

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 419th Edition – February 28, 2016

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



Taken in the very wee hours of January 23rd near Haines Junction.
Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones@nortwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Just a little ditty I came up with while trying to regain the urge to write again. Guess I've been in a little bit of a rut lately and just trying to shake myself out of it. – Gus (Feb 18, 2016)

IT'S JUST A NUMBER

Courtesy Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Port Alberni BC)

At eighty five, I'm feeling old,
The pace of life is much too fast,
Therefore, I sit at home a lot,

And reap the pleasures of the past.

My mind will drift into the past,
Childhood on that rugged shore.
No web games then to fill ones day,
Just play and chores, then play some more.

A product of the worst of times,
A child of the "Depression Years"
A child, but I remember yet,
Those times of strife, the hopes and fears.

Then too, I've had the best of times,
My Yukon days, so safe and free.
There, I received my greatest gift,
The joy of my own family.

So what the Hell, I'm eighty five,
It's just a number, anyway,
I'll carry on at my own pace,
And cherish every new-born day.

So bring on ninety, I'm prepared,
I'm satisfied that I can take it.
I'll honor all those long time friends.
Who would be here, but didn't make it.

(C) 2016 Gus Barrett

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

Part 9

May Eleventh, 1900. A well-earned rest was taken this morning for every person and every animal was tired and so slept later. The men spent most of the day cleaning up, washing their clothes and so forth. Sat. sometime a terrible wind devastated this part of the country and the silver broken trunks of trees stood like ghosts amid the piles of weather-beaten logs piled high around about. Just back of the tent a number of these were uprooted and piled one over the other. On one of these logs the boys lined up for a shave and a hair cut Bill acted as the barber and started in on Charlie the cook, and went down the line. When he finished, the boys looked like nanny had worked on their heads during

the night, with those sharp teeth of hers. It caused much merriment, but I am sure it made the boys feel much better for they went to town in the afternoon to celebrate. The town consisted of two roadhouses – Clark's and Hume's --- Chris knew both families as they had lived in this lonely place for most of three years.

Last fall, as Chris went out on one of the last boats, "Willie Irwin" he ordered four scows to be made by the U.Y.C. Company at Lake Lindeman, not far from Bennett. These scows were to be sent to this point before navigation closed and he and Billie A. had gone to town, as we say, for after being in the mountains so long even two houses together seemed like a town, to see if they had been delivered. They found them there all right, but there was much to do on them in the way of tightening them up and making them fit for the river for from here to the foot of Lake Labarge, the last of the lakes, we would run straight into Dawson City on the rivers.

Some of the sheep had become quite lame and after one of the scows was all corked and pitched, these lame sheep were put in it to travel to the Hootalinqua River. Nanny was also put in the scow, thinking she would be out of mischief. But it did not take long for her to find something to do and she began to torment the sheep by pulling their wool out. Chris took her then and tied her in the far corner, where she pulled the chinking out of the scow.

There just seemed no beating this little animal to her pranks, so when Chris discovered that she was pulling the chinking out of the scow he was very much vexed indeed, and he took her over to the post in the centre of the scow and there he stretched her neck up to the post, and bound it there until she was almost choked. I am sorry to record that Chris and I had our first quarrel over this. The boys were all much amused. Shortly after this, the lame sheep were all taken off the scow and led to get a drink of water; all but Nanny. I came along, unbound her neck and quietly led her to get a drink.

The cook, Nanny and I, were in camp most of the day and I spent most of the time writing letters. I sat in the sun shine on the shore of this frozen lake and told the folks at home of the experiences of yesterday and the day before. It would make their hearts standstill. I could not tell them of great waves and white caps leaping and dashing and breaking at my feet, for the weather man of the north had not yet released them from their winter sleep. Soon he would do so, and they would be playing, for as I sat there writing, a beautiful yellow butterfly flew past me. I did not know when my letter would go to the outside, perhaps not until navigation opened in a week or ten days, but I would leave them with Mrs. Hume. This mass of ice would soon be released. To celebrate my birthday, Chris got two of the horses and we went to town on horse back.

