

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Thirty Third Edition – October 5, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



This picture is for all those ex-Yukoners who are currently playing golf or sitting at the beach and pining for snow for Christmas. The picture was taken on SEPTEMBER 21, 2003, just south of the Dempster cutoff as we were on our way from Dawson, back to Whitehorse. That's our car down there in the ditch. (Fortunately no damage or injuries). On the other side of the road is a raging river. So next time you dream of that pretty blanket of snow -- Wash your mind out with soap. BAH HUMBUG.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

HOME AGAIN

By Gus Barrett

On Sept. 17th Blanche and I flew via Air North to the Yukon for a couple of weeks. This was a multi purpose trip, partly to attend the I.S.R., partly to visit Blanche's old hometown of Dawson, partly to visit her sisters, and partly just to visit old friends of many years and to try to recapture a little of our youth. We left the Yukon some 35 years ago and while we have had several trips back, neither of us has been there for six years. So this was pretty exciting stuff.

The trip via Air North was great. No hitches, no lost baggage and everyone we talked to was very pleasant and helpful. We arrived at Whitehorse airport to beautiful weather, and were met by Blanche's sister Donna, with whom we would be staying during our time in Whitehorse.

The first morning in Whitehorse, I awoke at six as usual, looked out the window and said “oh my gosh” (or something like that). Blanche woke up wondering what all the fuss was about and I said, “Look out the window, there’s an inch of snow on the ground.” So we climbed back into bed and tried to pretend we were back in Qualicum where it was 22 above. That first day, we were pretty well house bound, catching up on family happenings and exchanging brag pictures of grand kids with Donna and Paul. It did warm up quite nicely over the next two days and we tripped around town, taking pictures and just generally getting acquainted with things again.

On the 19th Blanche and I and Donna left for the long trip to Dawson with Donna at the wheel of her trusty Toyota. We made the trip in about 5 1/2 hours, a far cry from my first trip to Dawson 50 years ago over a narrow twisting ribbon of gravel and dust. On the trip it was obvious that forest fires had done a lot of damage along the route over the many years that we had been away.

Activity in Dawson was pretty well at an end for the Season when we arrived. Some hotels, restaurants museum etc were already closed, but we were in time for the final two nights activities at Diamond Tooth Gerties. Had a couple of good nights there – great shows and even made a buck at the tables. During the day we toured around some of our old haunts some of our old friends who were still there, Fran and Bill Hakonson, Joe Braga, Joyce Caley and a few others. We found the basic layout of Dawson to be pretty much the same, but so many of the old buildings have been moved and/or restored that Blanche found it hard to believe that this was the same town that she grew up in. We went up to the Dome of course, a nice subdivision up there now. I remember we used to spend a lot of evenings up there when we were much younger. Can’t remember why though. (That’s my story and I’m sticking with it.)

We took a lot of pictures around Dawson over the next two days to add to our library of memories. One night on the way home from Gerties we paid a visit to the “Pit”. What an experience. If you ever get back to Dawson you’ve just got to go there. Anyone in town can tell you where it is.

When we started on our return trip to Whitehorse Sunday morning it was snowing heavily. By the time we got to Flat Creek there was about eight inches of snow on the road. A few miles farther on the car started to fishtail and spun towards the left side of the road. Donna, who was driving, and well I might add, almost corrected it but it spun to the other side over the edge and into a deep ditch. I think we all uttered a few prayers as we went over the brink. Mine maybe didn’t come out as a prayer but that’s what I meant. Anyway, little damage and no one hurt. When I got up on the road and saw the other side I was rather glad to be in the ditch, as the other side had a steep bank into the river. A passer-by phoned a tow truck and we were towed out. They closed the road for a number of hours so we stayed overnight at the Klondike River Lodge. Very nice people there. We continued to Whitehorse the next morning.

