

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – TWELFTH EDITION – May 4, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

By Thursday night Donna had not had any new story material come in this week. She sure could use your help in putting together material for the future issues of the Moccasin Telegraph Story Section. You will notice this edition is much shorter, which is a reflection of the input received this week.

Sherron

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – STORY SECTION

Donna Clayson – Story Editor

ytdogteam@telus.net

With the Yukon winter being long and (sometimes) very cold I can remember many a night sitting around visiting with friends and neighbours telling stories. At times these stories were serious but usually by the end of the evening they would turn humorous. If you can think of any funny stories please send them to me. We can all use a laugh.

Henry Breaden remembers flying humor:

FLYING HUMOUR

By Henry Breaden

After the war, the fellow that was in charge of the dredging on McQuesten had a son that was flying a Grumman flying boat for the company. Unfortunately he came to the same end in the bush somewhere, I think it was in Alaska. Now it is coming back, "Patty" was the one in charge and it was his son that was killed. In 1945 I was on the M. S. Neecheah, a diesel of about 60 feet and pushing a barge. We made a special trip down the Yukon River to Coal Creek to take down a load of diesel fuel. We stopped in Eagle to pick up a native pilot, as it was required being that we were in Alaska. Our skipper, Alex Courquin, really didn't need him but that is the way the law read being in U. S. territory. It was rather funny for Alex had a streak of dry humor, and while the pilot was wheeling the boat, Alex put his finger in his mouth and then out the window. He said, "There is a moose around the next bend." When we came around the bend, I'll be darned if there was not a bull moose feeding next to the river. Alex grinned and said, "Well, there is your moose!" That native must have thought, "That white man is plenty smart, wish I could do that!"

Your Story Editor remembers humor with the dog team

DOGS DANCING FOR THE FISH

By Donna Clayson

One cold winter day in 1973 Richard Ross and I had our dogs out for an afternoon training session. We were running the dogs on the Yukon River enjoying the crisp air and proud that the dogs were actually pulling straight and in unison. It had been quite windy the last few days and the ice was completely clear in most places. I was enjoying the quiet solitude with only the sound of the runners on the ice when I heard Rick laugh.

As I glanced over in his direction his dogs were doing the strangest dance. Their legs looked like jelly and they were all jumping straight up in the air while their eyes were staring straight downward at the ice. It was very comical but I certainly couldn't understand what was happening. Then my dogs started doing the same thing. We both stopped our teams and stepped heavily on the snow hook. Unable to jam it into the ice securely it held enough to understand why the dogs began acting like the Three Stooges. With the ice being so clear the dogs could see the fish swimming below. They had no idea what those things were and were jumping in the air; afraid they were being attacked by something below the ice. As we were in the middle of the river it took about 10 minutes to get to shore with the dogs dancing and jumping the entire way. It was the most comical thing I had ever seen.

Over the decades many people with colorful histories lived in the Yukon. It's these people that helped make the Yukon what it is today. Does anyone remember humorous anecdotes or anything special on the people they have met over the years? I have fond memories of the ones listed below. Would you like to share your memories on these people or others not mentioned? If so please send them to me so they can be added into a future edition of the Moccasin Telegraph:

Harry Fieck (Wigwam Harry)

Harry spent quite a bit of time at our house and my family had lots of laughs. Harry had such a wonderful sense of humor and it was always a thrill when dad and Harry came home for dinner.

Andy Hooper

My dad was a heavy duty mechanic and spent many hours with Andy working on that old 4-wheel drive military truck. I introduced my new husband to Andy and Bryan couldn't believe it when, after shaking Andy's hand that the grease didn't come back on his hand. Many years of toil on those hard worked hands!

George Clark (Brittle Bones)

I rode many times in the taxi that George drove. I wasn't old enough to drive but had a job at the Taku. Black Street was too far to walk on cold winter nights and many times George would pick me up and drive me home. What a neat person.

