

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – FOURTEENTH EDITION – May 18, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

This week's edition of the Moccasin Telegraph would not have existed if it were not for Sandy Campbell inspiring her friends to share their stories. I had no material in, that was ready to go and Donna only had six pages.

So Sandy Thankyou to you and your friends, Karen Shaw, Brownie Foth and Jenny Roberts. Thankyou, to all of those who sent in stories this week.

Donna had a lot of trouble forwarding her stories, but they are here now and we are ready to go. Please keep in mind that there may not be Moccasin Telegraph next weekend unless some material comes in. I would also like to say if there is enough material, I will likely be late on Sunday as the plan is to head to the Lac le Juene area with a group of friends.

How about someone else spearheading a group of friends to write in? Doris Gates and her Diamond Tooth Gerties group would be one thought. – Sherron

The Suckling Puppies

By Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

Our family was living in Beaver Creek at the time, and it was a time if something were to come up, and you were unable to take your children with you; the local folks would open their doors, and take in your children, until you were back.

Well, on this particular occasion, Dad had to go into "town" (Whitehorse), for the yearly conference with Yukon Forest Service, which meant that he would be away for 5 days. So Ian, my brother, who was around 9 years old, and I, 10 years old, were sent to stay with the Bradleys. Tom and Norma Bradley, and their four children at the time, Toni, Vickey, Thomas, and Jacque, owned the highway lodge called White River Lodge at Mile 1169 on the Alaska Highway. (There were to be two more children in later years). I recall many happy occasions spent at that lodge, but this one in particular, still brings chuckles.

It was in the spring of 1970, I believe, and Heidi, the Bradley's St Bernard dog, had graced the lodge with another batch of puppies. Now I am not sure if this was Heidi #1, 2, or 3, but nonetheless, she was a new mom. Heidi had made her nest for her new babies in the laundry room, and many hours we kids spent with her and the puppies. She was extremely gentle with her babies, and extremely tolerant of us. At this particular time, the puppies would have been around three weeks old, I am not sure if they even had their eyes open yet.

One afternoon, Vickey, Jacque and I were working in the kitchen, when we heard a bit of commotion coming out of the restaurant. We looked through the order window, and could not believe our eyes.

We ran to the end of kitchen, and looked out into the restaurant, and there was Thomas Jr. and my brother. Standing there ever so proudly, and grinning from ear to ear, each with a baby St. Bernard puppy hanging off their chin. Now if that was not a sight to see. The puppies seemed quite content, but we looked behind the boys, and I do not think that Heidi was too impressed. She let the boys know that the fun was over, and she wanted her babies back.

She led them back to the "den", and the boys reunited her with her babies, safe and sound. You can be sure that she checked them over thoroughly to be sure that they were ok.

Let me assure you that everyone that came into the lodge heard that story. It gave us all a great pleasure to hear the laughter at the hi-jinx of two young boys and the little puppies.

Here is a little memory of our life in Beaver Creek.

By Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

In March 1965 Pete was permanently employed with Canada Customs. We sold our home in Dawson and moved to Whitehorse. We really wanted to go to Beaver Creek, but no opening till Christmas that same year. So, on Dec. 24th at -50 Fahrenheit, we headed out for our new home in Beaver Creek. We had a comfortable Customs home right behind the office, which was convenient for Pete, as he would be working shift work. This lovely home had 2 monster bedrooms upstairs and one downstairs with a good-sized living room, den, bathroom, dining area and small kitchen. Good sized garage and greenhouse. We were happy living there, and the school was only 5 minutes away on our street. No crossing the Alaska Hwy.

Our 2 girls, Lynne and Debbie, ages 11 and 9 seemed to be happy as soon as they met several girls their own age in school. The Voths, across the street had 4 girls who instantly became their closest companions throughout our time there.

The 2-room school was relatively new with a large playground for sports etc. That first winter they learned to curl, which happened to become their favourite sport. This was where they enjoyed their first ski-doo. We bought them an old double track, which served the purpose for a couple of years, driving 2 miles through the bush to the Buckway's for a snack.

