

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Nineteenth Edition – June 27, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

NEWS ABOUT THE OKANAGAN YUKONERS PICNIC

Hi Sherron,

The picnic was great. We had about fifty people show up. To everyone's surprise Don Murray, his aunt Phylis Hinds, Nancy Moulton and the MacLeods, Neil and Francis all came up From Vancouver.

The weather started out a little cool and showery but by noon it was sunny and warm. There was so much food some got wasted, but as usual a good selection.

May Holroyd won the bottle of wine we had for a door prize. Neil MacLeod found some people from Stewart City, and was having quite a chat with them, but I never got their name (poor reporting).

It's too bad that things turned out so you couldn't make it. I think you would have had a "field day".

Larry Chalmers larryjoanchalmers@telus.net

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

ytdogteam@telus.net

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS

By Donna Clayson

It was the last week of December 1975, a cool minus 25F, clear with bright blue skies. I thought a nice leisurely walk with my 13month old daughter; Verena and our little cock-a-poo dog would be a great idea. I was familiar with the dog trails the Yukon Dog Mushers Association used for races at Mile 928 on the Alaska Highway as we had been on the trail numerous times over the last few years.

The trail was a bit confusing as it looped around allowing for different lengths for the various races. One loop was for 10 miles, another loop for 15 miles and so on. With Verena in a pack carrier on my back and a bottle of milk in my parka in case the baby fussed, we were ready.

With Verena happily talking baby talk, and Tuppins the cock-a-poo excited about the experience, we entered the trailhead onto for the first five-mile loop. The previous week, while running dogs we had lost an expensive watch somewhere on the trail. Besides being a beautiful winter day the excuse of having to look for the watch gave me a reason to be out on this gorgeous day.

I was pattering along enjoying the bright sunshine and the mountains all around me. After a few hours of walking I realized the sun was beginning to fade and looked at my watch. It was 3:00 p.m. and usually dark around 4:00. The baby began to fuss so I

pulled her bottle out of my coat pocket but when I handed it to her over my shoulder I realized the milk was frozen. I put the bottle in my armpit to try and thaw the milk talking to Verena trying to get her to settle down. With her on my back, the pack began feeling heavy and there was a piece of it digging into my side. I tried shifting the pack a bit but with the baby in it the pack would sit only one way. Oh well, it wasn't too bad, and besides, I should be getting back to the trailhead fairly soon.

Tuppins the dog started getting under my feet and I was afraid I would fall if I reached down to pick her up. She wanted to be carried, as her feet were getting cold. There was no way to reach down to scoop her up without falling over with the heavy pack on my back so decided the dog could fend on her own.

All of us were startled when, without warning the wolves began howling. They didn't seem that far away and their mournful sound made the hairs on my body stand on end. Tuppins began whimpering with fear and cold and Verena started crying. The howls were so loud that you could almost feel them reverberate throughout the body. I figured it might be a good time to make myself more aware of our surroundings, just in case. The howls continued as I began looking around for trees that would support our weight if the need arose, but all I could see were willows. I needed to get back to the trailhead and the safety of the truck.

I came to a fork in the road and didn't know which path to take. I looked at the mountains trying to get my bearings but they gave no clue as to which direction to take. If I took the wrong path it would lead me into the 15-mile loop and deeper into the bush. The correct path would take me to the trailhead and warmth and safety within a half hour. Which one to take? Again, the wolves howled and I shivered. I could no longer hear the pups' whimpering and when I looked down at my feet for her she was gone. I called her, but not too loudly. I didn't want to draw any more attention to us than necessary should the wolves decide to move in for a closer look. Tuppins was gone and I decided not to waste any more time. The light was quickly disappearing and if I had any hope of getting back to the truck before dark I had to make a decision and choose one of the paths.

I chose the right fork and my steps quickened. Verena was very quiet, probably asleep. I glimpsed a movement out of the corner of my eye. Wolves! There were five of them and not that far away. They were glaring at me with their heads down, probably pondering their next move. I quickened my step, walking as fast as I could. I kept looking at the mountains, trying to see if I had chosen the right path. As I walked along the dog trail I looked up at the mountain I knew I should be heading for and saw I was heading away from it. I had chosen the wrong route!

It was now too dark to see the wolves clearly; all I could make out were their shapes. They were constantly moving; first on my left, then on my right and when I couldn't see them I knew they were behind me. I decided to carry on hoping that mushers who knew I was on the trail would come looking for me.

