

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 408th Edition – June 21, 2015

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



We have been enjoying the **Boreal Owls** nesting here. Don't see much. We really don't know how many are in that next box... but the babies are getting bigger and the bigger one is ready to fledge. I watched for a while tonight. So cute.

Betty Sutton BettySutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -

Moose Calf 'Adopts' Man as its Mother

By **Whitehorse Star** on **June 20, 1990**

Curt Mintz huddled in the bush with his two dogs for 20 minutes waiting for the cow moose to attack.

"There's no way you can come between a cow and a calf and live," Mintz said in an interview Monday. "I'd rather meet a grizzly."

But there was no attack.

Instead, Mintz became the adopted mother to a three-day-old female moose calf that now lives at the Yukon Game Farm on the Takhini Hot Springs Road.

Mintz came upon the moose on June 2 while strolling through the woods about four kilometres from his cabin on the Alaska Highway near Whitehorse.

"I heard it first, and I thought it was a bear, so I just dived down and grabbed the two dogs and held them.

"I knew whatever it was didn't hear me, 'cause it was making too much noise.

"When I saw it was calf sitting there, I was more worried. I thought, 'I came between a cow and a calf, I'm in really big trouble,' I stayed down there for about 20 minutes.

"I circled around the thing and saw it was a calf moose. So then I snuck up on it and within 10 feet, it heard me. It started crying just like a little baby."

That's when he realized it was alone.

The calf was probably a twin and left behind by its mother, Mintz said. If the mother had been shot, he said, the calf would have stayed with the mother and the hunters would have gotten it.

"It wouldn't have lasted overnight. There's no doubt about it. It's like Grand Central Station out there for coyotes."

He stroked the calf, grabbed it, put it on his shoulders and marched four kilometres back to his cabin with it.

"After about maybe an hour or two, it figured I was its mother. If I walked away from it, it would start crying."

The calf wasn't afraid of people, he said.

"There was no fright in it whatsoever." It liked his dogs, his friend's cat, and gave his guests big moose-lip kisses.

It would cry to eat, lay down, and go outside because it wanted Mintz to be closer to it.

It was three days old, so it couldn't follow him far. It would walk for a while, then stop and cry when Mintz continued.

"I entertained thoughts at one point in time of keeping it," Mintz said. But he decided it would be better for the moose if it went to the game farm. Danny Nowlan, owner of the Yukon Game Farm, is an old friend of Mintz's father.

"It was quite hungry. In fact, it was on the verge of starvation. It should be (fed) goats' milk, but I wasn't really to hip on raising a baby moose."

It's drinking goat's milk now at the farm. In fact, the farm has a goat just to feed the moose. A sort of wet-nurse of the animal kingdom.

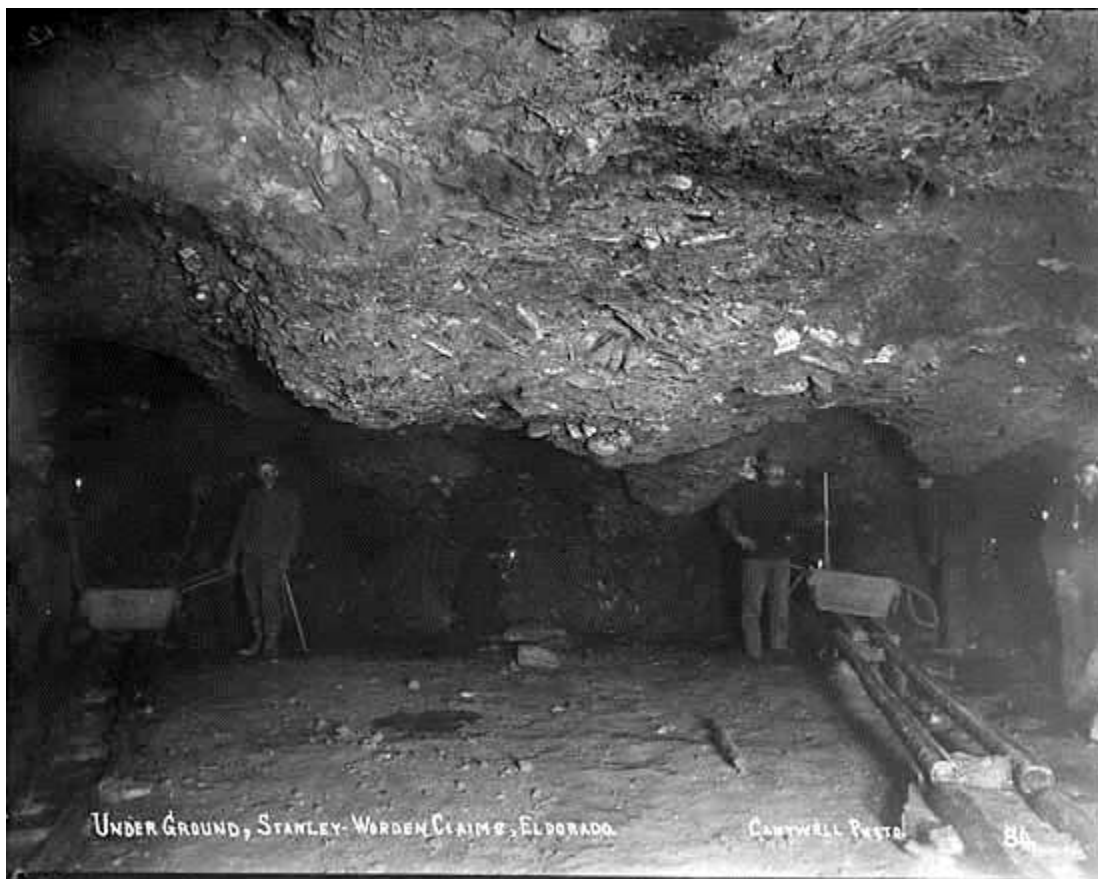
Nowlan has had a bull moose for about 10 years, said Mintz, and he hasn't been able to find a cow.

So, this could be the beginning of a Yukon moose family bred in captivity.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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



Miners working underground on the Stanley-Worden claims on Eldorado Creek.
Date: 1901. Yukon Archives. Adams & Larkin fonds, #9087.

Lucky Lippy

When he quit his job as a physical education instructor for the YMCA in Seattle, in 1896, Tom Lippy had a hunch. He could not pin it down, but something in his muscular body told him to head north. He arrived in the Forty Mile mining district of the Yukon that summer and as luck would

have it, Lippy just happened to be there when George Carmack registered his Klondike claim - and more good fortune was waiting in the wings.

