

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –412th Edition – September 13, 2015

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Yukon News Facebook photo by Joel Krahn

View along the **South Klondike Highway** heading north from **Tutshi Lake** descending down towards the south end of the Windy Arm of Tagish Lake at the border of BC approaching Yukon.



August 31, 2015 – Marsh Lake, Yukon

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com (At Marsh Lake for summer – Penticton in winter)

Looking [East] out across Marsh Lake, Yukon from our cabin at Army Beach, there was just a small touch of snow on the mountain tops last night. This morning when we woke up and there was much more snow on the mountains even though the leaves on the trees are still green.

The temperature on my outside thermometer is 4 degrees at 12 pm noon today, August 31st, 2015. It was a little colder last night.

Bye for now,
RUSTY



Sept 1, 2015 – Green leaves on the trees and even more snow in the mountains.
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com (At Marsh Lake for summer –
Penticton in winter)

There was even more snow on the mountains when we woke up this morning down at our cabin at Marsh Lake, Yukon.

Bye for now,
RUSTY

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -

Iceman - Kwaday Dan Ts'inchí

Continuing research into a 500-year-old body of an ice man found in August 1999 in northern B.C. has reached some conclusions about his journey and final days.

By **Whitehorse Star** on **June 17, 2005**

The findings were presented Friday at the Rapid Landscape Change science conference occurring at Yukon College this week.

The B.C. ice man, or Kwaday Dan Ts'inchí, as he came to be known, was found in the northwest corner of B.C. in a melting glacier in the Tatshenshini-Alsek Park. Kwaday Dan Ts'inchí means the long-ago person found.

The body is the first and best preserved ancient person ever found in North America.

Kwaday Dan Ts'inchí was likely between the ages of 19 and 21 when he died suddenly. No conclusions have been reached about his cause of death and there is no evidence of serious injury to his body.

Previously, studies focused on remnants of seafood found in his stomach.

However, new findings by Perta Mudie, a scientist with the Geological Survey of Canada, have examined pollens and spores from the man's digestive system to come to conclusions about his final days.

"Like it or not, our bodies do record the food, and the events in some ways, of the last few days," Mudie told her audience.

Different parts of the human digestive system contain remnants of the food eaten from as little as three hours ago to almost three days earlier.

Mudie's research suggests that Kwaday Dan Ts'inchí's last meal consisted of beach asparagus and water, likely from a stream of an eroding glacier.

Beach asparagus is a common growth found in coast areas along the Lynn Canal. It has a juicy, but salty taste.

"It would not be unpleasant to eat, if you're thirsty," said Mudie.

Prior to his last meal, evidence of fat in the man's system suggests he ate some type of meat, likely deer, said Mudie.

Two days prior to his death, there is evidence he ate salmon and some type of berries, said Mudie of his intestine contents.

Finally, looking at Kwaday Dan Ts'inchí's colon, scientists will be able to conclude what he had eaten up to three days prior to his death.

Mudie said she is not yet entirely clear on what the pollen particles present in his colon suggest. But it does appear to be from a pollen and spores that are not usually found in the Yukon or B.C., she said.

However, so far, she has been able to conclude he was likely eating in a low elevation, coastal area, due to high salinity found in the remnants.

A lot more research into his intestinal content is needed to truly understand the last three days of his life, she said.

Beyond concluding what Kwaday Dan Ts'inci had eaten, Mudie has been able to use the pollen and spores present in his digestive system to come to develop an idea of the possible route of his journey.

He was likely moving down the Lynn Canal, she said. He was going from coastal to alpine areas, she said, starting at the ocean, moving inland and to an elevation likely about 1,600 m higher than his starting point, before working back toward the coast again.

There are also suggestions that he spent time in pond-like, lake environments, she added.

Mudie went so far as to speculate that one of his meal stops was likely in the Klehini River basin.

She added he likely travelled approximately 100 km over the three days leading up to his death.

The pollen and other food particles, such as the salmon, are also able to give some indication of the season of death, she said.

Due to the time of year various forms of plant-life flower and pollenate and when salmon run, Mudie said, Dan Ts'inci likely died some time between the end of July and the third week of August.

“The evidence suggests that it was a summer event,” she said. “That he was travelling in the summer.”

