

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Twenty Sixth Edition – August 19, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Cabin near Atlin



Photo by Doug Bell

Someone must have some comments about this cabin. It seemed to me to be telling a story. It looks like a single man was living here. - Sherron

CORRECTION TO FREEMASONRY Special Edition

Replace the Closeleigh section with this one –

CLOSELEIGH

The first Lodge in Whitehorse was located at First Avenue and Lambert Street. It was the former Savoy Hotel, which was hauled across the ice from White Horse at the termination of the log railway from Canyon City. The new Lodge between Fifth and Sixth on Lambert was completed in 1968. Once completed the old Lodge was sold to Joe Lamb for wrecking.

To explain further regarding Closeleigh; The Close Brothers were the people that financed the building of the White Pass and Yukon Route Railroad. This was a most difficult task of building and financing and is a great story in itself. A small village had sprung up at the end of the White Pass Railway and was called Closeleigh; presumably after the Close Brothers who had financed the railway. When the tramway became unnecessary due to the completion of the railway, White Horse was moved across the river. The Commissioner of the day ordered that the name White Horse be used at the new location. As everything was pulled across the river including the Savoy Hotel, there was nothing left but the rotting logs from the log tramway. No easy way to get across unless you used a boat or waited for winter. This did not happen overnight, but over a

series of years. The Close Brothers (the business) still exists today as a large financial institution in London, England.

CORRECTION AND COMMENTS FROM LYLE COLEMAN

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Hi Sherron

Keep up the good work. The article on Herman Peterson is most interesting. I rode in the Fairchild 71, Anson and later Herman's own Aeronca sedan from which I still have an original propeller. I worked for Herman while in high school and some of the time under instruction from him while flying the Beaver on floats was credited to my Private Licence as was the final few hours on Moe's float equipped Cessna 170. I received my private License on my 17th Birthday with a seaplane endorsement.

There is a small error regarding the loss of Herman's Cessna 180 at Telegraph Creek, B.C. in 1957. The pilot was Robert Ray, age 28 who is buried in Atlin. I visited his grave a few weeks ago as he had befriended me before his death. He had worked in the Telsequah mine and became interested in flying after riding with Herman who serviced the mine from Atlin on a scheduled basis. Herman gave him his first job. Unfortunately his limited experience prevented him from recognizing the trap the Stikine river valley can create due to subsidence caused by the high terrain and the air flowing into the valley. He was unable to outclimb the terrain and lost control, stalled and burned.

Cheers.

Lyle Coleman

(I believe Lyle refers to the article in the MocTel 22nd Edition written by Whitehorse Star reporter Stephanie Waddell)

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A MESSAGE FROM EAGLE, ALASKA

The last editions were SO interesting!

I particularly noted Emily's story about the trip to Old Crow. A number of our Native folks here in Eagle can trace their roots back there, or Ft. McPherson, and it was very interesting to read the surnames she mentioned, as most of them were familiar to me from researching genealogy here in Eagle. It is also notable that our people here have been referred to in historical writing as "Loucheux." There is definitely a connection back in time somewhere. Emily -- speaking as a museum director, that photo of Eliza Steamboat (or a copy) needs to go to a museum somewhere! Just today, I lamented with our Board President about how all our elders are dying off, and we have missed getting so many oral histories. It is so important to preserve all of those links to the past!

The Freemasonry article was so well done! (Henry, what a handsome photo!) Do any of you Masons know anything about the Improved Order of Redmen? We had a Redmen lodge here in Eagle from Gold Rush days until the 1940's. It appears that some of them might have also been Masons. We also have a

photo from the early 1900's of a Masons' get-together of some sort. But somehow we don't have anything in our archives to document what the Masons did here in Eagle, or who they were. (But as Henry said, up here they didn't really say much about who they were...) If anyone has any info, it surely would be appreciated. We do know that the IOOR still exists and the headquarters is in Waco, Texas. There are some active chapters today, one in Ketchikan, Alaska, and others in Washington and Maine.....

