

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – EIGHTEENTH EDITION – June 15, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Happy Father's Day, to all the fathers in the group.

Viruses and hoaxes have run wild this week.

I have had many messages with viruses this week and luckily with Henry's help and his set up I have run any suspect messages by him. He runs PC-Cillin anti virus protection and it tells him the minute an infected e-mail comes into his machine, that it is a problem and which virus it is.

I just had a message from Sandy Campbell, which she had phoned CBC and BCTV on and they both validated it as a legitimate virus. I forwarded the heads up to Henry, pasted the warning into the MocTel and at the same time then went online to check that it was legitimate and sure enough it was a HOAX. It was titled "A Virtual Card for you". Obviously I had my priorities in the wrong sequence and got stung again.

So now I have taken Henry's advice from a previous MocTel and put the ICON on my desktop so I can look them up immediately. We can all hasten an end to this plague of HOAXES if we, including me, check with the experts first. So here is Henry's explanation, for downloading the ICON.

This wasn't the only hoax warning I received this week, but this one was different in that Sandy had checked it out and I fell into the trap. I can just imagine the emotions Sandy will be feeling. I expect the stations will hear back from her. - Sherron

This Virtual Card is an old one and has been around for a while. Doesn't it make you feel like a fool when you warn folks about the boogyman and it turns out to be a hoax? I've been there, and have on my desktop the Symantec Hoax Icon so that I can check any warning out. The URL is <http://www.symantec.com/avcenter/hoax.html> . When you have the page up, go to File, and on the drop choose Send. On the extension you will see. "Shortcut to Desktop", and if you click on it you will get a handy one on your desk to check on the list of hoaxes. Don't know why some dummies start these things, but they can scare the hell out of you at the moment!
Cheers, Henry.

Note: The Moccasin Telegraph will be a little off schedule next Sunday, due to our plan to attend the Okanagan Mainline Yukoners Picnic in Summerland at noon on Sunday.

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

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LOST 49 DAYS IN THE YUKON

By Donna Clayson

Helen Klaben was from Brooklyn and in 1962 at the age of 21 decided to see the world. Her and a girlfriend were looking for adventure and thought Fairbanks might offer just what they were looking for. Helen decided to stay in Fairbanks and for five months worked part of that time as a draftsman for the Bureau of Land Management.

Helen tired of Fairbanks so booked a seat on a commercial airliner to Seattle. While listening to the radio she heard an advertisement offering a ride to Seattle or San Francisco in a small private plane whose pilot wanted to share expenses. The plane was owned by 42 year old Ralph Flores, a Mexican-born American citizen who had just completed an 18-month contract working as a mechanic with the Federal Electric Corp. on the U.S. DEW line in northern Alaska. He was flying home from his outpost assignment at Barter Island for a vacation with his wife and six children in San Bruno, California.

On February 1, 1963 Helen and Ralph flew into Whitehorse from Fairbanks in his old, single engine, five-seater Howard airplane. They were enroute to Fort St. John, B.C., 602 miles away. They remained there for three nights, grounded by a blinding snowstorm.

Many people in Whitehorse didn't believe the weather had cleared up enough for flying, but conditions at the airport on February 4 were well above the required minimum and Flores was anxious to go. They took off before noon, Helen riding beside Flores in the copilots seat.

Four hours and 20 minutes after their departure, they were lost. Buffeted by the blinding snow and blustery winds in the treacherous Rocky Mountain Trench, their little plane suddenly caught a wing tip on a tall tree. They crashed, tail up, on a 3,000 foot ridge 75 miles southeast of Watson Lake near the Yukon/British Columbia border. Both wings were torn off; the engine broke loose and pushed through the firewall and the gas tanks were crushed – but amazingly, the one full tank did not catch fire.

Helen was unconscious for about an hour. Her arm had been broken. Flores was also unconscious for quite some time and when he awoke he mentioned to Helen that he was sleepy and didn't want to wake up. He had a broken nose, broken jaw and an ugly gash across his lip and chin which was to bleed for days. Somehow he managed to unfasten his seat belt, crawl through the plane's broken windshield and help Helen out.

There was a full-fledged storm raging. Wind whistled through the tall pine and spruce forest. The snow, already almost waist deep swirled and drifted. In nearby Watson Lake, the temperature dropped to minus 42F.

Neither Ralph nor Helen knew much about surviving in the wilderness. Ralph managed rough splints for Helen's arm but could do little about the wounds on his own face. The first night was spent in the plane taking stock of their meager supplies and survival gear which consisted of only waterproof matches and four cans of sardines, two cans of tuna fish, two cans of fruit cocktail, part of a bottle of vitamin pills and two tubes of toothpaste. Their only tools were a hammer, a chisel and Ralph's hunting knife.

They made a blanket out of the carpet of the plane and the insulation from the ceiling. They had cushions from the plane seats for a makeshift bed. Later they removed all the fittings they could from the plane's cabin, covered its floor with spruce boughs and stuffed surplus clothing into cracks to keep the cabin snug. Ralph started a fire with gasoline from the crushed tank, using wood from the trees felled by the plane. With his chisel and hammer he also knocked down some of the small trees nearby.

Helen had lost her boots in the crash and the shoes she had with her wouldn't go on over her swollen feet so she put on layers of socks and wrapped them with spare sweaters. Ralph fashioned outer covers from canvas for further protection.

In less than a week their food was gone and their diet consisted entirely of water. They used to pretend the water was different kinds of soup.

There was an endless amount of firewood but water wasn't easy to come by. They had to scrape up snow and melt it in a gallon paint-thinner can that had been in the plane. A light reflector worked as a drinking cup. Sometimes they flavored the water with toothpaste; sometimes they drank it hot, sometimes cold. They kept seeing rabbits and thought about rabbit stew. The rabbits must have known they would have ended up in a pot – they kept their distance. Ralph tried to make a rabbit snare with wire from the plane but it didn't work. He tried to make a slingshot from inner tubing leather from a plane seat and a forked stick. Nothing worked. He found a stone and broke it up to use as ammunition but he couldn't aim with them accurately.

For a month and three days, neither strayed far from the wreckage. Their days settled into a numbing routine; keep the fire going, melt snow, listen for planes, read and sing. At first there wasn't much daylight. The sun would come up about 8:00 and go down about 4:00. The first two weeks were very cold. Sometimes Ralph would sing to Helen and she would just hum along.

