

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 415<sup>th</sup> Edition – November 29 , 2015**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca)

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



**Sternwheeler Klondike**

Photo courtesy Heather Jones [hjones\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hjones*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

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

**Part 5**

**May Fourth 1900.** It was a very cloudy, dark looking morning, but we were up at three o'clock and away with the first appearance of dawn. The sheep scampered like lambs; the hills rose on either side of the river, looking very majestic in the grey morning hours. While in the stream, struggling with the rough waters and the swift currents that, only a few short moments before, came tumbling through the Whitehorse [Rapids] was our little

raft of a dozen or more logs, manned by Ray and Green. It was loaded with feed for the sheep, our tent, fur robe, and a few provisions to do us for a day or two; a Yukon stove, with a drum in the pipe for an oven, and a very few dishes, placed in the centre of the raft and the stove upon it. I wore my broad-brimmed black Stetson hat, as it shed rain or could keep out the sun, Chris, Red, Bill and I were to drive the sheep along the bank where the trail was best. We passed by the new grade that I had looked at so many times from camp and wondered how a railway could ever be made secure on the almost perpendicular side of a shifting, sliding sandy mountain. But I suppose, in the course of a few months, this would be made secure and the trains would be coming into Whitehorse over it. We passed through this rising city (although no one had yet risen). When we came in view of the river, to our dismay we beheld our raft high and dry on a sand-bar. Bill and Red were working hard to get it off, but the water was very shallow and they did not succeed. From our position on the river bank we were unable to help, so we moved the outfit on down a mile to where we knew Mr. LaFrance was camped with his outfit. The clouds were hanging low and it looked as though it might rain any moment. Chris borrowed a small boat from Mr. LaFrance and went back up the river to help get the raft off the sand-bar, and it was not long before we saw them coming; everything safe and in good shape. They tied up on the point near the LaFrance camp. It was raining in earnest now, so we pitched our tent and prepared to get something to eat, but soon discovered that we had put no flour in the outfit. However, Mr. LaFrance was short of bacon, so we swapped flour for bacon. We had to kill one of the sheep which was sick and unable to walk. This meant a loss of one hundred dollars or more. Chris and the men spent the afternoon repairing the raft.

Our camp was in a beautiful spot; the water so clear and lovely. Wherever you looked you could see a tin can sparkling, a reminder of the Trail of '98\*. The rain was very soft and warm spring. I hoped we would make better time tomorrow as we were very anxious to reach Labarge while the ice was good and firm. So we could cross the entire outfit that way.

**Saturday, May Fifth, 1900.** Started early again but did not get far. The raft was a source of annoyance and Chris had to rebuild it which took most of the day. He sent Roy back to camp to get a small boat. Red and Bill stayed with me. Bill, who by the way, was a large, fine looking man, had come right from Seattle with us. We were fast learning from his own lips he was a character of repute. He was perfectly harmless, but around the camp fire he loved to tell of the liquor he had consumed without any bad effects. He really loved to boast about it. Red, as one would judge, had very red hair, and lots of it. What his station in life was we had not yet found out. He looked shrewd and even malicious at times, but was very quiet. Red, Bill and I stayed with the stock and travelled on for a time, thinking Chris would come along soon. We kept to the shore as much as possible, but were finally forced to climb the bluff [Takhini ?]. From there I could see the river with the field glasses and, as I could not locate Chris, I refused to go on. I sat on the top of the highest point, which was somewhat like an observatory, detecting everything worthwhile that came down the river. Many outfits both large and small. The news of a big stampede was calling them fast and they were trying to make Labarge while the ice was good. Our men often looked as though they would like to break away from us and

hurry on in, but they contracted to stay. If they left us they could not collect the fifty dollars we were to pay them on arrival in Dawson. Bill told me once that the mosquitoes, he had heard were as large as wild geese in this country; today about noon the sun got pretty hot and after the rains of yesterday, the mosquitoes had come from somewhere, I could not say where, but they were so large that I felt I could shoot them without being in practice. They were like geese alright. They did not seem hungry but I expected them to torment us, more or less from now on.