In the meantime, the mushers were in fact getting a search party together. A few had brought in their snow machines, as they would be able to cover a larger area more quickly than a dog team. As they started their engines the moon was getting higher and reflecting off the peaks of the mountains. They could hear the wolves howling and thought it best to head for the sounds figuring I would be close by. The first snow machine quit and they couldn't get it started again. The second machine roared to life, but it too quit, as did the third one. It was noted later after I was safe that mechanics could find no reason as to why the engines quit and could not be started again.

Dog teams were called into action. Four teams arrived with six dogs each. These dogs knew the trails well as they had spent most of their lives training on them. It was going to be tricky though, getting the dogs to head toward the howls of the wolves and only a seasoned musher with well trained dogs would be able to convince them to continue. Soon the teams were on their way as the mushers hoped I had stayed on a trail.

In the meantime I continued quest for safety. I didn't dare stumble and fall, as I knew the wolves would be on me in a second. I had to choose my steps carefully, which was difficult in the dark. With the sparse landscape of only willows, at times, tickling the edge of the trail, I hoped I would not stray. I needed to stay on the well-worn path. Somewhere I had lost the bottle of milk.

What seemed like hours of circling on the trails I finally walked out to where the truck was parked. The temperature at that time was a cool minus 35F. The mushers saw me with my head down, concentrating on my steps and ran over to help. As one of them lifted Verena out of the pack another grabbed me as I fell forward, finally free of the packs' weight, unable to stand up straight after being bent over for so long. Verena still made no sound. In fact, she was frozen and could not cry. Quickly, the musher yelled out to Helen Hodgson who lived close to the trail to get throw flannelette sheets into the dryer to warm them and to get some warm milk. As the musher ran with Verena to the warmth of the trailer I was also being ushered unceremoniously to warmth and safety.

As the warmed flannelette sheets touched our frozen bodies the pain was excruciating! Verena finally cried when the pain registered and it sounded so good to hear her.

Somehow the dog teams missed seeing us and apparently when the word got to them that I had walked out, the dogs were only too glad to get away from the wolves. The mushers had, in fact, seen the shadows along the trail.

The cockapoo? She came out not long after we did. She was cold and whimpering but okay. The lost watch? We found it in the springtime and with a little shake, it started working.

Don Frizzell enjoyed reading in the last Moccasin Telegraph about Rudy Burian. He sends this note along:

I enjoyed reading about Rudy Burian. He was a great person, and I deemed it a privilege to be on a first name basis with him. When I was the White Pass Agent in Dawson from 1982-87, Rudy came into the bulk plant one day and picked up 3 barrels of gas in a small Datsun pickup I think it was. He paid for them and left. A couple hours later, he was back for 3 more drums of gas, so I filled them, he paid and left. I was fairly new on the job and didn't know Rudy at the time. Anyway another couple of hours goes by and he is back for two more drums so I asked him what on earth he was doing with all the gas. So he introduced himself and told me about his home and store at Stewart Island. Rudy was probably in his early 70's and he was taking the gas down to the river and pumping the gas into empty drums on his riverboat. Then he would take them to Stewart Island, pump them into drums on shore and sell the gas to river travellers. I forget the price now that he was selling it for but it was very close to his cost not to mention the work this old timer had to go through to get it there. So I said, the next time you want gas, you let us know and we will deliver the gas to the boat with our tank truck and fill the drums for you. He was very surprised at the offer, as he had been doing this for years. Anyway, we did that from then on and Rudy became a first class friend and told me many stories about the Island and different events on the river. If only I had the foresight then to mark down the details. One of the benefits of being a friend of Rudy was that he must have told all his river friends about the delivery of gas and overnight we got all the fuel business off the river. He was a great guy.

Thank you Don for a great memory. I've heard so much about Rudy that I wish I could have had the privilege of meeting him. – Donna

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THE KLONDIKE RAINMAKER ***by Murray Lundberg***

Historically, most of the gold recovered in the Yukon and Alaska was recovered by placer mining, which involves the separation of loose particles of gold from the surrounding sand or gravel. This separation process requires a large, fairly constant supply of water; although various means, from the use of water-efficient rockers to the construction of the massive Yukon Ditch, were employed in the Klondike to alleviate the situation, most of the early placer miners in the district faced a constant battle with Nature and each other to get the right amount of water at the right place and time.

In 1905 and 1906, a group of miners, with the complete support of the Yukon Council, employed a particularly unusual technique in an attempt to ensure the water supply that

would allow the Yukon to flourish economically. Surprisingly, the story of Charlie Hatfield, the Klondike Rainmaker, is virtually unknown.

During the summer of 1905, one of the driest summers that had been seen in the Klondike, word was spread about an amazing string of successful rainmaking contracts undertaken in the western United States by Charles Hatfield, of Los Angeles.