Later we took them to QC where they picked out their next machine at the Bombardier plant. Boy was this one fast; needless to say, we had to watch them more closely. On weekends we would drive to Haines Junction where all the races took place. We all enjoyed this outing with the Taits, who took their turn coming to Beaver Creek for our activities.

I enjoyed being a highway nurse with Arlene LeFroth and I also enjoyed working at the Visitor s Information Centre and across the Highway at our lovely Alaska Border Lodge, as a waitress.

The summers were beautiful there, and lots of baby-sitting for the girls as a new Community Hall had just been completed. Lots of dances, movies, monthly church service, meetings, potlucks, you name it, we had it! On our last visit to Beaver Creek we went swimming in their gorgeous indoor pool. What an accomplishment!

All too soon, Lynne was ready for Grade 9 and was now going to have to take this by correspondence. This, she did and was successful in passing with a good high mark. Now it was time to go elsewhere to further their education. We were given 3 choices, Dawson, Whitehorse or White Rock and of course both yelled, "Dawson" without hesitation.

September /69 saw us on the move back to Dawson City. We overnited in Whitehorse, where we bought our first black and white TV. We had heard that "canned" T.V. was now showing for 4 hours nightly. (7 - 11p.m.) This was one way of getting the homework completed early each night. We all thoroughly enjoyed this entertainment for a while.

These wonderful memories of Beaver Creek and the lifelong friends we made will be with our family forever.

Pete and Brownie Foth

Hello Sherron,

Sandy said you wanted stories from the north. This is a story from my childhood in Mayo (about 1950). Marjorie Elaine is the only fictitious person in the story. The rest is true.

BINGO

by Karen Shaw kshaw@interchange.ubc.ca

"But Daddy, all the kids have a dog!" I tried convincingly.

"There are no puppies around here and no pet store within a thousand miles!" he explained as he tucked me in.

I knew he was right. The truth was that no other town kids had dogs. Although there were plenty of dogs in our Yukon village, all were workers that pulled trappers' sleds in the winter and protected prospectors during the summer. They were huge, loud and vicious. My four year old mind knew that if their chains broke they'd gobble me up faster than a trout snapped a fly. Still, I wanted a dog of my own.

I blamed Marjorie Elaine.

When the purple flowers melted the snow on Crocus Hill, Marjorie Elaine flew in from Victoria to visit her grandmother. All the kids envied Marjorie Elaine. She liked to show off Princess, her tiny white poodle that wore pink ribbons in its hair.

I fell asleep praying for a dog.

At breakfast the next morning I was not at all surprised when there was a scratch at the door. When Dad answered the noise, a large dog sat at attention as if reporting for duty.

"Where did you come from?" Dad asked the enormous beast.

The dog bowed and placed his head between his forepaws.

"Daddy, he's mine!" I insisted. "I prayed for a dog!"

My parents exchanged confused glances. "I don't think so, dear" my mother gently answered. "We don't know where he came from. We can't keep him." Turning to Dad she asked, "What kind of dog is it?"

"A husky-malamute cross. He looks hungry."

"But he's a stray. We mustn't encourage him. What if he bites one of the kids?"

"Lay down. Sit" Dad ordered the dog. He obeyed! "He seems to have a gentle nature and he understands English."

"But what about his shots? ... and fleas?" Mom worried.

"What say you watch him around the kids today while I check about an owner?" Dad suggested.

Hesitantly Mom agreed.

"No one has reported a missing dog," Dad announced the next day. "Apparently some of the trappers turn their dogs loose during the summer so they don't have to feed them."

Looking at me, he added, "If we keep him, it will be like borrowing him. At the end of the summer his real owner will take him away for work. That will break your heart!"

I could keep him for the summer? I hardly understood a week. A summer sounded like forever!

"What shall we call him?" Mom asked.

"Princess!" my sister declared.