After hearing about the rich find on what was then called Rabbit Creek, Tom Lippy raced with the others from Forty Mile to the Klondike. However, most of the ground on Bonanza Creek was staked. Disappointed, like many others, he was forced to stake a claim higher up on a smaller creek with no name. This little Bonanza Creek tributary would later be called Eldorado Creek.

Before the big rush of 1898, claims on Eldorado were thought to be worthless. Getting a claim there was really no trouble. Most miners did not want to stake the Eldorado "pup" because they were only entitled to one claim in the Klondike Valley and were wary of wasting their one chance on a certain loser. Thus, when his wife Salome wanted to live in a cabin on the creek, Lippy decided to move down the creek where the timber was better for building.

Here, as his luck held, he was able to stake claim sixteen above discovery. A group of Scotsmen from Nanaimo had abandoned the claim. It was a move the group would regret for the rest of their days.

Tom Lippy built a cabin on his claim and worked the winter of '96-'97 thawing the ground, digging shafts and hauling the pay dirt to the surface.

Surface nuggets were everywhere, but how much gold lay fifteen to twenty feet down? In the spring, when clean-up began, the answer was clear. Tom Lippy had lucked into the richest claim on Eldorado. And in the spring of 1897, Eldorado proved to be the richest placer creek in the world. Far richer than Bonanza, where Lippy had not been able to stake a claim. In the summer of 1897, he and a group of about eighty miners headed south on board what then called the treasure ships.

When he and his wife Salome arrived in San Francisco on board the Excelsior, carrying about \$150,000 in gold nuggets, Tom was ready to tell his story to all who would listen. Front page newspaper reports of Lippy's find helped set in the motion the great Klondike rush yet to come.

Lippy and Salome worked their claim on Eldorado for five years. They sold out in 1903 and moved back to Seattle with a fortune worth almost two million dollars. In Seattle, they built a grand mansion in the growing city, with fifteen rooms including a spacious ballroom decorated with oriental rugs and stained-glass windows.

Tom Lippy became one of Seattle's most respected citizens serving as President of both the hospital association and the YMCA. He even donated the land to build the Seattle General Hospital. He became the senior golf champion of the Pacific Northwest. But by the late 1920s, Lippy's luck ran out. He had sunk his fortune into a variety of business all of which went bankrupt. When he died in 1931, he had no money to leave to his widow.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

MERCHANT HOCKEY TEAM

I believe I sent this photo before but I now have all the names, courtesy of Howard Ryder



L to R :

Lloyd Camrye (Coach) Howie Blefgen, Ken Kolkind, Bruce Cameron (RCCS)., Jim Jardine (Import) Norm Smith (Import) Ken Corbetts, Jack Chambers (Can Pac. airlines)

Roy Reber (import), Brik Bradford (RCMP) Ross Craig, Bud Harrison (RCMP) , Garth Langford (Import)... Team Manager Johnnie Johnston (RCMP), Equipment Manager, Jamie Mutch.

“Imports” in this 1948-49 season hockey competition was intense. The RCAF and Army were able to transfer good players from elsewhere in Canada to Whitehorse. So with Camrye’s connections were able to find young players, offer them jobs, in order to get them to come to the Yukon. Many stayed and became Yukon citizens.

Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

Interesting to see Roy Reber as an import. (He had the New North Hotel in Whitehorse) He and Bev are living in Qualicum and nearby my sister in law. I called her recently, on her birthday, and she was saying Roy turned up at her Thai Chi class and was asking what it was all about. She said he is in his 90's now. Good for him. – Sherron

CHRIS BARTSCH'S EXPERIENCES - HIS FIRST TRIP INTO THE KLONDIKE - AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

Story submitted by grandson Gordon Bartsch

Part 2 (leaving Lake LeBarge, June 1898)

We made camp at the foot of the lake [Lake Laberge] that night, and the next morning pulled into the treacherous Thirty-mile River. Apart from landing on a sand-bar, we got down to the Hootalinqua without further trouble. There we found the great Yukon River wide open and had clear sailing into Dawson.

It was now sometime in June. We landed, and found thirty thousand people who had had no fresh beef for several months. After snubbing our scow, we went uptown for our breakfast, and had a look round to learn how best we could dispose of our cargo of salted beef.

We found a restaurant called "French Joe's". It was a dirty little dump. The proprietor, a greasy-looking Frenchman, approached us for our order, and also informed us that all he had were boiled beans, bread and butter, black coffee, and dried apple pie. When he brought our order, we knew we could eat three times the amount he brought, so we doubled the order. There were seven of us, and the bill came to twenty-one dollars, three dollars each.

We told him we had beef to sell. This delighted him very much, and he followed us down to the scow and selected a large chunk of beef that had taken his eye. I weighed it on a steel yard scale we had with us. I looked him straight in the face and told him that it would cost him seventy-five dollars. He replied, "Come up and get your money." He weighed out the amount in gold dust, and this was my first experience in handling that kind of money. I then bought a small gold scale and took it to the scow with me.

This transaction gave us courage and we kept on selling at advanced prices, some of the choice cuts going at two dollars a pound. We cleaned up the lot long before our shipment of live cattle, fed in Skagway all winter, could arrive. We were making arrangements for slaughtering them, and also putting up a small shop for handling the meat.

One day I was watching a small craft coming down the river and, as it landed, I noticed two men sitting on top of a load of moose, two large bulls and three cows.

I bought them for the price of fifteen-hundred dollars, brought them into the partly-finished butcher's shop, and, as fast as we could get the hides off them, sold them for from one to two dollars per pound. It took only one day to clean up the five carcasses. The town was hungry for fresh meat.

A few days later, I was strolling again along the river bank, where hundreds of boats, with people still living on them, were tied up. On looking up the river, I saw a queer looking contraption coming round the bend; and as it came closer, I noticed the cargo was something alive. And so it proved to be; a monster of an ox stood crated in the middle of a big flat-bottomed boat, handled by two men. As they came to the shore, I stepped out over some boats to meet them, and asked them what they intended to do with this his animal. They advised me that

they were heading for Eagle City, some hundred miles from Dawson, and were taking the ox there for their winter meat supply. I told them I was prepared to give them a big price for him. The two men were Swedes, who had been mining in lower Yukon for years, and not chee-chakos. After talking it over in their own language, they informed me that they would take twelve hundred dollars. I bargained with them for some time; and at last bought the ox for eleven hundred dollars. They uncrated him and led him up—town, then we took him in behind the butcher's shop (which was still under construction), with hundreds of people falling into the procession, to watch us kill, dress, and put him into the shop.