Born in Fort Scott, Kansas, in 1875, Hatfield claimed to have been "a student of meteorology" for 7 years, during which time he had discovered that by sending a secret combination of chemicals into the air, clouds could be produced in large enough quantities that rain was sure to follow. Although not all of his contracts were a success, and despite the fact that the U.S. Weather Bureau labeled him a fraud, his fame grew rapidly.

On August 10, 1905, the Yukon Council entered into a contract with Hatfield to bring his equipment to the Klondike in 1906; if the rains did indeed arrive in sufficient quantity (that amount to be determined by a board of seven men), Hatfield would be paid \$10,000. If not, his transportation and living expenses for the trip would be paid. Half of the \$10,000 was raised by donations, with the balance to come from General Revenue.

Hatfield, with his brother to assist him, passed through Whitehorse on the 3rd of June 1906, and *The Weekly Star* quipped that residents "Might get him to give us a shower here - just a little one for fifteen cents or two for a quarter." When the sternwheeler *Selkirk* arrived at Dawson, "Hat" was welcomed by a huge crowd of people, adorned with rubber boots or umbrellas.

Within a couple of days, Hatfield had set up his headquarters at the Cook Roadhouse, and had built a 24-foot tower which was sending out clouds of thick smoke from the top of King Solomon's Dome.

Despite optimistic reports that "Hat" was "A world beater as a cloud producer," day after day passed with no rain or only a short shower, and an ever-increasing number of placer operators were forced to shut down due to the lack of water.

The little rain that did fall was considered to be no more than normal. A hailstorm at the mining centre of Grand Forks, however, was credited to Hatfield, and "All the owners of flower and vegetable gardens are swearing vengeance on him." By the 30th of June all humour in the reports of the situation had vanished, although Chief Isaac of the local Han Indians, claimed that four of his medicine men were preventing Hatfield from making rain. He also offered, for only \$5,000, to show Hatfield how rain should be made.

Feelings against Hatfield ran increasingly strong through an exceptionally dry July; on the 26th, he shut down his project, and two days later was gone.

Charles Hatfield might have been written off as just another nut, but in January 1916, he fulfilled a rainmaking contract with the City of San Diego to such an extent that streets

were flooded, homes washed away, and a dam eventually broke, resulting in the death of many people. A string of lawsuits were filed against him, and went all the way to the Supreme Court of California, where it was ruled that the rain was an act of God (that, of course, also meant that the city did not have to pay him!)

Alberta needs a rainmaker after 5 years of drought. – Donna

Fact or Fallacy?

I had been hearing a story for years regarding the launching of the Sternwheelers in Whitehorse. I heard it many times over the years and suspected it might be a little far-fetched. Since I felt the story was too good to be true, I decided to go straight to someone in the know – in this case, Henry Breaden, our Historian.

The story I heard was that BYN had instructed all Whitehorse residents to save their cooking grease throughout the winter. When springtime came the residents supplied BYN with all their winter grease. When it was time to launch the sternwheelers the grease was spread on the “ways” to make it easier for the boats to slide into the river. The night before the launch the grease was applied and left for the night. The next morning when the boats were ready for launching it was found that all the dogs in Whitehorse had congregated at the “ways” and licked them clean. - Donna

I loved to tell this story to tourists thinking it was true. When I queried Henry about it he sent this response: - Donna

DID B.Y.N. REALLY HAVE A SHEEP RANCH?

By Henry Breaden

Let us deal with the boat launching first of all. The story you heard about people saving fat during the winter for BYN and the dogs licking it off the ways was not true. During the years I worked in the shipyards I never did see a dog in there. Without doubt they would have been booted out had they ever found their way in. We used mutton tallow that the yard had in great quantity in bags. It was melted to a liquid in a special steam heated vat and 5 gallon pails used to transport it to the ways. The ways were those timbers that ran from the top of the shipyards to well into the river. To apply the fat to the ways, we had a one and a half foot 1-1/2 inch rope which was tied around six inches from the lower end and the lower strands unraveled to form a brush. The tallow was put on the afternoon before launching so as to harden overnight. The next morning, we applied fish oil that was thick and applied it to the ways with a paddle. The last thing was to put the launching boards onto the ways and slide up under the boat.

The launching boards were of heavy planking and formed a long "V" so that even though the ways were sloped they kept the boat level. The lower plank had guides on it so that it could not slip off the ways. Two or three of the launching boards were lashed at the top

of the ways so that when the boat was lowered onto them it would not move. When the boat was down and ready to launch, men were stationed at each lashing with a broad axe, and when the Foreman blew his whistle they cut the lashing. Sometimes the boat would take off by itself at that point, and sometimes the crew had to give it a push. Other times it may stick and a winch had to be used to start it towards the water.