While I sat meditating on the top of this beautiful lofty point that overlooked the whole country and the river for miles up and down, the world suddenly seemed awfully big and wonderful to me. God's wonders everywhere about me; the head waters of one of the largest rivers in the world, flowing at my feet. For miles I could see the waters coming tumbling, sparkling, rolling, roaring, then gliding smoothly as if they never had been boisterous, but on, on, on, I could see it going; gathering on its way to the great Pacific all it could find and take on its swift bosom. The melting snows of the long winter were trickling into it and adding each day to the volume. About twenty miles from here it rests its waters once more. This time it is in Lake Labarge. The mountains, many of them rock ribbed and bare with timbered foothills, stretched away as far as I could see. The sweet friendly juniper, creeping towards me on the rocks nearby, spoke of home and mother, sisters and friends, all are. I closed my eyes and saw them all. I saw the country stretching between them and me; the trains, steamers and boats, rafts, canoes, sleighs and horses that have conveyed me thus far; not forgetting the miles over snow and mountains I had walked. In this mind picture, I went back through the little town of Whitehorse; back to Bennett, down through the most beautiful mountains I ever saw; along through the old trail, through the White Pass that two years previous, 1898 and 1899, had been almost constantly travelled by an unbroken line of men, climbing on to the summit; seeking the gold of the north. They were bound for that famous city of Dawson.

On that little narrow gauge, I entered Skagway, and at the end of the long pier I boarded the City of Seattle. After four days sailing on the beautiful inland channel, seeing Juneau and buying Indian baskets visiting the Treadwell mines; stopping at the salmon canneries along the way, laughing at the funny totem poles in Ketchikan; losing my meal on Queen Charlotte Sound, and finally reaching Seattle. I was just about to step into my home town of Hood River --- where just about two short months before had taken place a little wedding that had united a happy girl and boy who were to seek fortunes together in the Klondike --- when a voice from the river beneath aroused me, and I saw two men in a boat who had spied a lone woman on the mountain and ceased their rowing to offer assistance if necessary. My only reply, after a wave of recognition, was "Did you pass three men and a raft?" I had to fairly shout to make them hear but their answer came clearly back to me, saying they had seen and spoken to the men and they were nearly ready to start again.

I felt relieved and shouted the news to Ed and Bill. They had been lying in the grass, some distance from me and enjoying a game of poker, while the sheep fed to their hearts' content on the rich grass which grows up here, Feeling a little faint after the heat of the sun and such an early breakfast and, as yet no dinner, I sought the shade of the friendly

trees that grew on the side of the bank, just below where Red and Bill were. Here, I was highly entertained by the two stretched on the grass above me. Their game had become very serious and many red hot words came from their lips; in muffled tones, for they did not want me to hear. It sounded for a bit as if I might have the opportunity of catching one or both huge bodies which were in danger of coming over the bluff. Suddenly as if they remembered, there was quietness and Bill's voice said, "Are you all right Mrs. Bartsch?" After the quarrel above me had subsided, I cut some more bark from a birch that grew nearby and I wrote another letter, with the indelible pencil that I always had with me. I would not be able to mail it until I reached Dawson. I always carried a hardtack in the blouse of my jacket or pocket in case of extreme need, and as I began to feel the need of food, I nibbled at this one.

About four o'clock, Chris, with his little raft and company of men, came drifting along in good shape and we immediately prepared to make camp. As the present site was not good for camping, the bank being too steep where we were, we went down about half a mile, where we found an old wood choppers' camp. Here we pitched our tent and set up the Yukon stove, then on it prepared our meal; granulated potatoes, flapjacks and coffee, we built up a dandy camp fire with a lot of good wood which we found so plentiful in this camp. The boys - Red, Bill, Roy and Green - spent the night rolled in their blankets by the fire, taking turns keeping watch over the sheep. Chris and I rolled in the big fur robe and slept in the tent.

**Sunday, May Sixth, 1900.** Very early Bill and Ray started on with the stock. Our "ship" left port in the morning, with Chris as Captain; Green as mate and I as cook. The Yukon stove, as I have already mentioned, sat high and dry on my trunk and all around the trunk was arranged sacks of chop and feed of other kinds for the sheep. This raft was floating wonderfully well this morning, and I was enjoying life. As I sat, embroidering on a cushion that I had nearly finished, I spied a little mouse peeping from under a sack. I am not afraid of mice, so we played the game of hide-and-peek for quite a while, when unintentionally, I frightened him and he jumped into that mighty stream of cold water and began to swim. The river was not very deep where we were but broad. I could not rescue him, so I watched him swim and was amazed at his strength. The sun shone on the water in such a way that I could see him very plainly with the field glasses. I could see his tiny head above the water. The current helped him and through the glasses I could see him struggling across the current, nearing the shore. Ten minutes after, a quarter of a mile below where he leaped into the water, I saw him reach shore and scamper away among the rocks.