I looked at the big, black and tan, hairy mutt with the mis-matched coloured eyes and slobbering tongue. I couldn't imagine pink ribbons in his fur. I thought my dog should have a name that was strong and unlike any other. "His name is 'Doggie'!" I proclaimed. "When you first get a puppy, you can choose a name." Dad explained. "When the pooch is older, he likes you to guess his name."

"Lay down!" he ordered the dog. "Here Princess. Here Doggie," he called. The dog showed no interest. With more enthusiasm he tried, "Here Pal. Here Bowzer. Here Montague. Here Bingo. Here ..."

At the mention of "Bingo" the dog sat up and barked a response.

"Bingo it is!"

A few days later Dad hitched a dog harness to my wagon and Bingo led me down to the river bank, past the sawmill, over to the ball park, around the school yard and to all my friends' homes.

Weeks passed. I was distracted by the arrival of the new teacher, the activity of the big kids getting ready to go back to school and the frenzy at the dock as crews raced to load the stern-wheelers before the Stewart River froze. As I carried in the kindling one evening, I noticed Bingo's dish and realized it had been a few days since I'd seen him.

"Where's Bingo?" I cried even though I knew the answer.

"He's gone," Dad tried to explain.

"Daddy, you go to the RCMP right now and get my dog back!" I pleaded.

"I tried to tell you this would happen. You knew Bingo was a working dog. Remember I told you we were just borrowing him. His real owner took him away the other night."

I refused to be consoled.

"I've done all any father can do about this," he paused, fishing for words. "Look, the Lord and I stopped talking to each other in the war but you listen to each other. Try taking this up with your Heavenly Father."

I had never heard him talk like that! For a man who doesn't have time for church why was he beginning to talk like my Sunday School teacher I wondered.

I fell asleep praying for Bingo that night and added his name to my nightly "God Bless list". On cold stormy nights I prayed most fervently. I imagined my Bingo out there in the long, harsh, dark nights with howling winds -- my Bingo with no warm cabin, no doghouse, no igloo, no hugs. I prayed he'd be safe. I prayed he'd remember me.

When the purple flowers once again melted the snow on Crocus Hill I was not surprised to hear a familiar scratch at my door.

FOND MEMORIES

By Jenny Roberts roberts-papps@shaw.ca

My name is Jenny Roberts, AKA Squirmen Herman @ Mad House Base. I was born in the Yukon-1974. It has come to my attention, who, my parents bought our place from at 932.2 Old Alaska Hwy; hello Diamond Willow (I don't remember who you are but the CB handle I know). I had a lot of fun growing up out the highway, there was always someone at the house, truck drivers, lost people, and always someone to skip to on the CB especially in the evenings and the coffee was always on. I remember having to go

down the road to the creek to get water for everything before our well was drilled. There was a pond across the road, in the winter my brother and I would take the shovels and start clearing an area off to skate, and in the later years we got a motorbike and we would hook up the old dog sled brake and go bumper skiing behind the bike (winter time). Mom would always say, "some one is going to get hurt", which was usually me, and when we would come home, mom would shake her head because it meant I needed another pair of snow pants.



Our winter playground across the Highway. -J.R.

We had a Great Dane whom we called Liver, and a Shepard called Renee. Of course the Dog Sled track was not too far away, so we would pack up everyone, and bring liver and Renee and our sled and join everyone at the track. There was always someone manning the hot chocolate for us Kids. I loved going there and playing with the in town kids as there were not too many of us growing up out the highway. When school time came, it was up at 6am and catch the bus by 7 or a little after. We wouldn't get to school until after 8 and never much time before the first bell would ring. I remember some of the bus drivers, Marjorie Jensen, Ruth Small (Passed away), Rita ?, Tina Miller, are the ones I really remember. They were so nice at holiday times, like Christmas, they would give all us kids on the bus a treat, I remember getting a small Pot O Gold box of chocolates from one of them. I think it was Tina.