Despite it being a summer journey, he was trekking during the onset of the Little Ice Age, and there were very unpredictable weather conditions.

“This is why the young man was taken by surprise,” Mudie said. It’s very possible that he simply lay down to rest, was covered in snow and died of hypothermia, she hypothesized.

The science conference, which has attracted 75 scientists from around the world, concludes today.

The participants will be taking field trips in the Kluane area over the weekend to learn more about the ways in which natural environments are changing and how human communities can adapt to the changes.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin
Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

Hardship introduction

Klondike characters are often depicted as rugged individuals who could withstand every kind of hardship. Indeed, tales of the Klondike trails are filled with misery brought on by cold, isolation, failure and greed. Well, some of it is true, but not all.

Dawson City newspapers at the turn of the century paint a picture quite different from what we've come to believe were the hardships of the Klondike. For example, Dawson had its own telephone and telegraph service in 1899. The value of real estate in this city of gold was 20 million dollars and fully five million was spent on development in 1899.

The first brick building was built using bricks from a yard five miles down river from the town. Weekly mail service was guaranteed summer and winter. There is more, and the facts don't lie.

In 1899, there were 25 doctors and 10 dentists operating in the city. If you didn't like the service at the two public hospitals, you could try your luck and spend your money at any of three private facilities. Five dairies provided fresh milk daily. You could take dirty clothes to any one of 12 laundries.

165 kids went to school, some of them to one of the two private schools in the city. Trouble with the law? There were 25 lawyers ready to get you off the hook. Want to see a picture show? Choose any of three theatres. There lots of hotels, 12 of which were described as "first class", 40 Restaurants and cafes in this city of 5000 permanent residents. And they got their fresh vegetables from 12 market gardens in the area.

The government took in over two hundred thousand dollars from the sale of liquor, licenses and booze-related court fines. And if you wanted to repent, four churches were there to hear your confessions.

Hardships? Yes, there were many. But the endless list of amenities shows that most of them were probably self-inflicted by the great characters of the Klondike.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Interior view of a telephone office. Date: 1901. Yukon Archives. Adam & Larkin fonds, #9148.



View of the exterior of the general merchandise store on Second Avenue in Dawson. The two glass windows display tins of fruit and a wide variety of clothing. Date: 1900. Yukon Archives. H.C. Barley fonds, #4717.

MRS. GRACE BARTSCH'S FIRST TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE,
AS TOLD-IN HER OWN WORDS

Part 2

Will Acheson, who had been sent ahead to make camp on fifty-Mile, had come back to meet us with a horse and sleigh; in fact, two sleighs, for there was a trailer as well. The trailer was perhaps eight or nine feet long and not more than two or three feet wide, the kind they use on the trails up here.

We could afford to lose no time for it was getting late in April, and the ice would be breaking up sometime in May; so it was decided that I should go on as far as the island with Mr. Acheson. He had made a camp there the night before and left two men who would help drive the sheep from there. Chris was to come later, after he had started the sheep and the cattle, as each was to go a different way, and they had four teams drawing feed for themselves, the sheep and the cattle.

Frozen Lake Bennett, over which our first bit of travel was to be, lay like a great white sheet before the town. It is about twenty-eight miles long and varies in width from one to two miles. It is entirely enclosed by high mountains, with no shore and a great depth of water. The sheep had had their breakfast of grain on the ice and snow and were ready to start on the long, cold, new experience for them. They had not been shorn that spring; they had their warm coats and were in charge and cared for by the four men.

A turkey dinner was served in the dining room that day. It was from cold storage but tasted good. I was really too excited over the unusual sort of a trip I was to have, to care about what I was eating. The day was bright when we left at one o'clock, and I had taken no thought of the cold evening that was to come on the field of ice, I took no wraps but my short Russian blouse jacket and a cape. The horse we were driving was called Charlie; not very fat but a true little fellow and he jogged patiently along.