We stopped at noon at another old timers' wood chopping camp. Here we snubbed the raft and small boat; unloaded the sheep to feed them. I had baked a pan of biscuits in the little drum oven and prepared dinner, while the raft peacefully floated down the river. We were not detained very long. The raft was relieved of a number of sacks of feed at this point. We were soon drifting again, making good time. The sun on the water was very bright and strong, and I found my broad-brimmed Stetson hat a great protection for my eyes. The scenery was not very much along here, and with nothing to do, the piece of fancy work being finished and my little mouse gone (I wonder if he was lonesome on that

unfrequented shore) and the men, Chris busy floating the raft, I fixed a cozy resting place with the robe and had a sleep.

At the mouth of the Takhini River, to our happy surprise, we were overtaken by the rest of the outfit. It looked like a small fleet coming for it consisted of five large rafts; loaded with horse's wagons, harness and feed, hay, oats, etc. Each raft was well manned with Billie A. our faithful man in charge of the entire outfit. The Takhini Indians were on hand to sell meat, jewellery and other products, sell or trade, they were not particular but I did not do any bartering this time. They were extremely dirty, with the worst tangled masses of black hair that anyone could imagine. They were gaunt and half-starved looking. We had expected to find the Takhini River still frozen over, and to cross the sheep on the ice, but to our dismay we found it wide open and a raging mountain torrent, utterly impossible to cross. There was nothing to do but to get the sheep on the other side of the 50 mile river some way.

To be continued.

## **COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -**

### **Alaskan fined \$5,000 for exporting Bear Bladders**

An Alaskan man of Korean descent who pleaded guilty Monday to illegally exporting 58 grizzly and black bear bladders from British Columbia was sentenced in Yukon territorial court to a day in jail and fined \$5,000.

By Whitehorse Star on March 27, 1990

Jay Ahn, 49, was fined an additional \$1,000 for offering to buy gall bladders in the Yukon.

“This is a case that must receive much attention to deter Mr. Ahn and all others that are attempting to get into the trade of wild animal parts to satisfy the market in the rest of the world,” said deputy territorial court Judge Donald Waurynchuk, from Cranbrook, B.C. Waurynchuk presides regularly in the Yukon.

“We shall not condone a market that will surely cause the death of more animals,” he said.

Yukon government prosecutor Penelope Gawn said Ahn told authorities when he was arrested that he was planning to take the gall bladders back to Alaska to sell to friends and grocery stores.

Articles placed before the court by Gawn and Crown Prosecutor Hugh Connolly - there to prosecute the federal exporting offence - indicated gall bladders are in great demand in Asia, where they are used for making traditional medicine.

The court was told the Asian bear population has almost been wiped out because of the demand, and buyers are now turning to North America for their supply.

“As far as we know, this is the largest seizure of wildlife gall bladders to date,” said Gawn.

Ahn travelled from Anchorage through the Yukon into British Columbia, where purchase of gall bladders is legal.

On his return trip, he was arrested 190 kilometres southeast of Whitehorse and charged Oct. 12 under the federal Game Export Act with illegal exportation of bear gall bladders. He was also charged under the Yukon Wildlife Act with offering to buy animal parts in the Yukon.

All 58 gall bladders were seized from the spare tire compartment in the truck of the car.

The court was told Yukon wildlife officers received information last October from Lodge owners along the Alaska Highway regarding Ahn inquiring about the purchase of bear gall bladders. It is illegal in the Yukon to offer to buy, sell or trade wild animal parts.

“In all of these places, he was asking for bear gall bladders and offering to pay anywhere from \$20 to \$220 per gall, depending on the quality and type of bear involved,” Gawn told the court. “He was offering \$220 for grizzly bear galls.”