Before the crash both Helen and Ralph were overweight. Ralph had been trying to lose weight and carried vitamin pills with him to keep up his strength. Experts said that both of them being overweight probably helped to keep them alive. Their bodies gradually absorbed stored fat. Also, the fact that they couldn't move around much was actually a blessing as the inactivity reduced their need for food.

Helen didn't move around as much as Ralph. She spent her time trying to keep warm and sleeping. Helen also read the Bible. She also read Robert Service's poems about the Yukon. Never once did Ralph lose faith that rescue would come.

Both Helen and Ralph kept a diary and wrote in it every day. The entire time the survivors were out there they could hear planes fly over. On March 7 Ralph decided to leave the scene of the wreck. He thought the search had been called off and that nobody would spot them under the trees. (The search had been called off on March 6). Ralph left Helen at the wreck with a week's supply of wood close by. He made crude snowshoes from spruce twigs and branches and started out, looking for a more open site.

The snowshoes weren't much help and his progress painful. After $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile he found a knoll surrounded by fallen timber from a long-ago forest fire and about 3 miles down below it he found an open clearing which would be just right for stamping out an S.O.S. in the snow.

Ralph was gone a week when he returned to get Helen and found her crying and out of wood and water. From a part of the airplane they made a crude toboggan. Both found it extremely difficult to move by now. They also hauled the engine cover tarp they had been using as a tent shelter outside the plane cabin, their makeshift bedding, most of the cushions, the water can and light reflector. When they left the scene they marked the date on the plane cabin's yellow exterior using red paint from Helen's artist kit saying: "Went two mi. downhill 3/16/63."

Once they reached the knoll they set up an A-frame tent with poles, the tarps, the toboggan and pieces of timber. Once the shelter was up Ralph headed for the clearing to stamp out his S.O.S. They would not see each other again until they were rescued. It took several days for him to reach the clearing and then drag his bulky snowshoes through the snow to make three neat letters and an arrow pointing the way to their camp.

On March 24 Helen thought she heard a plane. Chuck Hamilton of B.C.-Yukon Air Service was flying a load of supplies with a hunting guide named Jack George over the Skook Davidson's ranch. As they flew over the ranch Jack thought he saw something in the snow. Chuck saw it too. They followed the arrow to the camp and spotted a woman and a fire, thinking it was a trappers' wife. He went back for another look and that's when he spotted Ralph Flores. Just 48 hours after the rescue a snowstorm covered the S.O.S.

Ralph's weight was down to 127 pounds from 178, and Helen weighed only 100 pounds.

Helen wrote a book titled "Hey, I'm Alive!" 1963/64 McGraw-Hill Book Co. this was followed by a television movie of the same name starring Ed Asner and Sally Struthers.

I have a CD by Hank Karr, an entertainer in Whitehorse who sings a song called '49 Days' and tells of the entire ordeal of Ralph Flores and Helen Klaben.

FIRE AND FEAR DOMINATED THE SUMMER OF '58

Submitted by Les McLaughlin

The summer had not officially arrived on the calendar, yet everywhere there were signs of a hot, dry season to come. Heat unusual for the time of year hung heavy in the still air.

It was exactly 45 years ago – June 1958. School had ended after another tedious term and we Yukon boys of summer looked forward to an endless season of softball played during the warm, bright evenings.

Suddenly, on June 19, the overheated air smelled like smoky air. A forest fire near Lake Laberge that had been lying dormant underground all winter, roared to life. Quickly, the tinder-dry bush produced enough fuel to send pungent gray-black smoke tens of thousands of feet into the air. The sun, as if permanently snagged behind a massive thunder head, disappeared.

At first, grey ash sprinkled lightly down on Whitehorse, an omen of the coming storm. Soon, it resembled a heavy snowfall; not white, but dull grey. Yet, like snow, it covered everything and everyone in town.

This was the beginning of a forest fire season the likes of which we had never seen. Shortly, a major blaze at Stoney Creek at Mile 963 fused with a fire near Mendenhall and swept toward Whitehorse.

Spurred on by a 65 km/h wind, the two fires covered an area of about 130 sq. km. Both had begun as small blazes but exploded before firefighters could reach the scene.

The massive conflagration raced south along the Alaska Highway, threatening to connect with the Laberge fire that had already combined with smaller wildfires at Fox Creek and Carmacks.

A fire to the south near Teslin combined with a particularly nasty blaze at Squanga Lake and the southern Yukon was ablaze. Whitehorse was surrounded.

Commissioner F.H. Collins called for Outside help and forest firefighting specialists were flown in from national parks across the country.

The Canadian Dragoons arrived with their military communications vehicles. Whitehorse was beginning to look like a war zone.

Commissioner Collins, who had assumed the role of a military general, praised the firefighters both from within the territory and from Outside, and promptly banned all travel off the main roads.

In early July, the Laberge fire rampaged out of control through the Takhini valley, destroying buildings at the hot springs. With thick smoke hanging over the Yukon's

valleys, the heaviest concentration of personnel and equipment struggled in the Whitehorse area where more than 100 firefighters battled the Laberge and Stoney Creek blazes.

Weary workers, some virtually sleepless, fought to hack a huge fire break at Mile 926 stretching miles from Haeckel Hill to the confluence of the Yukon and Takhini rivers on the Mayo Road. A smaller guard was built ahead of this just north of Camp Takhini, but officials expressed little hope that it would curtail the raging inferno.

Elsewhere in the territory, crews maintained surveillance at the Braeburn fire, where 150,000 acres had already consumed the tinder-dry timber. Still out of control, the fire had actually started in 1957 and broke out again in May after smoldering all winter in muskeg. Smoke hampered bush plane operations and, according to one mining official, the entire exploration season would likely be lost.

With added communications traffic because an earthquake had snapped Alaska's undersea cable, the Canadian National Telegraph lines were overloaded, but out only for brief periods. However, telephone calls and telegrams increased to a deluge after a television report Outside told the dramatic story of the local fire.

I recall watching towering clouds of smoke billow over Whitehorse and rise many thousands of feet. We'd all been taught to duck and cover to protect ourselves from nuclear attack. Now we had a first-hand view of what a nuclear explosion would look like.