The smaller boats were easy to start, but the Klondike was notorious for sticking and the winch had to be used. Men were on the bow with two 1-1/2 inch rope headlines so that when the boat stopped its outward motion in the river, they snubbed it to bring it ashore. As the boat was going down the ways, these men gathered the slack in the rope so that they had it all in when the boat hit the water. There were permanent deadmen, (anchors) at the upstream end of all ways right near the water. Many times, when the axe men cut the lashings, nothing happened and the boat had to be started by the crew. On the other hand, when I was on one of the jacks, the Keno did not even wait for us to get the lower jacks all the way down. It broke the lashings and was away by itself, and we had to get clear of the falling jacks. As I felt it starting to go, I swung the jacking bar so that I was on the upper clear side of the jack. My partner on the jack started to run towards the river, and heard the entire crew holler for him to lay down which he did and the boat passed over him with plenty of clearance. Bet it scared the devil out of him, and maybe a bit rough on the underwear!

Steam was used for everything in the yards. Winches at the top of the ways, a steam engine to run the overhead shafts and belts to drive the machine shop and carpentry shop. Saws and lathes were belt-driven from the overhead shafts rather than individual drives. A large steam driven hammer was used in the blacksmith shop to hammer hot metal into shape. At the outer end of the carpentry shop was a large band saw that was used to cut the taper to replace planking that had been taken out of the hulls. The hulls were inspected in the fall, and any planks broken or not sound were either marked or knocked out.

The Bull Crew, which I was on, used to hold the planks up as they were going through the saw and moved left or right as the shipwright at the saw needed. If they had to be bent, as up near the bow, they then went into the steam box for several hours or overnight. From there we took them to the jobsite and they were clamped in place and either bolted or anchored with special galvanized square nails. There was never a case where a plank did not fit, as these old shipwrights were professionals. These were planks, 2-1/2 inch for the small boats and 3 inches for the larger boats, 10 inches wide and 40 feet in length. This special knotless fir was stored in the old Yukoner at the outer end of the yard, or the Bonanza King, which had been used as storage for many years. When the hull planking was complete, all the seams were caulked before painting and water was put into the hulls to tighten up the seams before launching. Sounded like a bunch of woodpeckers when the shipwrights were caulking with caulking irons and caulking mallets. I still have as a souvenir one of the old caulking irons in my toolbox. In my early years I was on the Bull Gang, but later when I was accepted as one of the permanent crew I was given easier jobs. Think I was even accepted as part of the clan, for all the professionals like shipwrights and blacksmiths were Scots!

On the boats we wondered if B.Y.N. had a Sheep Ranch as we used so much mutton tallow. Not only that, but a good portion on the menu was Lamb Roast, or Lamb Stew or Lamb Chops. We used to say that the menu contained Lamb, Ram, Mutton and Sheep! Anything left over would end up as Shepherd's Pie, and we used to say, "Damn, we should have finished that roast yesterday!" Just a bunch of good-natured joshing, for I think we ate very well on the boats. In those days we did not have freezers, and the galley had large iceboxes to store food. Most often, yesterday's roast would come out of the icebox and when sliced had a green tinge. Surprisingly we did not get the runs, but maybe we were conditioned to it? Pretty hard deal to keep fresh meat, and I remember once where we had turkey for about fifteen days. After that, we could not look a turkey in the face! When we got a shipment of beef from one of the main riverboats, there were smiles all around but regardless, it was great fun for us young fellows and we enjoyed it.

Thank you Henry for setting the record straight. I'm sorry, I still like the story I heard better. – Donna

The following poem was submitted by Cyril Griffith. As you may recall, Cyril was on the road crew during the construction of the Alaska Highway. His story was written as a Special Edition of the Moccasin Telegraph – The Building of the Alaska Highway. Cyril has had the following poem for quite sometime, however, the author is unknown. – Donna

MY FIRST TRIP ON THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

Started out from Dawson Creek
With a five and a quarter ton
When I saw the road so smooth and wide
Said I, "Why this is fun".

So I settled back as I purred along
And lighted up the hill,
But my air of ease soon passed away
When I started the Peace River hill.

Curve after curve, mile after mile,
'Til I thought my brakes would burn,
Then across a shaky one-way bridge
And up the hairpin turn.

Then up and on for ten good miles,
And there to make the job,
For Fort St. John with it's high crowned street
T'was like driving on a log.