Some of the CBers that I remember are **Yukon Stinger** aka Sandy Campbell, **Black Panther & Snowflake** aka The Ardnt's, **Diesel Smoke** Aka Norm Spencer, **Trapper** aka Travis Baits ***anyone knowing the whereabouts of Trapper Please let me know as I have the fondest memory of him flipping Bannok over the camp fire where we were all camped out one weekend. I think it was Tagish but not sure.***, **Silver Bullet** aka Derek Gordon-Cooper, **Blue Truck** aka Preston Roberts My Dad, **Yukon Yapper** aka Florence Roberts My Mother, and Many Many more that I can not remember off the top of my head.

Are there any other CBers out there, come and "skip" with us and share your memories through the Moc Tel, and thanks to Sherron Jones for creating this wonderful Yukoner Newsletter!!



Takhini Burn – Photo Sept 2002

J.R.

(A question to the group. Was this fire June 1969? I remember one referred to as up behind Crestview that summer.) – Sherron

It would be nice to see more of the younger generation put some input in as well, as upon a recent trip home, there is so much that has changed even from our generation. There are a lot more up-to-date stores there now, and the growth is phenomenal.

Looking forward to the next edition.

Jenny Roberts, Vernon, BC



A bit of History remembered.

J.R.

*(Don & MaryAnn Geddes aka **The Flying Scot** and **Diamond Willow** owned the place at Mile 932 and sold it to the Roberts family.) – Sherron*

FOX LAKE BURN

I do not have any knowledge of this burn and would welcome information that could be shared with the group.

My how I forgot how spindly the trees were. – Sherron



Fox Lake Burn – photo by Jenny Roberts Sept 2002

STORY SECTION – by Donna Clayson

ANDY HOOPER

By Donna Clayson

I met Andy Hooper when I was around 13 years old. My dad, Doug Storing, was a heavy-duty mechanic and was fascinated by Andy's truck – a 4-wheel drive Canadian military vehicle. Andy was part of the Alaska Highway construction crew in 1942. Dad was also on the project so, between talking vehicles and the Alaska Highway the two of them had lots to talk about.

I remember the first time dad took me to Andy's home. The first thing I spotted was that old truck I had seen rumbling around Whitehorse. No matter how long I looked at it there was always something I had missed seeing.

In 1986, dad took my husband, Bryan to meet Andy. Bryan's eyes grew wide when he spotted Andy's yard, and particularly the truck I had told him about. Bryan is also a heavy-duty mechanic and he restores old vehicles so he thought he'd died and gone to heaven. Dad introduced Andy and Bryan and when Bryan shook Andy's hand he was surprised the grease stayed and didn't come off onto his hand. I told Bryan later that I had known Andy for a lot of years and his hands always looked the same. Frankly, Andy always looked the same with that big cigar sticking out of his mouth. When we first pulled into the yard Andy was fixing one of the tires off the truck. It was completely bald but Andy said it had lots of wear yet. Andy was 80 years old and maneuvered that tire like a man in his 30's.

I opened the driver's door of this old relic to see if Andy still used a wooden orange box to sit on when driving. Yup, it was still there, albeit a little worse for wear. Andy was a real gem and I believe that I grew to respect old vehicles because of Andy.

I was devastated when my dad called to break the news that Andy has passed away. The Yukon lost a true character that day and heaven benefited from our loss. I took pictures of Andy and his truck the last time I saw him and thank goodness I did. Now I get to share the pictures with our readers.

Cheers, Donna



Andy Hooper
Taken by Donna Clayson in Whitehorse 1986



Andy Hooper
Taken by Donna Clayson Whitehorse 1986

**"ONE ON ONE WITH MADAM ZOOM."
By Emily Stillwell**

It happened in 1955. It was a beautiful, calm, sunny, afternoon. I was on my own in Keno City. (Don't ask me how I got there.). Perhaps, others can add to it, or, make comment.

There not being much to do in Keno, I wandered into Massa's cafe. (Is the name right?). Almost immediately, before I could sit down, I was told, almost ordered, to go upstairs to visit Madam Zoom. It was her birthday--her 70th, I think (I was 24). I found M. Zoom sitting at her sewing machine, situated in front of a sunny window, material in hand. She was wearing a blue check, gingham type dress with puffed sleeves (as best I can recall). At her neck was a very large red bow. Her first words were to ask, "How do you like my bow?" Naturally, I said it was very suitable for the occasion. I can't recall what else we talked about, or how long I stayed--fifteen minutes, perhaps. Did I have cake? I think I did.

