

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH– Twenty Third Edition – July 27, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Correction:

My fingers were playing in the alphabet soup again!

In the last edition I attempted to say that the Str. Alaska was renamed the Str. Aksala when it was re-registered in Canada. Unfortunately I typed the same group of letters in the wrong order. – Sherron

Mark your calendar, pack your lunch and head for Nanoose on Aug 16th. The directions are in this newsletter. It is my plan to join you there. Sherron

YUKON

By Fred Aylwin

I was a spirit caged
You broke through, and taught me how to fly
A songbird without a song
You gave me life, and taught me how to sing.

I walk your forests, and your sky I soar at will,
I live within your boundaries,
To roam and rest wher'ere I so desire.

Together we will fair the winds of life,
Much easier than to fight them all alone.
Through sun and cold, I have climbed your snow capped peaks,
To view the other side,
To gaze upon this land of dreams,
The Yukon as my guide.

My Visit to Mayo Yukon Centenary 2003

By Harvey Burian

As the British Aerospace 146 airplane operated by Air Canada JAZZ taxied down the runway at the Vancouver International Airport, my mind began to focus on the reason for this trip back to my home village of Mayo, Yukon. It had been almost exactly 40 years since I had actually lived all year around in Mayo. Yes, I had returned during the first three summers while I was a student attending The University of BC, but for most of each of those years I had lived in Vancouver.

Now it was June 26th 2003 and I was winging my way back to Mayo to participate in some of the events of the centenary celebrations of the founding of the village in 1903. “What will it be like?” I wondered. “Who will be there?” “What buildings will still be standing?” “What buildings won’t be there anymore?”

Although I had stopped briefly in Mayo in 1996, this was my first real visit back to my home community since 1992 when I had attended the Mayo School reunion. This time my son Wes was coming to catch a glimpse of some of his roots. He had visited only once previously as a very young child in 1975.

Two hours and twenty-six minutes after leaving Vancouver my plane touched down at the Whitehorse Airport. I remembered that when I used to fly home from university the same flight would take just over six hours in a DC-6B. Because Wes was flying from Los Angeles, he was on a flight that arrived later in the day. This allowed me to pick up our rental car, spend an enjoyable lunch with my cousin’s daughter (who conveniently works across the highway from the Whitehorse airport), to stop in and say “hi” to the fellows at **CarCare Motors** and the staff at **Yukon News**, and then to browse at **Mac’s Fireweed Books**. After returning to the airport to meet Wes’ flight, we drove out to Marsh Lake to stay the night with my cousin Penny and Don Sippel.

The next day (June 27th) after a quick visit to the Visitor’s Interpretation Centre in Whitehorse, we set off on the Klondike Highway towards Mayo. Following brief stops at Carmacks, Pelly Crossing and Stewart Crossing we arrived at the junction of the Klondike Hwy and the Silver Trail. Now we were on very familiar terrain with the Stewart River beside us. A stop at Commissioner’s Bend for a photo of Hungry Mountain, a quick look at the now filled in Devil’s Elbow and then a nostalgic walk down the hill on the trail that used to lead to our home at 26 Mile, all brought back many memories of my youth. It also provided fodder for Wes as his video camera captured current venues while recording the voice of a returning son relating his boyhood adventures.

Only five hours in driving time after leaving Whitehorse we arrived in Mayo. Quite a difference from the pre-hard-surface road days when the same journey would take about six hours of concentration at the wheel! We went directly to the Binet House and picked up our registration package for the centenary celebrations and then drove out to the Bedrock Motel where we would spend our next three nights in a comfortable, air-conditioned room.

The official schedule of events had begun the previous day (June 26th) with a reception at the Binet House. On the day we travelled to Mayo, a field trip with Mike McGinnis to Mt. Haldane took place. Hence, we missed participating in these two events.

Wes and I had signed up for the supper offered at the Bedrock the evening of our arrival and so we enjoyed a delightful meal with Lowell and Lyn Bleiler. The next table included Audrey (Breaden) Fulton and Betty (Gordon) Lone. Following our meal Wes and I decided to explore around the town. With the extended hours of daylight we took

photos of many of the buildings and of the Stewart River. You can view these and the ones we took the next day at the following sites:

<http://community.webshots.com/album/81589065ChkBHW> and

<http://community.webshots.com/album/82307855GlvOLa>. A dance for the younger set was also held at the Arena. Wes and I declined to attend and after exploring a bit went back to our room and fell exhausted into our beds.

From the photos, those of you who have not been to Mayo in some time, can see the changes that have taken place in the physical structures of the village and in the growth of the trees and shrubs. It is sad to see some of the old landmarks such as the Chateau Mayo Hotel, the White Pass Warehouse, and the Silver Inn Hotel no longer standing. Other buildings that were once relatively new looking are now old and in some cases falling down. Yet there are many buildings that still appear well maintained and occupied. Three examples are the former Reynolds log cabin on the Northwest corner of Congdon and Fourth Avenue, the former Jean Boyle home on Fourth Avenue between Centre and Laurier Streets and the former Fisher home at the entrance to the village. And there are many new buildings and homes, at the East end of the village where the former ballpark used to be located and at the West end on Second Avenue.

The next day (June 27th) dawned a lovely, bright and warm day. A Multicultural Mass was held at the Christ the King church in the morning. Wes and I took the opportunity during this time to visit the Binet Museum where our guide was the grand daughter of Oliver Hutton. Following the Mass, there was a special presentation by the Franco-Yukonaise Association of the Binet Family Tree held at Galena Park. For those of you wondering where Galena Park is, it is located on the river side of First Avenue across from the former Royal Bank building and extending to where the former Silver Inn Hotel used to sit. This is the area where, in the earlier days of Mayo, ore sacks that were hauled from the Keno-Elsa area mines were stacked awaiting their shipment by steamboat down the Stewart and Yukon Rivers to Whitehorse and then by rail to Skagway and down the coast in ships. Hence the appropriate name...Galena Park.

There were several folk dressed in period costumes (see photos) including Shanon Cooper, Mayor of Mayo, Yann Herry (as Eugene Binet), Sylvie Binette, a distant relative of Eugene Binet, Sylvie's son Xavier, Lyn Bleiler (as Finigan), Larry Bagnell, MP for the Yukon and F. Calude Gosselin, a priest for the French Community in Whitehorse, who happens to be from Gene Binet's hometown in Quebec. A further presentation was made at Binet House but I got so involved in talking with some of the former Mayoites who were in the park that I did not make it to the presentation!

Following the Binet Family Tree presentation there was an Arts Festival at the park that ran into the afternoon, featuring local and imported musical talent, and a crafts show and sale in tents set up at the edge of the park. The Arts Festival was also held the next day at the same location.

