft in those days was a slow and tedious process. To a cheechako picking through the frozen glacial muck overlying the gravel, which varied from ten to twenty feet in depth was a challenge. Following the prevailing custom on reaching gravel, I built a wood fire which thawed a few inches, then shoveled out what was thawed and built another fire. When the shaft was too deep to shovel the gravel to the surface I installed a windlass and traded work with a neighbor. Each day I took a sample of the gravel into the tent and panned it to test for gold content but unfortunately this was entirely lacking in every shaft I sank that first winter in the Yukon.

On May 1st I started up Bonanza Creek looking for work. That spring there were at least ten thousand others in a similar plight. I must have asked a hundred men for a job that day and to the best of my recollection not one of them said no in a kindly way. In later years I became acquainted with some of them but when meeting, I invariably recalled the day when I had been in dire need and they had not been very helpful.

On Cheechako Hill a local syndicate was mining the Ryan Claim, one of the richest bench claims in the Dawson Area. It was being managed by an Englishman named Woods who had once made a stake in a mining camp called Daisy Hill, about twenty miles from the famous camp of Ballarat,

Australia, my home town. He recognized my Australian twang and immediately asked if I had ever been at Daisy Hill. When I told him that I had and it was only a short distance from the farm where I was raised, my first and fortunately last search for work was ended. During the day when I had been repeatedly rebuffed I had made a vow that never again would I drift into a position where I would have to ask a brother of the earth to give me leave to toil, as Burns phrases it in "Man Was Made to Mourn".

There were forty men working on the Ryan Claim. We worked ten hours a day and seven days a week and there was no shirking there. The acid test was the number of car loads of pay dirt we could mine and load. Men were plentiful; the foreman was a driver and fired the slow men practically every night. He knew and we knew that he could replace the whole force within an hour, possibly with better men than we were and that knowledge kept those who wished to hold the job on their toes every minute of the working hours.

I never think of those days and recall what was then considered a fair day's work without contrasting it with the productivity of men today and I sometimes wonder whether we are drifting and where the assurance of ease and plenty for all, alike for those who work and who shirk, no matter how meager the contribution to the general welfare might be, will lead us.

Mr. Woods wanted a vegetable garden and as I had been raised on a farm I spent two hours overtime each evening digging, sowing and caring for the plants. The soil was excellent and when the mine was idle there was an abundance of water pressure available for the garden. During the late summer and fall there was sufficient of many varieties of vegetables for the forty men boarding at the mess. We were paid in gold dust each Saturday night which was then traded at \$16.00 per ounce. The rate of wages was \$1.00 per hour and my weekly earnings were five and one quarter ounces. I was acquainted with the manager of the N.A.T. & T Co store at Grand Forks and he allowed me to keep a container in the company's safe into which I poured my share of the gold each pay day.

Grand Forks, which was located at the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks, was a typical mining camp. There were approximately ten thousand men working in the neighborhood tributary to the town and each evening a lively celebration was staged there and each Saturday a real jamboree. Every saloon, dance hall and gambling joint was crowded and at times it was difficult to force one's way along the street which ran the length of the settlement. It was still more difficult to reach the bars and often drinks were passed to those standing several tiers back. It took a Herculean effort to force a passage to the tables where gambling was being carried on, and around the Faro tables chips would be passed to the croupier from participants in the game who were unable to get within reach by those more favorably placed in the same manner as drinks were passed from the bars. On Bonanza and Eldorado money came easily and was spent lavishly. The denizens of the red light district garnered much of what the bartenders and gamblers missed. Few of the forty men who worked on the Ryan Claim, and they were a typical group, had any of their hard earned pay left on Sunday morning.

On September 30th when work on the claim was suspended for the season, my container had gold dust worth \$1800.00. I had gained the first step on the ladder which finally led to competence. With my earnings I bought an interest in No. 5 Above Discovery on Sulphur Creek, one of the most productive claims on the creek.



Arrival of SEATTLE No. 1 at Dawson City. Photographed at midnight. c. 1898
Posted by Jason McDiarmid – on Facebook page: Dawson City, Blast from the Past
November 27, 2013



Dawson in winter 1900
Posted by Jason McDiarmid – on Facebook page: Dawson City, Blast from the Past- Dec 7, 2013

Lead and Asbestos Contamination are delaying the CIBC restoration project

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

December 10, 2013

Contaminants in the building are the cause of delays in the revival of a Dawson landmark, but plans are being developed to deal with the issue.

To outward appearances little has been accomplished in the restoration of the Old CIBC building since it was purchased by the City of Dawson for \$170,000 last winter. The remaining debris and garbage was cleaned out of both floors in July and requests for proposals went out regarding some of the other work.

Some things, such as new windows, that could be built off site and installed later, have already been produced, but there's been nothing done to the building itself.



This photo shows what the first floor of the building looked like part way through last July's cleaning bee.

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

City manager Jeff Renaud and Mayor Wayne Potoroka let it be known at the December 10 council meeting that promises of grant money for the project have been received from both the federal and

territorial governments, but those came with the requirement that a hazardous material study be carried out, and that study turned up traces of asbestos and lead in a number of places.

“The results of the study indicated there was lead paint on the building, asbestos inside the building and asbestos contained in the paint that was used on the roofing,” Renaud explained.