I was delighted with sleigh riding over such an immense piece of ice and with such exquisite scenery to admire. Once, while I was busy admiring everything around me and talking to Mr. Acheson, who was on the front sleigh driving, I lost my balance and rolled off the sleigh, striking the ice rather suddenly. About five o'clock, I began to grow cold and I fastened my jacket up as tight as possible, but soon found I needed my cape on also and was glad to pull the hood of it right over my head. Mr. Acheson put on a nice big

warm fur cap that looked very comfortable. The nearer it came to the setting sun, the cooler it became, and I found myself reaching for Chris's coat that he had thrown on the sleigh and thinking to myself that he would freeze to death without it. In an hour or two, we were in sight of the island. I was cold; so cold that it really seemed to me as if I never would get warm again. The wind which had suddenly come drifting over the ice had penetrated us to the bone. The sun was still high above the horizon, and shining brightly when we reached the camp.

Two more men from the camp on Fifty Mile had come as far as the island to help with the driving of the sheep. They had set up the tent and the stove that Mr. Acheson had cached there in the morning, and after some difficulty with rusty stove pipes and cold hands, Mr. Acheson and Charlie (not the horse but Mr. Acheson's brother, for whom, I guess, the horse must have been named) managed to get the Yukon stove set up; very soon a roaring spruce fire was thawing us out and the tent was as warm as any room I have ever been in. The boys had thoughtfully brought a pot of cooked beans from their camp that morning; we thawed some of them out; made some biscuits and coffee, and enjoyed a meal in camp.

The sheep came in about an hour after we arrived, and in still another hour came Chris and Mr. Powell. They had walked the miles that I had ridden over. They were cold too, and had frozen their ears, but some coffee, biscuits and beans soon made them more comfortable. There were now seven of us in camp; five men, Chris and myself. Mr. Acheson and Charlie had busied themselves cutting spruce boughs for beds. Chris and I had spread our blankets and fur robe on the Klondike feathers; were soon resting after the night and day of travelling in the Klondike.

It was again decided that I should go on with Mr. Acheson (Billie A, as I will call him from now on), and that he should make the camp on Fifty Mile, a distance of about sixty miles, as soon as possible. He could make the trip with the horse and sleigh in two days, while Chris, with the other men and the sheep, would be about five days. He thought it was best as the weather was still cold, for me to go the shortest and easiest way. We were up at three o'clock, and at four, Billie A. and I were away again; he on the front sleigh and I on the trailer with my trunk for a lean-back. Chris so kindly wrapped me in the big fur robe and strapped me there, something as an Indian mother straps her baby to a board. I wasn't very happy this morning for I didn't like leaving Chris. The morning was as crispy and fresh as anything you could imagine. My experience with the cold the day before made me realize the necessity of dressing properly, so I had put on my Klondike outfit - warm underwear and stockings, bloomers under the short denim skirt; boots that laced to my knees; a flannel shirt-waist and my jacket. The mountains were so high on both sides of the lake it seemed as though the sun would never rise above them to let its warm rays down to cheer us. Although I was wrapped in the robe, the wind came

whistling down through the folds at times.

At eight o'clock, we had reached the end of the lake and were at Cariboo Crossing, a very short narrow connection between Lake Bennett that we had just crossed and Lake Taggish that we were to cross very soon, The cariboo crossed country here, so the name.

The Yukon-White Pass Railway Company was extending its line to the town of Whitehorse and was building a bridge at this point. We found the ice all out here and open water, so we had to take to the shore. In one place the ground was bare and the sleighs had to be dragged over this one at a time, for they were too much for Charlie, the horse, we were soon on good ice again and travelling on Taggish Lake --- the second of four big lakes that we had to cross. At eleven o'clock, we were at the Atlin roadhouse where the road comes in from Atlin, and here we took dinner. They had seen us coming, for a little Scotchman appeared in the doorway and, when he saw that we were unhitching our horse, he came on down to the lake and very kindly asked me to go on to the house, while he helped with the horse. I opened the door and walked in. I was a little cold and quite stiff from sitting so long in the one position.

A very strange looking girl sat by the stove on a little home-made chair. She was reading a novel. When I entered and was approaching her, she calmly rose, turned around and said "Are you cold? Have this Chair" and she shoved the one she had been sitting on to me. It was the only chair in the house, I shall never forget that strange girl, and how strange I felt in her presence.