Then there's thirty miles of as fine a road
As you'll ever wish to see,
And on through the bush and curves and hills
'Til I struck Mile Eighty Three.

Then up sprang a hill like the side of a barn
And I started with bated breath,
As I saw dismembered trucks in a heap,
That bespoke a horrible death.

I clawed for the gears with feverish haste,
But the wheels began to spin,
As I slammed on the brakes and began to spin
I pictured an awful end.

At last with luck I got her stopped
I don't know how just yet.
I started again with utmost care
My forehead beaded with sweat.

As I reached the top I shivered and shook
My sweat turned to a chill,
If I ever make another trip
I must not forget that hill.

I rolled along 'til I reached the drop
At about One Hundred and Two,
As I eased her down with squealing brakes
It thrilled me through and through.

The next was the wide (?) Sikkini Hill
About seven miles all down grade,
An orange sign on the last steep lap
This ominous warning gave.

"Dangerous hill use lowest gear
Beware of slides and ice",
The chills chased up and down my spine
Like a pair of frolicking dice.

My heart would leap with every slide
As she struck the icy spots,
The exhaust was popping out behind
Like the crack of rifle shots.

With an ice cold motor and red hot brakes

I rolled up to the pumps,
My right leg ached and trembled
And my heart went uppity thump.

The gears they growled and the motor barked
As I steadily gave her the gun,
Up the heavy drag on the other side
And on toward the sun.

At the top of One Hundred and Three
Was a scene, a joy to behold,
The trees below like flowers
And the mountains fringed with gold.

But my gaze of wonder turned to awe
As I started down the hill,
For there lay the battered twisted form
Of a tanker cold and still.

Two curves and a hill, two hills and a curve
'Til I struck "One Fifty One",
At the sight of its umpteen twists and turns
My heart sank with the sun.

I'd like to tell you all of it
But space would not permit,
But away this side of Nelson
I was scared I must admit.

I'd slip into standard low
And started up a rise,
When over the top a great white light
Was glaring in my eyes.

I blinked my lights and blinked them again,
And gave him lots of space,
When I saw it was only a playful moon
Staring me in the face.

At the Army Camp at Zero
Where we stop for our inspection,
The Darkie boys are mighty nice
In spite of their complexion.

"You all got passed, Who you all for?"
I showed him the printed slip,

Dufferin Paving” I sang out
“Okay Boy, Let her rip.”

When I told him how this cursed road
Had got me all upset,
The darkie boy – he rolled his eyes
“Boy you ain’t seen nothin’ yet.”

I swapped him a man-sized snort of rye
For a package of cigarettes,
Another ninety eight miles to Dufferin
Was as far as I wanted to get.

I slept awhile and dumped my load
Made Dawson Creek that night,
Swore I’d never pass St. John’s again
Without a hell of a fight.

So I pestered Tom with my tale of woe,
And I thought his heart was melting,
‘Til he smiled at me and said, “Here’s a load of gas”
For Two Hundred and Ten ----- past Nelson.

Thanks for this poem Cyril. I remember the stories my dad used to tell of driving the Alaska Highway and they weren’t much different than this poem! – Donna

End of Donna’s Story Section

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Hi Sherron, here is a recipe for a cran cake if you want a Yukon recipe, as this is made of course with the wild cranberries, but I'm sure you could use the dried ones also. It is a favorite with many people. I made it on the weekend to take to the annual barn dance at the Jensen's.

Cranberry Cake

1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar

Cream together and add

2 eggs
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp salt
1 cup sour cream
1/2 tsp almond extract

1 cup cranberries FOLD IN

Grease and flour bundt pan. Bake 55 minutes @ 350 degrees

Topping

3/4 icing sugar

1/2 tsp almond extract

1 tbsp warm water

Drizzle over warm cake

Sherron, I sometimes add a handful or two of white chips for a change or add 1/2 pecans.

Sounds Yummy Shirl. Wish we weren't just 10 days into the Atkins eating plan. Someday I will try this one. The Atkins plan is sweeping our neighbourhood. Too much of the good life for too long. I had bought the Atkins book 20 years ago and then set it aside when the media cautioned that it was not healthy. Now he has the scientific proof gathered by his opponents who tried to disprove his theory and ended up proving it. It seems North American was cheated out of a solution to weight loss in the meantime. - Sherron

SANDY'S COMMENT

Don't fly faster than your angels can fly.