He said that the federal commitment had been kept quiet because it was supposed to be announced by the federal minister, but it hasn’t been yet and questions about the progress on the building caused him to decide to reveal it now, because it was part of the answer to those questions.



This is the exterior of the building as it sat last February. It looks pretty much like this at present.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The town has two options, the most expensive of which is to remove all traces of the offending material. That cost is beyond the resources the town can pull together.

The other option is to somehow encapsulate and seal off the toxic material from exposure to the rest of the world. The restoration architect specialist that has been consulting on the project is aware of other sites where this procedure has been carried out successfully.

There is a bit of ticking clock on this situation, since the federal fusing comes from a program that was renewed for one year last year, and will expire (unless it is renewed again) at the end of the federal fiscal year on March 31. So the town is working to find and implement a solution to deal with the contaminants and access the money to do other work before that deadline.

CFYT-fm met its goals with the aid of a part time station manager

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

December 9, 2013

CFYT-fm enjoyed a year with a station manager, Jonathan Howe, his 20-hour a week position financed by a two grants from the Canadian Radio Fund (CRF).

“This has been a goal of ours,” said Treasurer Peter Menzies at the AGM in late November, “and we’ve been very lucky.”

With Howe in the station, the volunteer run operation has been able to run some programming every day. Monday to Wednesday there has been a manager’s mix show from 1 to 5. Beginning on Thursday evening and running to Sunday night, there are about two dozen shows staffed by a variety of DJs, including one youth broadcast and some interviews with locals, such as the mayor. Menzies noted that the Dawson City Community Radio Society’s basic financing, provided by fund-raising events (and operating the bar concessions for a number of other local events) and running the cable TV rolling ads, is enough to keep the books in the black, but without the \$20,000 grant from the CRF, the part time manager’s position would not have been attainable.

“If the salary support weren’t there, we’d be pretty much break even,” he said.

At the time of the annual general meeting, it was not certain that they would obtain a third grant and so members were asked to consider other ways of raising money.

The group did manage to raise \$8900 this last year, and Menzies credits a good deal of that increased number with the fact that there was a staff person to push the effort. At this point the society has funding for an additional six months of manager time.

Society president Georgia Hammond was pleased to report that the group had achieved many of the goals it set itself last year, including increased remote and live coverage of events around town, increased special broadcasts, increased fund raising, and enhancing CFYT’s profile in the community.

“Of course we’re still working on all four of those things but, thanks to Jonathan, I feel pretty good that all of those goals have been met in the past year.”

Howe has provided more solid organization at the station and has given people a voice and face to interact with regularly.

The board has created a youth policy, which allows for young people under 16 to be DJs as long as they have an adult chaperone, and a new training manual is under development.

The society has partnerships with the Robert Service School, the Dawson City Music Festival, and the TH Youth Centre. The society also provides the capacity for the town council to have live broadcasts of both its regular and committee of the whole meetings nearly every week. The station's physical location remains the small building on Queen Street next to the Nugget and Ivory Shop. It's a small space, but Hammond said it continued to serve their needs as a reasonable cost.

Menzies reminded the meeting that it will soon be time for the station to apply for its broadcast license to be renewed and that it's a serious issue for the society, which tries to do something live and remote at least once monthly.

Howe said that he felt that increasing the station's presence and community engagement was important, which is why he started the Monday to Wednesday broadcasts.

"It's important for us to be on-air as much as possible ... so people would realize that the radio was a functioning entity and try to engage with us. I think that has happened."

Howe said it was time to begin working on types of broadcasts beyond simply playing music or reporting sports, and has been encouraging interview shows as well as the occasional radio drama and live musicians. During the summer Radio Zoo at the Cultural Centre was broadcast with CFYT's assistance.

Howe raised the possibility of having advertising on the radio. The board has been discussing some way to do it in folksy good taste without seeming to be too commercial (CBC Radio 2 was mentioned by someone in the room at this point), but hasn't reached a decision yet.

After reports came the elections, and there was no shortage of people willing to become involved with the board. Some members were serving the remainder of a two-year term, while some of the other positions were one-year terms. The new Dawson City Community Radio Society board consists of: Georgia Hammond (President), Peter Menzies (treasurer), Kit Hepburn (VP), Alicia Newman, Jen Laliberte (secretary), Jonathan Ostrander and Ben Rudis.



The outgoing CFYT-fm board at the AGM: John Watt, Capri Simpson, Jonathan Howe (station manager), Peter Menzies, Georgia Hammond, Jen Laliberte, and Kit Hepburn.

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

Dawson's new hospital opens to the public

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

December 8, 2013

The project has been beset with problems from its inception four years ago to its completion over the last week. The planning process, the tendering, the site, the mode of operation, the name and the siding have all been issues. The original contractor, Dowland's defaulted on the project, and it had to be completed by TSL Contractors.

It is many months late opening and it is not yet known exactly what the final bill for the building will be, but most of those issues were set aside on Saturday morning when at least 100 people gathered in the new Dawson hospital to celebrate its opening and tour the facility before it opens for its first full day of operations on December 11.

Officially named the rather unwieldy Dawson City Community Hospital and Health Services Facility, it's hard to say just what locals will end up calling it. After all the center that it is replacing has generally been known as the Nursing Station, although it had a couple of different names when it was run by the federal government and two additional names are still visible on the sign out front of the building.