Polly the Parrot

I remember Polly the Parrot that resided at the Carcross Hotel. As teenagers we enjoyed eating ice cream and sitting in the restaurant at the Hotel. Polly was a joy to watch and talk to. One hot July day four of us were at the restaurant and ignoring the 4 boys at another table. Every so often we'd hear a whistle and "Look at those legs". We all had shorts on and felt pretty good that the boys were noticing. When the boys got up and left and we still heard the soft whistle and "Look at those legs" we were all embarrassed when we realized we were actually flirting with a parrot!

Frank Slim

I never had the pleasure of meeting Frank Slim but do know his daughter, Sophie Miller. A wonderful lady married to Don Miller. Can anyone remember Frank?

Alex VanBibber

I have fond memories of Alex VanBibber as he saved my parents from freezing to death. A belated Thank You Alex.

Kay McDonald (chiropractor and veterinarian)

I recall making an appointment with Kay McDonald to have my back put back into place after a nasty fall. I also made an appointment to have my cat vaccinated and we both arrived at the office for our appointments. Cat on the table first, then my turn. What wonderful memories of Kay.

Edith Josie

I never knew Edith Josie personally but have met her nephew. I looked forward to reading her columns in the Whitehorse Star: "Here Are The News"

It was an honor and pleasure to have met these individuals and sorry I never got to meet all the others. Now, folks, it's your turn. Send your recollections in and let's expand this section.

Below is a great story by Don Frizzell to get you all started.

Steven Frost And the People of Old Crow

By Don Frizzell

Years ago, (does that make me sound like an old-timer?) 1983 I think, I had a chance to fly into Old Crow. Air North was hauling building material in there with a DC3, so I helped them load, flew up, unloaded and I had a few hours to look around before the next load came in. It was wintertime and about 30 below. I had my parka that my wife made for me and good boots and wolf mitts so I didn't mind being left up there as it had just turned daylight and I could get a good look around. The first guy I meet was a guy by the name of Frost, I think his first name was Steven but not positive, about 40 years old, I guess. He asked if I wanted a ride to town and I said great. He says, get in the toboggan over there. Well this is a new experience so in I get. Suddenly, I get the picture. This toboggan is on 30 feet of rope behind a skidoo and off we go like a bat out of hell. Not much I can do but hang on, thinking the first corner we come to there will be a crash-up. Well it was uneventful and we wound up at the nursing station and went in for a hot chocolate. I wanted to have a look around in the daylight, so gulped the hot chocolate down, dressed up and off I went. Frost had said to come back when the plane returned and I could ride back to the airport. The town is built along the side of the Porcupine River and has very high banks. The river is very wide at this point to my surprise. Hardly ever hear about the Porcupine but it is a very large river, way bigger than the Pelly or Stewart. Next stop was the RCMP, and an old church, then down to the co-op store for a look around. Nobody had cash up there. The people cashed their paycheques at the store, bought some stuff and got an IOU for the difference. Next time in, they

bought more stuff, turned in their IOU and got a smaller IOU. Much later they got a bank up there that was open one day a week or something. Anyway, it worked fine for everyone. The store did not have a large stock; the shelves were less than 25 percent full. Old Crow was supposedly a "dry" town, but it got smuggled in somehow and caused more than the usual problems. Next, I was walking down between rows of houses and outside was an elder native, probably 70 or so splitting wood. He only had a light Mackinaw on and no mitts. Wool pants, moccasins and low rubbers. His wife was standing on the doorstep watching and she was not dressed warmly at all. Some type of kerchief over her hair and a shawl around her shoulders and a dress and shoes. Well anyway, my homemade parka caught her attention so we had to have a visit outside there at 30 below. Neither spoke very good English, but we did the introductions and shook hands and I recall that both had very warm hands. They made some comments about my mitts but don't know what was said, but much grinning and smiles so I guess they approved. A good visit and my first encounter with Old Crow elders. Then I continued on down the alley and a younger native was working on a skidoo that was on its side with some sort of problem as parts had been removed. So I asked him "how's it going" and we started to chat. He showed little sign of language difficulty so I watched him for some time and we got to talking and I mentioned I was waiting for the plane to come back and was just walking around in the meantime. He said, "Damn plane, no good". I says How's that?? He says, "Well in the spring, me the wife and the kids, we used to take off on snowshoes to trap rats (I presume he means muskrats, and an area called Old Crow Flats up there is well known for "rats"). We make moose skin boat and live off the land all summer. Then we come home in the fall, sell the furs and have enough money to have lots of food and have a good Christmas. Now I take the plane by myself, trap rats all summer and plane brings me home after freezeup. My kids, they all sick and my wife shack up with another Indian. All the fault of that damn plane. Well I did all my rounds and made it back to the nursing station to wait for the plane. Steven and I sat by ourselves drinking coffee and I forget the subject we were discussing but it would have been about him or his life up there or some such. At any point, he finished the conversation with "Good thing everybody is different huh" and I said what do you mean. To which he replied, "Well if everybody was the same, you would want my wife." The DC3 arrived shortly after that and I returned. I enjoyed my 4 hours in Old Crow and will always treasure the experience and the memory.