This was an unusual experience for me. She had dark, ragged unkempt hair; a sort of yellow, muddy complexion (I think much of it would have come off with a good wash); a broad, flat nose and a large mouth but very pretty eyes. She wore moccasins on her feet and a dress that was ragged and short. After addressing me, she quietly took her novel and went on reading while I sat warming myself. Two men were also in the room. They were doing some sort of work, making dog harness or perhaps moccasins out of tanned moose or caribou hides, and occupied one corner of the house with this hide work. There was not a partition in the place. When Billie A. and the Scotchman entered, Miss Simpson, as I learned after her name was, laid down her book and asked me if we would have dinner, which, of course, was the very thing we had stopped for. Breakfast before four and dinner at twelve; twelve-thirty by the time it was ready, was enough fasting. She went about preparing it and, in an hour or so, she spread on a long table covered with oilcloth, our dinner. Long, rough benches were drawn up to the sides of the table. I sat at the head of the table on the chair. The three men ate with us, but Miss Simpson, after pouring our tea, went on with her reading. We had for our meal a caribou pie, some granulated evaporated potatoes (black-looking things); bread, tea, and dried apple pie for dessert. Ah me! I tried to feel hungry for I really was. I tried to relish the meal, but the untidy, dirty house and the unclean cook spoiled my meal. I could not eat. When we were

about finished, one of the Mounted Police boys came in for his dinner. He was a very sociable and friendly sort of chap. He was driving a dog team, hitched fan fashion; beautiful dogs. He was pleased when I asked permission to take a picture of his team. When dinner was over and we were all warmed up, we were ready for the next roadhouse, hoping it would be a little cleaner.

At one o'clock, we were on the ice again, bent on making Taggish roadhouse as early as possible, for it was to be our stopping place for the night. The afternoon was very bright and warm and I grew very sleepy and while Billie A. was talking to me, I fell fast asleep on the fur robe, as we drove along. I must have slept quite a while for when I awakened we were in sight of the Taggish post; a pretty place, consisting of a number of long, low log buildings where the Mounties and their officers lived. At the post office we were asked to register and here also our goods were inspected again in search of liquor. The officer took a long iron rod and prodded each sack, feeling for smuggled whiskey, but he found none. I hope he was not badly disappointed.

We had now reached a short river connecting Taggish with Marsh Lake, and to our dismay we found the ice gone here too. Charlie the horse did his best and we helped him by pushing and pulling and walking, carrying what we could until we finally reached the roadhouse a mile below. This house was kept by two men and far superior to Atlin. We were tired from the long day's trip, but the hospitality of these men soon made us comfortable. I shall never forget how strange I felt though; a stranger in a strange place, with strange people and all men at that. The building was long, low and flat with a mud roof, and very few windows in it. However, I seized the opportunity to write to mother, for I could send a letter back from here and I did not know when there would be another chance. We had a nice supper and everything looked so clean that I made up for the meal I could not eat at noon. I was indeed ready for bed as soon as the meal was over, but when I saw where I had to sleep, I again thought of mother, sisters and brothers and my dear hubby, and I wished I had taken the trail with him and the sheep.

The bunks were strangely constructed affairs; they were canvas looped over poles so that four people could lie side by side without touching each other, unless you climbed over the pole. About three feet above was another such section; in fact eight people could sleep in a space eight by three. It was early in the season for traveling so there was no crowd, thank goodness. There were two such sleeping arrangements like this; with a narrow aisle between for women and the other for men. These bunks were partitioned from the dining room; just with canvas. I had been told that some of these beds one gets in roadhouses are inhabited by creatures of a troublesome nature, so I used my own robe and pillows. A foolish thing I guess, for if there were any, I would have gotten them in my robe. Trying to forget that I was the only woman in the house and no friends except Billie A. who I knew was in calling distance, I fell asleep.

April 21st [1900] Saturday. We were up at five; breakfast at five-thirty and we were off again at six. A young man with only one arm, who had put up at the roadhouse last night, and was journeying the same way, started with us. The little river of Six-Mile, connecting the lakes, was open and we all had to work hard to reach Marsh. Imagine our disappointment to find that when we did reach Marsh Lake over which our travel was to be next, the ice was very weak over the immediate channel and as the current seemed to cross the lake, we could not avoid this bad ice. Billie A. was very cautious. He drove as far back from the open water as possible, and either he or the one-armed man walked ahead and tested the ice, chopping holes to find the thickness as they went. I did not ride over this, but knowing I could go where horses had gone, I ran behind until we reached good ice.