The annual Christmas open house there was turned into a farewell party on the day before the new building was launched.

Premier Pasloski and Health Minister Doug Graham, along with a number of officials, arrived shortly after 9 o'clock on Saturday and were taken on a private tour of the building before the crowd and the media arrived. By 10 o'clock the foyer outside the new medical clinic pharmacy was crowded; the chairs were full and people were lining up at the back of the room by the big windows and around the walls.

On the north wall of the foyer was a mock-up of the display that will be mounted to honour the memory of Father Judge, the Jesuit priest who created Dawson's first hospital back in the Gold Rush days. His portrait, which has been in the old Dawson Health Centre for years, had already been relocated for the event.

The building has been constructed by and will be under the management of the Yukon Hospital Corporation, joining Whitehorse General and the Watson Lake Community Hospital under the YHC umbrella. Veteran Registered Nurse Vivian Painter, who spent several summers working as a nurse here some years ago, is delighted to be back now as the Facility Administrator.

The formal part of the event began with greetings from the YHC's CEO Jason Bilsky, who introduced the dignitaries and guided the program for the morning.

Premier Pasloski began the speeches by summarizing some of the facilities that are new to this building.

The hospital, located on the main floor, consists of six in-patient rooms, a fully equipped emergency room, and state of the art diagnostics including x-ray and a laboratory. It will be open seven days a week and staffed 24 hours around the clock.

Services continuing from the old building include the Medical Clinic and Pharmacy on the ground floor, and Dawson Community Health Centre programs (home care and public health) on the second floor, along with rooms to house visiting mental health and hearing service professionals and the eventual relocation of the visiting dentist.

The Premier spent a good deal of his speech defending the decision to build this facility and extended thanks to two former MLAs – Peter Jenkins and Steve Nordick – for championing this project.

“I feel tremendous pride looking at this building and I know that Dawson people will also feel a great pride in this building. This hospital is good for Dawson City and it’s also good for Yukon. ‘We’ve had to continue to defend the construction of this building time and again in the media and also on the floor of the legislature. What I say to those people is “Come to Dawson. Ask the people if they need a hospital.’ For our government there was only one guiding principle: to give the people of Dawson City access to high quality health care close to home, now and for the future.”

Just because people in rural Yukon live in some degree of isolation from the Canadian main stream is no reason, he said, why they should not have first-rate facilities.

Doug Graham, Minister of Health Services, took a different tack in his speech, preferring to pay tribute to Father William Judge, the founder of health care services in Dawson City. Graham presented the Jesuit priest’s history and accomplishments, including the building of St. Mary’s Hospital.

“Today is a day of celebration and I think Father Judge would be really astonished at the tremendous facility that’s been built here. I appreciate the fact that the Yukon Hospital Corporation will be establishing a memorial on the wall there to Father Judge, who was really the Saint of Dawson City.”

Craig Tuton, Chair of the hospital corporation’s board of trustees, was effusive in his thanks to Don Smith of TSL for stepping in to finish the project after Dowland’s defaulted. He also had high praise for YHC’s Maureen Turner, whom he described as “the driving force behind this project.” “It took a little longer than we originally expected,” he said, with reference to two previously announced opening dates, “ but we’re here today, a testament that all things are possible.”

“Once you have an opportunity to walk through this facility you’ll be as equally proud as we are at the corporation.”

“Having acute care in Yukon for Yukoners means a lot. As the Premier mentioned, it’s the goal of the hospital corporation to continue to work to bring more and more care to Yukon so we don’t have to fly our parents and our youth and our spouses to the south to receive services.”

Following the speeches blessings were offered by Tr’ondëk Hwëch’in elder Doris Roberts, Anglican priest Reverend Laurie Munro and Roman Catholic priest Father Ernest Emeodie. The Han Singers offered “The Welcome Song”.

Oddly, neither MLA Sandy Silver nor any member of Dawson’s town council, were invited to make public comments during the ceremony.

Refreshments were provided for those in attendance, and complete tours of the facility were conducted for the next hour or so.



Craig Tuton

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



Premier Darryl Pasloski

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



Health Minister Doug Graham
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Some of the crowd gathered in the foyer.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The Dawson City Health Centre closes at 8 a.m. Wednesday morning.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The Dawson City Community Hospital and Health Services Facility opens for business at 8 a.m. Wednesday morning.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Twin Screenings Celebrate the 48 Hour Film Challenge

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

“Enough to Get By”, a reflective short film (9 minutes) by Christopher Griffiths, Tyler Kuhn and Kieran O'Donovan was the winner of the jury prize at this year's Yukon 48 Challenge. The event was held on November 15 to 17, when entrants from Dawson, Whitehorse and some from farther afield were challenged to make a film in 48 hours.

The results were screened simultaneously in the two communities on the evening of November 28, with the announcement of the winning films being made during a Skype simulcast between the venues.

Between 75 and 80 people packed the Oddfellows Hall in Dawson to see the 17 qualifying films, along with two others that didn't quite make the deadline. There was a similar number in Whitehorse.

“Enough to Get By” was described by the judges in glowing terms.

“Featuring stunning cinematography and thoughtful editing, the film was a visual and aural delight.”