Private cars were enlisted to play a major role in assisting firefighting north of Whitehorse by carrying workers to the countless fire locations. They were called into action at the end of June, when forestry engineer George Wilson said the fire situation in the territory had reached near-disaster proportions

On July 17, mayor Gordon Cameron declared a state of emergency and ordered all Whitehorse residents to pack their belongings and prepare to drive or to take the White Pass train to Carcross.

My dad crammed everything he could into the back of our 1952 Chevy panel, but we would have to leave most of our worldly possessions behind if the final order came to evacuate. Dad balked at my shoe box filled with baseball cards, but I managed to hide it under the spare tire.

I remember writing my name with my index finger in the ashes on the hood of our car. The signature was at least an inch thick. I also remember looking longingly with each passing day at our tidy little home on Strickland Street and wondering what life would be like without her.

However, later in that week, a minor miracle occurred. It came in the form of cooler weather with considerable rain. The 50-kilometre fire front advancing from the north

toward Whitehorse came within nine kilometres of the White Pass tank farm in the Marwell area before it was halted.

Firefighters now had their chance to contain the fire, and they did. At the end of July, Mayor Cameron called off the state of emergency in Whitehorse. But, in other parts of the Yukon, fires continued to rage out of control. Heroic efforts were needed to save Rancheria.

The blaze along the north Alaska Highway from Mile 933 to Mile 968 was still regarded as dangerous. Under forestry engineer George Wilson, personnel from the Army, Airforce, the territorial government, the reserve army and volunteer firefighters now concentrated on controlling this outbreak.

Finally, in late August, the fires were either out or under control. Again, we were allowed to travel off the main roads.

However, it was too late for any outdoor enjoyment in that summer of 1958. For years after, the cut line at Takhini and the blackened forests around Whitehorse were a dismal reminder of a dismal summer that had begun with so much promise.

VOLCANOS IN THE YUKON

By Henry Breaden

There was a volcano north of Fort Selkirk that was responsible for the ash from Minto through Carmacks where it mushroomed to cover up the Yukon River. Also up the Nordenskold valley, Braeburn, and as far as the upper end of Fox Lake. Native Legend passed down that this eruption took place 7000 years ago.

The volcano north of Fort Selkirk is marked "Volcano Mountain" on Yukon Maps. The basalt that formed the Canyon walls and the base of the Whitehorse Rapids was not an outright volcano. It was an outwelling of magma between Ear Lake and the Canyon. There was no mountain involved, for on the Grey Mountain side there is no volcanic rock. Alice and I hiked until we found the source of the magma, and it is strange that there was no actual blowout.

On the Skagway Highway what might be mistaken for volcanic ash is actually fine sediment from a lake bottom. At the time of building of the White Pass Railway in 1898 - 1900 there was a large lake that had to be drained down, but it got away from them and washed out a large channel. This created the Lewis Lakes, and if you have been in there you would find it a totally different area made up of lake bottom sediments, all extremely white. Without doubt at one time the whole area was a huge lake bordered by the Rocky Mountains, and through time eroded the watershed of the original 60 Mile River, then the Lewis River and eventually the Yukon River through Whitehorse.

Note: There are 18 volcanic sights throughout the Yukon some of which are: Volcano Mountain located 17 km. north of the junction of the Pelly and Yukon Rivers, halfway between Whitehorse and Dawson City; Ruby Mountain located 25 km east of Atlin; Volcanic Creek located 20 km northeast of Atlin and Cracker Creek located immediately east of Ruby Mountain volcano.

AISHIHIK AIRPORT

By Henry Breaden

In the summer of 1942, two cats were taken by barge across Otter and Aishihik Lakes and the airport strip completed for smaller aircraft like the two Norsemen flying for the Canadian Air Force. I was hired in January 1943 to swamp for my father, James. The foreman at Aishihik for White Pass was Fred Boss, and in late January he and Eddie Issac with a dog team crossed the lakes and measured the depth of ice. As I recall it was 23 inches, and they placed small spruce trees in the ice holes to mark the route. Meanwhile, my Dad and I were working on the wannigan (a wannigan is a slang for a trailing unit where the drivers cooked and slept.), which was two 16 foot timbers as runners, cross pieces and the 8 x 16 foot deck. An 8 x 10 foot tent frame was assembled which left six feet for fuel storage. We went across Aishihik and Canyon (Otter) Lakes and out to the highway. From Whitehorse we brought out a cat sleigh and lumber to build a deck on it. We loaded with fuel drums, as food was being flown in by Norsman aircraft. Each trip we bladed the road on the lakes that much wider, and at one time had a level highway 60 feet wide, which made the truckers, smile. From the highway to Otter Lake was up and down as it followed an old trail, and as we only had a cable on the wannigan, when the string started downhill, the wannigan used to run ahead into the sleigh. Whoever was riding in the wannigan had to hang on for dear life, for when we started the next uphill, the slack would come up on the cable and wannigan, and it would restart with a jerk.

I was driving and my dad was cooking potatoes and sausages, he called them "Doggies". He would eat first and then signal me to stop, and we would trade off. He driving and I would have a chance to eat and clean up the cooking pots etc. This time, about half way in from the highway to Otter, dad had cooked and eaten and was leaning out to signal me with the frying pan in his hand. About that moment the wannigan gave a yank and out he went, frying pan and all! Unknowingly, I had just hit a level area and was shifting up, and looking back to see that the string was OK I could see someone running in the snow about a quarter mile back. "Oh my" it was Dad, and he was not in the best of humour. He finally caught up with the cat, and as he climbed over the side he handed me the frying pan and said, "And you cook your own bloody doggies!"

When we built the wannigan we put in a Yukon stove and bedded it in about four inches of sand. But as the deck lumber was green, it started to shrink and our sand bed was trickling out. We were at the south end of Otter Lake and the road had drifted in with about six feet of snow. So I dropped the string to have freedom to blade the snow out. While blading, I saw Dad with a snow shovel shovelling snow into the wannigan and under the bottom of it. I thought, "Dad has flipped his wig!" but what had happened was

that the stove came too close to the dry wood and the bottom of the wannigan was on fire! Well, dad was sure busy for a few minutes but he saved the wannigan. Good thing too, because we had all our supplies, clothes and sleeping bags in there.