Some of the people whom I met or saw while at the park included George and Sharron Jurovich, Robert Adair, Johnson Peter, Robert Hager, Glen Campbell, Bessie Friesen,

and Larry Profeit. I also had the opportunity of being interviewed by a CBC reporter who wanted to know some of my thoughts about the centenary celebrations and my participation in them. Although I did not hear it, I understand from others that a brief portion of my interview was broadcast on June 30th on the CBC Yukon network.

Normally I understand there is one restaurant operating in Mayo. With the influx of people for the celebrations, Irene Hutton had her mobile hamburger/hotdog unit parked at the corner of Centre Street and Second Avenue and was selling lunches. Her daughter Joyce Van Bibber was visiting from Watson Lake and assisted with the sales.

After a rest, Wes and I attended the 50 Year Old Party held at the RCMP Yard. Hosts for this event were Nancy Hager and Shirley Buyck Telep. Their group had worked very hard at posting beside the highway leading into the village, at the camp grounds beside the Mayo river, all around the village and out at Five Mile Lake, "wanted" posters of many of the former students from the Mayo school. I finally found my "wanted" poster (after some assistance as to where to look!) on a pole out at the Five Mile Lake campgrounds. In addition the group had copied pages of various classes from the school annuals and had posted them around the fence of the RCMP grounds so that the attendees had fun seeing the images of their former classmates and themselves from years gone by.

There were many current and former Mayoites present at this gathering. As well as some of the previously mentioned people, the people I saw (and recognized) included Alvin "Lugs" and Eileen Close, John Close and his wife, Rose and Florence Mervyn (married names unknown), Alice Buyck, Simon Mason-Wood, Dorothy Ewing, Judy and Linda Ewing (married names unknown) Sam Wallingham, Walter Wallingham, Calvin and Wayne Kippert, Charmaine Kippert, Jimmy Profeit, Danny Profeit, George Nagano, Jean Van Bibber, Jean Gordon, Betty (Gordon) Lone and her husband Howard, Lowell and Lyn Bleiler, Fulvio Roberti and the Harwoods (former teachers). There were many others at the party who I failed to recognize (and some whose names may have slipped my mind. I apologize to any who I have not mentioned.)

Because Wes and I had signed up for dinner at the Silver Trail Inn at Halfway Lakes (Sullivan Lake), we left the party and drove to the inn for the evening meal. We were joined by a number of people including the Bleilers, Hans and Gina Barchan, Horst and Shelley Moritz, Frank and Bonnie Taylor, Todd Taylor and Tami and Bradley Taylor and Shanon Cooper. The dinner was tasty though somewhat lengthy so that we returned to our motel ready for bed.

On June 29th Wes and I drove to Elsa and Keno Hill. You can view photos of this portion of our trip at this site: <http://community.webshots.com/album/82712912MiLATq>. After a short stop to view the now closed Elsa Camp, we travelled to the very top of Keno Hill and had a delightful picnic in the warm sunshine as we admired the beautiful view and the alpine flora and fauna that are present at such heights. We also threw a few snowballs as we romped in the unmelted white crystals. Then we visited the Keno City Mining Museum. In my estimation this is one of the best displays of historical mining and other

activity in the area. At the Keno City Snack Bar we chatted briefly with Mike Mancini, whose father I worked with at the Elsa mine.

We returned from Keno City via the old Duncan Creek road, stopping at the Taylor's Duncan Creek Gold Dusters Placer Mine where we met up with a group that Robert Adair had transported from Mayo in his bus.

That evening Wes and I were privileged to dine with the Bleilers in their trailer parked beside the Bedrock Motel. We also had the experience of having to repair a tire on our rental car that we discovered was no longer round. Fortunately with the assistance of Lowell Bleiler and Robert Adair we were able to have it repaired so that we were ready to leave early the next morning to return to Whitehorse.

The centenary celebrations continued on June 30th with a field trip to look at the geology and flora and fauna of Keno Hill, and Elders Luncheon at the Community Hall and then Canada Day Celebrations with a parade games and dinner on July 1st. These we had to miss since Wes and I drove back to Whitehorse on June 30th so we could meet his wife's flight.

As we ended our time in Mayo and our participation in the centenary celebrations, I was sorry that I was unable to stay a few days longer. There were some former haunts that I had not had time to check out and there were some people I did not have the opportunity to visit. However, our visit was over and my nostalgic homecoming adventure had come to an end. Was I happy that I had made the effort (and spent the dollars) to return for Mayo's Centenary celebrations? I was indeed! As well, I was very pleased that my son, Wes, had the opportunity to see some of the places I had been in my boyhood years and to meet some of the people with whom I had the opportunity to know and share adventures as a young person.

MAYO NEWS

By Lyn Blieler

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Thought you might like some news from Mayo as there has been so much happening up here this summer.

One of the best things about being President of the Mayo Historical Society is meeting and helping so many interesting people.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting Marilyn and Carl Chase. They arrived in Mayo searching for clues about Marilyn's father's life in the area. A few phone calls later they arrived at Highet Creek. We had a delightful visit and gave Marilyn some suggestions and as much information as we had.

Marilyn's father was Charles "Chuck" Gropstis, a pilot for Livingston Wernecke, General Superintendent of Treadwell Yukon from 1922 to 1941.

Marilyn showed us newspaper clippings of her father's well documented aviation career, including the one telling of the fatal crash behind Salal Island off the coast of British Columbia as he and Wernecke were attempting to rescue two survivors from another plane crash.

Marilyn was three years old at the time of the tragedy, her father was 34. Marilyn's mother remarried and her stepfather forbade her to talk about her deceased father when she was a child. Her journey to Mayo and Keno was to retrace her father's footsteps and perhaps find someone who could tell her more about the man she barely knew.

Marilyn and her husband enjoyed their trip to Mayo and Keno and in appreciation Marilyn gave the Binet House in Mayo, Arctic Cotton (Cotton Grass) framed and signed by Martha L. Black with a dedication to her father on the back dated 1941. She also left Gropstis' log books for Yukon Archives.

Back home in New York, Marilyn is still tracking down leads she got up North, however if anyone receiving the Moccasin Telegraph remembers Charles Gropstis or stories about him, please email Marilyn at cmchase@infoblvd.net

The Lawsons (a true story)
By Joyce Yardley
joyceyardley@shaw.ca

Early in our marriage, Gordon and I lived on our ranch, which bordered the shore of historical Tagish Lake in the Yukon. There were several families at various spots along the 98 mile waterway. Of course there were no roads to these places; the only access was by boat or occasionally a small float plane.

Across the lake from Golden Gate was 'Hail City', where Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lawson lived. The first time I saw Fred; he was standing on his wharf, watching as our boat pulled up alongside. He made an imposing picture; all 6'4" of him silhouetted against the sky, as we sat there looking up at him. He put me in mind of a "Viking," with his broad-brimmed fisherman's hat; the wind whipping his shoulder length white hair, and his face deeply tanned and lined from the sun.