The film was an automatic entry in the 2014 editions of the Dawson City International Short Film Festival and Whitehorse's Available Light Film Festival.

The jury also awarded Honorable Mentions to Kit Hepburn's “Self Portrait with Migraine” (1minute, 25 seconds) and Sarah Pupo's “Insomnia” (1:52).

There were audience favorite awards presented in both communities. Mannie Sharma's “Shopping Carts” (3:47) won the Whitehorse audience's heart while Alyssa Friesen and Dan DeGroot's “Is This Vegan?” (4:15) was the favorite of the Dawson City audience.

“Shopping Carts” was awarded a spot in the youth category at the DCISFF.

With films that crossed both the country (Ottawa, Halifax) and oceans (Australia), the organizers in both towns offered a big thanks to all the filmmakers who participated in this event, as well as to the audiences in both Whitehorse and Dawson City for their support and enthusiasm at the screenings.

Aside from those already mentioned, the following films were screened: “Ups and Downs” (1:24) by Kerri and Andrew Sedmihirsky; “Hump Love” (6:51) by Lulu Keating; “Making Plans” (4:50) by Mike Otto and Kristi Gurski; “A Question” (9:40) by Chris McNutt; Jamie Miller (1:10) by Rebekah Miller; “The Rib Off” (4:46) by Janice Cliff and Oliver Flegel; “Cent-free Nation” (2:49) by Meg Walker; “Gray Matter” (6:19) by Chris Clarke and Cathie Findlay-Brook; “Stones of History” (3:58) by Karen Mackay; “Happiness” (9:00) by Lindsey Johnson and Sann Medeiros; “Homeward Bound” (3:13) Evan Rensch and Elaine Corden; “Dawson Super Volley” (3:14) by Ange Bonnici; “Instant Café” (6:51) by Baptiste Bohelay and Lucie Creiser; “How Salt Found Found Pepper” (2:35) by Arlin Mcfarlane.



Audience members in Dawson mark their ballots after the 90 minute screening.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Klondike Philippine Relief efforts top \$6,000

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

Dawson's Filipino community staged its own funding raising events to help those from the homeland suffering from the effects of Typhoon Haiyan (or Yolanda) which hit the Philippines with winds of up to 260 km/hr on November 7, killing over 5,000 people and seriously affecting the lives of another 11 million.

Organizers in Dawson set up a number of donation options, including collection jars at various sites around the town.

The major event was a fund raising dinner held at the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in Hall on November 24. Attended by at least 244 people, the dinner consisted of a number of Philippine dishes as well as Freda Roberts' famous Bannock. The hall holds 200, so some people had to wait a while to get in. In addition to the dinner there was a silent auction, raffles and a 50/50 draw. There was entertainment from a number of local performers as well as lots of karaoke.

After some expenses, the organizers raised \$6360.15 to be sent to Philippine families in need. ‘We were not expecting to raise that much,’ said organizer Tina Timms. The group was exceptionally pleased by the turnout and the support from the Klondike community. ‘Some people donated cash,’ she said, as well as participating in the various other efforts.

Photos: The TH Community Hall was packed to show support for Philippine residents devastated by the winds and flooding.



Crowded Tr’ondëk Hwëch’in Hall - Food line-up
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Combination Smoke/Carbon Monoxide-Alarm campaign to save lives in the Klondike

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

For the last month Firefighters from the Dawson City Fire Department and the Klondike Valley Fire Department have been visiting homes across the Klondike (and across the Yukon before the ferry was pulled) as part of the Home Safe campaign to make sure households have a working combination smoke/carbon monoxide alarm. When they find no one home, they have been leaving information and a telephone number to arrange for a return visit.

The City of Dawson, together with the Dawson City Firefighters Association; Tr’ondëk Hwëch’in First Nation; Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada; Yukon Fire Marshal’s Office;

Klondike Valley Firefighters Association; Association of Yukon Fire Chiefs; Kluane Freight Lines Ltd; and Klondike MLA Sandy Silver have teamed up with Kidde Canada in launching a combination Smoke/carbon monoxide campaign. This campaign, intended to ensure every home in the Klondike has a working smoke/co alarm, is part of a broad initiative to reduce fire-related deaths and injuries.

While research predicts working fire alarms could reduce fire deaths by as much as 32%, statistics show almost 70% of fire alarms in Canadian homes that caught fire from 2006-2011 were not functioning. Our most vulnerable populations – such as children and the elderly – face the highest risk of dying in a residential fire, said the campaign’s press release.

Kidde Canada has generously donated 120 of the 900 combination alarms that are being distributed, with a total retail value of \$6,000, to support the goal of this campaign. The company made the rest available at cost, which is about half the retail price. The goal of Home Safe is to have functioning smoke/carbon monoxide alarms in every household in the Klondike, said Dawson City’s Fire Chief Jim Regimbal.

“Working smoke/carbon monoxide alarms are essential to keeping families safe and I am proud of all the firefighters who are taking the time to visit Klondikers in their homes. Together we are building a safer community.”

“When Chief Regimbal contacted us with his plan to outfit every residence in his community with fire and carbon monoxide protection, we couldn’t help but be impressed with his leadership and true concern for the safety of Dawson City residents,” said Carol Heller, a home safety specialist with Kidde, Canada’s number one smoke and carbon monoxide alarm manufacturer.