Another time, we were loaded and going in to the airport when a heavy storm came up one evening on the lake. We were at the Big Island but you could not even see where the road was. So dad decided to hole up for the night, and left the cat running as we normally did. About 2:00 in the morning he roused me out of bed as the cat had quit, and unknown to us the fuel line had frozen.

He tried restarting which was no good and we only had one set of batteries to start, and as we used water in the radiator he decided to drain the system so that it would not freeze. It was so wild out there that any human could not work let alone find what the problem was. So back into our sleeping bags we went for the remainder of the night. Next morning was calm and beautiful sun, and there was a dry stand of timber only 1/2 mile from us. This is where his experience paid off, for we had to get heat under the cat to thaw it out. While I hauled wood from the beach, he cut a fuel drum in half lengthways, but where to put that half drum of fuel? He just cut a bowl in the ice to make a reservoir and put the fuel in it, and strapped the half drums under the cat so that they were up off the ice. We made the fires in the drums and used some of that fuel from the reservoir to feed it. After several hours we heated water and poured it through the engine to take the chill off. It took five gallons of water, and the second pail we closed the drains and let the engine heat. After draining again, we put further hot water in the engine and cleared the fuel line. We had to rely on the batteries for a start, and dad wanted to make sure that all was ready. On the TD14 diesel you start on gasoline and transfer to diesel when it warms up, and was that a welcome sound to hear the diesel engine. Next was to pack up and resume our trip.

Thanks Henry for this great memory. I'd like to carry on with this story in the next edition of the MocTel - Donna

End of Donna's Story Section – Thank you to all those who made this section possible. - Sherron

A Bit About Karen

Submitted by Ruth McIntyre

Karen Shaw's family moved to Mayo in 1949 and left in 1954. The family left briefly in 1952 for medical reasons and so that Karen and her twin sister Sharon could start school "outside". They returned to Mayo where they took grade two with Ruth Kerbs as their teacher. Gordon did not teach after he returned from overseas at the end of WW11. During Karen's school year in Mayo I was in the restaurant and store business so neither Gordon or I knew Karen as a student but we did know the family. Karen says that she has very enjoyable memories of her childhood during the five years that she spent in Mayo. Among her very good childhood friends in Mayo were the Wareham twin girls who were the same age.

Ruth, Art, Karen and Sharon packed up their belongings in 1954 and moved to Karen's grandparent's home on Marine Drive in White Rock, B.C. where Karen lived until 2 years ago when she and her younger sister decided to sell their home with the beautiful view. Karen bought a condominium in White Rock, which is about 3 blocks from my sister's home.

Karen's mother, Ruth, was also interested in writing so she took a writing course with the intention of writing short stories. One of her projects was to write history stories about the many Yukoners that she knew. When she came to the Yukon for visits she interviewed some of these Yukoners. In 1980 Ruth wrote to me saying that she was coming to the Yukon to finish her scheduled interviews so that she could complete her project but tragically on the way to the Yukon she was in a bad car accident, which she did not survive.

Fortunately Karen is also enjoying writing short stories and I understand that she has completed several that hopefully she will share with us.

Karen started to work in the library at U.B.C. in 1966 where she is still employed.. In 1972 I was taking some courses so I saw Karen quite often. Last summer while I was in White Rock I had the opportunity to have an enjoyable visit with Karen.

Porter Creek Secondary Class of 2003

Submitted by Ruth McIntyre

Some relatives and friends of the Porter Creek Secondary School students may like to hear a little about its prom.

The Porter Creek Secondary Class of 2003 held its Prom at Mount McIntyre Recreation Centre on June 7. It was held in the area in which the sheets of curling ice are located during the curling season. It was beautifully decorated! There were some very creative ideas.

The area was literally packed with the grads and their guests.

The girls looked lovely in their gowns and the boys looked handsome in their formal attire. There were many pictures taken but I do not have any to send with this because I am hoping to get some pictures from a more experienced photographer.

The menu had a choice of chicken, salmon or a vegetarian dinner. The dessert was a delicious blueberry cheesecake.

The Valedictorian was Scott Price. I was sorry that I could not hear the address very well because of acoustics. I hoped that it would be printed in one of our local papers but no luck so far. Roch Shannon Fraser, who is with CBC, was the guest speaker. Kerry Huff, the principal of Porter Creek Secondary School, gave the farewell speech to the Class of

2003 in which he told the students that the world has never been in more need of people like the Class of 2003 who are among the most talented, the most academically successful, and most dedicated athletes that have attended Porter Creek Secondary School. He hoped that the years that the students spent at Porter Creek were good years for them and that they take away nothing but good memories. He reminded them to laugh as often as they could.

It has been reported that the after grad was fun and free of major mishaps.

Retired Teacher's Association Tea

Submitted by Ruth McIntyre

The Retired Teacher's Association held its annual June tea at F.H. Collins Secondary School on June 6.

Pat McKenna (teacher) and her students from the foods class prepared the luncheon and what delicious food it was!

There were 43 signatures in the guest book. The former Kirsten Palmer, who now resides in England, was present. She looks great! I won't attempt to name all the teachers who were present but many of you will remember Alice Patnode, Ellen Harris, Rita Mooney, Irma Bourassa, Dave and Irene Brekke and the list goes on. There was much talking and laughter, in other words, an enjoyable time.

It seemed natural to see Ron McFadyen of CKRW circulating amongst the guests with his microphone and recorder.

*This is the first in what **I hope** will become a trend – “**Family Connections**” – Please folks do your bit to put in your submission and have you family history preserved for generations to come. - Sherron*

RUDY BURIAN OF STEWART, by Margaret (Burian) Underwood (June 2003)

My father, Rudy Burian, arrived in the Yukon during the summer of 1936. He was on the original S.S. Klondike when it sank in the Thirty Mile River. He was the third Burian brother to make the trip North, being preceded by Uncle Alfred and Uncle Renny. Most of the Burian family was in the Yukon at one time or another, with the exception of Grandmother, many of them to remain. Aunt Amanda Rendell lives in Whitehorse and Aunt Martha Collins spent many years in Dawson, Whitehorse and several other places along the highway, now residing in Keremeos, B.C. Aunt Meta Davis was also there for a shorter period of time and makes Kelowna her home now. Grandfather Burian followed his sons to the Yukon at some point but I am told he did not particularly care for the conditions and stayed only one summer. In his last years, however, he spent time in Mayo, Whitehorse and Dawson with Uncle Renny, Aunt Amanda and Aunt Martha, and is buried in Dawson. Uncle Karl Burian, Uncle Walter Burian, Uncle Eric Burian and

Uncle Otto Burian (all deceased) also spent time in the Yukon. What a large family! They all worked at woodcutting for the steamboats when they first arrived.