Whitehorse defence lawyer Robert Kilpatrick said his client’s Anchorage painting business was facing bankruptcy last fall. So he decided to try and obtain the gall bladders and resell them for a profit.

Kilpatrick noted purchasing bear gall bladders in British Columbia is legal. He said Ahn wasn’t aware it’s illegal in the Yukon to offer to buy wildlife parts. He said his client was also unaware he required a federal exporting permit to transport the gall bladders.

“One of the things that plague wildlife management in Canada is the bewildering array of different regulations in the different jurisdictions,” said Kilpatrick.

The appropriate sentence, Kilpatrick argued, would be a total fine of \$3,000 for both charges.

But Gawn said Ahn knew full well he was committing an illegal act. She pointed out that his home state of Alaska, where he has lived for the past 15 years, has prohibited trade of wildlife parts for many years.

She said his offers to buy parts in the Yukon were done in a “sneaky and secretive” manner. The gall bladders themselves were not just placed in the trunk, but hidden away in the spare tire compartment, she added.

“If high prices are offered for animal parts, then animals will be killed just for the supply and world animal parts,” said the judge.

“Sadly, this court recognizes the sale of gall bladders is entirely legal in B.C. and that he bought them there.”

The judge said there was no evidence to suggest the bears were shot illegally but “somebody saved the gall bladders for a specific reason.”

## **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

### **Grand Forks 1897 – 1922**

You probably never heard of Grand Forks, Yukon. That's not surprising since it doesn't exist anymore. But for a fleeting glorious moment, it was the Klondike's real gold rush town. Oh sure, Dawson City was known the world over and it had everything - schools, banks, churches, saloons, fancy stores, office buildings - everything.

So did Grand Forks. But it also had one thing Dawson didn't have - location, location, location - as they say in real estate. Grand Forks was smack-dab in the middle of all the action - located at the confluence of Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks.

So why is Grand Forks so little known? Well because, in the mid-1920s, the place disappeared. Today there is nothing left. Hardly a piece of clapboard from which most of the buildings were made. And there were a lot of them.

Belinda Mulroney built the first roadhouse at Grand Forks in 1897. That was a full year before the hordes of gold seekers would arrive to transform the face of the Klondike valley.

The roadhouse was called the Magnet. And it was. It drew countless thousands to the creeks where gold was discovered in 1896. Like some kind of magic, in 1898, buildings began to blossom in the valley of Bonanza Creek, while above on the nearby side hills, inventive miners were finding the 'motherlode' of gold. Cheechako and French hills, and others, all yielded much more gold than the creeks below, where the gold rush all began.

From the hills, and through the gulches like Big Skookum and Adams, miners came to Grand Forks to shop, send their kids to school, go to church or even have their pictures taken by Kinsey and Kinsey, who had set up a state-of-the-art photographic studio.

Eight Mounties were stationed at Grand Forks, but none were ever needed to escort the horse-drawn wagons that carried countless millions of dollars worth of gold nuggets in moose hide bags to the banks in Dawson. The journey was a full day's trip over roads that Grand Forks residents always complained about. Just like today.

By 1903, the town was incorporated and had more than three thousand citizens.

All goods were delivered to Grand Forks over the Bonanza road, the same road that today takes tourists to see where Carmack and Skookum Jim discovered the gold, and to see the last remaining fully restored dredge - old number four - that was in part responsible for the demise of this once vibrant town.

You see, Grand Forks' reason for living was also its reason for dying. It was right in the middle of good gold ground. When large consortiums took over concessions in the Klondike, they built massive gold dredges and sent them ploughing up the valley of Bonanza Creek - grabbing the gold as they travelled.

By 1921, the dredges reached the outskirts of Grand Forks. There was gold underneath the town, so the residents had to move; the buildings were torn down and the ground turned upside down. Today, nothing remains of Grand Forks.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Grand Forks in its heyday.







Grand Forks - 1920. The town is dying.

## **MocTel Subscriptions at new low.**

Hi Sherron,

I'm saddened to hear that your subscription rate has fallen off so drastically! I would also really be saddened if it resulted in the total demise of the MocTel. In each issue I always find such interesting submissions, both in the text and the photos, about facts and happenings, some current and some from the past, that I either did not know or had forgotten. The publication has also allowed me to become reacquainted with former Yukoners with whom I had long lost contact. It would be a shame to no longer have the MocTel to help us to re-establish such contacts.