INTERNET SECURITY

Hi Sherron,

Just a little Internet security information, especially with people being infected with worms or any other virus. It is never a good idea to tell your computer to remember the passwords for anything. The reality of the Internet is: People can hack into your computer no matter how much firewall protection you have, or virus protection. They can obtain the information needed by a simple e-mail. When you view the actual message source, it tells you the originating IP address. This IP address is what your service provider assigns to you, sometimes these numbers change, sometimes they do not. When you tell something to remember passwords, it creates a file on your computer, and if someone decides they want to hack into you, usually the first thing they go for is the *.PWL file which is usually in the windows directory. If you have told it to remember the password, and someone takes this file, you are basically giving him or her access to everything, (online banking, E-mail - hotmail and others, and of course site passwords that you have told it to remember.) Given the number of virus warnings, and hoaxes that are around in today's world, It is just NOT a good idea to be telling people to have their computer remember these types of things, The best thing to do, is get yourself a little notebook, strictly for internet information, and record these things there and keep it in a safe place.

I am not writing you this to scare you, upset you or anything, I am just warning you that it would be an open invitation to people to come in and mess things up and then you will have people sending e-mails pretending they are you. Sandy Campbell has already found out what can happen when someone hacks your passwords and pretends to be you. She used to chat with her friends on ICQ, she was down for a while, and when she logged back in, she had a message telling her she was already signed in, She got her password changed, and went to talk to the people on her list, and they all told her to go away, as she was quite rude in previous chats. She was flabbergasted to find this out, as it was not her, and also a little hurt that people would be that way. So it is up to you, but it is a concern of security especially when it comes to passwords. Unfortunately, we have no Internet laws yet to cover the world, so these people who like to create a big headache for a lot unsuspecting people, keep getting away with it and sometimes "ruining" peoples lives.

Talk to you later
Jenny Roberts

Sherron. Thanks for passing this info on. I had always saved my passwords, however, last Christmas I got 'hacked' and my server provider suggested I change all my passwords and get a completely new address, which I did. I not only got 'hacked' but also was loaded with viruses. Telus also suggested I never save my passwords but I thought they were being 'over cautious'. Maybe they weren't. Great info.

Note: Sherron, I really like the canada.com site. With being on dial up this is a real gem. Thank you so much for thinking of this.

Cheers, Donna

Mayo Celebrations

Hi Sherron

Thanks for adding me to your list. On June 21 we have the Midnight Marathon in Mayo. It has been on going for nine years. We've had runners & walkers from all over Canada & the USA. Some visitors travelling in the Yukon from England, Australia & New Zealand have made the run. The next morning we have brunch and awards ceremony. The whole community is involved.

Our Anniversary Celebrations start on June 26 - July 02, 2003. Registration/wine and cheese at the Binet House. Field trip to Mt. Haldane with Mike McGinnis. Dance at the Arena. Ball Tournament. Arts Festival on riverfront. The 50 years old party. Dance at the Arena. Field trip to Duncan Creek Gold Dusters. Field trip to Keno Hill. Elders luncheon. Canada Day Celebrations. New Citizens swearing in/ Parade/Games and Dinner.

Thanks Minnie mhassen@yt.sympatico.ca

New Additions

Hi Sherron

I received your info from Bob and Faye Hancherow who also spent time in the Yukon, although I met them later in Kamloops where I live now.

I taught at F H Collins for 2 years, the first as a grade 8-12 school in 72/73 and the second as a grade 10-12 school the following year.

Originally from Australia, I loved a lot about the Yukon but could not spend a lifetime of the weather. Great staff back then, and lots of curling events and good times travelling to the smaller communities for bonspiels with Tom Lannigan and Bruce and Peggy Farries.

Cheers, Pete

Peter Humphrey pjhumphrey@hotmail.com Phone 250-851-3811

Just heard about your newsletter and would love to be added to the distribution list.

Please add my fiancé and me to the registry:

Cynthia Jenkins cjenkins3@shaw.ca

Lawrence Hughes lphughes@shaw.ca

Cynthia lived in Whitehorse from 1989 to 2001.

Lawrence lived in Whitehorse from 1980 to 1991.

And we are now in the Garrington area (west of Bowden) Alberta.

Thanks!

Hello Sherron- I see in the Whitehorse Star that you have now added a moccasin telegraph to your other duties. Would you please include our e-mail address to your list and forward a copy of the list for our information. It is: jjdoyle3@juno.com I am not sure that we know you but your name is very familiar. We are long time Yukoners but now do a lot of traveling - spending the winters in the south and our summers in the Yukon.

Thanks so much

John and Joyce Doyle

Hi Sherron - thank you so much for that great list - how nice - what a great job you are doing!