He recognized Gordon, and greeted us warmly, at the same time reaching for the rope and securing it to a piling. The Lawsons had lived at this picturesque location for 48 years.

The "S.S. Tutshi" would stop here twice a year; the first and last trip of the summer season, bringing them mail and supplies; mostly dry food such as flour, sugar, baking

powder, etc. They raised their own garden vegetables, and the lake and forest supplied them with fish and meat.

Fred took us inside to meet his wife, Agnes, (he called her "Willie") an energetic little woman who bustled around a spotless kitchen, making us tea. We had a pleasant afternoon, listening to their stories, and walking around the well-kept garden. I had never seen such large, luscious strawberries.

Fred trapped in the winter and did a little mining in the summer months. During the course of the conversation, the remarks kept coming up:

"Was that before or after Reggie brought in the cow, Fred?" or,
"I believe that happened the same year Reggie brought in the cow."

We began to realize that they were referring to a very important event in their lives. Finally we asked them about it and this was the story:

The residents along the lake had never kept any farm animals, due to the expense of bringing in feed for them. Most kept mink or foxes, which of course, were fed with fish from the lake. One memorable winter, though, Reggie Brooks had brought in a cow from the 'outside'. He had shipped it up from Vancouver to Skagway, then over the railway to Carcross. From there it was loaded onto a 'stoneboat' and pulled over the lake by dog team.

It had been quite an undertaking, and ever since then folks had used the incident as a kind of milestone, by which to gauge a time span.

"How long has it been since you took a trip outside, Fred?" I asked.

"Oh, not too long," he replied, "I went to Skagway (67 miles away) to get my teeth fixed... let's see... couldn't have been more than 12 years ago."

A year or so after our visit, the Lawsons moved to Atlin. They were getting on in years, and the town people were concerned about them living so far from help, should it be needed... especially with no telephone facilities. They made the move reluctantly; this had been home to them for so long. It also meant an end to their means of livelihood.

Fred decided they would have to apply for the old age pension. When they went to see about it, though, they discovered that Agnes wasn't eligible; she was born in the United States, and had never obtained her Canadian citizenship. In order for them both to receive the pension they would have to get married.

This came as a real surprise to the Atlinites; they had always surmised that the Lawsons had enjoyed that holy state for 49 years or so...

Soon all the legalities were taken care of, and they settled down in Atlin. Willie happily adjusted to the social life in town. For the first time in years she could indulge in her favorite pastime (talking).

She even joined a group of ladies for afternoon bridge twice a week.

Fred found it a bit harder, and time dragged a lot, especially when Willie was out "with the girls." One day he came in the house at five o'clock for his dinner, as he had done for so many years, but Willie was not home yet. When she arrived half an hour later, he let it be known that he was not pleased with this behavior.

Willie promised sweetly that it wouldn't happen again, and he was mollified for a time. Only a week later, the same thing happened. When his wife came in the door he was ready for her:

"Look here, woman," he exclaimed, "I've always had my dinner on time, and I'm not about to wait around for it now that you're my wife. I'll expect it on time from now on, and that's an order!"

Little Willie drew herself up to her full height - turned on her heel and stalked out of the house. She booked herself into the hotel and refused to go back home. After much persuasion by the town folk the old couple patched things up again. It was their first argument in almost 50 years.

Copyright Joyce Yardley

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

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(The author has been queried about the use of the ? mark in the run of "Winnipeg, Manitoba?s Interlake" in this first article and wishes it to be left as is.)

Yukonfarar - Icelanders in the Klondike Gold Rush

By Nelson Gerrard

One little-known chapter in the history of Icelandic immigrants in North America is that of the Yukonfarar (Yukon Farers) - Icelanders who joined the Gold Rush to the Yukon around the turn of the last century. Among those who flocked to the Klondike in search of gold between 1896 and 1906 were more than 40 Icelanders from as far afield as Winnipeg, Manitoba?s Interlake, North Dakota, Utah, Vancouver, Victoria, and Washington State.

In July of 2003, Edmonton's Klondike Days featured Scandinavians, and in response Edmonton's Icelandic club Nordurljos sponsored an exhibit on the Icelanders who went to the Klondike and played a part in this major Canadian drama. The exhibit, researched and designed by local historian Nelson Gerrard of Hnausa, Manitoba, tells the story of the Icelandic YukonFarars in both images and

text. Included are translated excerpts from letters and poems written in Icelandic by the adventurers themselves.

Among the interesting facts revealed by this authentic text is the fact that these Icelandic gold seekers saw a parallel between their adventure in the Klondike and the exploits of their legendary Viking ancestors, who ventured west from Iceland and Greenland to attempt settlement in North America around the year 1000 AD. Both involved daring westward journeys of discovery. Their Klondike poetry composed in Icelandic also includes many allusions to Norse mythology, in which Frost Giants and Trolls guard the earth's hidden treasure.

More than a century has now elapsed since the occurrence of these events, and many of the stories have been forgotten, even by descendants of the Klondike Farers themselves. Fortunately, true to character, some of the Icelanders who wrote home from the Yukon with news of their adventures sent letters to the Icelandic newspapers Logberg and Heimskringla, both printed in Winnipeg, and these letters have thus been preserved. A few photos of the Klondike Farars are also known, but many remain faceless.

If readers should happen to know of any letters or artifacts relating to Icelanders who participated in the Klondike Gold Rush, or of any photographs of these men and women, please contact Nelson Gerrard by e-mail at <eyrarbakki@hotmail.com>, by phone/fax at 204-378-2758, or by mail at Box 925, Arborg, Manitoba, R0C 0A0.

Following are the names of Icelandic Yukon Farars currently known:

Albert Jonsson, Winnipeg
Arni Thordarson, Winnipeg and Gimli

Bergvin Jonsson, Winnipeg, Seattle
Bjorn Magnusson, Utah
Eirikur Runolfsson, Akra, ND
Gudjon Vigfusson, Iceland
Hjortur Jonsson, Winnipeg
Johann Jonsson, Winnipeg
Jon Jonsson 'Yukonfari', Point Roberts, Seattle
Jon Jonsson Bildfell, Winnipeg
Jon Sigfusson Bergmann, Gardar, ND
Jon Thorsteinsson 'Hotel', Gimli
Jonas Bergman (Captain), New Iceland, Vancouver
Julius Jakobsson Eyford?, ND
Kristjan Gudmundsson
Kristjan Sveinsson, Helena, Montana
Larus Solvason, Vidir
Marteinn Jonsson