On another occasion, I was with friends in the Keno bar waiting for the dance to start. Madam Zoom made her way to our table to tell me how appropriately dressed I was. (She was wearing a tailored, turquoise suit with matching pillbox hat). One of the people at our table, Mining Engineer (first name Frank?) Hogan told me not to take this compliment lightly as M. Zoom was an excellent seamstress and knew her clothes.

This is what I remember of what I was told of Madam Zoom's history (hopefully, other Yukoners can verify this). She had one sibling, a sister, and, they had come from a wealthy New York family. I think they were both trained lawyers. The sister practiced law but M. Zoom chose to travel around the world, twice, ending up in Keno. Later, she moved to Dawson. I was aware of her presence there, however our paths never crossed again. The only thing I can add is that, to my knowledge, she and Black Mike were friends.

(copyright notation requested September 15, 2003)

Thank you for your story, Emily. Can any of our readers add to the mystery of Madame Zoom?- Story Editor

POLLY THE PARROT
By Donna Clayson

I first met Polly the Parrot in 1964 or 1965 in the Caribou Hotel in Carcross. My folks didn't like to sit in the café too long because of Polly's profanity. Polly lived in the hotel for over 50 years. I was told he loved to sing opera but I never heard it. Apparently he was very good and loved to entertain the customers.

My stepmother, May Robinson (Ross) had the pleasure of Polly's company when she was proprietor of the Hotel in the 1950's. May had lots of stories about Polly

Polly died in 1972 at the age of 126 years. Polly is buried in the Carcross cemetery along with other infamous names – Patsy Henderson, Tagish Charlie, Kate Carmacks. As a person that attended the funeral told me – Polly was driven to his final resting place in a hearse and persons from all over Canada attended. The bronze marker on Polly's grave reads:

POLLY BORN 1850, DIED 1972
UNDER THIS SOD LIES A SOURDOUGH PARROT
ITS HEART WAS GOLD, PURE FOURTEEN CARAT,
POLLY NOW CAN SPREAD HER WINGS
LEAVING BEHIND ALL EARTHLY THINGS.
SHE RANKS IN FAME AS OUR DEAR DEPARTED,
A JUST REWARD FOR BEING GOOD HEARTED.

Apparently Polly was not a female, but a male but what does that matter? Below is a picture that I took in of the bronze marker on Polly's grave.



Polly the Parrot Gravestone in Carcross, Y.T.
Picture taken by Donna Clayson 1986

Henry Breaden has a memory about Polly the Parrot:

I asked the question: Do you know anything about Polly the Parrot in the Caribou Hotel?

Henry Answered: You mean the dirty devil with the bad mouth? Yes, he was a celebrity and is in the graveyard in Carcross. About in 1946 we went over to launch the Tutshi and had lunch at the hotel. Some of the fellows knew of the parrot and started mouthing some bad words quietly. The bird picked it up and had quite a vocabulary that he had picked up along the way. Finally the owner put the black cover over the cage to shut him up.

Neecheah **By Henry Breaden**

We were talking about seafood, which I love. I guess it would be in the 1970's that the restaurant was made in the Neecheah. The vessel had been moved from the Shipyard to south of the South Access road. In 1945 I spent a summer in the Neecheah as a deckhand, and under the Skipper's watchful eye learned to read the river. The name of the restaurant was the Captain's Table and the seafood was the Captain's Choice, which was served on a platter. Goodness knows all that was on there besides oysters, scampi's and all that good stuff! It was run by Ed Wyatt who was one of my operators at the plant. We used to order Black Russians before and during the meal; and the Captain's Choice for our main course.