About eleven o'clock we came to a short cut, a well-worn path made perhaps by pedestrians, wild animals and Indians; it went right through the woods and came out again half a mile beyond at the Indian town. There were, perhaps, a dozen small huts painted very gaudy colors, and decorated with skulls of different kinds of animals; cross bones; horns and hides. Two years ago, the inhabitants of this strange village attempted the murder of two white men, and succeeded in taking the life of one. Chris happened to be in the camp nearby at the time and helped to catch the murderer. I knew all this when Billie A. suggested that I walk across to avoid the bad ice he had to cross and to rest myself from the sitting position, I was about to say "No", when, like lightening the thought came; "You are in the Klondike where only the brave are any good; besides- nothing will hurt you." So I bounded on, and in fancy saw an Indian taking aim at me from behind every tree and bush. However, in ten or fifteen minutes I reached the other side with my scalp still intact. I could see Mr. A. out on the lake, quite a distance away, picking his way over the weak ice, so I started out to meet him. But the cattle had been driven over this point and out on the ice again the day before, and it was so badly broken that I went through with every step. The water was very shallow near the shore and Billie A. could drive up to let me in and once more I was in my nest on the sleigh. As we passed the Indian town I took a snap of it.

At one o'clock, we reached our journey's end for the day. This camp on Fifty Mile River is the connection between Lake Marsh and Lake Labarge. We are still many many miles from our destination, but would camp here for perhaps a week or more to wait for the teams; the sheep and cattle and make plans for going on. The tents stood on the brow of a rise; about twenty-five yards back from the river. Here I found another Charlie. This time it was Charlie Brown who was to be the cook. The tent was not large enough to hold all the furniture that belonged to the camp. The boys had been very busy manufacturing it during the days of waiting. A very substantial table had been erected by driving four stakes in the ground for legs, and placing on them the remainder of an old green wagon box that had, perhaps, been washed ashore from wreckage on the river or the lakes the year before.

This table was not in the tent but just to the right of the door under a tree. The stove was in one corner, with a few cooking utensils hanging around. The grub box was there too, with its bacon, beans, baking powder, salt, and so forth. A few cuts off a log had been placed for chairs, and in the far corner of the tent was a soft spruce bed for me. After getting some dinner for Billie A. and myself, I set about cleaning house. The boys put up another tent for themselves, so when night came I had the big tent; the fur robe on my bed of spruce; and the tallow candle, all to myself.

It was sort of weird. Two Indian girls from the village came to camp in the evening. They had been taught by the missionaries to talk English and were able to make me understand. Susan was the wife of the Indian held in Dawson for the murder of the white man; Jennie was a girl about twelve who loved to tell about Susan's man and the murder.

April twenty-second. The silence of the midnight was broken by the sound of a voice calling, "Hello there! Hello there!"

I recognized it immediately as Chris's. I sat up in bed and in the duskyess of the night -- - for it never really gets dark in this country --- I saw his face projecting between the ties of the tent opening. I had to light the candle in order to untie the knots I had put in the canvas ties that locked me in. I was happy beyond words for I had not expected to see him again for several days.

The whole camp was aroused and in fighting shape, for they thought the Indians had come. Chris left the men and sheep at the cut-off, or railway grade, to be driven right on over the railway grade, and would reach Whitehorse before us.

Chris left Cariboo in the morning, about fifty miles back from our camp and walked to Taggish roadhouse, where he borrowed a lovely team of five big husky dogs, that covered the remaining twenty miles in short order. It was a perfect moonlight night and the air was so clear and frosty that it carried the sound of the runners miles up and down the river as they came. The noise of the steel runners as they glided over the ice; the sharp little yips of the enthusiastic dogs as they dug their nails into the ice and pulled with all their strength; the sleigh and the rider, who in his haste would holler, "Mush on" (taken from the French word "Marchon", or "Hi-ak", to keep them moving, or "Gee" or "Haw" to keep direct their course, were echoed from mountain to mountain. I heard the sounds come nearer and nearer and at last the familiar voice at my tent.