Armann Bjarnason, Winnipeg
Astradur Jonsson, Lundar (died in the Klondike)
Bjarni Stefansson
Bjorn Stefansson, Hallson, Piney
Eirikur Sumarlidason, Winnipeg
Hannes Snaebjornsson Hanson?
Johann V. Hallson, Glasston, ND
Johannes Helgason, New Iceland, Seattle
Jon Tryggvi Jonsson Bergman, Winnipeg, Seattle, Medicine Hat
Jon Jonsson Hordal, Lundar
Jon Stefansson, Hallson, Piney
Jon Valdimarsson, Winnipeg
Jonas B. Brynjolfsson, ND

Krist? (from Utah)
Kristjan Matthiasson, Sinclair, Man.
Kristjan Petursson, Hayland
Magnus Petursson, Nome
Oddbjorn Magnusson, Winnipeg

Oddur Jonsson, New Iceland, Vancouver
Sigurdur Jon Johannesson, Winnipeg
Solvi Solvason, Winnipeg and Point
Roberts
Thorkell Jonsson, Vancouver, Victoria

Olafur Jonsson, Utah
Sveinn Bjarnason, Winnipeg
Teitur Thomas, Winnipeg



Photo courtesy of Nelson Gerrard

Thank you, Nelson, for this fine article. I had never heard of the Yukon Farars until now and wonder how many of our readers have. - Donna

MAYO CELEBRATES 100 YEARS

Submitted by Vicky (Babe) Ross

We have been pretty busy here with all the activities this summer. I have never seen so many people here ever!!! We had motorhomes lining the streets and alongside our house. We live right across from the park where they had the daytime festivities. I was sun tanning and listening to the live music right from my own patio.

It was so exciting to have so many people here. Of course we had a houseful with out of town friends and family. It just seemed like non-stop action for a long time. It seems like a ghost town now that it's all over.

It was hot that weekend, absolutely beautiful out. I think I have never been this tanned before. Shawn and I went to the Saturday dance. It was held at our skating arena....I was thinking why don't they have it in here more often... Its still sort of outdoors and so much more room than the old community hall.

The band was awesome!! They could play just about anything and sounded great! We had a good time and sure felt it the next day. I had to cook a turkey for the potlatch the next day for Dorothy Profeits family.

The City of Whitehorse Mayor honored us Mayoites by giving us free admission to the new pool in Whitehorse all summer.

Babe sent along the following information taken from The Stewart Valley Voice.

On June 3 the Village of Mayo hosted a gathering at the Binet House and served hot dogs and hamburgers. One of the cakes was beautifully decorated with the Village of Mayo insignia and the other one was an ice cream cake with the decoration being the Chris Caldwell poster of Mayo Town.

On June 6 the town was recommissioned by Commissionaires Jack Cable and Geraldine Van Bibber. Attending were many honored guests, elders and members of the Mayo Historical Society. Also on June 6 was the first graduation ceremony for the J.V. Clark School (8 graduates).

A special sitting of the Yukon Legislative Assembly took place. All members spoke warm words for Mayo that last for quite some time. Refreshments were also served.

Special tribute was paid to Jean Gordon, the first elected woman to sit in the house. She spoke on a point of order and received a standing ovation.

There was a school hike up Mt. Haldane.

The Midnight Marathon was hosted by the Fly By Night running club on the longest day. There were 171 entrants from Norway, New Zealand, France, Germany and many US states and from southern Canada.

The 100th birthday celebrations went on for days. A dance was held Friday night with 300 persons in attendance. There was a ball tournament on Saturday, along with Arts in the Park, the Yukonaise Francophone parade and presentation of genealogy tree. The new "Big Top Tent" was erected on the dike and was full of unique art and handicrafts. There were also lots of events such as a horseshoe tournament, beach volleyball, kids' games, pie eating contest and fireman water challenge. There was a peanut drop from the helicopter.

There was a tour at the Duncan Creek Golddusters, hosted by Frank and Bonnie Taylor and their family.

The Village sponsored an Elders luncheon and old movies from the 1920's and 1930's were shown. Around 40 people turned out.

There was an open house to celebrate the Anglican Church in Mayo since 1915.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MAYO !

MUD!

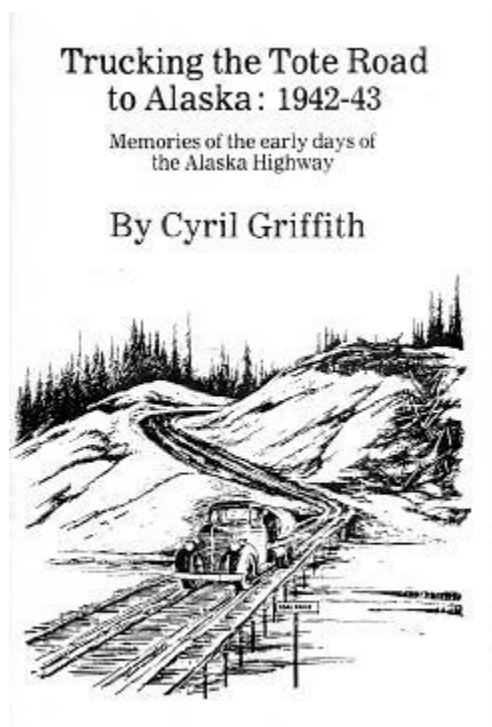
By Henry Breaden

My experiences with cats began in January 1943 when I flew into Aishihik Airport (first airplane ride) to swamp for my Dad who was driving a TD14. That is where I learned to handle and service cats and in February of that year we started freighting from the Alaska Highway at Canyon to the airport. There was only a cat trail from the highway to Canyon Lake, (Otter Lake), and we used the lakes as a road. A two-mile portage road from Canyon Lake to Aishihik Lake and a road that had been pushed from the lake to the airport. In the late summer of 1942, equipment was taken in by barge on Canyon and Aishihik lakes. At Aishihik I learned to handle a bulldozer and carryall which in later years became rubber-tired earthmovers. In my teen years I followed heavy equipment even for a short time handling an "Arch" in logging on Vancouver Island. (Funny as the devil, for when asked if I had handled an Arch, I was honest and said "No" resulting in no job. The next time it was "Yes" and it was no sweat to learn that).

I think the worst place I drove was on the creeks out of Dawson. Being that the thawing crews had gone through, the creek bed was soft in many places and no bottom to the mud. I was working for Clarence Craig of long standing with the Vancouver Yukoners. More than once while crossing the flats with a guide, the RD7 would drop through the crust and I was in for it, and the guide usually disappeared. The tracks would drop through, and the cat was resting on dozer blade and frame. There were slots in two of the track pads on each side and by placing a timber behind the cat and using short chains we could fasten the timber to the tracks and pull the timber under. If you were lucky, you came out. But as in one case, when I pulled the timber under and did not get out, I was in a complete mess. You could not use a second timber because the first was pulled up under the stump pan so you could not turn the tracks. It meant getting under with a shovel and try to dig enough to free the chains, up to your tail in mud and not too happy. I remember that one particular time that I pulled under three timbers before getting out, and Clarence, wondering in Bear Creek, why the allotted job was not being done! As the RD7 starting engine cranked from the front and the dozer blade was up, you dare not shut down the main engine. Those starting engines could be so cranky! When I was freighting during the winter from Bear Creek to Dominion, we spent the night at Joe Fournier's roadhouse. Starting the next morning, that thing decided to backfire and the crank caught me right on the chin. Don't think that chin ever became the same, but that is part of cat skinning. Progressed to any kind of heavy equipment, cats, face shovels, backhoes, draglines or any type of heavy equipment but it was an experience. Finally had sense enough to get out of that business and into mechanics, engineering and power generation.