The crowd insisted upon our cutting him up at once, which we did, long before the meat was really cooled, and in about two hours we had sold out the entire carcass and had seventeen hundred and fifty dollars in our pockets and pokes. The liver was sold to a restaurant for thirty dollars; the heart, for ten dollars; and the tongue, fifteen; and the tail for two dollars and fifty cents. All the entrails and the hide were sold for dog-feed for ten dollars. The shin bones, from hoof to knee, brought a dollar a pound. We had no paper to wrap the meat, so each person took it in the best way he could manage.

There was an elderly Jew across from the butcher's shop, who had started a small second-hand store in a tent. He was meat-hungry, too. He came across the muddy street on a narrow plank walk, and asked for a dollar's worth of soup meat. I cut off a slice of brisket and took his dollar. He started to return over his narrow plank, holding the meat in his hand, when lo and behold; a big husky dog snapped it out of his hand and swallowed it in one gulp. The poor Jew turned towards us in the shop and said, "Did you see that?" He came back and I gave him another slice of meat.

For a time the town was out of meat again, and we took this opportunity to finish building our shop and slaughtering-pen. Shortly after this, our cattle arrived from Skagway, and we conducted our business in earnest, selling at a dollar per pound for front quarters and one and a half dollars for hindquarters. Some we sold alive to mining camps, from eight hundred to one thousand dollars per head. After this delivery of cattle was finished, we were able to get only small bunches, about five to ten head, and this was not enough to keep us going, so I quit Waechter and Sons.

I opened up a butcher's shop in Grand Forks. Oxen that had been used on the trail to haul supplies over the pass, and a few small bunches of cattle arriving from the outside, enabled me to do a real good business. I bought a mule, and in this way I delivered meat to the mining camps.

I built a slaughtering-pen and a corral on the big hill just across from the town, later to be known as "Gold Hill". Gold Hill came into prominence when, one day, two green young Swedes came into a miner's camp at the foot of the hill and wanted to know from the owner of the mine if he could tell them where they could stake a gold claim. Jokingly, he told them that there was lots of room on the top of the hill.

Hitherto there had been no claims recorded beyond five hundred feet from the creek-bed, on either side, and nobody of sound mind would believe there was gold on top of such hills. The two Swedes, however, started up the hill and staked two claims near our corral and camp. It was quite a joke around the country for some time. Nevertheless, the Swedes came back and started to work on their claims, and got down to bedrock, where they found showings of gold. They took out a good sized dump by spring, which netted them one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Then they sold their claims for over a million and left the country for the outside.

There was much activity in Grand Forks. Two hotels were being built and some small stores. It was fifteen miles from Dawson to Grand Forks. All supplies had to be packed in by horses, mules, dog-teams, and on the backs of men. The Government started to build a wagon road, and wagons soon were in use and a stage-coach was put into operation. Grand Forks really started to grow and to become a big supply centre for Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks. Gambling halls and dance halls were open day and night, only closing on Saturday at midnight and opening again on Monday at one a.m. in the morning.

As freeze-up came on, the mine owners all wanted to make sure of winter supplies of meat. It kept four men and myself busy for a short time, and we made a good clean-up of several small bunches of cattle, selling at from one to one and a half dollars per pound, by the quarter.

The retail trade was not sufficient, to keep a shop open during the winter months, so I closed up and made ready to go outside for the winter to visit my brothers and sister, and, last but not least, my girl-friend, Grace Graham, who lived in Hood River, Oregon.

I intended to bring in some supplies of my own, after my visit. Coming into Dawson from Grand Forks, found there were to be no more boats running up-river to White Horse, as navigation was getting too dangerous on account of floating ice. I also found the town overloaded with meat arriving from up-river, large herds of cattle which had been trailed in over the Dalton Trail from Haines Mission on the Lynn Canal to the Pelly River near Minto on the Yukon. Nearly two thousand cattle were slaughtered there and meat rafted into Dawson, breaking the market from a dollar per pound to seventy cents, soon down to fifty cents, and finally to what-ever they could get. A few of the early arrivals from up—river were able to sell their beef to hotels, restaurants, and big mining operators. There were no cold-storage facilities and no storeroom available to keep this overflow of beef, and most of it was stored in tents, scows, or in makeshift buildings made with slabs from wrecked scows. The frozen meat kept well during the cold winter months in the below zero temperature; but, after it got warmer, and the meat started to get soft, there was bedlam in trying to dispose of the meat before it would spoil. All efforts failed, however, and thousands of pounds had to be dumped in the river. By the time we arrived with our fifty steers, things had settled down to normal and we had no trouble in getting a dollar per pound for our beef. After we had sold our supply, I bought my partner's interest in the butcher's shop and kept on with the business.

Sherron, Did you ever do an article on Maureen Rutledge? She was recently acknowledged as the first female aircraft engineer in Canada. Her and her hubby lived in Atlin for several years and now she is in McCauley Lodge in Whitehorse with Parkinsons. If you haven't seen it and want it for the MT, google "Maureen Rutledge Aircraft Maintenance Engineer"

I plan to get up and see her and get my two grandsons up there as well as they are both engineers working for Air North. I missed the article when it was in the local paper written by Roxanne Livingston.

C Ya. Hi Bill.

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Meet one of Canada's pioneering plane-crash mechanics

Roxanne Livingstone Wednesday December 24, 2014

Maureen Routledge is matter-of-fact about her ground breaking career as the first Canadian woman to become a licensed aircraft engineer. She's also a bit cryptic about her personal life.

Yet her work and life in the North sparkle with the adventure and romance fit for the big screen.



Whitehorse's Maureen Routledge, 73, now lives at Macaulay Lodge. She was the first Canadian woman to become licensed as an aircraft maintenance engineer.

In the small Ontario town of Carp in the 1950s, while ponytailed teenage girls danced at sock-hops, Routledge wore a ball cap as she greased the bearings and wheels of aircraft.

"I had nothing else to do, so I started tinkering with airplanes at age 16," recalls Routledge, now 73.

In particular she was interested in the elegant, late-1940s executive Stinson airplane her older friend Harold flew. Harold invited her into the passenger seat and into the skies. Up there she found what she wanted for the rest of her life – aircraft, and Harold.

“At Bradley Air Service they got planes ready to go back to the Arctic in spring. I helped out, I guess, taking the cowlings off and looking around for what was bent or deteriorating. I’d wash down the engine with Varsol and a spray can if it had a leak. That sort of thing,” Routledge says dismissively.