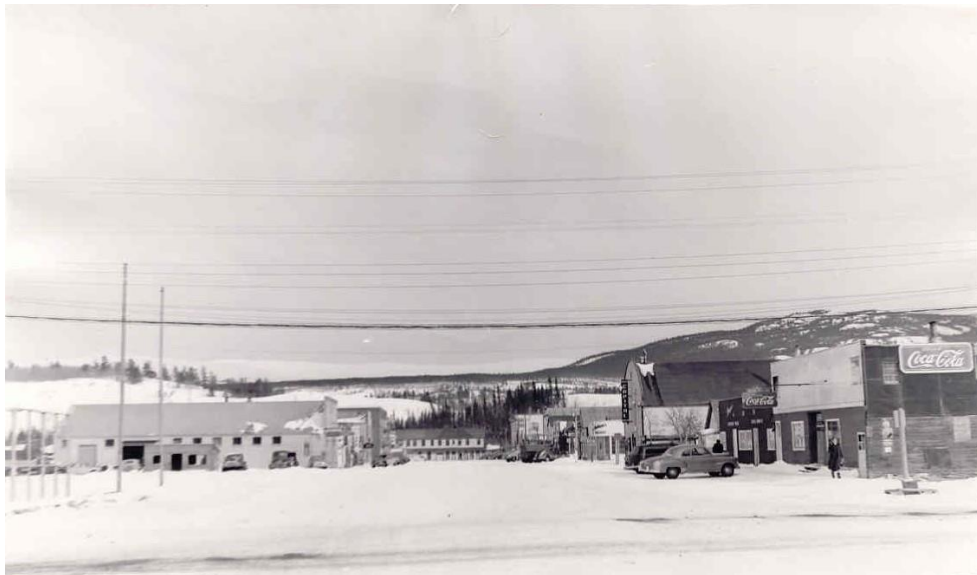
The ISR was held in Whitehorse from 24th To 28th at the Westmark Hotel. Registration went on pretty well all day on Thursday, and the hospitality area was pretty well filled all

day, as it was most of the time during the four days. Some were just getting acquainted and others getting re-acquainted after many years. Newcomers had no trouble finding the right area. Just follow the hum of conversation. There were a good number of visitors from the Vancouver club, the Okanagan club as well as from Vancouver Island. I think there were eleven American clubs represented. I was at the general meeting on Friday and I would think there were about 120 people there. The Presidents reception on Thursday night drew a packed house, as did the banquet on Saturday night. On Friday night there was a skit night, which we missed but which was apparently a very enjoyable time. We really wish we had seen the Can Can Girls on snowshoes. There were tours arranged for visitors throughout the four days, Skagway, city tours, museums, Game farm etc. We had seen these things many times before so did not take them in this time but from all reports they were well attended and enjoyed. The whole thing wound up with a farewell breakfast on Sunday morning amid much handshaking, backslapping, laughter and a few tears. We felt that the whole thing was a big success and that much credit is due to Don Murray and his team from the Vancouver Yukoners who hosted the event, the Ryder family and their team from Whitehorse who worked on the local arrangements and all the volunteers. It was a blast.

Blanche and I stayed around for a couple of more days, taking in the sights of Whitehorse and visiting some old friends. We were surprised at the number who are still living there. We were pleased with the changes in the city of Whitehorse. It is very difficult for me to relate the beautiful main street area of Whitehorse today with the main street that I patrolled on foot in fifty below weather fifty plus years ago. Oh well!!! We live on memories.

MAIN STEET WHITEHORSE 1952

Photo Courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway
mawsypapa@pocketmail.com



Is this what it looked like when you walked the beat Gus? – Sherron

For an up-to-date picture of what Main Street Whitehorse looks like today click on <http://www.whtv.com/webcam/streetcam.htm>



Photo Courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway
Whitehorse Indian Cemetery about 1949
Early road in background.

WHITEHORSE AIRPORT – EARLY DAYS ACCESS TO THE CITY

By Henry Breaden

In 1942 there were three ways to get from downtown Whitehorse to the Whitehorse airport area.

The original access was at the top end of Main Street curving to the left and following the escarpment fairly steeply. About half way up, the road followed a bulge in the hill, first curving left and then right. On this curve the road was wider and two vehicles could pass, but the rest of the road really was single lane. I called it an "Oh Jesus Road," because when there was snow and ice on it that is about what you were saying as you started to slide!

Guard rails? No such a thing and you were on your own! It was widened slightly as time went along, but still icky to drive on ice. There was a home at the bottom of the hill where you turned right onto Main Street when going down, and it was a wonder that there was not an accident on that corner during ice conditions.

You must remember that in those days there was no City of Whitehorse, and the only sanding was done by hand by the Territorial Government with a two ton truck and

shovels. I was on the end of one of those shovels along with Don Morrison, Mary-Jean Morrison's Dad. I was the driver and Don was my swamper.

The original road had been put in when small aircraft started using a grass field to land on, and it is quite possible that it was cut with a horse and what they called a slip scraper.

The scraper was like a large shovel with two wooden handles on the back for the horse driver to control it. Fitted to each side was a "C" shaped yolk that the hitch for the horse was attached. To load it, with the handles you would guide the scraper like a shovel and the horse supplied the pull. When loaded it could be pulled to where you wanted to dump, and the driver would flip the handles up to dump it. Kind of a slow process as it might only hold about half a yard of dirt, but it got the job done.