By the way, our museum office here in Eagle is housed in the 1904 Redmen Lodge, which has been restored and hosts a number of community functions every year. Next year we'll be celebrating IOOR's 100th birthday here in Eagle -- so if we can gather any information to highlight it, it would be greatly appreciated.

Went blueberry picking tonight. They appear to be about a week or two early. Have you folks down in the Yukon noticed anything similar - that we might be getting an early winter?

We have not forgotten the Moccasin Telegraph! There will be something forthcoming to let y'all know what is happening with this strange sidewheeler being built up here in Eagle. Be patient with us -- it's been a crazy summer!

Good cheer, Yukoners!
Nick & Jean Turner njturner@aptalaska.net
Eagle, Alaska

I hope some of you will answer Jean's questions. – Sherron

My Family Roots and Yukon trip 2003 by Pat Bakewell (nee Fulton)

Part 3.

From Mayo to Historic Dawson City,

Our journey to Dawson started out as a beautiful sunny morning when about half an hour out of Mayo we came across the aftermath of traffic accident. The police were still at the scene. We read in the paper later this was a very serious accident involving a roll over on the North Klondike Highway. I pray for these people.

We then were on our way again, our next stop was at the junction of the Dempster Highway. We took pictures here and walked up the highway a bit. Just to say we have been on the Dempster Highway ~ grin ~. Another trip we would like to make one day.

When we reached Dawson, and were in search of lodging for the night. First we went to The Bunk House. They had lodging and showed us a room. Well it was a shared bathroom at one end of the hall, and showers at the other end. Me being green as it were, I thought perhaps this is the way things were done there. But on second thought, I was going to go down the road a bit and see what else we could find. They had other rooms but not available.

We found Klondike Kate's cabins. These were log cabins, very modern. Not at all like what my grandparents would have lived in. This was the second time on our trip that we had stayed in log cabins. The first was at Muncho Lake, British Columbia. They were quaint, with log furniture, no TV but a beautiful lake to wander the shores, and meet people from different places.

From getting a place to stay we went to the visitors centre. We inquired about tourist things to do. There was a large picture of the Keno on the wall behind the tour guide. As my Uncle Henry BREADEN had been the mate on the Keno's last trip up to Dawson, I mentioned this to the gal. She in turn told me of a CBC documentary about the boat and that my Uncle was shown in the film. The guide also gave us guest passes to tour the boat. We were only on the main deck, as the rest of the boat was still being renovated. We took the tour and added a little interest to the tour guides story of the boat. To have the niece of the mate on board seemed pretty special to them, and to tour the boat was pretty special to me as well. The boat is docked next to the old Canadian Bank of Commerce. Bill thinks Robert SERVICE worked there at one time.

We then went to Front Street and to see the BURTON home, the cabin of Jack LONDON and the cabin of Robert SERVICE. They have someone sitting in a chair on the lawn reading Service's poems.

After having a walk down by the Yukon River we watched the ferry that goes across the Yukon River to the Top of The World Highway " Dawson to Tok Alaska.

" They do not use a dock here, they just drop their ramp on the shore for the cars to load. We also watched some canoeists that were coming in from a race from Whitehorse to Dawson. The current was so strong at Dawson the canoes seem to be going down stream 10 feet for every foot toward the bank ~ grin ~. We first heard of this race on the radio when we were at Carmacks.

From here we went back to the visitors centre, where we went on a horse drawn wagon tour of the town. The fellow was more interested in the history of my family, than he was about telling us about his tour. We had great fun, as this fellow was from Germany. So history of the North was of interest to him.

We ended our day with taking in a comedy performance at the Palace Grand Theatre. They still fly the Union Jack on this building, as that was our flag in 1898. We understand, you cannot put up a modern building in Dawson. It has to conform to the style of the early 1900s. Our days were always full of adventure and by this time a bed was very inviting.

Another bright day greets us and off we go again. We had breakfast then took the tour of the town, and had the same guide on this tour. We entered places like the Bank of British North America built in 1899, The Red Feather Saloon, one of the last saloons in Dawson. very beautiful but no drinks to drink ~ grin ~ and the post office built in 1901.