May Twelvth, 1900. Mrs. Hume asked us to dinner to celebrate my birthday. I was really excited. I had not seen a woman or been inside a house of any kind for over a month. The queer girl at Taggish roadhouse was the last woman I had seen, excepting Indian women, and I was beginning to feel as uncivilized as one, and I am sure I looked like one. My wearing apparel was much delapidated; burned from camp fires and torn. They would make good souvenirs someday. Well, for the occasion I opened up my trunk and

discovered I had a skirt and a shirtwaist left, which I had not traded to the squaws for bead work of some kind. I had decided to tog up a bit but, as I had nothing for my feet but moccasins, or my hiking boots and nothing for my head but my black Stetson or my little knit hood, I decided to remain in my trail clothes and went to my birthday party as a typical Klondiker.

This dear little home looked good to me. It was built of logs of course, low and rambling and somewhat dark inside, for windows are a luxury up here and some of them were merely bottles arranged. The rooms were small but every inch utilized. The bunks for travellers were arranged somewhat like the previous roadhouses I had seen. A dozen men could easily sleep in one bedroom and it might be very small at that; bunks arranged one above the other. The large living room and dining room had been given a homey touch with cretonnes and crocheted tidies. The kitchen interested me very much. It was small but all in use. The cupboard shelves were piled high with all sorts of food, used in this country, where everything is hard to get and every pound means much. There were cans of dried pulverized eggs; evaporated potatoes which are soaked and then fried or boiled. There were desiccated potatoes also, which are prepared by pouring boiling water over them. There was canned milk and powdered milk too. Canned goods of all kinds. The country glittered with tin cans. The cupboards were built of boxes. There was nothing that was not used --- the ingenuity of woman --- and this little woman was a capable one. Our tongues were pretty busy for we enjoyed each other. I forgot all about my attire. Dinner was an unusual one; white fish from under the ice at her door. Caribou steak obtained in the mountains nearby. Desiccated potatoes, which I must confess do not taste like fresh ones. Her pumpkin pie made with canned milk and desiccated egg that would melt in your mouth. It was a treat for both Chris and me. By the light of the late sun, for the days were getting very long, we rode back to camp, which had been moved to a better location.

May Thirteenth, 1900. In my mind's ear this morning I could hear the Church bells in the home town. The little church just under the hill, over-hung by wonderful oak trees in their new coats of green. Then again, when I listened I could hear their echo up and down, back and forth, over and across the Columbia River. The scenery was just as pretty or nearly so here, but I heard no church bells. The camp, however, was very quiet today. The boys had been working; Sunday was quite like other days up on the Klondike Trail. The scows all had to be corked with oakum, then tarred from the outside. This was a long tedious job; a dull chisel was used for stuffing the oakum into the cracks. Oakum by the way, is old rope untwisted and pulled into loose hemp. It was bought by the bale. It was most necessary that we take great precautions, and common sense told us to get started before this lake of ice broke up, so we would get in ahead of it and not tied up back of it. It would mean disaster to be caught in it. The rivers were open but jammed with outgoing ice. There was much activity around here; many small outfits were arriving, trying to get across the lake at the last moment with canoes on runners and using sails. Occasionally a horse arrived and many light cargoes on runners were drawn by hand. From here they would find open water, but many dangers.

Nanny and I took a long walk; she kept close to me, browsing as she went along, eating the new shoots just ready to burst into leaf.

May Fourteenth, 1900. We broke camp this morning, every-one fired with the desire to get into Dawson. It was spring and everybody and everything was coming to life; just raring to go. The waters of the lakes and rivers confined for months were ready to tear and leap like mad; in a day or two they would be racing toward their destination, the sea, regardless of man or beast, scow or canoe. It would be our part to keep out of their way. The waters in the rivers were very low; but when the lakes break the ice would pile mountain high on the shores and the melting would swell the rivers until they were wild torrents. The boys finished corking the scows and this afternoon they loaded the entire camp outfit into a small boat and took it down to the head of Thirty Mile, where the scows were. Nanny who had been in camp with "The Whites" was put back with the sheep. They would be loaded in the scows and started down the river in the morning. Hustle and bustle was the order of the camp this morning early, preparatory to leaving Labarge, but plans had been changed and there was still much to be done. After careful examination of the river, Chris had decided it was too low to float the scows if loaded so the sheep were to be driven to the Hootalinqua River and the scows taken to that point unloaded, a distance of thirty miles. The country on the opposite side of the river looked lower, so the sheep had to be crossed. One of the scows was converted into a ferry and soon they were all on the opposite side and started towards Hootalinqua in charge of Bill, Red and two other men.