Great story Henry. The bump on the chin certainly didn't dampen your ability to tell a story! – Donna

Had a wonderful unexpected guest appear on my doorstep July 16. Cyril Griffith from Naicum, Saskatchewan dropped in for a quick visit on his way through to Olds, Alberta. As you may recall, Cyril wrote the Special Edition titled "Trucking the Tote Road to Alaska". He brought along pictures of the construction of the highway, some of which are in his book. He enlightened me on what it was like to be on the construction crew and some great stories of the men he worked with. I was sorry to have had to say goodbye and hope his future travels brings him back. Cyril left with me two-dozen of his books to give away. If anyone is interested in having one let me know and I'll mail it to you. There are several pictures I'm sure you'll find interesting. Below is a scan of the front of the book: - Donna



How many of you guessed what the kitten was in the last edition? I quizzed some of my co-workers and not one got it correct. It's a baby lynx. I also mentioned there was a story behind this picture and here it is:

In 1991 while visiting my dad and stepmother, Doug & Mary Ellen Storing, this baby's mother was taking a shortcut through their front yard at Mile 928. A sudden clap of thunder startled the mother and she gave birth to two kittens, a male and this female. Unfortunately the frightened mother abandoned her kittens and Mary Ellen had to take immediate action. Every couple of hours was feeding time and, let me tell you, this little girl was very ready for her meal. Her voice resonated throughout the house, much bigger than what she was. It was exciting watching her attack her bottle and just had to get pictures of this photographic subject. Sweet, isn't she? - Donna

TRANSPORTING CATTLE ON THE YUKON RIVER

By Henry Breaden

Before refrigeration it was common to transport cattle on a barge on the Yukon. T. C. Richards of Burns & Co. drove a full herd to Mayo overland and they had a slaughter house down by the Mayo River. The same applied to Dawson where the cattle were shipped and left to feed in Dawson until they were needed. In later years when freezers became available, it was common to see a large freezer on the barge, which was run by a self contained engine and compressor. The boat crews used to maintain the engines while the freezer was in use. There have been stories of a cattle barge being wrecked and the job of rounding up all the pigs and cows. I did not have to wonder which boat this was, for the spars on the Whitehorse were set each side of the foredeck. Other boats had a central mast and booms for handling the spars.



TRANSPORTING CATTLE ON BARGES WAS A COMMON SITE

End of Donna Clayson's Story Section

Memories of Ted Harrison

By Joyce Hayden

Reading the back issue of the MT about Ted Harrison's 'nude' model triggered my memory of attending a Ted Harrison Art Class that was held each week in an FH Collins classroom. It was in the late sixties or early seventies. Ted was living in Carcross, and therefore had to drive into Whitehorse each evening that the course was offered. One evening the temperature had dipped to 40 below zero or lower, and there was a howling wind, to make matters worse. But we were all gathered in anticipation of our next venture

into acrylic painting. The time for the class to start came and went, with no sign of Ted. We began to worry that he might have gone off the road, or his car might have stalled. About twenty minutes after starting time, in blew Ted, almost literally. Bundled in parka, toque, mittens, scarf and flight boots (remember them?) he apologized for being late, then said "Artists are supposed to be able to paint anything". With great aplomb and a straight face, he whipped off one of his flight boots, set it in the centre of the table, and told us to "paint that boot" while he limped around in one boot and one sock foot, getting ready for the class. I don't think I made more than a half-hearted attempt to sketch the boot, nor do I remember what I did work on, but memory of that class has always stayed with me. Ted's mischievous sense of humour was/is legendary. We miss him here in the Yukon, although he does come north occasionally.

If anyone can tell us the sequence of events that brought us the "Artists Residence" at Crag Lake, where Ted and Nicki's cabin stood - as well as whether it is still in operation, it would be much appreciated.

Thanks much. Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca

Memories of Swift River

By Yvonne Harris

My story takes place in Swift River in 1948-49. My father, Bob Russell worked for CNT and brought his family up north to live in this small community. We lived in an Army building on the repeater side of the community. My brother and I took correspondence, as we were too old for the elementary school. Mrs. Greenwood was the teacher at Swift River. She let us sit in class to do our work and helped when we needed assistance. My brother Paul and I were very studious and were able to do our school work very well on our own. However, we enjoyed the fellowship of the classroom.

Paul and I were very attracted to the outdoors and were the community leaders in terms of athletic endeavors. We lead the group of children to the swimming hole on Swift River, and likely endured the most mosquitos anyone ever has suffered on their exposed skin. Paul and I built a ski run with Mathew Thom, a Tlingit boy from Teslin....now a respected Elder; we ran rivers in our rubber raft and organized hikes with the local children.

One hot summer day, we led a group of children on a hike to the top of Swift Mountain...an event over which my brother and I got into serious trouble. We were hiking with four or five older children (9 and up) - Carol Couch and, I think, one or two of the Steele boys. (We have to ask Doug and Cliff Steele if they were along). However, a group of little youngsters including young Lesley Couch followed us and wouldn't go home to their parents. Halfway up the mountain, the little ones slowed down and I had to stay back at a small mountain lake and look after them, as the climb to the peak would be too difficult for them. I remember being extremely put out at being stuck with the little urchins.

After several hours of waiting and babysitting, I saw my brother and Carol Couch coming down the mountain along with the two other hikers. Obviously something had happened. When they got closer, I saw that Carol was limping badly and then I noticed the blood on the knee of her jeans. She was white faced but stoic - obviously badly injured but still able to struggle down the steep mountain path.

I gathered up the little children, threatened them to walk fast or else and we plunged down the trail with our injured companion. I offered to tie a handkerchief around Carol's knee but she refused, saying that she just wanted to get home. It was only through sheer will power that Carol was able to walk the miles from the peak to home. As we hiked down, Paul informed me that Carol had fallen on the scree near the peak and gashed open her knee.

We were met at the trailhead by a group of angry parents.

Orville Couch and Les Thompson drove Carol to the hospital that night where she stayed for several weeks. Meanwhile, my brother and I were the target of significant scoldings.

Carol and I are still friends and joke over this incident and Helen Couch has, I think, forgiven us.

When you drive to Swift River, look for the boundary cut-line a little north-west of the community and you will see the trail that we took up the mountain over 50 years ago.