There was much to be done now in order to be ready to move on when the big outfits arrived from Bennett with the feed for the sheep and the cattle. We were in advance of everything we were taking in, and had found the entire fifty miles was running water; so we had to provide some kind of transportation for the feed and the horses. Chris decided the best plan, and perhaps the only way, was to build two large rafts and to go this way as far as Whitehorse, where the rapids would again hold us up. During the morning, the boys began cutting timber for rafts.

To my delight Chris harnessed up the dogs in the afternoon and took me over to the Indian village on my first dog ride.

I rode and he mushed and drove the dogs. It was thrilling. The dogs pulled with such determination and really seemed to enjoy it. We found the Indians very uncivil and unclean in their ways of living. Our mission over there was to borrow an auger to use in building the rafts. Indian Jim could speak English, so we found his house and I shall not soon forget the outside appearance of it or the inside either. It was painted many different colors and on each of the four corners was a large gold or silver ball, with hideous horns fixed on them, while on the very peak of the front gable an extra large skull was mounted. I think it was that of a moose. The antlers were very pretty, but the face was made very ugly with different colors of paint. The eyes fairly glared at one. It had a very devilish appearance, and I was not sure that I cared to see the inside of Jim's house. But he very cordially invited us in, so in we went. Upon the floor sat three or four dirty black squaws, wearing dirty dresses and many ornaments. Upon each finger of the two hands were rings, three or four on a finger; rings on their toes and in their noses, and strings of beads around their necks. They seemed to be having afternoon tea, for, from a dirty blue teapot on the floor beside them, they poured something that they drank and with it they ate black dry bread. They were not at all disturbed, but simply grinned as if much pleased with themselves. I can say that they were certainly poor housekeepers though. They seemed most happy, which is much to their credit. Susan, who was a widow, lived just next door and came in with Jennie. Chris tried to make them understand, as Jim could not, what he wanted to borrow but couldn't, so he went searching for the auger himself. There was rubbish of all description, not-mentioning the dirt, under their bunks and in every corner. To our great satisfaction we found what we wanted and we left.

(to be continued)

Re: Harry Miller - Rec'd Sept 9, 2015

Hi Sherron

Harry has asked that I contact you to let you know that he had a double lung transplant one week ago at Vancouver General Hospital.

All went very well, and he is super happy.

Elaine Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

Tiny ice-age relic lurks along the Dempster

Found on FB Yukon North of Ordinary



Submitted Photo/Crystal Ernst

McGill University biology professor Christopher Buddle recently published a paper on the Arctic pseudoscorpion, a tiny arachnid found above the Arctic Circle

“It’s easy to forget what’s lurking in our world - things we don’t see everyday,” says McGill University biology professor Christopher Buddle by phone from Montreal. Then, before launching into what’s known so far about the saga of the Arctic pseudoscorpion, he adds: “Each of these species has its own fascinating biology and its own story to tell.” Buddle’s recent paper, “Life History and Distribution of the Arctic pseudoscorpion, *Wyochernes asiaticus* (Chernetidae),” was published in the *Canadian Field Naturalist* earlier this month. And the story, picked up by mainstream media, grabbed the attention of folks who would never have guessed that two- to three-millimetre creatures armed with pincers were lurking under rocks beside streams in the Far North.

Grizzlies, caribou and silver foxes steal the natural history show on the Dempster. But as Buddle reminds us, “smaller wildlife is ecologically important and has a role to play ... as much as moose and bears.” And we never know just when a little-known, small organism might add to our understanding of climate variations and ecological stresses.

Buddle came across a publication on the Arctic pseudoscorpion in 2008. They’d been found under rocks where Sheep Creek crosses the northern Dempster Highway in the Yukon. That fact stuck with him. When he and his students were studying spiders in the

Yukon, they drove past a sign for Sheep Creek. “I slammed on the brakes and the whole team of us got out of the truck and wandered down to the riverside and started flipping rocks, and lo, we found these tiny pseudoscorpions well above the Arctic Circle.” Buddle was hooked and decided to pursue the Arctic resident and see just what surprising research paths it might reveal.