“By combining a partial Kidde alarm donation with local financial backing, Chief Regimbal’s vision to improve the safety of every home under his watch came true and for that we applaud him.”

John Gignac, a former firefighter and co-executive director of the Hawkins-Gignac Foundation for CO Education, also shared his congratulations for Dawson City’s bold move. “After losing four members of my family to carbon monoxide poisoning in 2008, and watching the Yukon community suffer the loss of five citizens to the same silent killer just two years ago, I am proud of Chief Regimbal for making sure the smoke alarms he chose also feature a state-of-the art CO sensor. And with a 10-year sealed battery that can’t be tampered with, these alarms will be protecting families for the next decade.”

Mr. Gignac was honoured to be in the Yukon Legislature this past May when Yukon became the first jurisdiction in Canada to make carbon monoxide alarms mandatory in all homes.

“As much as Dawson City is taking the lead in this life saving campaign, I can only see it spreading out to the rest of the Yukon in short order,” said Regimbal. “I encourage anyone who would like to donate to this campaign to contact me so that we can ensure that everyone in the Yukon has a working combination smoke/carbon monoxide alarm.”

At the official program launch in October Regimbal recalled how it had begun after discussions within Dawson’s administration in August and how quickly Kidde Canada had responded to an email query.

Greetings and praise were heaped on the program by Yukon Party Community Services Minister Brad Cathers and Klondike MLA Sandy Silver, both of whom sent letters to be read at the launch. Cathers noted that the Yukon has become the first jurisdiction in the country to require carbon monoxide detectors in homes and businesses.

Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in Chief Eddie Taylor offered thanks to the Fire Dept. and Regimbal for spearheading a potentially life-saving initiative.



Detector announcement. Left to Right: Jeff Stephenson, Klondike Valley Fire Department; Sgt. Dave Wallace, RCMP; Jeff Renaud, City of Dawson CAO; Sparky as Sparky; Pat Folliott, Kidde Canada; President Henry Procyk, Dawson Firefighters Association; Mayor Wayne Potoroka; Fire Chief Jim Regimbal, Dawson City Fire Department.

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

“Looking out for one’s neighbour is the pillar of any civil society,” said Mayor Wayne Potoroka. “This campaign is going to keep us all safer and it shows that incredible things can be accomplished when we pull together.”

Regimbal related a story that told how timely this initiative was. While making the rounds in West Dawson before the ferry was pulled, firefighters did find one home where excessive carbon monoxide levels were causing the residents to feel ill. When Regimbal and Henry Procyk went to check the place with a meter they found readings of 500 parts per million.

“For those who don’t know,” Regimbal explained, “anywhere from 400 to 800 ppm and in four to eight hours you’re unconscious, followed by death. If it wasn’t for the campaign we would have been pulling (this person) out of the building.”

Kidde representative Pat Foliott explained the advantages of these combination alarms. There is no need to worry about changing the batteries, as they last for ten years. One of the biggest drawbacks to most alarms is that people don't change them regularly.

Another is that some types of alarms respond to cooking odours, causing people to remove the batteries and forget to put them back. These alarms do not react to regular cooking emanations and the batteries cannot be removed.

Foliott said the speed with which the Yukon has passed its legislation should be an inspiration to the rest of the country.

LADY ON A PEDESTAL – CF-CPY

I got the book for Christmas and finished it in two sessions. **OUTSTANDING** I enjoyed it very much and it filled in a lot of blanks for me as it is not only the story of Gordon and Dawn, but the history of aviation in the Yukon as well. I knew some of the people mentioned in there, Barry Morris and his wife were my flight instructors in Vernon in 1968 and I flew Apache CF LDJ on several trips. At the second restoration of CPY, I raised funds for the project when it became stalled because of lack of same. If you have the address of Gordon and Dawn, could you please pass this along to them.

Thanks

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Sherron, thanks for passing on Don's comments and Don, thanks for your kind comments. Glad you enjoyed reading it and yes, the book does cover Yukon history that covers the period after Bob Cameron's great book, Yukon Flying.

Gordon Bartch gordchimo.me.com (In Oregon)

I have now read the book myself and really enjoyed. Lots of stories, photos and information not previously shared.– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca (In Yuma)

Ex-pilot commits aviation history to new book

It's a piece of Yukon history sitting atop a pedestal outside the Yukon Transportation Museum.
By Stephanie Waddell on January 8, 2014 at 5:17 pm



Photo by Whitehorse Star

HISTORY ON A PEDESTAL – The DC-3 weathervane has become a landmark which delights locals and visitors alike (top). Star photo by VINCE FEDOROFF

RECOGNITION FROM THE COMMISSIONER – Commissioner Doug Phillips (centre) presents the Order of Polaris to Gordon and Dawn Bartsch in 2011 in Whitehorse. Photo submitted

It's a piece of Yukon history sitting atop a pedestal outside the Yukon Transportation Museum.

The DC-3 (CF-CPY) aircraft, which now serves as perhaps one of the country's largest weathervanes, represents an era of flight in the territory when the plane was a lifeline, delivering supplies to communities throughout the territory.

And in the cockpit piloting the plane were the likes of Dawn and Gordon Bartsch.