At age 17 she married Harold, who was 14 years her senior. While he flew she played housewife for a while, but it didn’t take.

“I’m not the domestic type” she says flatly. “I kept myself busy working on airplanes for Bradley Air. Harold was sent to the Arctic for two summers in the late 1960s. In the spring of 1969 my boss said, ‘I suppose you’d like to go North?’ My tongue was just about hanging out, I wanted it so badly.”

So in the summer of 1969, while hippies, riots and Woodstock made headlines, 27-year-old Routledge toiled with joy in a cold airplane hangar in Resolute Bay. She and Harold slept in the tool shed.

“That’s my best memory of my life. Very few women went up there at that time. Men figured it was too much trouble to make facilities for women. I pumped gas, worked on flame heaters for the aircraft, or wiped down the exhaust stains on the Otter. I liked the country. I didn’t have to do dishes or cook. Harold and I would walk wherever we wanted when not working on the airplanes.”



The next spring she returned to the Arctic on the notoriously loud, jarring and slow De Havilland Otter. Travelling at a miserable 115 miles per hour (185 km/hr) it took two days to reach Tuktoyuktuk,

N.W.T. The couple went with scientists to see the last known campsite of the Franklin Expedition on Beechey Island. Routledge recalls seeing a cross made out of food cans over a grave.

Then, after years of working with her husband as a mechanic, she decided to get her official aircraft maintenance engineer licence. The Department of Transport was not open to the idea.

“I decided I might as well knock off one of those exams. You had to apprentice three years under a licensed engineer before getting permission to write the exam. The Department of Transport tried to say my work didn’t add up to three years. I sent a snappy letter back saying I beg to differ! Then I wrote my first exam in the morning. It didn’t seem too bad. The same day I wrote my second exam and in the afternoon wrote the third one.”

On March 11, 1971 Routledge became the first Canadian woman to become an aircraft maintenance engineer.

In 1973 the couple modified a two-seater with a bigger engine and pontoons and spent two weeks flying to Dawson Creek. They went in business together because Maureen’s licence qualified her to re-certify previously-crashed planes to fly again, while Harold had the licence to do major repairs.

In 1977 they moved to Atlin, B.C. and for the next two decades the couple repaired and re-certified bush planes that had crashed in the North, like the one that floated through Miles Canyon after an engine failure and got banged up on the rocks, or the one that landed on thin ice on Atlin Lake and sank. They also worked on the bush plane from the movie *Never Cry Wolf*.

“It was very satisfying to haul in a wreck and turn it out looking like a new airplane. Not everyone can do it. As for the fabric, you could turn out a horrible looking mess and it would still be airworthy or you could turn out a good looking job. That was part of our reputation – a good looking job.”

Atlin life suited Routledge’s outdoorsy nature too. In summertime she fished and one of her largest trout (24 pounds, or 11 kilograms) is in the Atlin museum. In the dark winter nights Routledge whittled diamond willows into walking sticks as her husband wrote poetry and made violins.

The couple gave up their aircraft maintenance licences in 1995 when Maureen got Parkinson’s disease. They moved to Whitehorse in 2009 and Harold passed away in 2013.

Underneath her no-fuss attitude Routledge still wears a determination of steel. When this reporter investigated her record, Transport Canada insisted she was not the first woman in Canada to get her licence. Like she did 43 years ago when they told her she didn’t have enough hours to qualify to write the exam, Routledge held her ground. So another access-to-information request was made.

Then we waited. And waited.

In early December a priority post letter arrived at McCauley Lodge where Routledge lives. From her wheelchair, she opened the letter with shaking hands.

Victory at last: Transport Canada now confirms Routledge was the first Canadian woman to have received her aircraft maintenance engineer licence.

Roxanne Livingstone is a freelance writer in Whitehorse.

Re MocTel 407

Hi Sherron So interesting **I remember “Over Shoes”**, such a nice chap and so good with my Sons, they were just little.

Thank you..... all very interesting and appreciated.

Edward and Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Re MocTel 407

Enjoyed the article by Doug Sack on “Overshoes”.

I spent a summer at Dawson City in the early 70’s and had the good fortune to know Overshoes.....we quite often referred to him just as “Shoes”.

I had quit my job at Whitehorse and as I had purchased a claim on Gold Bottom Creek from the Public Administrator I thought it was time to become a “miner.” I arrived at the claim in early June with my shovel and gold pan and after 10 minutes decided that this wasn’t going to work as I had anticipated. It was nearing 90 degrees outdoors and of course this caused a terrible thirst and where better to quench it than at the Downtown Bar and that is where I encountered Overshoes and Hank Dubois and over the course of the summer got to know them both real well as well as quenching my thirst regularly.

My gold mining venture was put on hold and I took a job with R.D. Gillespie Equipment Rentals and spent time at Clinton Creek and later straightening the tailing piles between Dawson and the airport for the present highway.

I came back to Whitehorse in the fall and over the next few years kept in touch with Dawson, Overshoes and Hank.

One day I received a phone call from Overshoes telling me that there was a creek coming open for staking and he would stake it but couldn’t do the assessment work that was required later. I told

him to go ahead and stake the creek, that I would look after the assessment work and we would be 50/50 partners.

So it was that a midnight of the due date of coming open, Overshoes was there and did his staking, so it came to be that Henry Gulch (a tributary of Hunker Creek) was a joint venture between myself and Overshoes.

I rented a D7 from Dick Gillespie to do the assessment work but not being that experienced in gold mining I stayed well back from the creek and moved a bunch of trees and overburden as I was afraid that if I got into the creek I would mess up the gold.

Long story short the assessment was filed for a few years in advance.

Then Overshoes made his trip to Alaska and after getting back to Dawson and his frozen pipes I learned that he was in the hospital here in Whitehorse. I went to visit him but he was in a coma from which he never responded.

Sometime later I was contacted by the Public Administrator regarding the claims on Henry Gulch and she informed me that they would be advertised for sale. She told me that I would have the opportunity to match any offer and retain the claims. Someone bid \$1500 and to protect my interests I bought Overshoes half.

Later I partnered up with John Alton who lives on the claims to this day.

Overshoes was another Yukon character and Doug did not mention that when Overshoes came to Dawson he was in the company of the Olson brothers, one was named John and the other Bill I think. When these three got together it was one wild time in the old town.