These scows were from sixty to seventy feet long, thirty feet wide and five feet deep. They were built with perfectly flat bottoms. There were decks somewhat like the one described previously at each end and the centre left for cargo. Each scow had four sweeps or immense oars, and handled each one by two men. When a lady was on board a scow, a small dressing room was built on the back end, just between the sweeps. Just near our camp were two steamers which, were caught in the freeze-up last fall. Unable to finish the trip, they were frozen in all winter, or since last October, but by now they had steamed up and were perfectly free, ready to go as soon as the ice gave way on the lake. There was very little darkness now --perhaps three hours of deep twilight. It was difficult to sleep.

May Sixteenth, 1900. At just eight minutes to two this morning, we drew in the snub lines and our scows were loosened in Thirty Mile River. I, Nanny, and the five crippled sheep, on the first scow; Billie A., Chris and a man at each sweep. Four men and five horses in the second scow. The other two scows were properly manned, but followed empty. We had taken on four new men, who had come straggling along over the ice and were happy to get away on in.

I shall never forget those early gray morning hours, as we went down the river in those crude flat bottomed boats. The men, a little nervous and excited with the newness of it all, were talking in loud reckless voices; then would come the more calm voices of Chris

and Billie A. as they gave command "To the right" and almost in the same breath came "To the left", for the river twisted and turned and it was most difficult to keep to the channel. There were many sand-bars to be avoided in the low state of the water, and also much ice along the shore, making the channel very narrow in places. Progress was very slow.

By four o'clock the sun was peeking over the hilltops at us, seeming to say, "Good morning, and good luck, ye people of fate. May you neither run amuck, strike any rocks or be carried to destruction with the swollen waters of an ice jam." Everyone had warmed up a bit for the morning was fresh and cool. Everyone had also calmed down, Charlie the cook, was now prepared to serve breakfast of flapjacks, boiled beans and coffee. The men ate theirs where they stood at the sweeps, for they could not leave their posts. Having spied the sheep on the bank, we went on a few miles, making about twenty-seven miles since early morning. We manipulated the scows into an eddy and waited until the sheep came along. Charlie had dinner ready early and everyone was there and in need of an early dinner. The sun was very hot too for the sheep to travel, so everyone rested with the sheep, and in the evening after an early supper, the men started with their sheep to let them graze and slowly cover the remaining few miles in the cool of the evening. The camp was quiet and in slumber, hours before the sun sank from our sight. Chris and I had spread our tent over the edge of the scow and rested it on two sweeps, thus making a lean-to.

(To be continued)

Bryan Clayson is the recipient of the Helen Couch Volunteer of the Year Award

Bryan has been an integral part of the Miles Canyon Historical Railway Society for many years. He is currently the vice-president of the Board of Directors. His love for streetcars and his mechanical skills have lovingly kept the 90 year old Whitehorse Waterfront Trolley functioning for over 15 years. Although Bryan lives out on the Carcross Road, on many occasions and on any day of the week he has driven in to town to service the trolley. Every summer, he mentors young staff in the mechanics of the diesel generator and general maintenance and operations in the Roundhouse.

Although the trolley is not originally from the Yukon, its route along the waterfront on the old White Pass and Yukon Route narrow gauge rails contributes greatly to the education of thousands of tourists and locals alike. Riding the trolley provides an opportunity to learn about the history of down town Whitehorse from Whiskey Flats to Shipyards Park to Spook Creek. This attraction continues to bring smiles to everyone who sees it. And thanks to the tireless work of Mr. Clayson, it is one that we will enjoy for years to come.



Photo by Vince Fedoroff

The 2015 Yukon Heritage Awards were handed out Tuesday evening at the Yukon Archives.