Permission to use by Les McLaughlin

Mickey Mouse, Mae West and the Movies

by Les McLaughlin

A **Whitehorse Star** Archive story originally published April 4, 2003

The most celebrated motion picture about the Klondike is certainly Charlie Chaplin's world-acclaimed 1925 classic called *The Gold Rush*. When the Lone Prospector played by the renowned Chaplin is trapped in a mountain cabin with two other fortune seekers, the brilliant actor managed to make starvation seem funny. The movie culminated in one of the most memorable film scenes of all time when Chaplin cooks and then tries to eat

his boots. This image has remained forever embedded in the minds of audiences around the world and created the myth and mystery of the Frozen North that lives to this day. However, The Gold Rush was not the only Hollywood movie that used the Klondike as a backdrop for stars of the day. Even Mickey Mouse got into the act. In 1932, Walt Disney joined the motion picture gold rush with a cartoon called The Klondike Kid. The film featured Mickey Mouse as a piano player in a Dawson City saloon. In one scene, he comforts poor Minney Mouse, who is then captured by a dastardly villain named Pete. Following a dramatic Charlie Chaplin-like fight scene, Mickey rescues Minney. The picture was a parody of Chaplin's celebrated silent film The Gold Rush. Apart from its attachment to the Klondike, the real value of The Klondike Kid lies in the movie's poster. It ranks in the top 10 cinema posters of all time in dollar value. There are only three known to exist in mint condition. If you have one, it could be worth \$55,000US to a collector. Nevertheless, many knockoffs or reproductions are available on Web sites. At least 16 movies used the word "Klondike" in the title. Many more play on the words "Yukon", "Gold Rush" and "the Days of '98". The story of the real-life dance hall queen, Klondike Kate Rockwell, was told in a 1944 Columbia picture starring Ann Savage. Jack London's stories from the Far North were chronicled in many features including North to the Klondike, Queen of the Klondike, and, of course, Call of the Wild. The latter was produced in 1932 by 20th Century Fox and starred a very young Clarke Gable, who would later gain worldwide acclaim as Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind. Another version of London's famous dog story featured Charleton Heston. Klondike fever also bit Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy L'Amour. Road to Utopia was one of seven so-called road pictures made by the famous trio. All were parodies on life in general and the filmmaking business in particular. Road to Utopia was brutal in its satire about the industry.

One scene shows an actor walking through a snow-covered set asking for directions to Stage 8. A mountain in Alaska is suddenly ringed with floating stars resembling the Paramount Pictures logo. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope wear beards that do not try to disguise the fact that they are fake. The Klondike outfits are worth the laugh they are meant to generate.

Movie reviewers were generally kind to Hope and Crosby for their light-hearted look at the Klondike. They were less so in their review of the 1936 release of Jack London's marvelous story, White Fang, produced by the renowned Darryl F. Zanuck. "White Fang is sometimes exciting," wrote the New York Screen News. "But mostly it borders on the burlesque. It's a barking picture that has no bite." Ouch!