Tom Mickey tmickey*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Ruby & Ted Woolger

Hi Sherron, I was over at my brother Rick Bowers' house recently and read the latest edition of the Moccasin Telegraph. It's always enjoyable. Thank you for all the work that you put into the Telegraph.

I know that you'll be interested in knowing that **Mom (Ruby Woolger) will be turning 90 this October 19th**. We are planning a small family get together in Grand Forks for her special day. It seems easier to go to her than have her travel out of Grand Forks. Ted is now in a care facility in Grand Forks and Mom likes to stay close. It was getting increasingly difficult for Mom to be the main caregiver. Ted is doing well in the dementia wing of Hardy View. Other than dementia, Ted is doing well physically. The facility is part of the hospital and only four doors down from their house. Mom is still living in her own home and is doing extremely well. I honestly don't see any change in her physically or mentally. What a wonderful way to celebrate 90 years! If you are travelling in her area, please stop in. She spends a lot of the day with Ted but is home every evening around 7pm. She would probably love to hear from old friends for her birthday so if you

need her phone number or address, please let me know.

Thanks,
Debbie Gelineau

Hi Debbie

So happy to hear from you. I can still picture your face from the times you came to the counter at City Hall to talk with your mom. That would never happen today would it, with cell phones as the common means to keep in touch after school.

So happy too to hear that your mom is not noticeably different. I was seeing her each year at the Okanagan Yukoners Picnic, but she stopped making the trip about 3 or 4 years ago. She has held her age so well and was so alert and as always, friendly to all.

I would love to place your message in the next MocTel. It will be about three weeks from now as I did send one out today. I know your mom would have loved the MocTel if she had just been into the computer world. Keeping in touch with so many of the old-timers would have been right up her alley.

Have kept in touch with Gert Squirechuk who also worked with us as City Hall, she is in assisted living now and near her daughter Carol. Have also kept in touch with Bruni Hoenisch who also worked at City Hall and lives here in Vernon. We go out for lunch a couple of times a year and the next is June 3rd.

If you allow me to share the message I could just change it to include any of her friends who may be in the area. Several of her friends from the Okanagan Yukoners do receive the Moccasin Telegraph.

Sherron Jones

Thank you Sherron - sharing the message would be lovely. In addition to our family get together on the 19th - I will be putting on a coffee and cake for Mom on Sunday, October 18th at her home in Grand Forks and any of her Yukon friends are certainly welcome to join us. It will be an afternoon "come and go". She belongs to a coffee group as well as a volunteer auxiliary and those friends will want to help her celebrate.

I remember Gert Squirechuk and Bruni Hoenisch well - how wonderful that you have been able to keep in touch. City Hall was a wonderful part of Mom's life and it always seemed like a fun place to work. I know she enjoyed her years there.

I certainly wish we lived closer so that I could take mom to the Yukoner's Picnic. That was always the highlight of her year. She'd love to call me after the event and tell me who she saw and how they were doing. Most of them I didn't know but she seemed to know everyone. Her

memory is still terrific and I often call her to ask her questions about events from our childhood. She still remembers addresses, places and people from her first days in the Yukon.

Debbie (Bowers) Gelineau ddgelineau@gmail.com (In Cape Breton NS)

Mom's address is: 7787 - 22nd St; Grand Forks, BC V0H 1H2 and her phone # (250) 442-5286.

You may want to add the name Bowers in brackets because a lot of people that left the Yukon before Dad died, don't know that she re-married. I always call Ted her new husband and yet it's been 35 years.



Sherron - I thought you might like to see my family so many years later. This picture was taken a year and a half ago. The son on the left, Dallas, is now 35 years old, born on Mom's birthday in 1979. Mom was still at City Hall when Dallas was born. He's a lawyer in Peace River, has been married 14 years and has four little girls ranging in age from 1 1/2 to 10. Our other son, Darren, is an electrician at Weyerhaeuser in Grande Prairie. He and his wife have been married 13 years and have a ten year old daughter and a son on the way, due in September. My brother says that Elisha, the little girl on Darren's lap, looks like I did as a child.

Duncan and I retired to Cape Breton two years ago. We love it here and my brother Rick also retired here 16 years ago. We are enjoying spending time together. We miss our kids and grandkids terribly but we travel back to Alberta a couple times a year. We see mom at those times too. We love the water and our house is directly on the Bras D'or Lake, an inland sea off the Atlantic. We plan to live here for "awhile" although we know that we will return to Alberta someday. If you and Bill ever venture to Nova Scotia - we always have room!

Debbie (Bowers) Gelineau ddgelineau@gmail.com (In Cape Breton NS)

ROLF & MARG HOUGEN WHO ARE LONG TIME YUKONERS AND AVID SUPPORTERS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH CELEBRATED THEIR 60TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IN MAY.

May they celebrate many more years.

Congratulations Rolf and Marg.

“Re-Mapping Whiskey Flats” site on Facebook

Doreen Grady, Pat Ellis, Jim Robb and Bonnie Fordyce at the City of Whitehorse's annual Senior Tea at Kwanlin Dun Cultural Centre. Notice we are wearing the best t-shirts in the world designed by Jim Robb "I *heart* emoticon Whiskey Flats.

EVERYONE wanted one of these t-shirts....almost started a riot. We're hoping Jim Robb will print more for the Re-Mapping of Whiskey Flats this Saturday!



Photo by Vince Federoff

Article below forwarded by George Bliss in Regina, and shared courtesy writer and Yukon News.

Taxidermist takes top prize at world championships

Myles Dolphin Wednesday June 3, 2015 Courtesy Yukon News

When Tony Grabowski signed up for a correspondence course with the Northwestern School of Taxidermy in 1967, the first specimen he worked on was a gopher. From his home in Saskatoon, Sask., he followed the lesson but didn't have glass eyes for the animal, so he rolled up two small balls of clay, let them dry and painted them black with enamel paint.

"To be quite honest, I don't think it looked very good but my mom thought it looked fantastic," he said.

That was enough to motivate him to stick with the hobby.



Mike Thomas/Yukon News

Whitehorse's Tony Grabowski won a prestigious award at this year's World Taxidermy and Fish Carving Championships in Springfield, Missouri. These sheep were one of his entries in the competition.

Forty-eight years and hundreds of specimens later, Grabowski was named one of the top taxidermists on the planet by winning a prestigious award at this year's World Taxidermy and Fish Carving Championships recently held in Springfield, Missouri.

The retired conservation officer, who hadn't competed since the early 1980s, was the winner of the professional division's best all-around taxidermist for his collection of six mounts.