Now retired and living in the United States, Gordon's first book, *Lady On A Pedestal*, recalls the history of the plane interwoven with his own memories and those of others who flew and worked on the plane.

"It started as a pretty simple story about CPY," Gordon said in an interview last month. He didn't want the plane's history lost, he added, and felt it was a book that needed to be written.

"It kind of tied the whole Yukon together," he said of the plane which delivered supplies to communities throughout the territory in the 1960s.

While it was more than two decades ago that Gordon first thought something should be done on the plane to ensure its history is shared, it's only in the last five years he started working on it.

He started first with focusing only on the plane's history, going back to the beginning when it was built in Santa Monica, Calif. in 1942 for the U.S. air force.

He follows its move to the Yukon and its service throughout the territory as part of the Connelly-Dawson company and then Great Northern Airways (GNA) before GNA closed its doors in 1970. *Lady On A Pedestal* then details how the plane was used for spare parts and left to the elements before an effort to resurrect it for display and its position now as a key landmark in the city.

As those close to him reviewed his work though, Gordon was told again and again he needed to include the more personal details, including his relationship with Dawn, who he met through aviation, with her eventually piloting the plane for Connelly-Dawson.

In doing research for the book, Gordon said he soon learned Dawn was the first female pilot for an airline. It wasn't something either he or Dawn had given any thought to until he was writing the book.

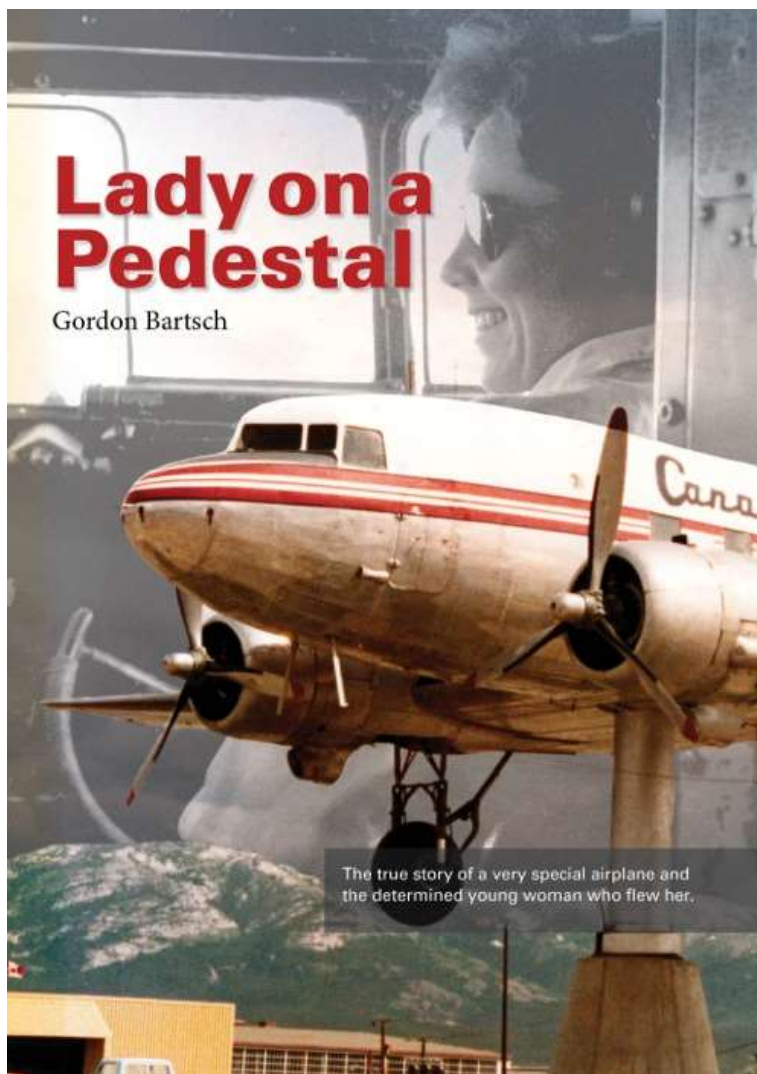
With the author following the advice of those who told him to include his and Dawn's story as well, the piece is also part memoir in addition to a straight historical narrative.

Not only did it mean looking into the plane's history, but also rereading Gordon's and Dawn's flight journals and reliving the past.

"It was just a lot of fun," he said, adding that with the release of the book, the fun is continuing. He and Dawn were in Calgary about a month ago. In giving a presentation on the plane, the couple found about half the crowd of 40 was made up of former GNA employees.

"We just had a great reunion," Gordon said, adding that he and Dawn are looking forward to travelling to the Yukon in the spring when it's a little warmer and doing a presentation and book signing here.

That will give locals plenty of time to read *Lady On A Pedestal* before the book signing. Copies of the book are available at the museum, with funds from the books sold there going back to the museum.



Book cover image.

The book is available at Aviation museums both in Whitehorse and Calgary.

Excerpt from **Lady on a Pedestal:**

Part memoir, part historical narrative and wholly engaging, *Lady on a Pedestal* is a real-life tale told from a pilot's perspective. With humour, Gordon Bartsch recalls the challenges of running a northern air service – from boom to bust. The story's heroes are an extraordinary DC 3 (CF-CPY) and a young woman who earned the right to fly the Big Dipper Route from the left seat. Dawn Bartsch excelled as a pilot at a time when women were not welcome in the cockpit of a commercial airplane. It is her story of determination, persistence, dignity and ability to succeed in a male-dominated profession. It is the story of Canada's first female Airline pilot.