Mae West, the widely acclaimed leading lady of the '30s, did not let the Klondike theme go unnoticed either. However, her one fling with film about the Klondike reinforced her image as one of Hollywood's most controversial stars. West played the lead role in the '30s flick Klondike Annie. The plot was typical for the time. It portrayed the quaint good cop, bad cop theme with a few shady Orientals thrown in for good measure and for ratings.

The plot was all too familiar in Hollywood in the '30s. West's character is held captive as the mistress of a Chinese night club owner, Chan Lo in San Francisco. On the run after killing the hapless Chan, she heads north by sea for the gold fields of Nome. During the voyage, the ship's captain, Bull, falls hopelessly in love with West's character. To avoid being arrested for murder by the police in Nome, West assumes the appearance of a pious settlement worker, Annie Alden, who had died on the north-bound voyage. Thus the name "Klondike Annie". In this masquerade, Klondike Annie packs the Nome settlement house and excites the locals with rousing songs and good-natured advice to the miners to give up drink and live right. The police officer assigned to hunt for the wanted woman sees through her disguise, but, fortunately for her, he falls hopelessly in love with her. Meanwhile, ship's captain, Bull, threatens to kill both Klondike Annie and the police officer if she does not leave Nome with him and head off for the South Seas. After the usual fare of fighting and fussing, she decides to leave with Bull – but not before he agrees to return to San Francisco so she can be cleared for having killed poor Chan Lo in self-defense. Film censors were none too pleased with the production. The motion picture Production Code declared that: "Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall any sympathy be created for its violation," Equally blunt was the rule that: "The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home should be upheld." The first preview of Klondike Annie attracted more than usual attention from Hollywood's Production Code Administration for the film's implications of interracial sex, representations of torture and unpunished murder. It also expressed concern about West's role as a prostitute.

Alarm about the sexual behavior of West's character emerged as a prime issue from the earliest correspondence between John Breen of the Production Code Association and Paramount Pictures. To stymie a potential restriction on showing the film, the company wrote a letter ensuring that, "The ending of our story will be a romance between West and one of the characters in our picture, and it will indicate for the future a normal life and nothing that will bring condemnation from the most scrupulous." The debate continued when the Production Code administration warned that, "We assume that there will be no suspicion of loose or illicit sex relationships between Miss West and the Chinese gambler or any of the characters in your story; rather as is suggested in the discussion here, it will definitely be indicated that the woman whom Miss West represents is basically good." During production, Breen demanded a number of changes in the script and in song lyrics. Such was West's notoriety that Breen continually cautioned the studio about maintaining decency in costuming, camera framing and especially in West's lines in Klondike Annie. She was prohibited from saying: "I'm sorry I can't see you in private," while looking up and down at the young, handsome, investigating police officer. Other sections of the script were marked with the censor's pen.

"Men are at their best when women are at their worst" had to go. The Production Code Association granted a certificate of approval for Klondike Annie on Dec. 31, 1935. However, the controversy was not over. When Hollywood previewed the film in early February 1936, Breen discovered that Paramount was showing a print that contained scenes he had cut from the version of the film approved by the association. Breen

immediately lifted his organization's endorsement and reopened negotiations with the studio. This resulted in the removal of "love talk" and other scenes showing "an illicit love affair" before he agreed to the distribution of the film in February 1936. Klondike Annie opened five days later in a special public preview in Miami and was released to theatres the following week. The fuss contributed to Mae West's notoriety and her astounding success at the box office and she remained until her death a film goddess. Such was Mae West's popularity as a sex symbol that during the Second World War, the floatation devices made for military pilots were called "Mae Wests". The writer is a former Whitehorse broadcaster now living in Ottawa.

QUESTION: Does anyone know what the "Sourdough Thermometer" is? Send your guess to me and let's see how many people know the answer. – Story Editor

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron

My name is MaryAnn Kelleway and I would like my email address put on the list. I don't know if you need info re a profile but in case I will explain who I am. My parents, Helen and Bernard (Bud) Laurin, were stationed in Whse between 1948 and 1953. Dad played hockey (Goalie) for the RCAF. He was posted back in 1965 and served as Commanding Officer until the station closed in 1968 or '69. We lost my Dad last September. When he retired they returned to their hometown of Midland Ontario where Mother still lives.