“There wasn’t a big research grant or a big question I had in mind,” he says. The study was about passion, about curiosity, and about intriguing life-puzzles. Every time he returned to the Yukon, he had the pseudoscorpion added to his territorial research permit. Pseudo - or “false” - scorpions are, like “true” scorpions - those with a stinger in their tails - arachnids, but of different orders, as are spiders and daddy long legs, *Wyochernes asiaticus* was first described in North America by scientist and author William B. Muchmore of Rochester, N.Y. Muchmore called it a new species: *Wyochernes arcticus*. But Buddle happened on a subsequent paper by William Muchmore which showed that *W. arcticus* was the same as *W. asiaticus*, a species found in Tibet, Siberia and other parts of eastern Asia.

Buddle wondered if *W. arcticus* was common across North America, or if it was mainly found in unglaciated regions of the northwest. “While searching for the pseudoscorpions, it became very clear that though we were able to find it on the Dempster, it certainly wasn’t found further south in regions that were glaciated during the last (glacial) maximum,” he says.

“In North America the species is limited to the northwest, although its global distribution includes parts of Asia,” Buddle wrote in his paper. “I report on some life history traits, based on examination of nearly 600 specimens from localities in the Yukon and Northwest Territories.” These specimens included pseudoscorpions at all stages of development, and 17 per cent of them were females toting brood sacs of eggs.

Our new pincer pal is apparently a relic of Pleistocene Beringia. Buddle doesn’t know how long the organism has been in North America. It would take an in-depth molecular study to reveal just how long it’s been here and how it got here.

The same goes for trying to determine what this particular pseudoscorpion feeds on and what feeds on it. Buddle knows the pseudoscorpions are predators, but has never seen them actually dining.

He suspects the pseudoscorpion itself has few predators. It is hard-shelled and very small and probably more work than it is nutritionally worth for most other animals to pursue. “What we do know about the pseudoscorpion is that the only way they can travel long distances is by a process known as phoresy: they hitchhike on animals, perhaps beetles and other insects, and perhaps small vertebrates,” he says. “Whatever they ride does a pretty good job of getting them up these rivers.”

Why do the scorpions prefer the underside of rocks found only at the high-water mark of streams so that they’ll get covered by water during spring floods and left dry in summer?

Why don't they live further away, and in earth that could be - from our perspective at least - more stable? Other species of pseudoscorpions around the world live under bark, under birds' nests, and in sea-wrack at intertidal zones, among other seemingly secure places.

"It's sort of frustrating and exhilarating as a scientist to discover two things about something and at the end of the day find 10 more things all needing an answer," says Buddle.

What does the professor tell his students to look for when stalking Arctic pseudoscorpions?

They are reddish brown, but matte, not shiny. They're pear-shaped, have a hardened exoskeleton and two pincers - or chela - extending from branches on either side of their heads.

Spiders have toxins in their fangs. Scorpions have toxins in their tails. These pseudoscorpions pack toxin in their claws. "They will handle and grasp prey and inject venom through those pincers and they bring it to their mouths where they sort of macerate and suck up the contents of their prey," says the scientist.

If a student were pinched by a pseudoscorpion, would it ruin her field day, as a sting from a true scorpion could? Apparently not. The pincers aren't strong enough to pierce human flesh, nor are the toxins strong by our standards, says Buddle.

In his paper on Arctic pseudoscorpions, Buddle describes his subject as a "charming arachnid." Charming is not a word one sees often, if ever, in academic scientific writing. Why does this researcher apply it to Arctic pseudoscorpions, of all things?

"It's a curious unusual creature in an unusual part of the world," says Buddle. "Charming just comes to mind. They have a lot of swagger to them and a bit of character to them - in much the same way as the male cardinal outside my window that wakes me up each morning with such vigour."

Yes, that's anthropomorphising a bit, he admits with a chuckle, then adds: "There's something that makes them stand out among all the other species of the world, something a little extra."

This column is co-ordinated by the Yukon Research Centre at Yukon College with major financial support from Environment Yukon and Yukon College. The articles are archived at http://www.yukoncollege.yk.ca/research/publications/your_yukon

Percy DeWolfe Celebrates 100th Birthday

Donna writes: I am planning a 100th birthday for dad.

Although the official day is November 1, I am having the get together on **Saturday, September 19, from 1-5.**

Dad just has too many friends for the hall I rented!

The new location is the Legion in Qualicum Beach, right beside the Gardens where dad lives. Thanks again, Donna.

Everyone is welcome, but I would appreciate an email from those coming so I can get an idea of numbers.