By Whitehorse Star on February 18, 2016

PRESERVING THE TERRITORY'S HERITAGE – The 2015 Yukon Heritage Awards were handed out Tuesday evening at the Yukon Archives. **Bryan Clayson (second from left)** received the Helen Couch Volunteer of the Year Award for his hours spent on the Whitehorse Waterfront Trolley. The Hidden Histories Society Yukon, comprised of the seven people in the middle of the photo, received the Innovation, Education and Community Engagement Award. Local historian Pat Ellis (far right) received the annual Heritage Award, for the preservation of Whitehorse history, for her latest book, *The Squatters of Downtown Whitehorse*. Not in attendance was a representative of the Diocese of the Yukon, which received the Heritage Conservation Project of the Year Award for the restoration of St. Paul's Anglican Church in Dawson City. Tourism and Culture Minister Elaine Taylor is at the far left.

Congratulations Bryan !!! - Sherron Jones

Bryan also volunteers at the Transportation Museum. He's restoring a 1954 Austin, Model A40. Working beside Bob Cameron, who is restoring an aircraft, Bob witnesses Bryan's efforts. According to Bob and told to Janna Powell, Executive Director, this is a day in the life of Bryan:

- main wheel bearing fell apart in his hands
- ball bearings all over the shop

- He repaired the hydraulic jack only to find the seals were blown.

If anyone needs a volunteer award today - it's our Bryan! ~Janna Powell

Submitted by Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Angela Drainville, Executive Director, Miles Canyon Historic Railway Society
& Copperbelt Railway

Janna Powell, Executive Director, Yukon Transportation Museum

Here are my comments from the awards ceremony:

I am fortunate to have Bryan Clayson as my Vice President at Miles Canyon Historic Railway Society. I am also fortunate to call Bryan and his wife Donna, my friends. From the time I began in my position as Executive Director of our organization, until being here presenting this award to him, Bryan has demonstrated his commitment to using his skills to ensure that the engines keep running. Literally. He is the reason why the Waterfront Trolley, the Redliner and the Loki engines are able to offer rides to local people and tourists all summer long.

And he works all summer, any time of day, scheduling vacations and day trips around his volunteerism. He knows how much we need him.

Typically, when something goes wrong - engine trouble or small derailments - I will nervously place a call to Bryan and either he or 'Dispatch' Donna will answer, and calm me down and let me know that my call isn't a burden in anyway. Then Bryan will put down what he's doing (even if it's dinner) and come to the rescue. The fix may take minutes or it may take hours, but either way Bryan Clayson becomes more of hero in my eyes with every rescue and repair.

We work in a challenging field, bringing heritage alive through the use of active locomotives. Ours is a working heritage, and our heritage works because of Bryan Clayson.

Angela Drainwell
Miles Canyon Historic Railway Society
867-334-2241 adrainville@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)

WHITEHORSE WATERFRONT TROLLEY

watch video at: <http://www.yukonrails.com/trolley-2/>

William Puckett



There's a neat well-maintained pathway with, of all things, stairs. It leads from Alexander Street to the airport. But when I was a kid in the fifties, the trail to the airport via Puckett's Gulch hadn't changed much since William Puckett built it around 1900.

Fact is, the trail was in better condition back then because it was regularly used by pack trains heading for the exciting Whitehorse Copper deposits. Lots of famous Yukon characters lived in the tiny town of Whitehorse then, and owned copper properties in the Copper belt:

Sam McGee, William Grainger, John McIntyre and the subject of today's story, William Puckett. He was born in Missouri in 1869, came to the Yukon via the Chilkoot Pass in 1898 and staked a claim in the Whitehorse copper belt. By 1907, there were six major copper claims working, including Puckett's Anaconda claim.

All this action was not ignored by the newly formed Territorial Government that provided cash to build a new trail from Whitehorse to the copper mines via what is now the Two Mile Hill. All told, the government funded 36 miles of road to all the major mines and they were shipping tons of copper ore.

Like always, the boom didn't last and virtually came to a stop in 1908 when copper prices plummeted. But William Puckett was a diversified businessman. By now he owned the Upper Lebarge and Takhini roadhouses on the overland trail to Dawson. He and his wife Anna Harper, who came to Whitehorse from Kentucky in 1900, had three children and made their first home at the Takhini Roadhouse at Takhini Crossing.