I was a RNA in Pediatrics until I married Don Geddes in 1967. We left Whitehorse finally in 1975. I now hope to take my husband, Doug, to experience "God's Country". Thank you, MaryAnn Kelleway (Laurin)

Hi Sherron,

Larry Bidlake gave me your name to contact. I would like to have my name put on the address list. I have been hearing good things about the Moccasin Telegraph, and it would be nice to hear what other Yukoners are up to.

My email address is maxinehornerart@hotmail.com

Would you also add jamieson_consulting@hotmail.com

(that's for Dawn Jamieson, another former Yukoner). We both grew up in Whitehorse and went to school there. Do you need any more information? Many thanks – Maxine Horner

Hi Sherron,

I have just printed out editions 8-11. Now for a cup of coffee and a nice long read. This is quite an undertaking you are doing but I am sure it will be really appreciated by a lot of Yukoners - are we ever exYukoners? I don't think so.

Maxine Horner (Fromme) is living in Vancouver and working at UBC. People who remember her in school days will also remember her artistic talent. This continues to be a big interest for her. It was great to see so many from the grad class of 1958 at the recent Yukoners' dinner at the Hyatt in Vancouver. Half of our class was there - not organized - it just happened.

I met my husband, Jack Jamieson in Whitehorse in 1959 when he was the "boy editor" of the Whitehorse Star. We have been in Armstrong for over 30 years and own the local paper, the Armstrong Advertiser. I worked as a teacher and school psychologist for the school district but retired in 2001 to start my own Education Consulting business. It has been great fun, with a bit of travel and more time to set my own agenda. I even got up to Whitehorse this past September on my way to schools in the Stikine District at Atlin, Lower Post, Dease Lake and Telegraph Creek.

We have two offspring - Jodi, a teacher in Armstrong and JJ who works for Powerex in Vancouver. But best of all I have two granddaughters, Jodi and Dirk's children, who live in Armstrong. My brother Bob Bethune and his wife, Carolyn lives in Kelowna. Now, to that cup of coffee and a nice long read. Then I will have to see what I can do about getting the other back issues.

Regards and thanks for all your work. – Dawn Jamieson

Hi Sherron,

You can use any info from my last e-mail. I just reread it and realized that in mentioning my brother, Bob Bethune, I did not say that he had been in Whitehorse for many years - about 1948 to 1958. He worked for the Whitehorse Star and then for Canadian Pacific Airlines. I left Whitehorse in 1958 to go to UBC. My husband and I were back for a year or so about 1963-64.

Regards - Dawn Jamieson

Hi Sherron,

Thanks for the messages. Yes, you may add my comments if you wish. I live in Vancouver and love it here. Born in Whitehorse in 1940 and lived there until 1958 when I graduated from Whitehorse High. My maiden name was Fromme. I went to Vancouver to attend Business College and somehow never went back except for visits. Married and had 3 children, now grown (have 3 beautiful grandchildren). Re the email address: this is my work address and since I will retire in a few years would prefer to use the hotmail address. Have been working at UBC since 1991, first in the Dean's office, Faculty of Agriculture, now in the Faculty of Forestry, as Departmental secretary in Forest Sciences. I am secretary to 17 professors. It gets pretty interesting at times.

In my spare time I am a watercolor painter. Two of my brothers, Jerry Fromme and Al Fromme, still live in the Yukon, as does my mother, Frances Wellar. – Maxine Horner

Hi Sherron:

Received the list from our good friends Glenis and Martin Allen. What a great idea! We are familiar with a lot of the names on the list. We would appreciate if you would add us to the list. Al and Chris Mitchell amitchel@shuswap.net Calumet, Elsa, Whitehorse, 1956 to 1987. Now Blind Bay, B.C.

Worked for United Keno Hill Mines for ten years and then Northern Commercial Co., and Whitehorse Copper.