When we were at the post office, I wondered if my father Jim FULTON had ever received mail there. As I believe he may well have been in Dawson before going

to Mayo. I have a beautiful gold brooch, which was made and stamped in Dawson. It has a little log cabin, the midnight sun and pieces of gold put onto a setting. We're pretty sure it was hand made. This was passed down to me from my father and he told me he had given it to his mother. This would be before 1941, as that is when she died. My cousin on the FULTON side has told me he has a baby ring with gold nuggets also made and stamped Dawson, given to him when he was born, which was from my father.

We then changed our lodging to the Bonanza Gold Motel, the gal here loaned us a pan and shovel as we were heading to Bonanza Creek to Discovery claim # 6, we stopped at Dredge # 4, the largest wooden hulled bucket line dredge in North America was our understanding. We made use of the pan and shovel, but like fish, the gold always got away. It was fun, and we can say we panned for gold in Bonanza Creek.

We then went back in Dawson, where we went into the Dawson City Museum. As you enter just inside the door there is a wooden cabinet on the wall. When the doors of this cabinet are open you can see the roll call for WW1 Vets. Here was my grandfather James BREADEN's name along with many other Yukoners. A wonderful display for the WW1 Vets. There are many wonderful exhibits to see in the museum. They also have narrow gauge train engines that ran from Dawson to Bear Creek. Which was of great interest to Bill. As he has quite a large collection of HO gauge train sets which he has collected since we had our first son 1958.

From here we went and took pictures of St. Andrews Church built in 1901, and also St Pauls' Church which was built in 1902 for \$ 15, 000 that was collected from the miners.

Another day ending for us. We took in a can-can show and did a bit of gambling at Diamond Tooth Gerties. Just had to do that in Dawson ~ grin ~.

To-morrow we are back to Whitehorse and then on to Skayway. Our adventure continues.

Pat and Bill mayo-gal@telus.net

S.S. KLONDIKE

By Gus Barrett

She sits on the river bank, old and worn,
High above the raging stream.
Her paddle wheel will turn no more,
No caulking in her seams.
The tourists on her crowded deck,
Hear stories of her former glory.
But can they really understand,
The steamship "Klondike's" story.

If she could talk, she'd tell them tales
To fill their minds with wonder,
Of men and women she has brought
To the gold fields, way off yonder.
On the final leg of that long, long trail,
That leads on to Dawson Town.
In the heart of the famous Klondike,
The valley where gold was found.

She'd tell them of fervent hopes and dreams
Of the men in search of gold,
As they sat at night in her dining lounge,
Watching the river unfold.
She'd tell of the gamblers, the hangers on,
Who always followed the throng,
To pick the pockets of honest men
While they plied them with booze and song.

She could tell of romance, of young couples who danced
In her lounge as the nights wore on.
And the physical wrecks who slept on her decks,
Returning with fortunes gone.
The good and the bad, she's carried them all,
The successful and those who failed,
And many who suffered hardships untold,
But to die at the end of the trail.

So if you're on board with the tourist horde,
Close your eyes and flow with the river.
And you may hear the squeal of her paddle wheel,
Or feel her timbers quiver.
As she strives once more to leave the shore,
And steam on to Dawson Town.
And she'll take you there, to the shimmering creeks,
Where the golden nuggets abound.

© 2000 Gus Barrett.

A 'Klondike' Mason's bejewelled masterpiece is returned to his family after almost one hundred years.

Little did we know that arriving in Dawson City, Y.T. on the week-end of the 25/27th May 2001 for the Centenary celebration of the Yukon Lodge No.45, many wonderful stories of historic family memories would be relived. In one particular case, the site of an old gold mine was

visited, it was proved that the grandfather of one of our visitors did mine up here in the Klondike one hundred years ago..

However V. W. Bro. Thomas J. Hayden and his wife Pat (nee: Nunn), from Guelph, Ont. will forever treasure and remember the events of this weekend when a bejewelled masterpiece belonging to her maternal grandfather was returned from the past. I was very lucky to be befriended by Tom and Pat, together with Don Frizzell the lodge secretary. We were invited to join them for a familiarisation tour of Dawson City, this being where Pat was born and lived until her family left when she was just six years old. Don Frizzell had also lived up here together with his wife Muriel for a few years until they moved down to Whitehorse.