However, in 1907, the family moved into Whitehorse, so that the children could attend school. Here, William operated a hardware store on Front Street. He called it – 'The Store that sells all kinds of miners' supplies'.

Later, William also started the Ford car and truck dealership, and in 1935, he opened a sheet metal shop. Sadly, in March 1934, Anna Puckett died in Long Beach, California, where she was visiting her two sons.

In 1937, William left the Yukon and returned to the United States. In Seattle for a cataract operation, he fell in love with his nurse, Margaret Jones. They married and

settled in Long Beach, California . William Puckett, a diversified Yukon businessman – best remembered for Puckett’s Gulch, died in 1940.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Whitehorse Winter Carnival 1946 – My book of Yukon Memories by Hank Karr

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=llUz5P_WjgE

YUKON NUGGET

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

Edited from: "A Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin"

Queen Elizabeth visit to Yukon 1959

In June, Queen Elizabeth began a cross-country tour of Canada with the Yukon on the list of stops. While in Whitehorse, a Royal tummy ache turned out to be the biggest news of the tour. The forty-five day visit began in Newfoundland on June 18th. A month later, on Saturday, July 18, the Queen and Prince Phillip arrived at the Whitehorse airport on a flight from Vancouver.

Elizabeth, said the newspapers, looked pale and drawn - perhaps worn out from the rigours of the arduous tour. A few days later, the world would hear the real story. From the airport, the Royal couple were driven downtown in a brand new 1959 Ford Fairlane convertible that was owned by a [Cassiar](#) miner named Vincenzo Caparell. It took some quick police work by the Mounties to find the convertible after a last-minute royal request for such a vehicle.

Half an hour after her arrival, the Mounties, who always get their car, had found the Fairlane, the Army polished it up and it was ready at the airbase for the drive that included a ride over streets coated with a new topping of old oil, the material of choice to keep the dust down in the days before pavement.

Then it was off with Mayor [Gordon Cameron](#) on a walkabout to the nearby train station where White Pass railway engineer Charlie Rapuzzi unfurled the Royal standard and eased the diesel locomotive out of town for a quick trip to [McCrae](#). The journey included a view of the [Yukon River](#) and the newly built [hydro dam](#) that had destroyed the historic Whitehorse Rapids.



But the most important news of the Canadian tour leaked out next morning. A Sunday service was scheduled at the [Old Log Church](#). At the appointed hour, the Queen was a no show. Prince Philip arrived alone in the Royal convertible and read the lesson while Anglican bishop Tom Greenwood and a full house looked on. But why was the Queen not there?



Her personal physician announced to a galvanized press that she was exhausted from the grueling tour and had an upset stomach. Some news hounds were not buying the story and it was finally revealed that the Queen was suffering from morning sickness. She was pregnant with another Royal. They would name him Edward.

For the Queen, Sunday remained a day of rest while the Duke headed for Dawson in a four-engine de Havilland Heron military aircraft. Philip piloted the plane to Dawson and back, taxing right up to the VIP house at the Whitehorse airport while the recovering Queen watched from a window.

It was the Queen Elizabeth's only visit to the Yukon, though the Duke had been here five years earlier on a solo trip in 1954.

And here's a link to a bonus.

Mr and Mrs Matthew Watson meet the Queen

View photo at:

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/yukongovernment/6773400961>

Mr and Mrs Matthew Watson of Carcross greet Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh upon their arrival in Whitehorse. 1959.



The former home of Bill and Sherron Jones at 59 Alsek in Whitehorse built in 1969 is now the scene of RCMP investigation.

Whitehorse RCMP investigate illegal drug laboratory in residential area

Cbc.ca

Whitehorse RCMP are investigating a house in Riverdale which they believe was being used as an illegal drug laboratory.

Police have arrested a 23-year-old man in connection with the investigation.

A house on Alsek Drive came under suspicion after the fire department was called to a fire at the residence. The fire was extinguished, but responders saw indications that led them to believe the home was being used as an illegal drug production facility.