Bernier-Don & Connie (came to Yukon 1965, last 20 yrs. at NWTel) retired, living at Marsh Lake ph.867-660-4302. email - bernier@marshlake.polarcom.com

Sherron, we just heard from Martin and Glenis Allen about your great list. We'd love to be on it.

LINZEY, Doug & Joanne doug@fundymud.com (In Whitehorse 1972 to 1982) 902 684-0943 Hantsport, Nova Scotia

Thanks - Doug Linzey

My sister has just forwarded the 11th edition. I would like to sign on.

Thanks - Anne Williams, Whitehorse.

Hi Sherron - My name is Stan Wilcox and I lived in the Yukon from 1945 to 1960. During that period of time I was attending school. I recently attended the Yukoners night in Vancouver and renewed old school acquaintances most of whom I had not seen for 40 odd years. If appropriate I would like to have my name included on your list. If you require more information please advise. Regards Stan Wilcox

Hi Sherron - Thanks for your prompt service. I have begun to read the material you sent and it is great stuff. I spent one summer in Dawson City 1945, and I was 5 years old. My Dad worked on the paddle wheelers and in the winter of 1945 we moved to Ft. Selkirk as he took a contract to cut cordwood for the boats. The following summer we moved to Whitehorse and I attended school and lived there until 1960. I spent 36 years in the RCMP retiring 6 years ago and settled in Parksville, B.C. My telephone # is (250) 954-0789. Thanks again and keep up the good work. Regards Stan Wilcox

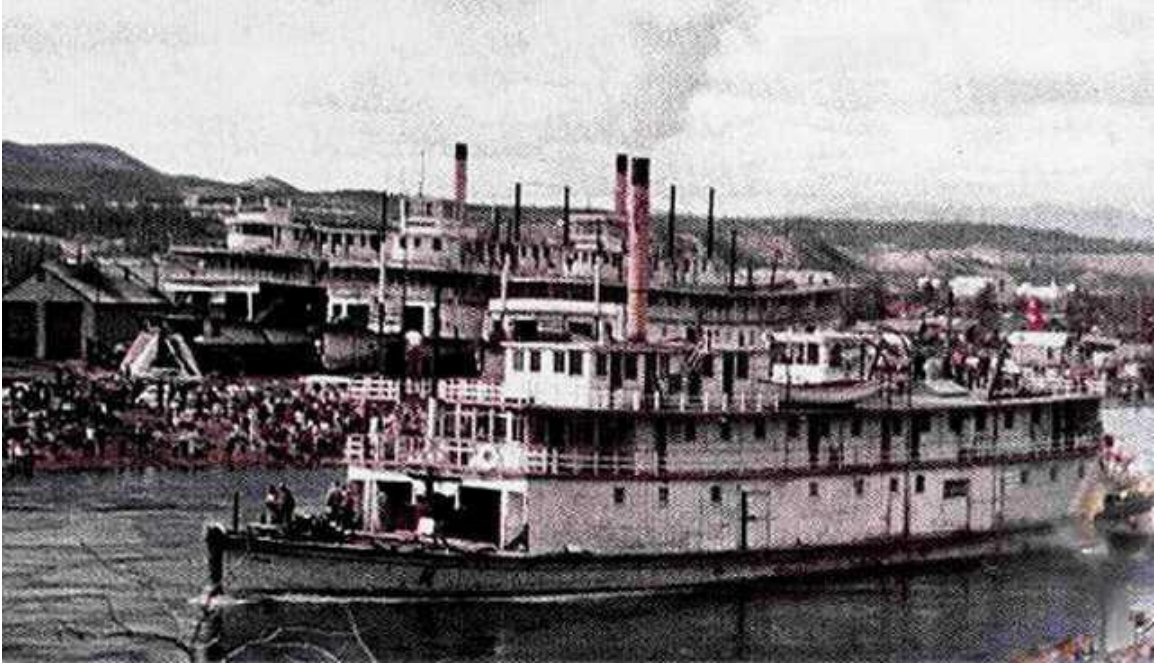
DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER ?