One time we had Alice's sister visiting, and showing her the sights of Whitehorse. So that she could see the valley well, we took her to the transmitter site up on Grey Mountain. As it was still spring there was patches of snow remaining, and we had a snowball fight just below the transmitter tower on Grey Mountain. Then we took her to the Captain's Table for supper, and she was not used to anything harder than a glass of wine with a dinner. Well, after one Black Russian she thought that was very nice so we ordered another. After another she was getting rosy cheeked and really enjoying herself, which called for another. She knew her seafood from the coast as they were fishermen, and she said that was the best seafood that she had ever eaten. Don't know if it was the Black Russians or the seafood, but we took one sister next out to the Hot Springs very well oiled. Too bad as I think that warm water took some of the glow off, but it is a trip that Alice's sister will never forget.

I remember the Captain's Table well Henry and first met Ed Wyatt in Haines Junction in 1961. Yes, I agree, the seafood was the best but only once did I imbibe in the Black Russians, after encouragement from Ed. But going to the Hot Springs after? Oh, you're a devil. – Story Editor.

KEEPING FOOD IN THE EARLY DAYS **By Henry Breaden**

When I was growing up in Mayo, eggs being shipped were coated with water glass to seal them against spoilage. Any eggs in the stores had to last from September on through the winter except some that were shipped by overland stage. Needless to say, after a few months not all eggs were to be trusted, and you never broke an egg into the frying pan. You would first break them into a saucer or bowl one at a time before dropping them into the pan. The occasional one would be green and smell to high heaven. Many ideas were tried to sort out the bad ones, and some storekeepers would "Candle" their eggs by passing them in front of a candle or light. If they were dark they were bad, and if they were clear they were OK. At home, if they were placed in a bowl of water and they floated they were usually bad. But if they sunk to the bottom they "may" be OK. I think the most successful storeman, a fellow by the name of Levesque, used to turn his cases of eggs a half turn weekly so that the egg yolk did not settle and stick to the bottom.

The cases were of wood and had 30 dozen eggs each. One of the store and hotel keepers, Eugene Binet, used to have a hen house. As I was led to believe, they were all roosters but Eugene would go through the beer parlour with his gallon can to gather eggs in mid winter. He would come back with maybe a dozen fresh eggs, which I suspect, came from the cellar. But some fellow would buy the fresh eggs at top dollar, but strangely, the occasional one was bad.

We became so used to the taste that when I tasted my first fresh egg I was sure there was something wrong with it. There was no taste and we would use ketchup to give it a bit of taste. As my father was on the overland stage, eggs were shipped on the sleighs under a canvas tarp with lanterns to keep them from freezing. Each night they had to be packed into the roadhouse and back out to the sleighs in the morning. Even then, when a case of eggs froze they would not be accepted by the store and we would get a case of frozen eggs. They were good if you kept them frozen, but as the shell was usually cracked you had to thaw them in a bowl so they did not leak all over the place. Once thawed, they could be used in frying, boiling or for baking.

Don't really miss that taste now that I have become used to fresh eggs!

End of Story Section

NEW ADDTION TO THE LIST

Hello Sherron

I was sent a copy of the 12th edition of the telegram by Maggie Wallingham (Wood) and really enjoyed reading it. We would love to add our names, address and email to the list if possible. We are Chester and Judy Kelly (nee Crayford) formerly of Dawson, now of Whitehorse, Yukon. I was born and raised in Dawson to Will Crayford and Irene Caley, and Chester was born in Aklavik, NWT, and moved to the Yukon when he was just an infant. We have two children Michael and Cheryl and 3 beautiful grandchildren who we are very fortunate to see quite regularly as they live in Whitehorse too. Can't wait to email for the past editions of the Moccasin telegram. What a great idea!

Phone (867) 668 4306 Address: 9 Firth Road Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 4R5

kelly@whtvcable.com

Hope you can add me to the list

Thanks in advance Judy Kelly (nee Crayford) a Gold Rush Descendant

LOST AND WOULD LIKE TO FIND

Hi Sherron

I wonder if you could include the following in one of your weekly editions.