They included three life-sized Dall sheep, a pedestal mount of a Dall sheep, a stripe marlin replica and a ring neck pheasant mount.

According to the News Leader, a local newspaper, over 1,000 taxidermists and fish carvers from all 50 states and 25 countries competed at the biennial event.

The weekend event also featured over 20 seminars, a trade show and lots of opportunities to learn new techniques and meet new people, Grabowski said, adding that he took "pages and pages of notes."

When his name was called to accept the award at the lavish ceremony on May 8, Grabowski said it felt like a dream.

"The closest thing I've seen to it on television is the Academy Awards," he said. "I went down there with no expectations at all. I just wanted to get there and back safely, and to get my mounts there safely."

To enter the best all-around category, participants need to have at least one mammal, one game head, one bird and one fish.

A team of 28 judges scrutinizes every entry based on a lengthy set of criteria including symmetry, balance, cleanliness, natural look, colouration, craftsmanship, how anatomically correct the animal appears and how expertly the artist captured a dramatic moment.

They can also award additional points for originality, composition and artistic merit. Participants are barred from the main showroom during the judging, but when they're let back inside the next day, it's like Christmas morning, Grabowski said. "You walk in and see which entries received ribbons, and all six of mine got one," he said.

Because his entries scored so high, he also received third place in the Competitors' Award, which is awarded in each division to five participants with the highest point total for four entries

. Both awards came with a plaque and \$1,000, which he put toward his gas bill, having driven 10,413 kilometres round trip to the event.

Grabowski took a renewable resource technology course in 1974, moved to British Columbia and worked there for 12 and a half years.

He moved to the Yukon in 1987 and worked as a conservation officer for 22 and a half years, retiring in July 2009.

Through his work he tried to educate people how to respect and appreciate wildlife, he said.

Taxidermy allows him to emulate the natural world and preserve an animal's beauty.

"If you have a road kill, an electrocuted specimen or one that was hunted legally, it's best in my view to use the entire animal, out of respect for it," he said.

"The added advantage of having a mounted specimen that people can view is hopefully it helps them realize how beautiful wildlife is, and how we all have to work together to protect it and make sure it's there for future generations."

In retirement, Grabowski is busier than ever.

He said he's no longer taking on new projects because there is two years of work ahead of him.

He estimates that he devotes around eight hours a day to taxidermy.

"But I still have to grocery shop, shovel snow in the winter and mow the lawn in the summer."

The Yukon Beringia Interpretive Centre features some of Grabowski's taxidermy, including caribou, wolves, a ptarmigan, a raven, a snowy owl and a muskox.

And his work is also on display at the Elijah Smith Elementary School in Whitehorse and the Tantalus School in Carmacks, where he supplied both school mascots - a bald eagle and a cougar, respectively.

But Grabowski said there is one specimen he prefers working on the most: the mountain sheep.

"They live in the high country year-round, they're survivors of the Ice Age," he said.

"The rams carry their horns throughout their lifetime so you can look at them and tell what kind of life they've led. Out of all the Yukon wildlife, I admire them the most because when we're in our homes and it's 50 below, they're up in the mountains, braving the weather."

Courtesy Myles Dolphin at myles@yukon-news.com

Article below forwarded by Chris Maylor in Sacramento California and shared courtesy writer and Yukon News.

Whitehorse martial artist earns sixth-degree black belt in Japan

Written by Tom Patrick, Monday June 8, 2015, Courtesy Yukon News



Tom Patrick/Yukon News

Local karate instructor Rob Ingram recently traveled to Kyoto, Japan where he earned his sixth degree black belt in iaido, the art of drawing and cutting with the katana sword.

Whitehorse's Rob Ingram recently set foot in the Iwashimizu Hachimangu shrine atop Mount Otokoyama in Kyoto, Japan.

He was not there as a tourist or a worshipper. Ingram was there to put his skills to the test, and he passed.

Ingram earned his sixth degree, or rokudan, in the Japanese martial art of iaido, the art of mastering the Japanese sword, the katana.

“It was all pretty amazing, actually,” said Ingram. “In our iaido organization, when you’re going for sixth degree or above, you have to take your ranking in Japan ... So everyone, from all over the world, was coming to do their testing at the same time.”

The atmosphere was thick with Japanese culture. Not only was Ingram testing at an ancient shrine founded in 859, he was there during Golden Week, a celebration with six public holidays beginning with the Emperor's Birthday on April 29 and ending with Children's Day on May 5.

“There are martial arts events all over the place, all over the city,” said Ingram. “Every day people wear traditional outfits at that time of year in particular.”

Ingram, too, wore traditional garb, as required for the test. He created a clan emblem featuring fireweed, the floral emblem of Yukon, to wear during the testing, which was attended by a member of the royal family.

“This will surprise a lot of people: we have to do a written exam,” said Ingram. Following the written segment, Ingram was judged on three “kata” or standard forms consistent with all styles iaido. He then performed three from his specific style of iaido, Muso Jikiden Eishen Ryu Iaido.

The next day Ingram made Golden Week a little more golden for himself. He out-performed 16 other rokudan hopefuls, from around the world, to win gold in a competition.

“I was having a good day and it was even a full moon. I don’t normally do very well when there’s a full moon, but everything went smoothly. I didn’t even get very nervous,” said Ingram.

It wasn’t until after the competition Ingram learned his testing the previous day was successful. As the gold medal winner, he was required to perform a demonstration and give a speech at a banquet, which he did with some help of a translator.

Believe it or not, his sixth degree in iaido isn’t Ingram’s first belt of that grade. He also has a sixth degree black belt in Shotokan karate and a third degree in kobudo, another weapons-based martial art.

Ingram teaches all three disciplines at his Whitehorse karate club Kita Kaze, which means North Wind. It has been in operation for over 20 years and currently has 25 students with seven instructors.

Ingram, 62, has been studying karate for over 40 years. He took it up while studying at the University of Toronto. The Winnipeg native, who moved to Whitehorse in 1979, began studying iaido 15 years ago.

“Karate, by definition, is ‘empty hand’ – that’s what it means in Japanese,” said Ingram. “(But) karate has its roots in weaponry. And almost all the Japanese martial arts have their basis in sword. This is why I started weaponry and sword – that’s the root of the martial arts I’ve been studying...”

“It really helps round out your karate because a lot of the forms of defence are based on defence of a weapon, the bo (staff) in particular. So if you understand how the weapon works, you understand your karate much better.”