Sherron: loved the picture of Sandy, dogs et al. Lots of good reading. Boy what a job you have undertaken and are doing so well. Can't remember what I did in the evenings before you started this, just what I needed to pass the time. I'm not a great storybook reader and with these editions, I can stop at any time and return to another short story later. Am just wondering if **anyone knows the whereabouts of Cliff and Jo Henderson**. I believe they are on the Island, maybe Campbell River. I would like their address or telephone number. While Cliff was bridge making up the Dempster one summer, Jo lived in our house in Dawson along with Pierre Berton and his whole family, and made several beautiful 1898 gowns for the locals. I still have mine, but it seems to have shrunk quite a bit. Ha.

Nice talking to you, Sherron and we appreciate all that you are doing for all of us. Love the stories!!!!!! Pete and Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

I just love Brownie's sense of humour and had to share it with you. Most of us ladies have dresses shrink in the closet and we thought they only shrunk in hot water. ;-)))

KENO'S LAST TRIP



August 25th, 1960 - Keno's last trip – destined for Dawson. Note the wheelhouse was taken off to permit the Keno to fit under the bridge at Carmacks. Also note the Aksala, Whitehorse and Casca on the shore at Whitehorse. The Aksala was dismantled and a move was attempted, to the Alaska Highway near the top of the south access road, to Paddlewheel Village in the early 1970's. The Paddlewheel remains as a symbol at that site. The Whitehorse and Casca were destroyed by fire in June 1974.

STEWART CROSSING – can you name the third person in the photo?

Hello Henry

I finally found these two pictures taken at Stewart Crossing of you and I and ???

This was taken the year that we put out wood on the Stewart River for BYN and we left the Ruby (our boat in Carmacks) and used the Woodchuck---I didn't realize you were on the Keno the same summer as we were there. That would mean you were with us when one of the deck hands cut a cable to the barge with our truck on it and a whole load of dynamite and the caps. For some reason I thought you had showed up at the Crossing off one of the other steamers. We also met up with Arthur Yulet there; he was working at some mining company up some creek. Do you remember that trip with the dynamite etc--and how the deck hands had to unload the barge and up the dynamite in the bush out of the hot hot sun, until they could get the barge off I think it was a bar or fix it or something. Can't remember the captains name either--I think it was a Scottish name.

Hope these pictures turn out ok for you--I'm going off line now as I'm making to many mistakes. It was so great to get the picture of you and your wife and the nice long letter--thanks--keep in touch.

Phyllis (LePage)



Hi Sherron,

This is mail from Phyllis Simpson (Lepage). We have sorted it out, the year was 1947 and the photo was at Stewart City at the mouth of the Stewart River. Had completely forgotten about seeing Phyllis at Stewart, but neither of us could remember the name of the other girl. Phyllis and I have been having many discussions about the old days.

Cheers, Henry.

TIDBITS

Dear Sherron;

I took several editions of the Moccasin Telegraph to Vernon with me when I went to visit my computer-less parents this week. They spent several hours reading, commenting, reflecting, and filling in what they remembered. Dad was surprised that I did not need the printouts but would leave them there for rereading.

Then he took us out to Kelly Obrien's for supper.

While I was in Vernon, Mom and Dad (Peggy and Gordon [Tubby] Tubman) received a letter from North Dakota. Olive and Gene Nelson will be celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary on May 18. The couples have been friends since the days of the Alcan Hwy. construction.

So today, I took 3 black and white pictures from the WW II years in Whitehorse to be scanned to disk and sent to N Dak for the memories album. Gene was an American soldier and an International Harvester man. Dad was a Caterpillar parts man, on loan from the NC Co. to the American army for the building of the highway. One of the pictures being scanned shows Harry

Fatt, Jim Wake, Gene Nelson, Tubby Tubman, and Arne Anderson at Arne's place, which was across from Lambert St. School.

I must ask Dad if he will let me tell some of the stories about the winter camp at Whitehorse during the building of the highway.