Police say they were called to the house at about 2 a.m. Sunday.

The scene has been secured and the police and fire department have determined the risk to the public of this situation was low. They have not evacuated any homes in the area.

A specialized RCMP team that investigates clandestine drug laboratories is travelling to Whitehorse from British Columbia to assess the scene.

Police say they are considering criminal charges but are not releasing the name of the man who was arrested, nor are they sharing other details about the evidence at this time.



Photo by Vince Fedoroff

CHARGES LAID AFTER BLAZE – After city firefighters were called to this Alsek Road home early Sunday morning to extinguish a blaze, they alerted the RCMP. Police subsequently investigated signs of a drug lab on the premises and charged a man.

RCMP discover meth lab after Riverdale fire

Whitehorse RCMP have charged a 23-year-old man after stumbling upon an illegal drug lab in Riverdale over the weekend.

By **Pierre Chauvin** on **February 22, 2016** **Whitehorse Star**

Whitehorse RCMP have charged a 23-year-old man after stumbling upon an illegal drug lab in Riverdale over the weekend.

Whitehorse resident Trevor Mendham has been charged with production and possession of a schedule I drug, methamphetamine, also known as crystal meth.

Firefighters were called in at the Alsek Road residence between 1:00 and 1:30 a.m. Sunday.

They quickly extinguished the fire but called the RCMP shortly before 2 a.m.

“Indicators at the scene led responders to believe that an illegal drug production facility was set up in the residence,” police said in a press release.

Because of the safety issues clandestine drug labs can pose, a special team was brought in, Whitehorse RCMP Ins. Archie Thompson told the Star today.

The RCMP clandestine drug lab team flew to Whitehorse from B.C. and dismantled the lab.

On Sunday, police determined the risk to public safety to be low.

No evacuations of nearby homes were ordered.

It’s not clear whether the fire was caused by the drug lab set-up.

Fire officials told the Star the cause is still under investigation. The police investigation delayed their own investigation.

The resident himself phoned to report the fire.

Mendham has also been charged with endangering the lives and safety of the public.

“(Mendham) did commit a common nuisance by mixing volatile with the intent to produced Controlled drugs and substances,” the charge alleges.

Mendham first appeared in Yukon territorial court on Sunday.

He is scheduled to be back on Tuesday for a bail hearing.