I have lost track of a school chum that I went to school with in the mid to late 50's in Whitehorse. We crossed paths off and on until about 1974 when I moved from Whitehorse to Edmonton. His name is Bob MacDougal. If anyone on the Moccasin Telegraph knows where Bob is I would very much appreciate getting in contact with him or any information they might have. Thanks

I am still a few issues behind in my reading but am very much enjoying each issue. I can relate to a lot of the stories. Keep up the great work.

Dave Perks

Grande Prairie, AB

E-mail birdsivu@telusplanet.net

More News

Hi Sherron

Just received a note from a long time Yukon friend that now lives in Faro.

Anne Domes was honored, at a HUGE Breakfast, by the town of Faro on May 10, 2003 to recognize her 50 years in the Yukon.

Thought it would be a milestone to mention in the Moccasin Telegraph.

Dave Perks

YUKON [WILD@HEART](http://www.yukonwild.com/newsletter/index.php) ADVENTURE NEWSLETTER

<http://www.yukonwild.com/newsletter/index.php>

Check out this new online newsletter that Doug Brown has drawn to our attention.

AN UPDATE ON THE IRELANDS

Dear Sherron, I am most happy to comply with your request for a bit of an update on another of the moved-away Yukoners: Gary Ireland. Gary was widowed in 1992 after a 30-year marriage to Dawn. He and I married the following year, having met in a fishing stream in Haines, Alaska. By the fall of 1994 we moved to Aspen Grove, BC, about 18 miles SSE of Merritt. Everyone expected the 'ole' boy here to start raising chickens on his acreage up high in the mountains...but he built himself a "shop" and a greenhouse,

instead. Many of his friends will recall his wonderful tomatoes and cukes from the Whitehorse property.

Gary has survived prostate cancer not just once but twice in the past 15 years. He feels quite well, and has the average amount of energy for a 73 year old. He has named himself the "Mayor of Aspen Grove", and official weatherman, for our population of EIGHTEEN people! He is active in his Masonic Order, and goes twice a year to the "gathering of the clan" so to speak, with the Yukon Mainliners group out of Kelowna/Vernon. I accompany him and he chats away with SO many former Whitehorse and Dawson folks.

Gary will be driving with Gene Clever and Norm MacDonald to Whitehorse during the first two weeks of June for the 100th anniversary of the Masonic Lodge. (I'll be staying behind to water the greenhouse). We keep in close contact with Mickey's, Boily's, and Frizzells, and "Newfie" (Clayton Matthews). I think we have hosted about 30 Whitehorse friends during our years here, making the distance seem truly small.

We made an interesting decision about 5 years ago, to keep Gary in the Yukon, and the Yukon IN Gary. We bought plots up in Grey Mountain Cemetery and have already had the ground-plaque installed. One can stand and look down at the names of Suzy and Gary Ireland! Check it out!

Gary does NOT use the computer, but I bring him down to read the Moccasin Telegraph, and all the emails, which come in for him. He's becoming more adept with the "mouse", so hope remains. He DOES chat on the phone.....and our number is 250-378-2128.

Suzy

Whitehorse Masonic Lodge No. 46

Henry Braden contacted me and suggested that this might be of interest to the "telegraph" list. The Whitehorse Masonic Lodge No. 46 are planning a weekend celebration of the 100th anniversary of the formation of the Lodge at Whitehorse. Social events as well as a corner stone laying ceremony, official visit of the Grand Master of British Columbia & Yukon, a Church Parade and a picnic are planned. Dates are June 5, 6, 7 & 8. At present over 100 participants have registered with many coming from British Columbia and Alaska. Many participants have been tardy in registering and it is quite conceivable that the number will approach 200, which will put a strain on the arrangements committee regarding catering and meeting rooms.

I have attached a schedule of events as well as a registration form in case anyone might be interested. In addition to the above we have prepared a 70 page history booklet for the event covering the last 100 years. This will be included in the welcome package for registrants and extra copies will be available for sale at \$10.00 each (plus \$2.00 postage if mailed). This is the second of three 100-year anniversaries that have, are and will be celebrated in Yukon. First was in 2001 when Yukon Lodge No. 45 at Dawson City and Skagway Lodge No. 1, Skagway, Alaska jointly celebrated theirs. In 2006 Atlinto Lodge No. 42 will complete the northern Lodges. Atlinto originated in Atlin, B.C. but moved their meetings to Whitehorse a number of years ago due to a declining membership living in Atlin.