My father moved to Stewart in 1937. (We always referred to our home as "Stewart" although it has been called Island, River or City) Henry Breaden thinks perhaps the addition of "City" was a bit of humor as there was all of 15 people living on the island! Stewart is an island in the Yukon River, just below the confluence of the Stewart and Yukon Rivers, at one time approximately one mile long and between a quarter and a half mile wide at some points. It was, however, surveyed and mapped out with streets in the very early days. My father met my mother, Yvonne Woodburn, at Stewart where she had grown up. Her dad, Al Woodburn, was the Agent or Dock Foreman for the steamboats at Stewart, having been transferred there from Dawson. Mom was born in Dawson, but the family moved to Stewart when she was five years old. My dad worked for my Grandpa for a while and then went into partnership with Louis Lechner, who was married to my Aunt Martha, and bought the roadhouse from Bill Bamford. This is the roadhouse owned by Davy and Peggy Shand, in the book "The Summit and Beyond." I was born in that roadhouse in 1944, having been preceded by two brothers in 1940 and 1943, who were born in Dawson. My dad was the attending physician at my birth and, later, my sister's. The roadhouse was later sold to George Phillipson and even later dismantled and moved across Steamboat Slough to the back island. Many years later, the family bought it back and moved the beer parlor section, back to the front island for use as a museum.

In 1944, my dad bought Maisy May Ranch from Harry Skelton and we left Stewart for a time. Maisy May is located on the Stewart River, 28 miles above Stewart and was considered a hay ranch. Henry tells of loading hay there for shipment to Dawson. My dad had horses and about 32 head of cattle and also continued cutting wood for the steamboats. He had several wood camps on the lower Stewart River; I recall one at Twelve Mile, Thirteen Mile, Barker Creek and one about two miles above Maisy May. In illness in the winter of 1950 prompted him to close down operations at Maisy May as he was afraid that, should he become ill again and not able to work, my mother could not manage alone.

Back to Stewart we went, and moved into my grandfather's old house. (My grandparents had moved to B.C. sometime in the forties.) This would be my dad's last move and he would remain at Stewart for the next 37 years. By this time, there were four of us children; my sister, Linda, being born at Maisy May in 1948.

My dad opened a small store in a log building, as the Hudson Bay store had previously closed down. In the next year or two, he bought the Hudson Bay buildings and we moved to the "big house." By this time, the steamboats were no longer running on the Stewart River and work was scarce at Stewart. Most of the people were moving to other areas to find work, and our family made up the larger part of the island's population. We were joined in 1955 by our youngest brother, Ivan, bringing the family to five children. Several trappers still lived at Stewart in the summers, but our family eventually became the sole population. Most people thought my dad was crazy, to stay on at Stewart when everyone else was leaving, but he loved the river, the wilderness and refused to leave. He

trapped in the winter, maintained the store, and worked summers for YCGC, (Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation) which was operating a dredge on Henderson Creek. After the dredges shut down, he did some placer mining, with the help of my brothers, Spike and Robin, but never made his fortune.

In the early sixties, my mother learned that the riverboat, the Yukon Rose, was for sale and, since she always had a fondness for that boat, she talked my dad into going into partnership with her and they bought the boat, doing some freighting with it for a year or two. My dad, however, never did like to pilot The Rose, much preferring his open boats and, after one season, he wanted no more to do with the boat and turned over his half to Mom. Better paying jobs lured the boys away, and the Rose was retired to Steamboat Slough until sold some years later.

When river travel became popular, my dad built cabins on the island, which he rented out to travellers for a modest fee, supplying wood and lamp oil. He hired out his boat in summer and trapped in winter, continuing this lifestyle until he died. He was very well liked by all who came in contact with him and is well known in Europe, for his hospitality, to this day. When one mentions Stewart, the name Rudy Burian, goes along with it. He died in 1987 at his beloved Stewart and is buried on the back island, across Steamboat Slough.

Over the years, the river was steadily eroding the bank and my dad had moved the buildings back several times, until there was no more space on the island to move them. Mom stayed on at Stewart for a couple of years after he passed on and then had a house built in Dawson. She continued spending her summers on the island until 1997 when the river took the house.

There is not much left of the island anymore, but a wealth of memories. My brother, Robin, the only one of us "children" to remain at Stewart, moved to the back island, and lives there still. Brother Spike lives in Surrey, B.C., brother Ivan is in Dawson and Linda spends her winters in Dawson and summers at her place at Kirkman Creek on the Yukon River. I have been transplanted to California since 1965. Mom still lives in Dawson at 81 years of age.

My thanks to my cousin, Harvey Burian, for filling in details on which I was not sure, and Henry Breaden, who also supplied me with information. Thanks also to Sherron, who encouraged me and for her patience.

DAWSON CITY JUNE 14, 2003

This feels like a bit of a scoop. I wrote to John and Madeleine Gould today to get an update on the launching of the Yukon Rose. These dear people sent photos of the mock launch and forwarded this information about a very busy day in Dawson. Thank you John and Madeleine.

Hi Sherron:

The Yukon Rose will be launched at 5 pm today at a special reception at the Keno.

We just got home from the Commissioner's tea, which was well attended as usual.

Too bad you couldn't be here.

Madeleine

Hello Sherron:

Just got back from seeing the Yukon Rose being baptized with champagne. They couldn't really launch it as it would have sunk, but did say that in two more months it should be ready.

I did take some photos so will attach them for you. That is Marc (on the pickup truck) but on the boat he sure gave a complete history of the boat.

Yvonne Burian is in the wheel chair Diana McCready is standing near the boat and maybe in one of the photos her husband Ron is there.

The man who christened the boat was Lyle Massey.

John knows the Burian's quite well he met Yvonne in 1938, so if you should need some info just e-mail him.

Sure hot here today and hope your weather is nice.

Madeleine



Father Tim and Marc Johnson, current owner.



Mrs. Yvonne Burian in the wheelchair, former owner.



Lyle Massey and Marc Johnson 'The Christening'



Diane McCready on right. Murray Matchett standing in sunglasses. Man sitting Andrew Robinson, lady in rear Agata ?