I know how much you have put into the MocTel, Sherron, and how much effort is required to get out each edition. Do you think that if the number of editions -- say one a month or even every two months or even quarterly -- would help? There still needs to be the readership and support through subscriptions but at least it would reduce the effort you have to put in to produce a larger number of issues. I certainly have and do appreciate all you do to put the MocTel together and sincerely hope that it can be kept going, even with a reduced number of editions.

One thing I also realize is that in order for you to publish you require appropriate material. I'm afraid I have been a bit remiss in providing only a very limited number of

submissions in recent time. I would certainly hope that if you do decide to carry on with a reduced number of editions that all of us with experiences and memories of our time in the Yukon (and those who are still residing there!) will support your efforts by submitting an abundance of material that can be shared with all of the readers of the MocTel.

Sherron, thank you for all your efforts since you began the MocTel in February 2003. Regardless of whether you are able to continue publishing the MocTel or not, the contribution you have made (and hopefully can continue to make) to the recorded history of the Yukon and it's peoples by doing so has been invaluable and you deserve all the credit that we, and those who will follow us, as the benefactors of your efforts can give to you.

Take care.

Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville BC)

Like us, most people are lax..careless..or whatever..about keeping up with sending the yearly check to you. Probably because you only charge a pittance ???!

We would have been very very sorry to have missed this latest edition. It was so interesting and educational besides being so superbly written.

On behalf of all Yukoners, esp. Gus and me.. THANK YOU and keep it up.

Have a great winter.

Hugs,Gus & Blanche Barrett [yukongal@shaw.ca](mailto:yukongal@shaw.ca) (In Parksville BC)

I would hate to not read the telegraph.

Dorothy Graham [dorothyg@dccnet.com](mailto:dorothyg@dccnet.com) (In Delta BC)

Dear Sherron You have done a great service for us in putting out the 414 regular issues and many special issues. However, I believe you are making the right decision to wind up the Moccasin Telegraph at the end of this year. Once the last issue has “gone to press”, I hope Bill will make one last disc which I will gladly purchase.

Enjoy Yuma! I hope the awful weather hitting the southern states misses you.

Maribeth Mainer [mmainer9@telus.net](mailto:mmainer9@telus.net) (In Burnaby BC)

I really look forward to your MocTel. Hoping those in arrears pay up. It would be a great loss if you need to cease producing this valuable service.

Kindest regards, Bill Dawson [yhuree@sympatico.ca](mailto:yhuree@sympatico.ca) (In Burlington, ON)

Sherron, please let me know if I'm okay!! I think I'm good to the end of this year and I will pony up for next year right away too. I don't want to lose this version of the Moccasin Telegraph!!

Thanks for the good work you do!! Ted.

Ted Swenson [toiler@sasktel.net](mailto:toiler@sasktel.net) (In Moose Jaw, SK)

Too much of a good thing is bad for you, but too much good scotch is rarely enough.  
Mark Twain

Where I live, I am 911. Phil Robertson, Duck Commander

You can't give up on this Sherron because it's fun and endlessly delivering new stories explicating the North and so many awesome people/families.

I can't keep track. Do I owe you? Cheers Duncan Sinclair

Oh, Sherron, I would be so sad to see the Moccasin Telegraph disappear. Just some thoughts: Perhaps a tracking system, where you e-mail out a friendly reminder. With everyone's busy lives, I am sure others - like me - just do not remember the anniversary of our payment being due. I believe mine is now. Perhaps send out the telegraph less frequently to make less work for you.  
Just some suggestions from a contented reader!