John and I lived in Beaver Creek. Watson Lake and Whitehorse so certainly saw a lot of old friend's names on the list.

Thanks again,

Joyce Doyle jjdoyle3@juno.com

Hello Sherron. Rob Hobkins in Tagish speaks of you and your work. Please add my e-mail address to your list if can. Thankyou very much.

Frances Tchulokovsky tchulokovsky@hotmail.com

Hello! Please put me on the list to receive Moccasin Telegraph. Is it possible to get back issues as well? I am especially interested in Lorna Foth's story about husband Pete freezing his feet. I've written a book about our years in the north, but cannot find a publisher for it. However, the Whitehorse Star has been publishing some of my stories. A recent story was about Forty Mile, which I have given the Moccasin Telegraph permission to use as well. Thanks ever so much.

Kind regards Betty Mackie egmackie@acts.bc.ca

I asked to be put on the ex-Yukoners list but I only gave you my email address. I understand now that you want the following information:

I lived in Dawson City from 1948 to 1960, where my five children were born. My husband, Dennis, was the postmaster for many years. I was the City Clerk the year before we were transferred to Fort Smith when Dennis was with the CBC. We were in the NWT for four years and then back to Whitehorse for a year, again with the CBC. I was in Edmonton with the children and teaching at NAIT from 1968 until I took early retirement. I've been in Victoria since my retirement, and enjoy attending the Vancouver Yukoners meetings in Vancouver when I can get there. My five children are all doing exceptionally well, and I have six grandchildren.

My Victoria address is

Apt. 407, 964 Heywood Ave.
Victoria, BC V8V 2Y5

Best wishes to all my friends. Betty Mackie

Hi Sherron, we hope everything went okay.

I have another addition for your list. Al & Marg Olsen lived in the Yukon for years, from about 1947 till 1978. Al is my mom's brother. They live in Estevan, Sask. The email address I will give you is for their neighbour who handles their messages. Al & Marg have requested to be subscribed to the MocTel. I sent them a copy of a previous edition and your registry and they loved it!

Thanks again! Gary McRobb gdmcrobb@yknet.ca

Al & Marg Olsen, formerly of Whitehorse (1947-78), now residing in Estevan, Sask.
paken@sasktel.net

Tidbits

All well here, went to the yearly barn dance at Pete & Sharon Jensen's ranch this past Fri. It was the usual "wild" success. Joe Lutchen & Rusty & Bill Reid played along with 4 other people. You may remember those people, especially Bill & Rusty as Bill worked for the fire hall when you were here.

Take care Sherron. Spoil that baby!!!!

Shirley Keobke

Hello Sherron --- I have a quiz for all the Yukoners. Did you know, the Yukon had a Miss Canada? Remember which year? Remember her name? Answer in the next Moc-Tel. I wish I could write stories, surely would have enough to tell. I enjoy reading them and look forward getting the next Moc. Tel. Have a beautiful summer. Anne M. Domes
octavia13@YKnet.ca

Hi Sherron,

Our prayers go with you. I very much enjoy reading all the wonderful stories.

Bill and I are leaving here (Wainwright) Friday morning June 20, to head up north for to help Mayo celebrate their 100th birthday and see my birthplace. It will be all new to me, as I was very small when we left Mayo in 1944. Bill and I did return to the Yukon as an army family in 1958/62.

It looks to me like they may have put a Collage and the Archives where the old army camp used to be. I may be wrong. But must check this out ~ grin ~. We will be taking in

Whitehorse, Mayo, Dawson and Skagway for sure, and anything else that we find of interest. I am not the letter (story) writer that my Uncle Henry is. But just maybe I will return with some stories.

You take care and look after that family of yours. God Bless.

Pat and Bill Bakewell, Wainwright, Alberta, pat0bill@telusplanet.net

*** My grand daughter Candice Jones gave birth 15 hours after I arrived in Red Deer. She had a baby boy Jaden Anthony Landen Jones, at 4:33AM on June 20th. He weighed in at 5 lbs 15 ounces and was at least 2 weeks premature. Mother and baby are doing well.

Wes was grimacing at the thought of being called a grandfather at 39 and I am still grimacing at the thought of being called a great grandmother.

My friend Gwen McFayden forwarded her daughter Suzanne's comments which said it best, "what part of this great-grandparent scenario do I have a problem putting together, they are suppose to be whiteheaded and elderly of which Bill and Sherron are not.