Yvonne Harris ypharris@klondiker.com
Whitehorse

Recollection of my father

By Lois Tremblay

Hi Sherron.

Good work on the Newsletter...I thoroughly enjoy it. Although I was only a Yukoner from 1972 until 1985, I had many good times and some very good laughs while there. Also saw the Whitehorse temperature drop to -56F below one afternoon.

I am enclosing a story that I wrote some time ago in memory of the old farm in Nebraska and my father, who was the greatest outhouse cleaner of them all. Thought maybe some of the Yukoners could relate to this one.

Keep up the good work Sherron. I'm sure these letters will be treasured for years to come and even by our children.

Sincerely, Lois Tremblay granny9t@shaw.ca

How to Clean An Outhouse

By Lois Tremblay

(Instruction's on a one to six <Holer>)

- Well this is how.... First make sure you are a good baseball pitcher.
- Second: Make sure "grandma" is not in the outhouse"
- Third: Take a gallon of gasoline and pour it in the outhouse. Don't get any on the seat or wood, just pour it in the hole on what's in there.
- Forth: Stand way back with outhouse door open.
- Fifth: Find a big corn cob with no corn on it,
- Sixth: Dip corncob in a little gasoline, (helps to tie an old rag around it) then carefully light it. Just put gas on the end of it, but enough so it will stay lit.
- Seventh: Take aim and toss the lit corncob in the toilet hole...
Run like Hell, but turn around quick and you can see the toilet jump off its foundation. Black smoke and toilet paper flying everywhere. When the asteroids settle, take bucket of water and put out any burning timbers or other things.
- ❖ Look in toilet hole. It should be empty and smell clean, and you can squidge the building back in its proper place over the hole. If not empty repeat process from the "Second" to "Seventh" step.
- If that doesn't work dig new hole, fill in old one after dumping any dead farm animals in it, and move old building over new hole. **Have you smelling like a rose...**

Does anyone know the answer?

Maybe about 6 months ago or so, I was chatting with someone on the Internet & we got around to the conversation where we were from. A true Yukoner always stands up and shouts long and hard :)
As I recall this gal I think went to nursing school with Dianna Earle and she is presently in Nelson BC. I have no idea of her married name. Maybe someone else out there does.

Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca

Yukon History

Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca

Sherron: I've been so immersed in back copies of the Moccasin Telegraph that I haven't had time to write anything for you. What a good read they are. Thanks so much.

I would really appreciate it if you would post a bit of info about my two current books in the Moccasin Telegraph. Although they are billed as biographies, they are filled with Yukon history.

YUKON'S WOMEN OF POWER: Political Pioneers in a Northern Canadian Colony features the biographies of seventeen elected and two appointed Yukon women. These are the stories of the women and their birth families, as well as of circumstances in the Yukon and of the political history they helped create. (They are the only elected women from 1935 to 2000). Most of you will know at least some of them:

Martha Louise Black Member of Parliament 1935 – 1940.

Jean Gordon Territorial Councillor for Mayo 1967 - 1970 (Still active & living in Mayo).

Hilda Watson Territorial Councillor for Kluane, Haines Junction area 1970 - 1978 deceased 1996.

Florence Whyard Territorial Councillor Whitehorse West 1974 - 1978 Still active & living in Whitehorse.

Eleanor Millard Territorial Councillor North Dawson 1974 - 1978 Living in Carcross Consultant & writer.

Meg McCall Terr Cnclr/MLA Dawson/Old Crow 1978 - 1982 Deceased in Vancouver 1997.

Alice McGuire Terr Cnclr/MLA Kluane (Haines Junction) 1978 - 1982 Running a business in Whitehorse.

Ione Christensen Commissioner of the Yukon (first woman) 1979 Now Senator for the Yukon.

Kathie Nukon MLA for Old Crow 1982 - 1985 Working in Old Crow.

Margaret Joe (Commodore) MLA Whitehorse Centre 1982 - 1996 Now in Fraser Valley.

Beatrice Firth MLA Riverdale South 1982 - 1996 Back on farm north of Whse. Still very active.

Norma Kassi MLA for Old Crow 1985 - 1992 Lives in Whitehorse. Active in Aboriginal politics.

Hon. Audrey McLaughlin MP (First Cdn woman to lead National Party) 1987 - 1997. Volunteer in Barain

Joyce Hayden MLA Whitehorse South 1989 - 1992 lives in Whitehorse. Writer/researcher/publisher.

Lois Pope (Moorcroft) MLA Mount Lorne 1992 - 2000 Lives Carcross Road Consultant.

Hon. Judy Gingell Commissioner (First, First Nation person) 1995 - 2000 Whitehorse - very active.

Susan Edelman MLA Riverdale South 1996 – 2002 Lives in Whitehorse. Active.

Patricia Duncan MLA & Premier 1996 - ? MLA/ Leader of 3rd Party.

Louise Hardy Member of Parliament 1997 to end of first term (2001?)

Book also contains Appendices listing all MLAs and Symbols of the Yukon Territory 703 pages retails for \$29.95. Order from Mac's Fireweed in Whitehorse, or from Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca 69 Teslin Rd. Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 3M5. Postage approx \$8.00.

VICTORIA FAULKNER Lady of the Golden North. A biography

This is a 127 page book with lots of old pictures. It ended up being more a history of Dawson and the Klondike Creeks, as well as of the many Commissioners of the Yukon, than a biography of Victoria. She was a very private person - a biographer's nightmare! I found her to be an interesting mix of strong, opinionated, independent person and prim and proper Dawsonite. Quite a mix. Book includes some stories about oldtimers she went to visit. Retails for \$17.95. Available from Mac's Fireweed in Whitehorse and from me at same address as for Yukon's Women of Power.

I am now collecting information about Whitehorse in the 1950s & 1960s. It may become a book, or may simply go to Archives on a tape. Depends on my ambition. Remember the Honeybuckets, and Murphy's Honeywagon? Does anyone know his full name? Do you remember the oil the city dumped on the streets to keep the dust down? Was it used oil? (I think so) (Dave Gairns - you might know.) How long did Santa come to Whse by train? Did he also come by helicopter?? Were any of you a member of the Pipers who led Santa down Main Street to Hougens? Did you freeze your knees? We always speculated that you did. This should be enough to get the memories rolling.

Sherron - I will write a piece about life in Whitehorse in the '50s one of these days (when I finish reading back issues!)

For those of you from Haines Junction, or Whitehorse/Whiskey Flats in the early fifties, Earle and I went to the Junction yesterday to Ron Watson's funeral. He lived seven years after Hilda died of a brain tumor in 1996. We are told he had viral pneumonia. Roddy & Rhoda, the Watson's twins, and many of their family still live there. It was a very touching service. (Marg & Ken Baltimore, formerly of the Junction and of Whitehorse, now living in Red Deer, were also at the service).