I sent the photos off to California to Mrs. Yvonne Burian's daughter Margaret (Burian) Underwood and got this reply.- Sherron

I just got home after being at my son's house for dinner and found your emails. Thanks so much for the pictures of the Yukon Rose. The only person that I can identify is my mother in the wheelchair in one of the photos.

Father Tim is christening the boat and I am assuming that the man in the red shirt in the back of the pickup is the owner, Marc, but really don't know as I don't know him.

Margaret

Good morning Sherron,

I sent those pictures of the Yukon Rose to my sister and she identified the people in the one titled "Other Owners: the lady in the purple dress and hat is a descendant of Bill Drury, who built the boat, we do not know her name. The lady in the red sweater is Diane McCready, wife of the former owner, Ron McCready and the man standing in

sunglasses is Murray Matchett who was a co-owner with Ron McCready. The other two people are folks who worked at trying to get her ready for launching, the gal in the back is named Agata but I have no idea how to spell her last name, and the man in the hat is Andrew Robinson. Of course, the one in the wheelchair is my mother, Yvonne Burian.

Don't know if this is in time for you to add to the newsletter.

Margaret

Hi Sherron:

Madeleine sent you the info on the Yukon Rose. Here is what went on before that. A plaque was unveiled on the dyke in memory of George M. Dawson who our city is named after.

The Hougen family in Whitehorse made an offer to the City that he would pay to have something erected in memory of George M. Dawson.

Nothing happened until the Klondike Centennial Society heard of this and asked Rolph Hougen about it. The K.C.S. took on the project and Kelly Miller, the office manager for the K.C.S., organized getting of the plaque and the wording, with help from K.C.S. members. Rolph Hougen was happy with what we came up with.

Rolph and his wife were there on the dyke to day and unveiled the plaque at 1:30 this after noon. There was a good crowd witnessing the unveiling.

Commissioner Jack Cable was there, as well as two ex commissioners Ken McKinnon and Jim Smith. There were also members of the Territorial council on hand, and our M.P. Larry Bagnal.

After the Unveiling there was the Commissioners' tea held on the lawn of the Commissioners' residence. A commissioner volunteer award was given to Mrs. Barbara Hanulik for all the volunteer work she has done over the years. One was also presented to Dick North for his work on Jack London's cabin, and getting it into Dawson from Henderson Creek a number of years ago.

There was a large crowd at the tea, Dawson people, Yukoners from around the Yukon, as well as a number of tourists.

A lot today's event will appear in the Klondike Sun and the Whitehorse Star written by Dan Davidson.

John Gould

I'VE BEEN PONDERING & PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

By Sherron Jones

Quite some time ago Doug Bell sent in the message below and I have been carrying it forward from week to week while I considered his comments. I wanted to see how the project would unfold. I have given a lot of thought to the possibility and ramifications of a website for this project and I always come back to the same basic thought. I would like to keep this a group as we have it defined so that folks will know where their material is going and who is receiving it. I think we have too much private information in our Moccasin Telegraphs for them to be posted on the web.

So although Doug is right it is growing 'like topsy' and does have the potential to be much larger and have greater exposure for Yukon. I would like to keep the exposure to those who care most about Yukon. I am sure the Moccasin Telegraph will do some good for the tourism to Yukon and a great deal toward our knowledge of the place we have called or do call home.

I for one would like to take another trip north again one day. This time with my eyes wide open to see things I didn't know about before. I know you have only touched the surface in what has come forward to date and I look forward to you each sharing more.

In an attempt to make the project manageable in the future and more flexible for those who use it now, I have placed the previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph on e-mail accounts, on Canada.com, which can be accessed by any of you once you have been given the *password* by Sandy Campbell or myself. I can change the password if it is deemed necessary for any security reason. I have placed all editions on in Word format. I chose that format to keep the photos intact. So if you access the accounts and do not have the Word program you may not receive the photos.

As an example, editions 1 through 10 fit into one e-mail account on Canada.com (3.5 MB) and I named the account 'Moccasintelegraph'. The special editions are stored in 'Moccasintelegraphspect'. All you need in order to access them is the procedure and the password, which we will pass out as requested by members of the group. I would expect members would have the same concern for the privacy of the group as they do with material they receive weekly.

I **WILL NOT** be placing the e-mail address list on an e-mail account. At least not until I have proven to myself that the Moccasin Telegraphs are secure there.

Those who have found it difficult to receive the Moccasin Telegraph due to their mailboxes becoming overfilled will have the option of collecting their own MocTel mail in this manner.

Further information about the procedure is included near the end of this mail.

So thank you Doug for caring and sharing your thoughts.

Sherron:

By the way this thing is growing like topsy and you may need some funding to allay some of the costs. Thinking about that, and a web site, and so on it came to me perhaps we could all pay a nominal membership fee - say \$10 a year for starters. That would provide you with seed money to go for a web site, because that is the direction it seems to be going. There has been some fine material showing up already, and if a web site were started it would be advertising for the Yukon, and who knows who might get interested.

You've already some people in other parts of the world joining so who knows what'll happen, and where it'll go anyway just a suggestion for consideration at some later date.

Pearl & Doug

p.s. I'm trying to decrease your workload not increase it with this suggestion.

TIDBITS

Well yet another wonder. You 'done good' once again.

Thanks for the recognition, but I love to do whatever I can.

Yes I had forgotten that Chuck Morgan was the one instrumental in moving the Klondike. He was such a modest man; I have always admired his mannerism of handling praise.

Now if we can get the story of how they move the MV Anna Maria up over the Skagway Highway. That was yet another feat, as they had to widen the Skagway Highway in places to get it into Whitehorse. Unfortunately, it never worked out, but it was a true Northern endeavor. I went to school with the wife of the Captain of the MV Anna Maria, (Named after the Captain's mother). I have several photos of it, but have forgotten a lot of the story. If there is anyone out there, perhaps you could put the question forward in the next Moc Tel.

As with the moving of the Klondike, there was a lot of controversy over it as well, and I still to this day say that if there had more belief in the endeavor, it would have "floated", but for what ever reason, it was not to be.

So well done once again.

I am really happy to be part of this, and I hope that I will always be a part of it. As for people going to the web site, I have no problem at all if you want to put it out there. I will always be available to forward them on from this end in the old way.