The house that Pat's grandfather, an Englishman, Alfred E. Lee lived in, was still here though an additional timber extension had been added. We then came upon her own home, still in the same position, it too had been added to over the years. Pat sat in the car reminiscing quietly of her past relating many stories of her childhood. She smiled hugely when recalling her mother giving her a little bag and a note to go for a loaf of bread she vividly remembered that walk to the shop.



**V.W.Bro.Thomas J. Hayden
his wife Pat Hayden**

Tom being very interested in the Yukon Gold had heard that a chap by the name of John Gould had written a book called Frozen Gold. John was signing the books at the Dawson City Museum

so Tom decided he might as well get a signed copy of the book. While talking to John at the museum about gold, Tom mentioned that his wife's Grandfather had walked into Dawson from Edmonton in 1897 arriving in Dawson in 1898, almost a year later.

John asked what her Grandfather's name was. A look of surprise came over his face when Tom told him that the name was Alfred Edward Lee. John knew of a lady who lived across from the hospital who had just found a sword with his initials on the hilt and his name engraved on the blade.

In the olden days, for insulation, they had used sawdust to fill between the rafters. The present owners were looking at placing new fiberglass insulation and when vacuuming out the sawdust found the sword, carrying harness, his hat and the seal of the Royal Arch Masons. With a little dickering, the sword was purchased by Tom as it and was felt it belonged with the family. Alfred Edward Lee had left Dawson for Vancouver in 1927 so they must have been there for 75+years when found.

Tom said later that when she brought out this leather case, he carefully lifted out a sword encased with a soft leather covering, momentarily held his breath as he withdrew the sword to read the name of Alfred E. Lee engraved along the blade. The beauty of the workmanship on what he knew to be a Preceptory sword was of the highest quality. Tom and Pat stood and gasped, that such a thing of beauty had been returned to Pat's family, it was as if destiny had a hand to play this week-end, do you believe it, **I do!**

W.Bro.Dennis Eve. © 2001.

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THISTLE CREEK – 1951

By Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

As I read the few lines about Thistle Creek, it brought back so many wonderful memories of my 7 days holiday there when Pete Foth replaced Bud Holbrook after Bud's terrible plane crash.

I had just arrived in Dawson City, March 1951 and met Pete immediately. Before I knew it, he was to fly to Thistle Creek, (April 1951) with Pat Callison to prepare for another mining season. It was heartbreaking to wave goodbye after just meeting him. I was lucky to have met some of the Signal guys, Chuck Grey, Bob Goad etc, operating the creek scheds. So I was allowed to speak with Pete once in awhile. Of course all the dredgemasters could hear this conversation, but who cares when one is in love???

One day in June I received a letter from Pete saying that most of the men were going to town for an unexpected holiday (frozen ground) and he and just a few men would be remaining at the camp. He wondered if I could get a few days off and go up to Thistle Ck. on the Casca. Well, needless to say, I was thrilled and couldn't wait to see Sr. Superior at lunchtime. I was dumbfounded to hear her answer was "NO". "You've only been here 2 months, no holidays yet". I wasn't much good on my shift that night, but I thought I would try again the following day, after practicing my speech all night.

I just blurted out that I had to see Pete as I felt he had something very important to ask me. She thought it over and a few days later, I was on the beautiful Casca on my way to Thistle Creek, wherever that was.

Pete met me at the Thistle Ck. dock with Susie (Holbrook's dog) and what a send off with all the passengers waving and yelling to us both. Apparently the Captain had announced over the loud speaker that I had come up to marry this miner and he, the skip, was going to do the honours. I did not know this was said until my return on the Casca a week later.

At 21 years old, I had never heard of gold mining or anything else pertaining to getting gold out of the ground. It was a wonderful experience, one that will always be with me.