Bye for now, Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca

Book Report

By Sherron Jones

I received the copy of Joyce Yardley's book - Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners on Thursday evening when I arrived home from work.

If you have any trouble ordering your own copy from Hancock House Publishing here is the e-mail address for their sales department. sales@hancockhouse.com I think they would prefer you order from their web address but since I had trouble with not being

confirmed as I ordered, I ended up with three orders submitted and they e-mailed me to confirm how many copies I wished. Instead of a confirmation message, as I clicked on “Submit” order, I was getting an error message.

Back to the book, I am not finished reading it, but boy is it bringing back memories. I had no idea I had so many connections to Joyce’s life.

She begins by telling about her trip on the Str. Tushi and mentions Mr. Rose who was my good friend, neighbour and co-worker Gert Squirechuck’s father.

Joyce then mentions her first job at T & D working with George Aylwin who was my next-door neighbour on Alsek Road and his son Fred is a good friend here in Vernon.

Joyce talks about her marriage and the best man being Jimmy “Jock” Patterson and not only did we know him in the north, but his niece here in Vernon is a close friend. I called her house yesterday, talked to her husband and Margaret; Jock’s sister was visiting. Jock and Margaret both live in Kelowna.

Joyce tells of an RCMP officer in Carcross that her husband Gordon’s sister Doris ends up marrying. His name is Harold McDonald. Harold was our landlord when we moved to Whitehorse and rented his little rental house at 708 Jarvis.

So if you would like a trip down memory lane, order Joyce’s book. I am thoroughly enjoying it and who knows what I will find next. – Sherron

Memories of 708 Jarvis

By Sherron Jones

We will never forget our experiences at 708 Jarvis, which we rented from Harold McDonald in 1968 – 69. The little home was about 500 square feet and was heated by a kitchen wood stove converted to oil and was fed by a line running through the wall from a pair of 45 gallon oil drums outside the kitchen window.

We were awakened one winter morning to the movement of the cat crawling under the bed covers to keep warm. The oil had frozen.

After my husband shaved in his Indian sweater, getting ready for work. He took Wes and I to his boss’s (Don Vriem) apartment in Kelly’s Apartments in Riverdale to keep us warm.

Meanwhile Harold had been notified that we did not have any heat. (We didn’t know why, we were from Victoria. Heck we had only seen snow a few times in our lives and it was exciting.)

Harold proceeded to thaw the line with a blow torch and covered the two oil drums with a tarp and hung a 60 watt light globe under the tarp assuring us that should keep the oil from freezing. To our amazement he was correct, the oil did not freeze again that winter.

In the small home our wedding present from my husbands folks of a 9 x 12 carpet draped up two of the walls in the living room. Wes' bedroom was the back porch, sharing it with the Deepfreeze. We covered the windows with aluminum foil. This kid was from the "outside" where you went to bed when it was dark. I wonder now how warm he was as his bed covers froze to the wall. He was sleeping about 10 feet from the kitchen stove and I assumed he was in a good place. The walls in that home were made of donnaconna board and the ceilings made of corrugated cardboard.

That winter was one for the records. 43 days with the temperature not rising above 40 below F. I thought we had been suffering in Vancouver in the spring of 1967 when there was precipitation for 45 days straight. Not all day every day, but yet every day it rained. Believe me I disliked the rain more than the cold and it was a consideration in moving to the more arid climate in the Okanagan. At least we are assured of four seasons here.

During that winter we experienced the canned TV going off the air during it's four hour run and the poor WHTV repairman up and down a pole on 4th Avenue trying to repair broken lines with freezing temperatures in bare hands. The repairman had to keep coming down and warming up, only to return and freeze his hands again.

It was a learning experience too, that the car really didn't like to have its gears changed in that really cold weather when it had been parked in the driveway all night in those temperatures. We had an awful time getting it into reverse to get it out of the driveway only to limp like a hobbling horse down the street until the tires rounded out.

Early in the year I started seeds indoors so I would have a head start in the garden. On the weekend of the 24th of May I put the seedlings out on the platform built for the clothesline. Unfortunately they froze over night and that was to be a determining factor in my gardening future in Yukon. I did plant salad "fixings" the radishes matured in 3 weeks, to my absolute amazement. This was all right if you wanted to eat your salad over a period of weeks. Just eat all your radishes first.

Thankyou Yukon for the memories. – Sherron

Recollections from Joyce Yardley

It was such a treat to read the article on Moe Grant and Herman Peterson. Moe and his family, and Herman and Doris (Suzy) Peterson lived in Carcross in the '40s, the same time period that my late husband and I were living there. In fact we were partners with the Petersons in a small store there for one summer, (I believe it was the summer of 1950). We sold fresh produce grown organically at "Ten- Mile Ranch," which Gordon and I still owned at that time. Matthew Watson bought out the competition in the fall of the year, as the Peterson's were moving to Atlin, to start their own flying business there.

And we had a ranch to look after. Before that they were our next-door-neighbours on the shore of Bennett Lake. Incidentally, I was Postmistress in Carcross from 1955 to 1960.

Our little daughter Norma was going to the "one-room" schoolhouse in Carcross at that time.

Gudrun (Erickson) Sparling will remember that schoolhouse, as she taught school there one year.

Herman and Doris Peterson built their home right next to ours, and when they left Carcross their house was used for a newer, larger school.

I remember the Reverend Grant's family well; they lived across the bridge, and were good friends of ours. Moe occasionally came with us on some of our fishing expeditions on Bennett Lake. We kind of liked that kid. Remember the time we nearly drowned, Moe, when Norma was a wee baby? I have pictures of that trip, where we were "beached" overnight, and our little dog chewed the nipple off the one-and-only spare bottle of milk I had for her! Thank goodness the wind went down before morning... We were with Emerson and Maude Edwards that time.

There is one other thing I'd like to mention about Herman Peterson. He not only built airplanes from scratch, which passed all the Canadian regulatory requirements. He was (and still is) a master craftsman in the building of violins modeled after those of Stradivari. His work is superb. As you've probably guessed by now, he is one of my heroes.

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

Memories of Sternwheelers

Sherron - you've been asking for input on where people were when the boats burned. I was on my way home from work at the YW, just crossing the bridge into Riverdale. The sight was dreadfully beautiful. The flames were licking around the paddlewheelers, and the smoke was pouring out of their stacks, as though they were starting their journey down to Dawson. I sat in stunned silence for awhile, then had to move. Made my way home, with tears running down my cheeks. It was June 20, 1974. (I've checked the date with the city.)

I have another special memory of the Klondike - during its brief life as a pleasure Cruise. It left Whitehorse, heading down to Dawson, with many dignitaries aboard. Earle and I drove out the hill just north of the Takhini River Bridge, and watched it churn its way past. There were brilliant flags flying, people lining the deck, and the song "Cruising Down the River" blaring from loudspeakers. It was like a scene from a movie. Quite spectacular! It was probably 1956 or '57.

Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca

Question

Sherron; In the latest issue of UpHere, there's a story about Vera Margaret Dorval, aka Bombay Peggy, who supposedly ran the last brothel in Dawson. The story is not well researched and we wondered if any Moccasin Telegraph readers can fill us in on any other, especially family, details. We have Dorvals as relations and wondered if there were connections.

Enjoy the MocTel much;

Aksel Porsild, Courtenay BC yukoner1@shaw.ca

New Additions

Dear Sherron,

What a valuable service you provide. Another ex-Yukoner sent a copy of your List to me, and I read it with happy eyes, glad to see familiar names. So, my name is Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield, Millen being my maiden name. I was born in Dawson City in 1947 and left in 1966. Now, I live in Calgary, Alberta and my email address is mwakefield@shaw.ca. I'd like to subscribe to the List and to the Moccasin Telegraph.

Thank you, Madeleine

I have been going up to the Yukon for the last 26 years on and off in the summers I have been prospecting in the Burwash area and still have a number of claims in the area I was sent the Moccasin by Lois Tremblay. Her husband and I are prospecting friends. Throughout our journeys in the Yukon we made a lot of friends and learned a lot of local history. Fred Ellis fellis@magma.ca

Dear Sherron would you kindly include me on your subscription list.

My name is Kirk Yardley my wife Gunn Yardley

My e-mail address is kyardley@shaw.ca. I was born in Carcross and now live in Chemainus BC on the Island. What a wonderful letter. Thanks Kirk

1 + 1 = ? (So far in the book Joyce has Norma, Kirk and Ted. Still reading! - Sherron)

Yes, Kirk's my son. He and his wife have the "Moonlighting" gift shop in Chemainus. So the list just keeps getting bigger and better! I think it's so great...

Joyce <http://members.shaw.ca/joyceyardley/>

(Visit Joyce's recently updated website)

Change of Address

We have changed our e-mail address because we were getting so many spam messages, unsolicited mail, etc. Our new e-mail address is: eh769@shaw.ca Ed & Helen Ard

Sandy's Thought for the Week

Life is something that happens while you are planning something else.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Turkey Pot Pie

8	tablespoons unsalted	1	cup dry white wine
1/2	cup diced celery		Course salt and ground pepper
1/2	cup diced onion	4	cups cooked turkey cut in 1 inch pieces
2	cloves garlic minced	2	cups freshly cooked peas or frozen
1	cup carrots (baby carrots)	1	tablespoons mixed herbs dried
1	cup pearl onions (half if large)		Dough for 2 pie crusts, bottoms only
6	tablespoons flour,	1	egg plus 2 tsp. cold water Mixed
3	cups turkey stock	1	package frozen puff pastry for tops

Preheat oven to 350 F. In a large skillet or heavy pot over medium heat melt butter. Add celery, onion and garlic and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add carrots and pearl onions and cook for 2 minutes. Stirring constantly, sprinkle flour over vegetables and cook until a paste forms. Still stirring, add the turkey stock and wine and bring to a simmer. Continue to cook and stir until the sauce is thickened to desired consistency, 3 to 4 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste and remove from heat. Add turkey, peas, and herbs; stir to combine and set aside to cool to room temperature. (May cover and refrigerate for 3 days)

Roll out half of the ordinary pie dough and line a greased 10-inch pie plate or casserole container and brush the pastry bottom with egg-water mix. When the second pie is rolled out and lined, fill the pies with the mixture. Cover tops with the thawed puff pastry; and after trimming, crimp the edges. Leftover pastry may be used for decoration on the top. Cut slits in the top to let steam escape and brush with egg-water leftover mix. Place each pie on a rimmed sheet lined with foil to catch any overflow. Bake until golden brown, usually about 70 minutes. (Depending on the thickness of the pie, it may take 1-1/2 to 2 hours.) Set the pie aside 20 minutes before serving.

Yukoners' Picnic St. Mary's, Nanoose - Aug. 16th 2003

Stan Hegstrom informs us that the Yukoners' Picnic will be held at St. Mary's Hall in Nanoose, Sat. Aug. 16th, 2003. Bring your lunch with you along with utensils and any beverage. We hope that many will join us. It will start at 11:00 AM, how about coming early so that we can chat with old friends and not miss anyone! If the weather did happen to be adverse, there is the hall where we can keep dry and chat, so please come one and all Yukoners' and enjoy getting together.

For those travelling from Nanaimo, from the Woodgrove intersection on the #19 highway it is 11.6 KM to the turnoff at Northwest Bay Road, where there is a signal light and a Petrocan Service Station. Turn right.

From the north, it is 11.5 KM from the overpass of the highway from Parksville, to Northwest Bay Road. Turn left.

Proceed east on Northwest Bay for 1.2 KM. Just beyond the tracks to the right is Powder Road that you turn onto and proceed .5 KM crossing another set of train tracks and you will see St. Mary's church hall to your right.

Turn right into Rowland Road for the parking lot. Please set this day aside to get together with old friends that will be there.

Cheers, Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

More folks enjoying the project

(I want to share these comments with you, as it is you folks who are making the newsletter what it is by sending in your material.)

Good Morning Sherron!

Been meaning to write you for a long time, but now is better than never.

We are enjoying the MocTel very much and have told others about it. The problem is, that some folks don't have a computer, so I've printed a few copies and forwarded them via 'snail mail'.

Zoli & I are absolutely amazed at the dedication and countless hours you put into this project. How do you do it?

So thanks from both of us for giving us some great history lessons and so many well-written articles from others who have lived such rich lives, compared to ours!

We are leaving on Saturday Morning, July 26th, for a five-week trip to Ontario. Keep sending the MocTel though, as we don't want to miss a copy! (I have printed off the updated list of names you sent today. Thanks for that too!)

Til Sept., enjoy the rest of the summer and we'll be in touch again.

Sincerely,
Ruth & Zoli Zovacs

Hi Sherron;

Just a note to say thanks for all the work and extra effort that you put into the Moccasin Telegraph and its subscriber list.

I have been in contact with up to a dozen or so people from my high school years (56-59) at Whitehorse High and there are more to still contact. It has been great to have this vehicle to assist in this endeavour.

Thanks again.

Mike Robertson dromedaryhouse@shaw.ca

Sherron: Keep up the good work, your weekly paper is outstanding; enjoy it from start to finish.
Doug Cruden

Some Beautiful Icelandic Northern Light Photos

<http://www.iww.is/art/shs/pages/thumbs.html>

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **twenty-two previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **six special editions**.

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

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 – 28 – Parksville, Bayside – contact Pat Besier jpbesier@seaside.net
(see edition 5)