Flying above the Arctic Circle in the 1960s required skill, ingenuity, and a good share of luck. In these pages, Bartsch introduces us to a collection of characters who braved the elements with the pioneering spirit of the Yukon – bush pilots, engineers, madames and ministers. Air service opened this remote and often uncharted region providing an important lifeline to the outside world.

CF-CPY embodied the flexibility and grit needed to ferry passengers, fuel and sled dogs at -60F.

Dawn Bartsch and CPY navigated this rugged and often hostile environment together. *Lady on a Pedestal* recounts incredible exploits, when years of pilot training was just not enough and success depended upon seat-of-the-pants solutions. No airport? Land on a sandbar. A broken Cessna? Remove the wings and stuff it into a DC-3. Dead batteries and a medical team to deliver? Get a rope.

Daylight was fast disappearing and the engines rapidly cooling in the -22F temperature. And it was Christmas Eve.

“Let’s try the rope starter” was Dawn’s immediate suggestion when it became apparent the APU wasn’t going to work. There wasn’t a pickup truck to tie the rope to nor were there about ten strong men immediately available. Maybe, just maybe, there was enough battery power that when combined with Dawn, Adam (who weighed the same as Dawn), Joe and the doctor pulling on the rope to turn the engine might work – worth a shot!

We dug out a tie-down rope about 50 feet long, carefully wrapped it around the left engine prop dome, and with everyone in place I called “Pull!” and then hit the starter. The prop began to turn, not fast, but just fast enough as the four “tuggers” pulled with all their might. After about three blades went by, the engine started with a roar, throwing the rope off, and sending the team of four backwards, tumbling into a snowbank. Cries of surprise and elation almost drowned out the engine noise as everyone climbed back on board CPY.

After years of extraordinary service, CF-CPY was grounded and used for spare parts. When it appeared that she was to be destroyed, a group of appreciative and loyal volunteers rallied to save her. She was set atop a pedestal at the Whitehorse airport, so finely balanced that she can turn into the slightest breeze.

On a quiet night when the winds are gentle and the northern lights are dancing high above the Yukon sky, she must become restless. When the winds are strong and the cold is biting into her skin as she swings to face each gust, she must remember nights past when her systems were alive and the power of her engines sang across Eagle Plains, descending into the valleys of the Ogilvie Mountains and down the Yukon River. On those nights her cockpit was warm and secure and the glow of her instruments guided those who flew her.

Gordon Bartsch spent over ten years compiling his research and producing this personal account. Like CPY herself, *Lady on a Pedestal* is a testament to the Yukoners who did – and continue to do – what others said couldn’t be done.



Dawn in the cockpit of CF-CPY
Image courtesy Richard Harrington



Start of the Sandbar Sked
October 21, 1960 – CF-CPY's first Old Crow landing.



CF-CPY on the sandbar at Old Crow, Yukon

CONSTRUCTION OF THE DEMPSTER HIGHWAY

I wonder if you could post a request in the Moc Tel for me?

I am conducting research into the construction of the Dempster Highway on behalf of the Association of Professional Engineers of Yukon.

I have found some material in the Yukon Archives, and have spoken to some others, but of course, anybody who was involved in the design and construction of the Dempster Highway has long since retired. If any of your readers would like to share their reminiscences of working on the construction of the Dempster Highway, I'm sure others would be interested in their experiences, and I would most certainly like to contact them. Photographs of the highway and bridge construction, construction camps, or men and equipment working would all be of interest to me.

They could reach me at msgates@northwestel.net

Thank you

Michael Gates msgates@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Art Webster, James Smith and Tim Koepke
Photo courtesy Tim Koepke tim*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Happy New Year to you both from the not-as-cold-as-it-has-been Yukon -3°C as I write, but still a far cry from Yuma's +17°C showing! Hope you had a good Christmas and behaved on New Year's.

The Birthday Boys of December 31, now in aggregate 231 years, celebrated with the customary lunch at the Edgewater yesterday as evidenced by the attached photo which you are free to include in MocTel along with our collective best wishes to our Yukon friends/readers past and present and wish all of them and you both the best of health and happiness in 2014.

Tim Koepke tim*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

OBITUARY



Heather May (McDougall) Thompson

October 8, 1940 - December 26, 2013

It is with great sorrow that the family announces the passing of their wife, mother, and

grandmother on December 26 in Whitehorse. Heather was predeceased by her parents Elwood and Margaret (Hether) McDougall, brother-in-law, Wayne Joorisity and nephew, Troy Joorisity.

She will be lovingly remembered by her husband of 54 years, Bob, and children Scott (Leslie), Ward (Susan), Trent (Kathy), Michele (John), and Miles, and her grandchildren Patrick (Vanessa), Connor, Tyrra, Page, and Ivymay. She is also survived by her sister Georgia Joorisity and her family, Leslie and Kirt Dickie and family and Leslie Strand and family. She will be missed by her many friends and former colleagues.