Yes, it happened, in his beautiful little log cabin, Pete popped the question and I was only too happy to reply, "Yes, but with one stipulation, we must be married in my own little Anglican church in my own little town of Stanbridge East, QC. He swallowed hard, thinking of that long trip, I guess, but said, "we will drive across Canada and it will be our first holiday of many, together". And so it was, February 16, 1952. So much has happened since then.....

I will send a few snaps taken at Thistle Ck. at this time.



Pete Foth & Brownie at Thistle Creek in 1951.
Photo provided by Brownie Foth.



Pete Foth at Thistle Creek 1951
Photo provided by Brownie Foth

BITS & PIECES

Hello Sherron and MocTel --

I believe that someone was asking about a book, which has been published about the Klondike Mines Railway. The book is entitled *The Bonanza Narrow Gauge Railway (the Story of the Klondike Mines Railway)*, written by Eric L. Johnson. Another interesting book that has a chapter about Klondike City (or Lousetown, as it was affectionately known) is a book by T. W. Paterson, entitled *Ghost Towns of the Yukon*. My story entitled **Remembering the Klondike Mines Railway** (page 12) was published in the *Whitehorse Star* on March 21 this year and has a couple of good pictures. That is, I think the pictures are good -- of course, I would say that wouldn't I?

Also some interesting videos I should mention. Karvonen Films of Edmonton has an excellent series of videos about wildlife. You might be interested especially in "Nomads of the Yukon". This is about the caribou herds in the north and how running a pipeline down from the Beaufort Sea would devastate the herd's calving grounds in the Arctic Wildlife Reserve. I believe Chief Isaac wrote an excellent article about this for the *Whitehorse Star*. His people depend solely on this herd for their meat and skins for the clothing, etc. It runs almost an hour long. They will send a brochure about all their videos.

Karvonen Films, Ltd.
2001 - 91 Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta T6P 1L1
Phone 780-467-7167
Fax 780-467-7162
web page: www.karvonenfilms.com

Kind regards, Betty Mackie

Hi Sherron, How nice that you saw Jeri & Bill, they have always been such good friends to myself and sons, we feel very fortunate that our friendship continues. I too look forward to some more stories.

Re our Gig it was on the 30th July at Kits Beach. Show Boat, we love doing that Gig, so many thousands of people ha ha.. waiting for the Fireworks.. we happen to be the warm up act..This year I had a seven piece band and Dancers, and the crowd was wonderful. love it, love it, love it. Take care Love Gillian xo

Hi Sherron,
By the way, we have moved to Kelowna from Osoyoos.

Our new address is:
837 Patterson Ave., Kelowna, B. C. V1Y 5C9
Phone: 250-860-0449

Our other number is not working right, and will forward that to you once we get the problem cleared up.

Thank you, enjoy the letters and info, KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!!

Cami and Walter Yaremicio

ANOTHER HALLOWEEN IN MAYO

Hi Sherron,

I enjoyed reading the latest edition (#25) of The Moccasin Telegraph. Thanks to Henry Breaden for his story about the Hallowe'en parties at the GN Cafe in Mayo during the 1930s hosted by the Naganos. Henry mentions being served by Mary Yoshida. For the information of the other readers, Mary Yoshida eventually married Renny Burian and was my mother. She passed away in Whitehorse in 1998 at the age of 80.

You asked about other Hollowe'en stories. I'm a little younger than Henry so my story is from the 1950s.

I remember Hollowe'en in Mayo as a young boy during the 1950s very well. A group of us would dress up in various costumes and go out "tricking or treating". Since Mayo wasn't a very large community, we would start out fairly early (about 5:00 pm) and go door to door throughout the whole village, finishing about 8:00 pm or so. On most occasions I remember, the weather would be clear, cold and crisp, probably about -10 to -15 below zero Fahrenheit.