Contact Tom Patrick at tomp@yukon-news.com

A Klondike Korner: Gerties is now a Municipal Heritage Site

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

Diamond Tooth Gerties is an iconic Dawson building and the cash cow that finances most of the operations of the Klondike Visitors Association. As of January 27, 2015, it's a bit more than that. It's a Municipal Heritage Site.

In the somewhat stuffy language that seems to define municipal bylaws, the council has determined that "The building known as the Arctic Brotherhood Hall and the land on which it stands as defined by the legal limits of Lots 1, 2, and 20, and the westerly 8 metres of lot 19, Block S, Plan 8338A C.L.S.R. in Dawson City, YT is hereby designated as a Municipal Historic Site. The building is located at 1001 Fourth Avenue."

As a gambling operation, Gerties is not nearly as hot as it used to be when it was the only legal entity of its kind in Canada. Casinos are now a dime a dozen all across the nation. Even the addition of slot machines back in 1993 did not entirely restore the allure. As they, too, began to pop up everywhere, and get more and more sophisticated, the ones at Gerties really began to show their age.

Compared to the newer models out there, the ones in Dawson's casino were like pinball machines pitted against video games.

That came to an end with a big upgrade last fall, as the KVA and the territorial government (which takes 25% of the gross profit from the machines each year) put \$1.2 million into replacements for the ageing devices that Executive Director Gary Parker regularly referred to in his annual reports as becoming unintentional historic artifacts.

Gerties was originally the home of the Arctic Brotherhood, constructed in 1901 in a mere three weeks with contributions from its membership. The Brotherhood folded in 1925 and the building became a community hall. Then, in 1929, it was repurposed as the home of the Fraternal Order of the Eagles, who had lost their building to a fire. Their aerie continued to use the building until 1943, when the last of its members took flight.

In 1967 it was renovated as a Centennial project and renamed Centennial Hall, becoming a community center once again. It became Diamond Tooth Gertie's Gambling Hall in 1973 and that has been its primary focus since then. It is still used for a number of special community events each year.

While owned by the City of Dawson, it is leased to the KVA for the nominal annual fee of \$1. In turn the KVA maintains and upgrades the building and pours many tens of thousands of dollars into its upkeep every year.

As Parker noted during the organization's recent annual general meeting, while the historic designation won't necessarily guarantee that any additional money will come the building's way to assist in its upkeep, "we sincerely hope and expect that it will heighten awareness and increase motivation about the importance and value of municipal involvement and leadership to ensure the building's future."



The Arctic Brotherhood Hall went through a number of name changes before it became Diamond Tooth Gerties Gambling Hall.

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

Debaters' audience disses the Gold Rush

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

Charlie Demers was very aware that his side of the debate subject chosen for the Debaters show staged at the Palace Grand Theatre on Saturday night was going to be an uphill struggle.

“I know I’m going to lose this debate,” he said as he began to explain in some detail why there really wasn’t any good reason to celebrate the Klondike Gold Rush.

His opponent, Graham Clark had already argued that there were lots of reasons to do just that and Charlie figured that a Klondike audience wasn’t going to want to hear anything to the contrary.

The Debaters, with host Steve Patterson, were in Dawson to perform at the Dawson City Museum’s Breakup Comedy Festival, now in its fourth year.

The show opened with four offerings of traditional stand-up comedy, led by Whitehorse’s Anthony Trombetta.

While the introductory remarks indicated that the evening’s fare might be a little more spicy than the Wednesday or Saturday offerings on the radio, since CBC had declined to tape this performance for broadcast (ah, what a mistake that was), it quickly became clear that all four performers had taken note of the number of youngsters in the audience and had figured out ways to be suggestive with their innuendo rather than graphic.

Some of the gags in the standup had a slow burn as the audience took a breath or two to suss out what the guys were not quite saying.

That was the first half of the show. After the traditional Dawson City 10 minute intermission (“25 minutes,” noted Patterson), the show moved into the more traditional Debaters format, with both contestants offering their opening arguments, exchanging barbs in the bare knuckles round, giving goofy answers to Klondike themed questions in the firing line and wrapping it all up with closing statements.

Here’s a thing that sometimes happens. When a debater figures he has no chance and might as well go for broke in terms of style and presentation, he or she just might turn the tide. Particularly if the other guys thinks he’s got the thing sewed up. Just ask Jim Prentice, the former Premier of Alberta.

And that’s what happened to Charlie. Much to his surprise, while the tally of points kept by Patterson was pretty close, when it came to the audience applause, there was no question at all. Charlie Demers won the debate handily (and with whistles and cheers as well as hands clapping).

It was a fine evening at the Palace Grand, and one that children of all ages could enjoy.



Debaters - Graham Clark, Steve Patterson Charlie Demers

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

Hot time in Dawson Town

Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Dawson hit the mid-20s most of May 14, but the long evening sun in the west was a lot hotter out of the shade.



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

The Ferry is IN



The George Black ferry was launched very early on Friday morning (May 15), well before most people would have been up to see the event.

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

YUKON SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS 2015 - RESULTS

Sherron, did you see these results?

<http://www.yukonrendezvous.com/#!2015-event-results/c1gkt>

George Bliss georgebliss*live.ca (In Regina)

Lots of interesting results posted on the above link. – Thanks George for sharing it.

These ones in particular caught my eye. - Sherron



Hard Water Canoe Races

1st: Dempster Drivers Team

2nd: The Yellowknifers (Mat Giroux Team)

3rd: Adi Doughs Team



Dog Howling Contest

1st Place: Fynnian Sugar (Owners: Manu & Sasha Keggenhoff)

2nd Place: Ruger (Owners: Shawn Shipman)

3rd Place: Axel (Owners: Kaleb Knutson)

Radio Rob

by [Fiona Solon](#) May 7, 2015 12:00 AM



Issue: 2015-05-07 PHOTO: Lesli Barnes Mini-Fibi and Radio Rob in Tagish, circa 1988

I'm almost at the Tagish Bridge when 106.7 CFET kicks in and the truck is flooded with Estonian pop music. I'm on my way to interview the fellow that makes this happen.

I spent some time growing up in Tagish, and it's there that "Radio Rob" Hopkins continues to be a close neighbour to my family and a friend to me. He is also the person responsible for the first commercial radio station in the Yukon.

It's been going strong since Labour Day, 1997.

But it all started back in 1992, when Rob needed to send a fax to Thailand. He had to drive all the way into Whitehorse just to send said fax to a fax machine on the other side of the world that may not even have been turned on — and therefore would not receive it. Not one to be held down by earthly limitations, Rob started Tagish Tel — linking Tagish to Whitehorse with mountain top repeaters — that same year. Finally, he could send faxes from home.