Anyone wanting more information can contact me directly and I will try to assist them.

Thanks, Tom Mickey tmickey@polarcom.com

(Tom has sent me a copy of the agenda and registration form. If you would like me to e-mail you a copy just let me know.) –Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca

DAWSON FLOOD 1979

Tom Mickey has forwarded a set of photos taken by Jim Profeit, stepson of Charlie Profeit. The photos were taken of the mayhem after the flood and can be viewed at:

<http://community.webshots.com/album/73267241XeTckV>

If anyone is able to identify the various ferries, barges, buildings etc. in the photos on the above noted website, I would like to be able to label them so please let me know. - Sherron

A sample Jim Profeit photo – see the rest at the URL above



Online information about the Dawson Flood

The quotes below are just a sample of what you will find on this website:

<http://www.taiga.net/yourYukon/col176.html>

“Dawson is built on a floodplain at the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike Rivers, and on five occasions in the last 100 years ice jams have caused major floods in Dawson City. The worst event occurred in 1979 when most of the town was covered by two metres of water, resulting in 8 million dollars worth of damage.”

“Janowicz says that he has seen water on the river rise two to three metres within less than an hour. During the 1979 flood, witnesses said that the water rose at a rate of a third of a metre per minute at the peak of the flood.”

Read about this virus alert that Elwood Lyle has brought to our attention – It is a real threat and just in the news this last week. Your best protection is anti-virus software updated every few days. True protection is to not open any e-mail or in particular an e-mail attachment when you have not been told in the text of the mail from a reliable source, just what to expect in the attachment. Never open an attachment when you “friend” has left the text portion blank. One of these times - it will be a virus. I think most of us have done it once, thinking 'Oh but this is from someone I know'. That is how it got to you, through your friends computer and they didn't know it was even there. - Sherron

From BBC NEWS:

Sneaky virus spreading rapidly

A new computer virus is spreading across the internet via e-mail and file-sharing programs, computer security experts have warned.

The mass-mailing worm, dubbed Fizzer, is rapidly infecting computers using the Windows operating system in Asia, Europe and the US.

Experts say it is a complex virus, which can disable anti-virus software, steal passwords typed on a keyboard and even open a back door to a computer.

People are advised to update their anti-virus software and be wary of e-mails from unknown sources.

Multiplying virus

The Fizzer worm has been described by experts as a particularly unpleasant strain of a mass-mailing virus.

It was first detected by e-mail security company MessageLabs on 7 May but was considered to be of low risk to computer users.

Since then, the bug has used a variety of tricks to multiply across the internet. MessageLabs has recorded 17,765 cases in 24 hours in the UK alone.

“ We've upgraded it to high-risk just for the fact that we've seen so many in the last day ”

Mark Toshack,
MessageLabs

"We've upgraded it to high-risk just for the fact that we've seen so many in the last day," said MessageLabs virus analyst Mark Toshack.

Other anti-virus firms have also issued similar warnings, with Finland's F-Secure classifying Fizzer on the same threat level as the Nimda bug.

Auto-updating

Fizzer spreads through file-sharing programs such as Kazaa as well as by e-mail containing a file attachment with a .exe, .pif, .com or .scr extension.

Once a computer is infected, the virus will scan the victim's address book and send out infected messages using different subjects, message texts and file attachment names.

It also installs a keylogging program to record every keystroke, as well as opening a way to access a victim's computer over Internet Relay Chat.

Additionally, the virus regularly connects with a web page to try to download an updated version.

MessageLabs said that although Fizzer was not, at the moment, as prevalent as other viruses like the Klez virus, it was likely to be around for a long while.

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 **five special editions**. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's, Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag, Camp Takhini and the Alaska Highway. 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)