Thank you

Donna DeWolfe donnadewolfe@hotmail.com

September 4th, 2015

Those who know her may be interested to learn that my Aunt Martha Collins, who is now living in Whitehorse but lived for many years in Dawson, is having her 99th birthday today. She's one true Yukoner!

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

OBIT

SANDRA MARY-LYNN MAZURAK

(Auntie San Sandi) The Mazurak family sadly announces that Sandra died at Pioneer Village, Regina, SK on Wednesday, August 26, 2015 at the age of 68 years. She was predeceased by her parents, Bill Mazurak (1982) and Lillian (Magnuson) Mazurak (1994); brother Bob Mazurak (1970); and nephew Paul Walker (1991). Sandra is survived and sadly missed by her sister Bonnie Abramson (Allan); brothers, Gary (Karen), Steven (Heather) and Ted (Cheryl); ten nieces and nephews; fifteen great nieces and nephews; cousins and many others. Sandra attended Lakeview Elementary School and Sheldon Williams Collegiate. Sandra's career choices were legal secretary (Regina and Saskatoon), salesperson, furniture sales (Chelsea, London, England), **waitress (Whitehorse, Yukon)** and nanny (Toronto). Her most memorable career was teaching typing, shorthand and bookkeeping in Kumasi, Ghana, West Africa through Canadian University Services Overseas. Sandra's love of children led her to receive her diploma in Early Childhood Education at George Brown College. Sandra finished her career doing what she loved, working with children in Toronto and Regina. Sandra was her own

person and a free spirit. She had a kind and generous heart, a great smile and a wonderful sense of humour. Sandra loved music and she was an excellent pianist. During Grade Eight at Lakeview School, she played God Save the Queen and O Canada at assembly. Some of Sandra's favourite musicians were Joni Mitchell, Neil Young and Janis Joplin. Sandra's family is grateful for the nursing care that she received at Pioneer Village, Parkside and the late Shirley Sawa's private home. When Sandra lived in the Cathedral area, there were several business employees who treated Sandra with patience and kindness, Scotia Bank, Safeway, The Great Canadian Bagel and Á La Carte, to name a few, as well as the Probe family (landlords). In Sandra's memory, donations may be made to the donor's choice, or the Alzheimer Society of Saskatchewan, 301-2550 12th Avenue, Regina, SK, S4P 3X1. A private memorial service will be held at a later date. To leave an online message of condolence, please visit www.speersfuneralchapel.com - See more at: http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/leaderpost/obituary.aspx?n=sandra-mazurak&pid=175748696&fhid=5680&eid=sp_ommatch#sthash.YxI8MRyp.dpuf

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

My old email address was riversbh@shaw.ca BUT I have had to make a change. Please use the new one. It is grovester90@gmail.com

Very much appreciated...

Thank you again.

Bill Rivers

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Shirley Turton Saturton@shaw.ca rejected mail delivery.

George Pettifor springchicken@shaw.ca rejected mail delivery. (Deceased – George and Tina Pettifor)

Margaret Heath mheath2@telus.net rejected mail delivery. (Deceased)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Success is not final, failure is not fatal: it is the courage to continue that counts.-

Winston Churchill

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Eastern Star Cook Book - Dawson - 1942

Oven Steak

1 ½ lbs round steak
3 onions, sliced
3 tbsps. brown sugar
½ c boiling water
½ tsp salt
¼ tsp pepper
½ cup catsup or tomato juice

Rub steak on both sides with salt and pepper. Put in heavy iron frying pan and brown quickly on both sides. When well browned cover with sugar, onions, tomato juice or catsup and water. Cover and bake in moderate oven of 350 F for about 1 hour, turning several times. Remove cover and let stand for 15 minutes. Remove to hot platter and surround with juice and onions.

Mrs. Trice

DATES TO REMEMBER

VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION GENERAL MEETING

October 15, 2015
11:30 am-2:00 pm

Croatian Cultural Center
3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver
Parking plentiful and free
Transit accessible – Handicap accessible
Bring a friend
Lunch \$10
RSVP k29j32@gmail.com
604 819-7630

* *

Vancouver Yukoners' Association
88th Annual Reunion
April 08-10, 2016
Banquet - Saturday, April 09, 2016

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect. There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Coldstream BC V1B 1V8