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -

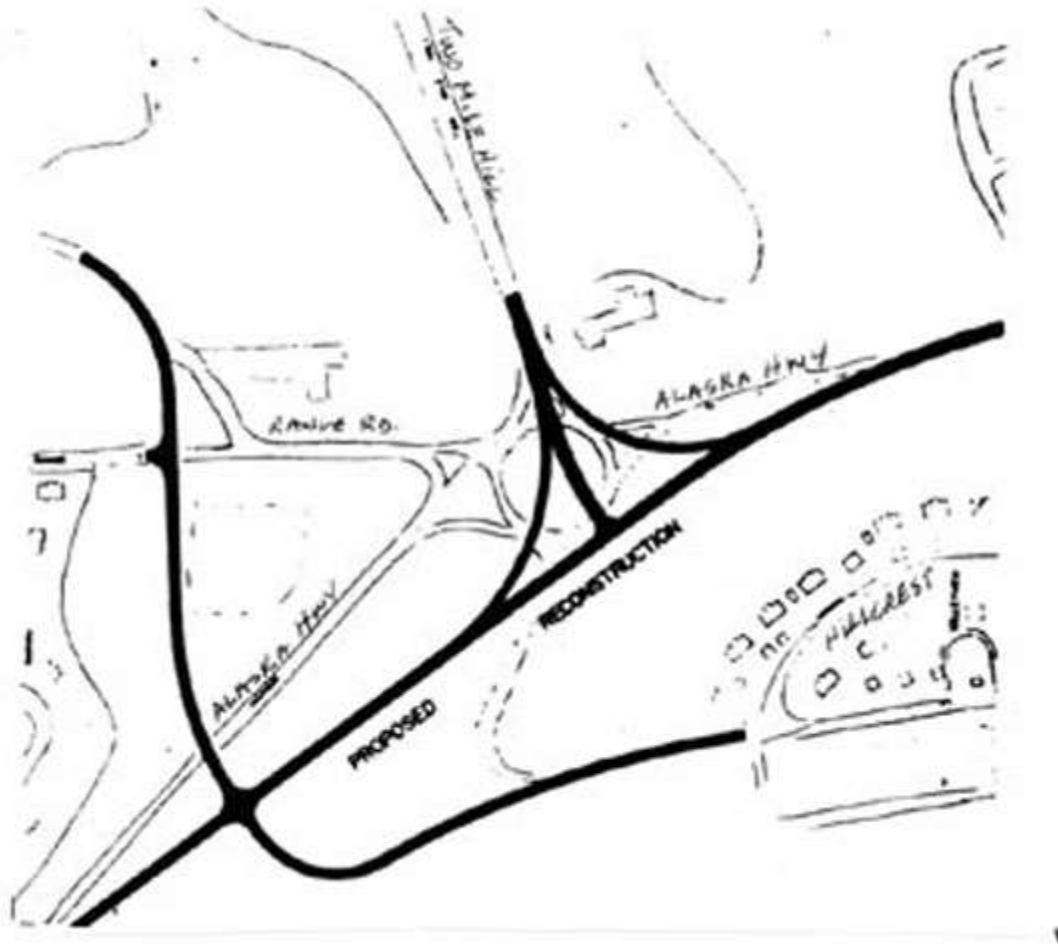


Photo by Whitehorse Star

TEE REPLACING CIRCLE: This traffic flow diagram illustrates what is going to happen to the Alaska Highway at the top of the Two Mile Hill this summer, as the old traffic circle is replaced by a Tee-type intersection. The new intersection will permit traffic from the south to enter Two Mile Hill or head North in a steady flow. The accesses to both Takhini and Valleyview will be re-located farther north to allow northbound highway traffic to leave the new intersection uninterrupted by local vehicles. See story.

By **Whitehorse Star** on **May 5, 1969**

MILLION DOLLAR REMODELING FOR HIGHWAY TRAFFIC CIRCLE

Tenders for the reconstruction of 18 miles of the Alaska Highway from Mile 909.2 to Mile 928.5 closed on Thursday, May 1, 1969. The lowest bid was \$961,584 submitted by Nanaimo Bulldozing Co. Ltd. of Nanaimo B.C. The highest bid was \$1,407,536 according to R. K. Coates, District Director of the Canada Department of Public Works at Whitehorse, Y.T. Award of the contract has not been finalized yet; however, construction is expected to commence early this summer.

Reconstruction during the first season this year will make ready the highway for possible paving by early next summer. The finished road will provide for two 12 foot contiguous traffic lanes but the over width of the road top, including shoulders, will be 42 feet wide. In addition to the widening, all the grades will be improved as will be the horizontal curves to provide maximum sight distance.

At the top of Two-Mile Hill, the now most photographed "Welcome to Whitehorse" sign will be removed along with the familiar traffic circle which has served local motorists faithfully since 1953. The rotary intersection is no longer considered adequate for handling the increased traffic volume anticipated. Improvements to the present circle would be expensive and impractical due to its location on the brow of the hill DPW engineer states.

The new cross type intersection to be located just north of the R.C.E. monument will allow a direct access between Valleyview and Takhini. It is intended that a designated cross walk will be provided at this intersection for school children.

At Mile 925, the junction with the Mayo Road will be completely rebuilt to provide for increased traffic capacity and safety. All present accesses to private and commercial establishments along this section will be reconstructed to a standard design.

The first phase of the reconstruction will involve replacement of a large number of culverts, 742,000 cu.yd. of earthwork, 19,500 cu.yds. of rock, 260,000 cu.yds. of sub-base gravel. The road through Rabbits Foot Canyon at Mile 920 will be straightened to include only one gentle curve.

Directly involved in the reconstruction will be J.C. Hudson, Project Engineer, and K.Byram, Area Superintendent. The work is being carried out under the direction of the District Director, R.K. Coates.