I remember the summer that Rob put a 70-foot communication tower up in his yard, which he found in the dump.

Rob first came to the Yukon as a professional hobo/scavenger/train hopper; he came north to poach a ride on the White Pass & Yukon Route. The day he arrived was the day that the White Pass shut down.

One of my favourite things in Tagish was Rob's "cabinet of curiosities". It was a vintage glass and stainless steel sterilized surgical instrument case from the old Whitehorse Hospital. Its contents fed my imagination like nothing has since. A few of the objects I can remember offhand were a shrunken head, Burmese leaf money, a Nepalese skull cap, a wooden chain, trade beads, and petrified dinosaur poop — a personal fave of mine, obviously.

While Rob and I talk about all these awesome things he tells me that once he visited Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum in Niagara Falls, Ontario and saw all of these rare items on its shelves. Super cool.

I asked him where his full-sized mammoth ivory tusk is now; he tells me that it's in storage with his collection of old Yukon restaurant menus.

Before Rob got into the world of communications, he had an import-export business and spent six months of every year overseas in Thailand, China, and the Philippines scoping out silk scarves and such to sell at the store he had in the old No Pop Shoppe (Antoinette's current location).

He exported such delicacies as maple syrup and smoked salmon back to Asia. This subsidized his travel adventures and bike trips from 1989 to 1993.

Since then, Rob has done communications for PolarCom, set up cellular networks in the Yukon and the NWT for Ice Wireless, and has been broadcasting Rock 101 CFMI from Vancouver in Tagish for 12 hours a day.

The things that I've come to love in my adult life — burlesque, body art, doing what I want, and classic rock, to name a few, are direct influences of Tagish's own "Radio Rob".

Thank you, Robert.

About writer Fiona Solon aka Fibi Zonnet is a bean counter, singer, and producer. She is not a writer. Contact her via editor@whatsupyukon.com.

OBIT

Glen Campbell

Sandy Campbell's dad Glen Campbell passed away June 17th in Hospital with her by his side. He had been residing in Chase BC. Sandy hopes to have an obit completed by the next edition of the MocTel.

Hi Sherron my parents lived in Whitehorse from 1958-1968 . My Father was the Supreme Court Judge during that period. After that they moved to Vancouver. Later, after my Father retired, they moved to Tsawwassen. Here is the obituary for my Mother which you might consider printing in the MocTel. She passed away at 92 on June 10th.

Nancy Knechtel knechteln@gmail.com (In Banff)

Claire Cobban Parker

December 22, 1922 - June 10, 2015 Claire passed away peacefully on June 10, 2015. We will forever be grateful to Mylene for the love and care she has given "Grandma", Claire over the past 10 years. Claire was a resident of Tsawwassen for 31 years, before moving to Mountain View Manor in Ladner in June 2012. Claire was born in Calgary, the youngest daughter of 4 by Niven and Clara Jackson. She married John Parker in April 1946 and started married life in Yellowknife, NWT. The Parkers moved to Whitehorse, YT in 1958. Claire loved the north and embraced life in the post-war boom years that saw the North emerge as an economic and social force in Canada. These were exciting times and Claire & John were part of it all. In 1968 Claire and John headed south to Vancouver where Claire worked in an elementary school, played bridge, volunteered, entertained & took care of our family. Claire was predeceased by her husband John in 1992. She is survived by her three children, Nancy Knechtel [Jim], Jay Parker [Cheryl] and Jane Parker [Paul], two granddaughters, Kirsten Knechtel [Chad] and Anya Knechtel [Marlo] and her two great grandchildren Kael and Selah. There will be a memorial service at 2pm on Tuesday, July 14, 2015 at the Centre for Peace 1825 W 16th Avenue, Vancouver, with a reception to follow. In lieu of flowers a donation may be made to World Vision or a charity of your choice.



HOLMES, Laura Annette

May 20, 1958 – May 22, 2015

After a courageous battle with several medical problems, Laura Holmes of Spirit River passed away in Spirit River at the age of 57 years.

Laura is survived by her husband James; her first husband Ken Hessler; son Brandon (Danielle) Hessler; stepson Dan (Wende) Holmes; sister Valorie (Bill) Szymanski and their son Warren; brother Richard (Joanne) Moravec and sons Zac and Josh; and grandson Kael Hessler; sister-in-law Rhonda Moravec and son Jay (Debbie) and daughter Jennifer.

She was predeceased by her parents Cecil and Francis Moravec and her brother Dale Moravec.

Laura was **born in Spirit River on May 20, 1958 and spent her entire life there except for a six-month period in Whitehorse, Yukon.** Laura received her education in Spirit River and then worked steadily at several local businesses until her retirement in 2014. After marrying James in 2004, she and her husband travelled frequently in Canada and the United States until her medical problems began in 2008.

The family would like to thank the nurses, paramedics, EMTs and physicians at Central Peace Health Complex; specifically Dr. W. Spruyt, Dr. Tom Phillips, and Dr. Eva Kitagawa. The family would also like to thank Dr. Chad Baker, Dr. Ken Stewart, and Dr. Kevin Baaney of Edmonton for their care of Laura over the last few years.

A memorial service will be held on Saturday, June 6 at 2 p.m. at the Grace Gospel Chapel in Spirit River with Pastor Wes (Wyatt) Brown officiating. If friends desire, memorial tributes may be made to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation www.jdrf.ca or Central Peace Palliative Care Committee in memory of Laura's parents.

Care entrusted to Bear Creek Funeral Home Grande Prairie 780-830-7742

www.bearcreekfuneral.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

President Kennedy once said, at a dinner for Nobel Laureates that this was the greatest concentration of brain power ever gathered at the White House, except when Thomas Jefferson dined alone.

One of the most brilliant men ever! Obviously, he was a man ahead of his time.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From the Eastern Star 1942 cookbook – Dawson.

Courtesy Dan & Bonnie Vars dvars*telus.net (In Calgary)

Rhubarb Relish

1 Quart onions chopped fine
1 Quart rhubarb
4 cups brown sugar
1 pint vinegar
1 tsp each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and red pepper
1 tsp salt

Boil together until well cooked and bottle.

Anna T. Jeckell

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic

Summerland Gardens at the Agricultural Centre on Hwy 97 – At the Gazebo

28 June 2015 10am to 1pm

Pot luck will be at noon

You will need to bring your own liquid refreshments and utensils

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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