The folks who lived in Mayo of course expected us to come and gave us many delicious goodies. There was the traditional store bought candy, but a large number of people would make home made treats. Those were always appreciated the best. I remember we used to prepare for the kids coming to our house for several days before October 31 and I am sure that many other people did as well. I had a particular liking for home made taffy and I was never disappointed. Some people gave us ice-cream cones and other such amenities that just had to be eaten right away. How could you keep an ice cream cone even if it were below freezing?! Popcorn balls were also popular. There were also baked goodies...fudge, brownies and the like. A number of folk, who were perhaps more health conscious than others, would give us nice red juicy apples. No one even thought that someone might put a razor blade in an apple in those days.

Some of the people would make us recite or sing for our treats. I don't recall exactly what we recited or sang but it must have satisfied those giving out the goodies as I don't recall ever not receiving a treat. My "sack" for collecting the treats consisted of a white pillowcase and at the end of the evening I would return home with it about a third to half filled. Since I happened not to have a "sweet tooth", most years I still had some of the candy left by the time the next Hollowe'en rolled around. That is, unless my dad, who did have a "sweet tooth", happened to find my stash and consume whatever I had saved.

Those are my memories of Hallowe'en as a boy in Mayo.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron

Dorothy & kids accompanied me to Whitehorse in September 1968. I taught at YVTTC (Yukon College now) until 1988; we then retired to Victoria. Our kids are: Linda (Edmonton AB), Guy (Sooke BC), Kelly (Cochrane AB).

Hope to hear from you your list is of great interest and we would like to be included.

Ken & Dorothy Krockner krey@telus.net

Hi Sherron I was up north for 27 years, mostly spent in Whitehorse, a few at first up in Inuvik I came down to Nanaimo about 2 1/2 years ago now And I heard of it tonight

from Betty StJean. She's my next-door neighbor she heard of it from someone that lives close to the Harewood Arms I think.

Len Burrows 478 Carlisle St

Hello Henry,

I would like to be added to the list and have copied Sherron for inclusion on the newsletter list.

My info is as follows:

David And Sally Allan

1175 Sitka Ave.

Courtenay, B.C.

250-338-9538

I lived in Whitehorse from 1966 to 1969, Destruction Bay from 1969 to 1974 and then back to Whitehorse for the years 1974 to 1998 when I took early retirement and moved to Courtenay.

I worked for Canadian National Telecommunications / NorthWestel as a technician until 1980, then as a manager / director in the engineering department for the remaining 18 years.

Regards,

David and Sally Allan

I met some folks at the Yukoners' Picnic at Nanoose this past weekend and they gave me their e-mail addresses so I could add them to the list. I am hopeful that they will send in a bit of a bio of their time in Yukon and where they are located now so that I may place that information in the next Moccasin Telegraph.

Meanwhile this is what I do know.

Peg Watson pegwatson@hotmail.com formerly Peg McComb

Chris and Belinda Gladish cgladish@remax.net now in Courtenay

Stephen and Barbro Baker sunny@island.net (In Whitehorse 1967-1980) now in Victoria

Sherron Jones

Good morning Sherron,

Joy and I were in the YT from early 1962 to late '66. We worked for UKHM and lived at Calumet, which is now almost totally gone. Elsa was the main office, and Keno City the closest private townsite. The community was relatively young, and we had a lot of stamina for parties etc. We look back in sorrow and amazement.

A favorite memory is the flowers on top of Keno Hill around early July. Also gold panning on Lightning Creek, where southern visitors usually got good colors.

Jack Morris

MORRIS, Jack & Joy jack.morris@shaw.ca (In Elsa 1962-66)250-339-3145 Comox

Hi Sherron

Yes - please add us to the list. We lived at Calumet Camp, Elsa (Keno Hill) 1963-65, and Whitehorse 1966-68. We then moved to West Vancouver but I continued to conduct consulting geological engineering (mineral exploration) through my firm, Archer Cathro & Associates, until I retired in 1989. The firm is still in operation and has owned a permanent office in Whitehorse sine 1966, most of the time in the old CBC building on 3rd Avenue. Cheers Bob Cathro

CATHRO, Bob & Pat bobcat62@telus.net (In Elsa 1963-65, Whse 1966-68) 250-246-4738
Chemainus

New Address

Hi Sherron,

I have a new address now It is no longer mjones@sympatico.com but now is mjones@northwestel.net I really enjoy the Moccasin Telegraph and would hate to not get it.