So don't worry about me cringing, things are continually changing and that is the way of keeping things fresh.

I suspect that you will probably get some interesting comments about the Steel Locs, but that is what we wanted.

Sandy Campbell

For more information on Chuck Morgan's life go to www.whitehorsestar.com

Click on 'Archives'; opt for the older time period and type in the title below. It is a great story. I cannot print it here without permission.- Sherron

Man Played Big Part In Shaping Landscape

A **Whitehorse Star** Archive story originally published June 5, 1998

By Kathleen Goldhar

In his time, Chuck Morgan moved a lot of big things.

From the S.S. Klondike, which took 14 days to move from the Whitehorse shipyards to the foot of Robert Service Way, to the Porter Creek Catholic Church and the Faro theatre, Morgan played a big part in shaping the territory's landscape.

But the biggest effect Morgan, who died suddenly in his sleep last Sunday at 64, ever had on Whitehorse was the people themselves.

(continued online)

Sherron:

I left a voice-mail for Marc - told him to clean out his e-mail box. The Rose is scheduled to be launched on Saturday afternoon June 14th last I heard.

Regards, Pam Buckway

Hi Sherron

I am still alive. I have been working 16 hours a day to prepare the Rose for launch.

This launch party has taken a year to prepare and forecasting exactly when we would be ready to launch turns out to be an inexact science. Consequently there is a real rush to finish. We will make it.

In the rush, my email has been ignored....my box got full.....and stuff got returned. I apologize. All the spam got through though....

I will stay in touch.....after the 14th.

Thanks Marc! (Johnson)

HI SHERRON,

THIS IS GREAT! YOU ARE DOING ALL OF US A BIG FAVOUR.

I WAS RAISED IN THE AREA BETWEEN THE STIKINE RIVER AND NORTH TO THE YUKON. MY DAD, G.C.F. "DAL" DALZIEL, HAD A CHARTER AIR SERVICE AND EVENTUALLY BASED IT AT WATSON LAKE. (B.C. YUKON AIR SERVICE). I HAVE FOUR SIBLINGS- ROBIN, NICK, CHERYL AND BYRON.

WHILE IN MY NINETEENTH YEAR WORKING IN AFRICA, LAST YEAR I HAD MY RIGHT LEG AMPUTATED ABOVE THE KNEE AND NOW LIVE ON COOL BUT ICELESS SALT SPRING ISLAND, CREATING ART QUILTS AND STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE. I GO TO WHITEHORSE

EACH SUMMER TO SEE THREE OF MY CHILDREN- CHRIS WIDRIG, CHARLES WIDRIG AND CARA SMITH- AND THEIR 8 CHILDREN.

REGARDS, BONNIE DALZIEL bdal@uniserve.com

OBIT

Dear Sherron:

I just received a letter from a friend telling me of reading an obit, so I am sending this news on to you.

Paul Hildebrand, born 1929 in Haarby, Denmark. Passed away suddenly June 2, 2003. Survived by his wife Lilly and son Peter. No services.

In 1955 he found employment with the Yukon Gold Corporation.

I only hope this is all correct.

Regards, Fran Hakonson

CAN ANYONE IDENTIFY ANY MORE OF THE PLAYERS?



Sherron:

As always, thanks for the wonderful job you and your friends are doing on the Moccasin Telegraph. I look forward to receiving it every weekend and enjoy the articles.

Here is an old picture I have found and hopefully someone can put some additional names to it. What I have is:

L to R: Myers Samuelson, unknown, unknown, Bunny Lelievre, unknown, John Dines, Helmer Samuelson.

As near as I can tell I think it was taken in the early 1930s.

Also attached is a recipe that I hope your readers will enjoy.

Vivian Stuart (250) 383-1349 lornellis@shaw.ca

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron,

We don't know each other but it is always great to meet a fellow-Yukoner. My name is Laverne Rasmuson (nee Little). I have been in Whitehorse I since 1952, taking grades 2 to 12 at the Whitehorse Elementary/High School, graduating in 1962. Whitehorse has remained my home, as I have found no reason (nor do I expect to) to leave this part of our world.

My e-mail address is rasmuson@klondiker.com and I look forward to receiving up-dates of the Moccasin Telegraph; what a thoughtful thing for you to do.

Regards, Laverne

Hi Sherron,

Margaret Underwood forwarded the sixteenth edition of Moccasin Telegraph, and what a beautiful idea.

If it is not too much to ask, I would like you to forward us the other editions.

My husband Walter had been a miner on Miller Creek outside of Dawson City for over thirty years, and we really enjoyed reading these stories.

Thank you again for this great paper.

Sincerely, Cami Yaremccio

Hi Sherron,

We are currently living in Osoyoos, B. C., and will be moving to Kelowna this fall or winter.

Martha Collins is a very good friend of ours. She and her husband Phil raised all their children in the Yukon. She worked at Stewart Crossing when the steamers were running as a cook.

Martha lives in Olala, near us. Martha is also Margaret Underwood's neice.

If you want our address it is P. O. Box 249 Osoyoos, B. C. V0H 1V0

Thanks again, Cami camiwalt@telus.net

Dear Sherron

My name is Merna Hensley. I lived in the Yukon from 1967 to 2000.
When I moved to the Yukon in 67 my sir name was Trebell. I remarried in 1990.
I resided in Whitehorse until 1992 and then moved to Nares Lake near Carcross where I lived till 2000.

I attended Yukon Vocational School in 68 where I took Cosmetology. I worked a few years for other salons, (Hilda's Beauty Bar and Geri's Clip and Curl), in Whitehorse and then in 74 bought the Econo Beauty Bar and operated in the old Tourist Services shopping mall till 1980 when I moved to the Westmark Hotel and stayed there till 91. Then I moved my business to my home in Porter Creek where it remained till I moved to Carcross.

In my business you get to meet many wonderful people and hear some great great stories. If only I could remember half of them and put it on paper, I could have a best seller. Some I wouldn't dare repeat though. haha.

Right now I am living in Ohio USA and it is a far cry from the YUKON. Not saying it isn't nice here but there will never be the peace and quiet and beauty of the Yukon. The people will never be as friendly as Yukoners. There are just too many of them here. I would very much enjoy receiving your updates on the Yukon as I do miss it very much.