(aka. John Hudson, Keith Byram, Bob Coates)



**Mr. & Mrs. Yukon 2016
Sam & Kelly Johnston**

Sam Johnston was born and raised in Teslin, Yukon. He has worked throughout his life with people in and out of the territory. He was Chief of the Teslin Tlingit Council before moving on to territorial politics as the first Native Speaker of the House for the Government of Yukon.

Kelly was raised in Barrier, B.C., where she went through her school years. In 1980, she moved to Whitehorse with her family. Kelly worked in Haines Junction and Whitehorse but eventually moved to Teslin to work at the Yukon Motel. She often tells the story of how she first met Sam. He was the Chief of the Teslin Tlingit Council at the time and was hosting a dance to support the community's Rendezvous Queen Contestant. He left out a crucial detail when he asked Kelly to the dance—he forgot to tell her what his name was. She replied with a polite, “No thanks.”

Their first official date was in Whitehorse, in 1982, when Sam brought Kelly in for the weekend to experience her first Rendezvous. The rest is history, as they say, because the couple got married in May 1982. Sam and Kelly raised three children in Teslin; they now have 10 grandchildren.

Over the years Sam and Kelly have been very active in Teslin and throughout the Yukon, coaching Yukon youth in a variety of sports. Sam has travelled all over the country teaching archery, while Kelly has helped with the little things, making sure he had all he needed to work with the children. Sam and Kelly never seem to say no to a project that celebrates life in the Yukon or those endeavours that contribute to building their community of Teslin. The Yukon is their home and always will be. Sam and Kelly are so proud to be Yukoners.

They both send their deepest, humble thanks to the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Society for asking them to be Mr. & Mrs. Yukon 2016. Sam is especially proud to be following in his mother and father's footsteps (they were Mr. & Mrs. Yukon in 1974). Sam is honoured to join them on the list 42 years later. Rendezvous has always been very important to the couple, from the days when Sam would run dogs to when they would both walk along Main Street to take part in the festivities and watch the events. Sam and Kelly Johnston wish a Happy Rendezvous to all of the Yukon! See them at our Reunion!

Apricot Pie

As usual Sherron, I always enjoy your productions. The recipe, including apricot jam reminded me of Charlie Hoddinott. Charlie, like so many Yukoners was a character. He had a log cabin along the road to Mayo Lake. On the other side of the road he had a workshop. Being a veteran of WWII Charlie qualified for Veteran's benefits. This enabled him to dental treatment which Charlie used to advantage, he had three full sets of false teeth. One he wore, another was in his workshop just in case he forgot to install them when he got up in the morning, and the third was kept near the window in his cabin. That has nothing to do with the story of "Chef" Charlie which follows.

A chap had put together a crew of six men to prove-up the work on his claims for the year. Trouble was he did not have a cook. He approached Charlie to cook. Now Charlie was a meat and potatoes kind of guy. He never claimed to be any good providing dessert. So Charlie, knowing how important "pie" was to the end of every meal at such camps said he would not consider the offer. Finally the claim-owner made a deal with Charlie. He would provide desserts for the six days the group would be in camp. With that Charlie agreed to cook. Well the required work was not completed before the bought pies had been eaten. The first evening without dessert was accepted, with a hint of rebellion if they did not get dessert. Charlie and the boss were desperate. Finally Charlie made up some pie shells, filled them with apricots and put them in the oven. Trouble was, they were "dried" apricots. Charlie had not re-hydrated the dried fruit.

The humour of the occasion saved Charlie from being run out of camp.

Miss those old-timers, they were "Yukon Gold".

Bill Dawson yhuree@sympatico.ca (In Burlington, ON) Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno City, Dawson - 1956-1964

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Hi Sherron, we have enjoyed these many years of connecting with Yukon friends and are grateful for the efforts made by yourself and other Yukoners through the Moc tel. At this time we would ask that you take us off the mailing list. We have not been taking the time that we should to enjoy the read.

Sandie and Barrie Ravenhill suni.travels@gmail.com (In Keremeos BC)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Life is 10% what happens to us and 90% how we react to it.

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.

Butterscotch Cookies

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup butter
2 eggs
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon soda
4 cups flour
1 lb. chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix at night and mold. In the morning, slice and bake.

Ruth McFarland.

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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