Thank -you for all the work you do,
Millie Jones

Hi Sherron,

In an effort to cut down on spam (which was back up to almost 100 a day), I've changed my email addresses, and added scripting on my Web sites so that it's no longer visible in a way that "email harvesters" can use. The only addresses that will work now are MurrayL@explorenorth.com and webmaster1@yukonalaska.com

We're having a spell of fabulous weather in Carcross. I just got back from a 4-day canoe trip down to Bennett. Here's dinner the first night, at the BC-Yukon border, halfway between my cabin and Bennett - http://www.yukonalaska.com/4340-boundary_island-800.jpg

Murray Lundberg
ExploreNorth.com

Discover the circumpolar North, from Alaska to Greenland and Siberia

<http://www.explorenorth.com>

(I commented to Murray about the spam, and that the poplars in this photo make it look like the lake shore will be taken over by the poplars as the properties in Mayo looked in Harvey Burian's posted photos. – Sherron)

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Thanks, Sherron,

The spammers have got us all beat - when they can make it look like the spam is coming from anyone they choose, Block Sender just doesn't work. I've gotten a lot of flack from people for the spam I send out (that actually came from somewhere else). And at best, spammers use "disposable addresses - use them once and move on). The really sad part is that they do it because people actually click on those emails.

It is very odd that beaches that have been clear for apparently thousands of years are being taken over by poplars, isn't it? Global warming?? Must be a government grant available somewhere to study the situation!

Murray Lundberg

Joyce Yardley's brother to be honored

Hi Sherron,

Sending a copy of a letter that I received from "Northern Sky Entertainment." My brother Ted, who lost his life in World War 11, in 1945, is one of the veterans to be featured in the upcoming series on the T.V. "History Channel" in November. My brother wrote poetry while overseas, and they have requested those, also letters he sent home our parents. Ted's wife and little girl (3 years old at the time) were left behind in Whitehorse. My brother would be so honoured to think that his memory lives on. Mount Richards was named after him posthumously (see "Yukon Names and Places" by R Coutts.

Joyce

You can see his poetry at this url:

<http://web.mala.bc.ca/davies/letters.images/collections.index.htm#Special>

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Sandy's Thought for the Week

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The essence of genius is to know what to overlook,

RECIPE OF THE WEEK - From Donna Clayson

From: Yukon Cookbook, A Selection of Recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs

Barbecued Fish

1. Take a six-pound chunk of fish, fresh salmon preferably; and clean it thoroughly.
2. Give the inside a shaking of salt and pepper; put in three generous slices of onion; break half a bay leaf into small bits and scatter it over the onion. Stick one whole allspice or one whole clove into the middle slice of onion.
3. Rub outside of fish with a little bit of bacon fat or oil.
4. Wrap fish in foil and place over glowing coals. Cover with an old metal washpan or similar container. This gives you a domed barbecue which holds in the heat and is good for baking potatoes.
5. Cook fish for one half hour; turn and cook for another half hour.

HELPFUL HINT TO COMBAT SPAM MAIL

As I think that we all are getting more Spam Mail and don't want it, there is a way which our readers may want to know how to handle it.

If you try to unsubscribe it doesn't work and only tells them that they have a hot address.

If you try to reply, it usually comes back undeliverable.

If you are using Outlook Express:

When you get one, just click once on that line to highlight the line and not open.

Click once on "Message" in the top task bar, and on the drop menu click on "Block Sender".

It may ask if you really want to block that sender, just click "YES or OK" and it is done.

Your computer will block any messages from that source from now on.

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

Since Henry sent this too me there has been considerable discussion on senders stealing identification and changing their own ident with each mailing, so this will only work in selected circumstances. - Sherron

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **twenty-five previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **eight 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

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

ISR – Whitehorse Westmark downtown – Sept 24-28

Okanagan Yukoners' AGM and Luncheon – Noon – Oct 19 – Mekong Restaurant – Harvey St. Kelowna