Sherron

PS If any of you see Joyce and Dave Buchanan of Whitehorse, you may wish to tell them you know about their great grandson Jaden. They are Candice's mothers' parents. Joyce Buchanan was at Whitehorse General Hospital when her daughter Heather gave birth to Candice and the scene for me was very reminiscent of that day almost 19 years ago. My son Wes was holding Heather's hand then and this time he was holding his daughter Candice's.

Yukon Rose Update

Hi Sherron

My mailbox was full again.....sorry. This boat thing is taking waaaaay too much time. I read your coverage in the "telegraph" from a week ago....you had some very dedicated volunteer reporters. Nobody covered it the next day!!! Except the Moccasin Telegraph. The actual reason we did not launch was that it became apparent at the last moment that the loader we were pulling it with did not have enough horsepower to pull it out again. Not wishing to have a boat drift uncontrollably to Eagle.....we declined to launch and I have been trying to acquire a Cat. I have built boats in Victoria....we never needed a cat there!!

Then I have to be in Whitehorse.....and up the Dempster.....the next window of opportunity will be to launch in Early July. I will let you know. I have just received photos of our "Christening".....I will do something for your next issue.

Marc!

MESSAGE FROM HENRY BREADEN

Hi Sherron,

Would you mind adding this to a Moc Tel without any changes and let's FW a lot safer.
Cheers, Henry.

The Risk in sending FWs using "To"

All of us in the past have sent our friends FWs if they are cute or contain good information. When you receive an FW, quite often there will be a lot of E-mail addresses at the top of people you have never met. If the Fw goes through three hands, then there is likely a huge three lists of address. **This is where it becomes dangerous! If a hacker gets hold of one of those FWs with all the addresses, he can enter "YOUR" computer, and find any passwords you use.**

Further, any confidential information you have in there such as Bank Accounts or credit card numbers is available to him. I need not say anything more! The other danger is Viruses!

If a person in those lists picks up a virus, it can backtrack through the Address Books of every computer in that list. Sure, some of us have good virus protection and will likely survive, but some can get hit with very sad results. Please think about this and use the useful information of sending an FW safely.

If you receive an FW that you wish to pass on, please do it safely!

You have an FW on your screen and you click "Forward." Any addresses will be at the top of the Forward and these you want out of there. Use any method you wish, either start the cursor at the end of the addresses and hold the Backspace key down till they are gone. Or simpler, just highlight them and hit Delete on your keyboard. Now you have a clean FW with only the information you wish to send and **No Addresses.**

The next stage is to go to the top of the mail, to the top slot, which has "To:" on the left and likely a small book beside it if you are using Outlook Express. Move your pointer over "To:", and "Lo and behold!" it raises into a button. Click on that which will bring up a Select Recipients box. On the left side you will see your Address Book, and on the right is three buttons, "To:", "Cc:" and "Bcc:" which is your **"Blind carbon copy" and the one we are interested in.** On the left side, scroll down to whoever you wish to send to, click on that person to highlight them and click on the **"Bcc:"** button. You will see that person appear in the box to the right of the button. Choose as many as you wish, and when complete just click OK at the bottom.

Now looking at your FW, those names all are in the Bcc: slot and they can be seen. If you did not have a Bcc: slot before, you will have it now. You are ready to send, and after sending have a look at your SENT ITEMS. It will say that it is from you and that is all. In the To: slot it will either say "None" or "Undisclosed Recipient". There is only one address in there, and that is yours. Hopefully your friend will delete your address before **Forwarding** it onwards.

Not a bad idea to alert all your friends so that you are safe. I received this in the past year and still remember his words, " In all that is Holy, Moses and all his Disciples for goodness sakes let's stop those Hackers and Viruses at the gate!" This method can be used for E-mails, but the down side is that you do not have a record of whom you sent to and can be frustrating!

Cheers, Henry Breaden

I challenge you to go into your address book and delete all those address that have parked themselves in your address book, having come from other folks forwarding e-mail to you. I just did it and reduced my address book substantially. - Sherron

TREAT YOUR SOUL TO A LITTLE BEAUTY

Dedicated to all those who have learned a lot of what is in this piece and are helping this project by giving of themselves by submitting material.

I hope everyone enjoys this as much as I did. Be sure to have your speakers on. The Thomas Kincaid paintings and music are beautiful.

[Click here: HARBOUR LIGHTS](#)

Kalamalka Lake, Vernon, BC, June 27, 2003 – Photo taken by Sherron Jones

It is just so beautiful here today; I must share a photo with you. – Sherron



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.

We have also come up with a way of placing the past editions into e-mail accounts online and we can provide you with the instructions and password, which will enable you to retrieve them yourself.

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

Contact Sandy at northernlyght@shaw.ca

DATES TO REMEMBER

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)