As the road was rather dangerous and Two Mile Hill could be used, it was closed in the latter 1950s and allowed to slough in.

The second access was Pucket's Gulch, which went up at the north end of the airport, but could only be used by four-wheel drive trucks, which the American Army had. In the spring it was mud and the summer baked clay or winter frozen clumps of mud. Not the best way to get up there, but it was a shorter route to get to the American camps on the top of the hill.

The Gulch was there till 1968 and an American bomber coming in got caught in a downdraft and crashed against the upper south face of it. Shortly afterwards it was filled and the runway lengthened.

Moving further north, how many knew about the crematorium on the top of the hill? Just slightly south and above where the Native Cemetery is located, on the top of the escarpment was the crematorium. It was installed by the Americans, but was never used. There were two furnaces of concrete and steel, and I have a couple of slides of it in the 1950s. I first became aware of it when we were viewing some slides of the hillside and asked what it was. When the slide was taken, the sun was about right to show the stacks. Soon after we hiked up there and I took the photos of it. If it has not been removed, it would be a monument to Whitehorse history.

Now to the original Two Mile Hill which in the same manner as the original airport access followed the left side of the hill. It derived its name from the fact that the top of the hill was two miles from the White Pass depot where the stages originated. It was the start of the overland trail to Dawson and Mayo, and also Champaign and Kluane Lake.

As White Pass had the mail and stage lines for many years, the original road would have been cut along the hillside by horses. Possibly slip scrapers would have been used on building the first road, for I am not sure when Adams came out with the "leaning wheel grader". This type of grader was pulled by horses, but being that the wheels could be leaned, could be used to make the first cut on a hillside with the grader blade.

Not a quick process, but a lot better than the slip scraper.

Later, the Adams was used behind a cat but still retained the long tongue.

From the bottom of the hill, the road followed a long left curve to better than half way up where it curved to the right and then a left curve to the top of the hill. The original road really was single lane, for the traffic on it was very minimal, but after the construction started in Whitehorse it was widened considerably. When you consider it now, it was a far cry from the modern Two Mile Hill, which was built with modern equipment.

At that time there was no South Access road, only the railway.

There was a mud path on the outside of the railway so that you could walk to the Whitehorse Rapids and no more than that.

In 1944 I had an Ariel motorcycle, which was fairly heavy, and got stuck in that wet clay. Was it ever a job to get that thing out!

I used to chum around with Arthur Youlet who had a Frances Barnet bike and we used to scout all of those old trails. By going across the river on the Wickstrom wood barge we could get into a lot of the trails on the other side behind where the present day hospital is located.

In 1945 the forerunner of the Rendezvous was held in a bowl behind where the hospital is now, which was call the "Whitehorse Carnival." Competitions were held in that bowl, and Ernie Anderson, a carpenter was the champion on skis. The Carnival survived for a few years and died out, but made a come back as the Sourdough Rendezvous.

Yes, I could go on and on with Whitehorse history and it is all interesting.

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

It sure would be nice if more of you who recall these old roads would put your thoughts on paper for us. Even the trip across the river on the wood barge is something many of us have never heard about before.

I had been talking to Henry on MSN a couple of times lately and just little clues of the past slip out, so I have been asking him to add these topics to his TO DO list.

*I know there are others of **you** who have memories that many of the younger people and new comers, know nothing about and we do find it fascinating.*

When Henry first mentioned that early roads where created with horse drawn scrapers along the edge of the hillsides, it made me think of why our highways today are so much better. I did try to imagine the reverse gear on a horse (for when he had his scrapper full.) ;-))

I remember 'tubing' on the snow in the 'sugar bowl' that Henry refers to above. When I think back now, I guess that was a little dangerous, the tube really seemed to get up quite a speed. Or at least it seemed so when I was so close to the ground.

Thank you Henry for sharing some more history with us. – Sherron



Photo Courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway
Whitehorse, taken from RCAF Airbase 1950
Center - Canadian Military Hospital

MaryAnn Kelleway daughter of Bud & Helen Laurin has sent me a package of photos, which belonged to her family. Bud Laurin was a Corporal in the RCAF when he moved to Whitehorse in 1948 and was a Sargent when they left in 1953. Bud & Helen had two girls, MaryAnn and Patti.

A number of the photos that you will see over the next few months are taken by the family, during the 1948-53 period, while others are taken by Harry Andrews and tinted by his wife Muriel. Harry had been with the RCMP and joined the RCAF as photographer. The two couples were obvious friends.