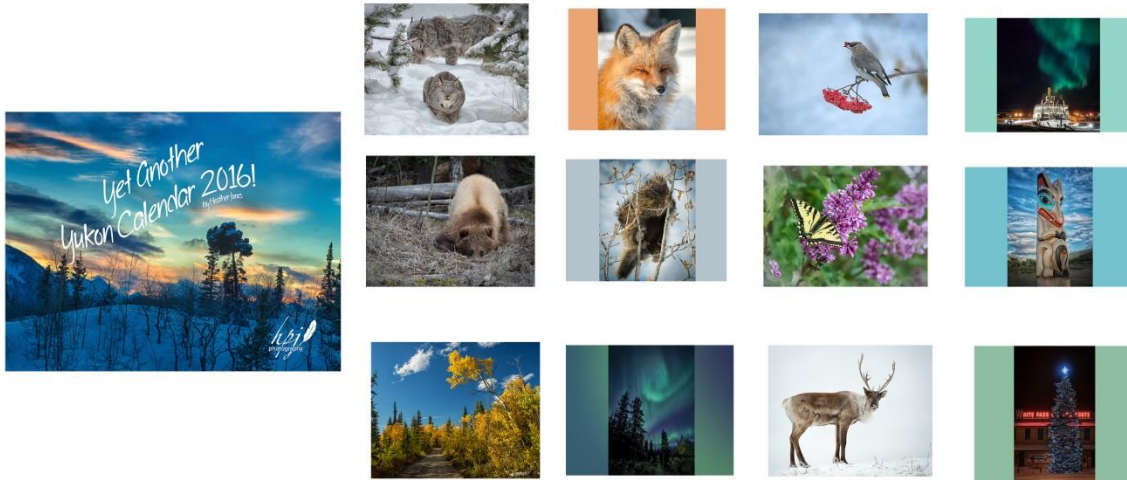
Joyce C. Bachli [megareporting@klondiker.com](mailto:megareporting@klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

Sherron – It would be a crying shame if the MocTel had to be shut down!! But you, you must spend untold hours on it.... Understandable, if you are not having enough subscriptions.

Hope you hang in there a little longer.

Larry and Pat Bidlake [lpbidlake@gmail.com](mailto:lpbidlake@gmail.com) (In Brandon MB)

## 2016 Yukon Calendar



## Yukon Calendars by “old Yukoner”!

8.5” x 11”

\$20.00/ea. + postage (if required) [5 or more and we cover shipping!]

Local (Whitehorse/Carcross) orders hand delivered to your door or your desk or almost anywhere else!

We can even mail them out as gifts FROM you and save you from standing in line at the post office! AND! we now accept credit card and debit payments! (cash and cheques and e-transfer work too!)

Heather (Jones)

hpj photography near Whitehorse



Contact info:  
hjones@northwestel.net  
(867)667-4915

Courtesy Heather Jones [hjones@northwestel.net](mailto:hjones@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## NEW ADDITIONS

Carolyn (Martin) Atkinson [catkinson@northwestel.net](mailto:catkinson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## OBIT



## Heather Lynn Klassen

July 14, 1940 – November 18, 2015

On July 14, 1940, in Dawson City, Yukon, Malcolm and Lillian Munroe welcomed their second child, baby Heather Lynn.

Growing up in Dawson City gave Heather a great outlook on local history and stories that fascinate Yukoners to this day. She always was able to "fill-in-the-blanks" when someone needed a bit of family connection knowledge. Heather had an amazing ability to capture and retain tidbits of Yukon families and places throughout the years.

Her education in Dawson was well rounded and she later received her teaching certificate from University of B.C. She married in 1961 and raised two children, Dean and Melanie and was a kindergarten teacher for many Yukon students. She fondly remembers many and was always pleased when one would recognize her and mention some story about her class. She enjoyed her school years.

But business ventures were also part of family life for the Klassens. They owned and operated Mayo Caselot with partners Shann and Jim Carmichael. As well they mined

for many years on the creeks near Dawson. It was a family affair and gave everyone opportunities to learn the ins and outs of life on the creeks! Much later she returned to Dawson City and bought the '98 Drive In and operated that for several summers before deciding she was ready to move on – to finally retire.

Heather and her family lived in many Yukon communities, Teslin and Mayo to name a few and she always became involved in community events. But her love of curling took first place and as skip of a Mayo team – Bessie Friesen, Faye McGeachy and Deb Whittingham, they represented Yukon at the Nationals one year. She loved her children but doted on her grandchildren ensuring they kept in touch and she knew what they were getting up to at all times. She spoke of what they were doing and was proud of their accomplishments as they grew into young adults. Dean's boys, Brayden and Will are now competitive curlers and that made her so happy. She could understand exactly what they were involved with.

For years, Heather had a little trailer and truck and later a small truck and camper where she would load her little dog and head off to explore. She enjoyed getting out and visiting and did not want to be a bother to anyone, so ensured she had her own space.