Waiting to hear from you.

Sincerely, Merna Hensley (Trebell) terrtori_1@hotmail.com

Hi Sherron:

Our good friends, Norm and Ruby Paulson, passed your e-mail address on to us.

We lived in Watson Lake many years ago. Bob started teaching in Watson Lake in 1962. We were married on August 17, 1963, and both taught in Watson Lake. I taught typing in the high school and Bob had a grade 5 & 6 class. I also worked at the Nursing Station in the mornings as well as did some court reporting for the RCMP in the evenings.

We had great years in Watson Lake and made some life-long friends. We left in 1966, and after a year in Saskatoon, moved to BC and have been here ever since.

It's a great newsletter that you send out - keep up the good work.

Bob and Faye Hancherow rfhanch@shaw.ca

Sherron, I would like to be added to your mailing list. I grew up along the Alaska Highway my father worked for the army at Swift River and Whitehorse as well as Ft. Nelson.

I live in Whitehorse and work for YTG.

Duncan Netzel duncan.netzel@gov.yk.ca

Please add me to your list

Minnie Hassen mhassen@yt.sympatico.ca in Mayo since 1969

Thanks Minnie

KAREN WAS AFFECTED BY A WORM *via someone else's address book? The worm is capable of pirating a name and using it as a sender name and not even ever be in your computer.*

Hi Sherron,

As a matter of fact, I got "spoofed" last week—just about the time you sent this.

Thankfully, my boss told me it was not my fault. I did NOT open any messages from strangers or anything suspicious. Still, a worm/virus got into my address book and sent a message with MY name attached to almost everyone in my address book and beyond, perhaps around the world?! I got over 70 messages asking who I was and why I sent that particular message. Grrrrrrrr!

Of course, I didn't. I'd sure like to talk to the person who started the worm/virus. It is cruel and pointless! No one wins.

If that particular message got to you, I am sorry for the inconvenience and grief it may have caused you. Imagine how I felt!

Thanks for the latest ed. of the MocTel. I understand Ruth McIntyre will be entering something about me soon. Thanks to you I'm in touch (phone & e-mail) with people I've not spoken with in years. You have given ALL of us a tremendous gift.

Thank you.

Karen Shaw

SANDY'S THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Retirement: Twice as much husband, and half as much money.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK – by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre)

Mock Cranberry Pie

For best flavour the true Yukon Cranberry should be used. However, it is also delicious with the “store bought” type.

Mix: 1 cup sugar

1 egg

¼ tsp salt

1 tsp vanilla

Mix: 1 tbsp flour and ½ cup water and add to first mixture.

Then add 1-cup fresh cranberries.

Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake until set.

Note: I have no idea of the temperature – it is always cooked until done. After my parents retired to Nanaimo in 1980, every year when my Mother took her yearly visit back home, she always came back with a supply of cranberries and they were very carefully stored away and taken out only for special occasions and our favourite dessert.

Hi Sherron,

I read with real interest the page on "Women in the Klondike", URL <http://www.yukonalaska.com/klondike/women.html> in the MocTel. Martha Louise Black was quite close to us as Capt. George Black was my dad's commanding officer. Martha went with the troops and stayed in England when the boys went to France. They both attended my parent's marriage, November 3, 1917 and presented Mom and Dad with a set of six Yukon gold nugget teaspoons. These came down to me and are a family treasure.

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

Change of address

We will have a new email address effective Monday, June 16 moma@telus.net
Thanks Val Woods & Mike Lytwynec

It seems the photos I have put online in Webshots, are very popular. Look at the statistics for this week. – Sherron

Totals	Views	Downloads	Guestbook Entries
Overall	5,039	200	3
This Week	208	21	1

Album Title	Views	Views	Downloads	Downloads	Guestbook Entries
	Total	This Week	Total	This Week	
Riverboats Casca & Whitehorse	2,175	68	33	4	1
Royalty & Rose Garden	781	38	21	1	1
Yukon	1,515	84	124	15	1
Sternwheelers on the Yukon River					

Second site:

Totals	Views	Downloads	Guestbook Entries
Overall	1,459	1	0

This Week	33	1	0		
Album Title	Views Total	Views This Week	Downloads Total	Downloads This Week	Guestbook Entries
Mayo Flood 1936 & Dawson Flood 1936	639	16	1	1	0
Mayo & Wernecke - Part 1	237	2	0	0	0
Mayo & Wernecke - Part 2	113	0	0	0	0
1979 Dawson Flood					

PAST EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sandy or myself will hand out this message along with the password. - Sherron

In an attempt to make life easier for a lot of people, and so that you will not need to store the Moccasin Telegraphs in your computer, I have placed them on the Canada.com site, but made them secure in e-mail accounts which can be accessed by you with a password. That way they are not on the web and available for the world to harvest personal information and passwords. I have not placed the e-mail address list there. I have placed them as attachments, which are Word documents. Anyone who has difficulty accepting e-mail in the format should contact Sandy Campbell at northernlyght@shaw.ca and she will send you the mail in the traditional e-mail format.

To access them go to <http://www.canada.com/national/>

In the right hand column of the main page is the word "Login", click on it. (The word "Login" is quite small and you may have to look for it.)

On the next page coming up, in the first input box type in

- **moccasintelegraph** (for editions from 1 - 10)
 - **moccasintelegraph2** (for edition 11)
 - **moccasintelegraph3** (for editions 12 - 16)
 - **moccasintelegraph4** (for editions 17 -)
 - **moccasintelegraphspec** (for the Five Special editions)
- In each case the password is required (available from Sandy or Sherron.)
 - Next click the button "SIGN IN" (or hit "Enter" on the keyboard). (If you will get a box asking if you want to remember the password, and just click "Yes").

- When the next page comes up, in MY-EMAIL click "[here](#)" which will bring up the Editions.
- When you click on the Edition you wish, [it will open with a paper sheet icon](#). Just click on that [icon](#) and it will open the document.

(Once you have entered the various Editions and clicked to remember the password; when you start to type moccasin, the four will come up from memory. Just click on the one you want and it will automatically insert into the box, and then hit the Tab key, which will automatically put in the password. Carry on and click on SIGN IN or Enter and you are away.)

[If you have trouble retrieving them yourself or receiving them in a format you can open, you can still have Sandy send them, read below.](#)

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **seventeen 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)