Born in Regina, Heather received her elementary education at Long Creek, a one room school house across the road from the family farm in Sask., where she was the only female student for two years. Her secondary education was taken at Avonlea School, and on graduating she received the Governor General's High School Medal for excellent scholarship. Heather began her post-secondary education at Teachers College in Moose Jaw where she won the Grolier Award for academic excellence. When she was 17 years old she began her teaching career in the Regina Public School System in a classroom of 35 grade one students.

In 1959 Heather married her high school sweetheart, Bob, and together they began their life adventure. When they started their family, Heather encouraged Bob in his interest to study to become a licensed radio operator. Bob studied in Moose Jaw and Ottawa and graduated fully qualified to work anywhere in the British Commonwealth and on ships at sea. Bob's first posting was Aishihik, Yukon and their life together was spent primarily in the Yukon (with 3 years in the Northwest Territories where Heather taught at J.H. Sissons School). The two prairie kids became lifelong Yukoners living in Destruction Bay (Burwash), Teslin, and Whitehorse. Throughout her married life Heather continued to study professionally, achieving her B.ED. from the University of Sask. and her M.Ed. from the University of Alaska Southeast (Juneau). When a teaching position became available where Bob was posted, Heather taught. When they moved to Whitehorse, she taught at Whitehorse and Selkirk Elementary Schools and then advanced to principal positions at Grey Mountain Primary and Takhini Elementary where she remained for 19 years. During this time she represented the Yukon on the Canadian Principals' Association and was awarded an Innovative Teachers Award.

Heather was a woman of varied interests, The Thompsons were family campers and covered many Canadian and Alaskan miles. The family always had pets and often a dog and cat accompanied them on their trips. In later years Bob and Heather enjoyed a family trip to Hawaii, several cruises and a trip to Ireland.

Heather loved the Yukon scenery and wildlife. These interests developed into bird watching and collecting Yukon art along with a desire to hike the Chilkoot Pass, which she did. Heather was an incredible cook. Her specialities were family turkey dinners, sour dough bread and jams from Yukon berries. In her retirement she found time to explore genealogy, wrote wonderful family histories and personal experiences, and made memory scrapbooks for her children. Heather was a talented seamstress and perfected her love of quilting with her friends in "Quilters Without Borders" a group of Whitehorse women known for their generosity to others. She was also active in the Yukon Council on Aging, the Yukon Retired Teachers Assoc., and the Breakfast for Learning Program.

Heather was a generous contributor to many charities. Her quilts were donated to charities in the Yukon, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

A celebration of Heather's life was held on December 31 in the gym at Takini Elementary School, Whitehorse. In lieu of flowers donations in memory of Heather may be made to the B.C. Lung Assoc. St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver where Heather travelled for excellent care, (2675 Oak St., Vancouver, B.C. V6H 2K2) or a charity of choice.

Published in The Regina Leader-Post on Jan. 11, 2014

NEW ADDITION

My name is Diana Steinbach. I would like to sign up for the Moccasin Telegraph. Please advise the process and fee.

Happy New Year!

Diana Steinbach dsteinbach*northwestel.net (In Yukon)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The tragedy in life doesn't lie in not reaching your goal. The tragedy lies in having no goal to reach. - Benjamin Mays

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Rhubarb Pies

From "The Star Cook Book" compiled by

The Women of Yukon Chapter No. 1 – Order of the eastern Star – Dawson, Yukon Territory

For the Benefit of the War Work – Dawson, Y.T. 1942

Book belongs to Dan & Bonnie Vars dvars*shaw.ca (In Calgary)

Wash and slice rhubarb in ½ inch pieces. Sterilize jars. Add rhubarb to jars a small amount at a time; press down with a wooden mallet; fill jars to 1 inch from top so juice is ½ inch from the top of jar covering fruit. Seal and store in a cool, dry place. One quart of this rhubarb makes 2 pies. This may be used in the winter and is just like fresh rhubarb.

Gladys V. Hoggan

Editor's Note: I expect "seal" meant to boil in a hot water bath and ensure lid is sealed when cooled. I also expect that a light syrup was added to cover fruit. Sure would have been a wonderful and easy way to have fruit pies throughout the winter.

DATES TO REMEMBER

VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION MEETING

February 20, 2014 - 11:30 am - 2:00 pm

Croatian Cultural Centre Room C
3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver

Parking plentiful and free

Transit accessible – Handicap accessible

Bring a friend

Lunch \$10

RSVP Corinne.loepky@telus.net
604 277-2766

Vancouver Yukoners' Association 86th Annual Reunion
Banquet – Saturday, April 12, 2014

River Rock Casino/Resort Whistler Ballroom
8811 River Rd. Richmond BC
Free Parking in Casino Parkade
Hotel Reservations 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718
Ask for Yukoners Rate

FOR GROUP SEATING RESERVATIONS FOLLOW DIRECTIONS ON WEB PAGE AT
www.vancouver-yukoners.com

Hospitality Room open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from noon. Pick up tickets then
Banquet Reception No Host Bar 5 pm – 6 pm – Welcome followed by Dinner 6:15 pm

For tickets contact Vivian Stuart at lornellis@shaw.ca
#217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4 250-383-1349

Tickets are \$58.00 payable in advance. Tickets will be available for pickup on Friday and
Saturday

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

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