When her health started to become an issue, Heather quickly let everyone know she was handling it and she was going to continue to be independent. And again, she did not want to bother or burden anyone. She remained strong and practical but it was her wonderful sense of humour and ready smile that made it easier for us. Heather lived a full life and although she left us too early, she touched many and will be remembered with love.

Heather is predeceased by her parents, Mac and Lil Munroe, and brother Bob. She is survived by her son Dean (Laini); her daughter Melanie (Trevor); her sisters, Carol Pearce and Geraldine (Pat) Van Bibber, grandchildren: Emily, Brayden, Will, Micaela and Brianna, also many nephews and nieces.

Her wishes were to be cremated and a service will be held in Dawson City during the summer of 2016. Thank you to Dr. Avery and all the nurses and staff at Whitehorse General Hospital, all her caregivers, all her health support team to keep Heather home as long as possible and to everyone who have sent condolences.

In lieu of cards and flowers, please send donations to Lung Association of Canada.



## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Sorry but I will not renew my subscription.

Thank you very much for all the work you did keeping the MocTel alive and good luck for the future.

August & Olive Pociwauchek

Sorry not required anymore have a good winter down there.

Duane Hankins

Removed due to no subscription since 2011:

Ron & Margot Cairns

Removed due to no subscription since 2012:

Georgette and David Hill

Heather Hougen

Joan Craig

Peter Deer

Jay Armitage

Removed due to no subscription since 2013:

David Lee

Leighann Chalykoff

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Life is 10% what happens to you and 90% how you react to it.*

*-Charles R. Swindoll*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

From The Star Cook Book, The Women of Yukon Chapter No 1 order of Eastern Star, Dawson, Yukon Territory, for the Benefit of the War Work 1942.

### **Oatmeal Cookies**

1 cup shortening

1 cup brown sugar

½ cup sour milk

1 tsp soda

2 cups oatmeal  
2 cups white flour

Let chill then roll out as thin as possible.

Filling:

1 pkg dates  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup water

Boil until thick.

Elizabeth Grant

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

### **VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION GENERAL MEETING AND CHRISTMAS LUNCH**

December 3, 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 Island Christmas Party**

Thursday, Dec 10th 2015 -----12:00 P.M.

ABC Restaurant  
6671 Mary Ellen Dr.  
Nanaimo, B.C.

Lunch and Social

Choice of 3 items for lunch, approx. 20.00 (gratuity extra)

Special Door Prize

Please RSVP by Dec. 3, e-mail or phone  
Sharon dawson1@shaw.ca 250-729-9773  
Harriett harriett3@shaw.ca 250-751-1194



**Vancouver Yukoners' Association  
88th Annual Reunion  
April 08-10, 2016**



**Banquet - Saturday, April 09, 2016**

**River Rock Casino Resort – Whistler Ballroom  
8811 River Rd, Richmond BC  
Free Parking in Casino Parkade**

**Hotel reservations  
Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718**

**ASK FOR VANCOUVER YUKONERS' RATE  
1 King Bed or 2 Queen Bed Standard Room \$152.00 & 1 Bedroom Suite \$182.00  
2 Bedroom Resort Suite \$232.00**

Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet based on availability  
**BOOK EARLY – AVAILABILITY & RATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

**Banquet Reception:** Ballroom Foyer No-Host Bar 5pm – 6pm

**Welcome followed by Dinner:** 6:15 pm

For group seating reservations, please follow directions on website at  
[www.vancouver-yukoners.com](http://www.vancouver-yukoners.com)

Check the website for updates and a list of those attending

**Hospitality Room:** Open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from noon

**Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room**

**.....THE CANUCKS AND HANK KARR TO PERFORM FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT.....**

**REGISTER BEFORE FEB 29/16 FOR DRAW OF FREE SUITE FOR 2 NIGHTS  
AT RIVER ROCK**

**Book early as ticket sales could be limited**

**FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:**

**Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4**

**Phone: 250-383-1349 email: [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca)**

**\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to**

***Vancouver Yukoners' Association***

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

Yukon Residents may contact Penny Sippel at 867 667-4094  
303A Hanson St. Whitehorse YT Y1A 1Y5

**We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North. Contact them for any special discounts.**

## **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](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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