Enjoy your garden! – Maribeth Mainer

Mosquito Repellant Remedies - Worth a try!

Pass this on to anyone who likes sitting out in the evening or when they're having a cook out. So you don't like those pesky mosquitoes, especially now that they have the potential to carry the **West-Nile Virus**? Here's a tip that was given at a recent gardening forum:

Put some water in a white dinner plate and add a couple of drops of Lemon Fresh Joy dish detergent. Set the dish on your porch, patio, or other outdoor area. I'm not sure what attracts them, the lemon smell, the white plate color, or what, but mosquitoes flock to it, and drop dead shortly after drinking the **Lemon Fresh Joy**/water mixture, and usually within about 10 feet of the plate. Check this out---it works just super!

Hi Sherron,

Ohmigod, what have I started? Got this one from Regina, Sask. Those poor skeeters won't have a prayer! Henry.

Enjoy the mosquito free summer
Mosquitoes Beware!!

Use Bounce Fabric Softener Sheets...Best thing ever used in Louisiana. Just wipe on & go...Great for Babies

Bob, a fisherman, takes one vitamin B-1 tablet a day April through October . He said it works. He was right. The odor the tablet gives out through your skin (YOU can not smell it) repels mosquitoes, black flies, no seeum's, and gnat's. It does not work on stinging insects. Hasn't had a mosquito bite in 33 years. Try it. Every one he has talked into trying it works on them. Vitamin B-1 (Thiamine Hydrochloride 100 mg.)

Kenn said NPR reports that if you eat bananas, the mosquitoes like you, something about the banana oil as your body processes it. (Maybe they need the potassium too- lol) Stop eating bananas for the summer and the mosquitoes will be much less interested.

This is going to floor you, but one of the best insect repellents someone found (who is in the woods every day), is Vick's Vaporub.

Plant marigolds around the yard, the flowers give off a smell that bugs do not like, so plant some in that garden also to help ward off bugs without using insecticides.

"Tough guy" Marines who spend a great deal of time "camping out" say that the very best mosquito repellent you can use is Avon Skin-So-Soft bath oil mixed about half and half with alcohol.

Mix your own: 20 drops Eucalyptus oil

20 drops Cedar wood oil

10 drops Tea Tree oil

10 drops Geranium oil

2 oz. carrier oil (such as Jojoba)

Mix together in a 4 oz. container. Apply to skin as needed avoiding the eye area.

Keep out of reach of children. Test on a small area of skin for sensitivities.

Experiment with different percentages of essential oil.

One of the best natural insect repellents is made from the real vanilla (not the grocery store vanilla extract which is mostly alcohol). This is the pure vanilla that is sold in Mexico. It's cheap there if you know of someone that lives there or in the US close to the border. If not, health food stores usually carry it or can order it for you. (Or you can make your own. Buy vanilla beans from a grocery store or health food store. Soak a couple in alcohol, (vodka works well). The alcohol will turn brown after a few weeks, and then it is ready.) I use it half vanilla and half water and find that it works great for mosquitoes and ticks, don't know about other insects. When all else fails, get a frog!

Fight West Nile...pass this along to all your friends in skeeter land!!!

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **eleven previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **four special editions**. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's, Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag and Camp Takhini. For the time being I will send out copies of the Special Editions after each dozen or so new people sign on.

Sandy Campbell has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions of the regular Moccasin Telegraph upon request. Please be specific as to which editions you are requesting.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience.

Contact Sandy at northernlyght@shaw.ca

DATES TO REMEMBER

Mayo 100th Anniversary Celebrations – June 3 – July 1 -

http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar_of_events.html

Okangan Yukoners' Picnic – June 22, 2003 - Summerland Orn. Gardens - Larry Chalmers

larryjoanchalmers@telus.net (Edition 6)

Island Yukoners' Picnic - August 16 – Nanoose, St. Mary's Hall - contact Stan Hegstrom

seaair@bcsupernet.com (details to come)

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 – 28 – Parksville, Bayside – contact Pat Besier jpbesier@seaside.net

(see edition 5)