Bud Laurin, by then Major Laurin, returned to Whitehorse with his family in 1965 and remained until the base closed. MaryAnn married Don Geddes and stayed on in Whitehorse for a few more years. Bud Laurin passed away in his hometown of Midland Ontario in September 2002. Helen Laurin now resides in a Senior's Residence in Midland.

Meanwhile Patti lives and works in Stittsville, Ontario northwest of Ottawa; and MaryAnn has recently become a full time Rver who lives wherever the RV stops. Currently stopped in Midland, Ontario and chomping at the bit to get further south for the colder season.

Thank you, MaryAnn for sharing these wonderful photos with us. – Sherron

The Railroad, Dynamite, & 'Innocent' Boys

Another recollection of Whitehorse in the early '50s

By Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

Life as a boy in Whitehorse in the early '50s was full of great adventures, and misadventures. One of the most memorable occasions occurred in about 1950 or 1951. One early summer day, I tagged along with a band of older (10-12 yr old) boys. We walked along the railroad tracks south of town, looking up at the cliffs and down at the river and over at the 'mysterious' islands. As we came to the end of the bare cliffs, someone noticed White Pass's explosives shed up in the trees at the bottom of the slope [it was still there in 1999]. Well, being adventurous lads, we had to have a look. When we got to the shed, we saw that a recent slide had smashed in the back of it. Inside, we could see a large stock of dynamite. Well, since the older boys were braver than I, they went in and started hauling out quite a few sticks, maybe 20 or so. Well, what do adventurous lads do with dynamite, you might ask. I guess we'd all seen too many western movies about train robberies and such. So somebody suggested we lay it all under the tracks. So as we walked back into town, that's what they did. Being just a little kid, I wasn't allowed to participate fully in the venture (or so I'd like to think).

Later that day, a railway crew, riding home in one of those little 'cars', spotted the dynamite & gathered it up.

A day or two later, most of the older boys got together again, and decided to walk down the tracks to see if the dynamite was still there (since no trains had been blown up). As they were walking along, and looking carefully between the ties, a policeman suddenly stepped out of a bush and nabbed them. They were hauled away to the home of one of the boys, where a major inquiry was carried out. During the questioning, somebody mentioned that I had been in the gang, so an officer was sent to pick me up at home. When I got there, being just a runt of a kid, I told the truth about the whole affair. Of course, the officer said something like "Well, now we getting somewhere". Evidently, the older boys had made up a story, which diminished their involvement. Anyway, I was taken home, and I never heard another word about it. I don't know what punishment the bigger boys received, but soon the entire adventure was forgotten.

I can recall the names of several boys involved, but obviously can't mention them. Maybe one of them will come forward with the list of culprits.



Kusawa Lake – Photo Courtesy Doug Bell

HUNTING EXAM

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

Kusawa is my second favourite lake in the Yukon (Kathleen Lake on the Haines Road being by first).

In 1961-1962 while living in Haines Junction my family would go to Kusawa on a regular basis. The lake was also a favourite of the local natives. Good fishing, well protected from winds by the surrounding mountains and so very peaceful.

One year I was trying out to see if I would be accepted by the local natives to go hunting with them. There were obstacles such as my age (12), being white and quite naïve about hunting the 'locals' way.

You had to apply a year in advance and once accepted just for the tryout it was a hectic time getting prepared for the big exam. When the time came in early spring my dad drove me to Kusawa to meet my examiners. There were 4 native elders. They had already set up obstacles and when we arrived I was instructed to take my 30-30 and my 22 Mossberg out of the truck and prepare for the exam. No 'hello' or 'how are you', just 'get your guns and get ready'. Very intimidating.

I followed their instructions including walking along a path and have a 'made up bear' jump out at me. Remember, you don't shoot an animal you don't intend to eat and in this exam bears were not the game we were going after. I knew I was doing well and was very confident I would be accepted; the first white female at the tender age of 12 to be

allowed to go hunting in the coming fall. The last lesson was to shoot at a target on the mountain across the lake. I indicated there was no way either of my rifles would do any good at that distance. They smiled and said, 'you're right'. I knew I was close to finishing the exam. I grew cockier and when they said, 'try anyway' I walked over to the truck, opened the door, laid the barrel of the 30-30 in the crook of the door and fired. As soon as my finger pulled the trigger I knew I had made a fatal error. The door came back at me from the repercussion with the gun slamming into my shoulder. My shoulder turned black and blue and I was very sore for days.

It took one bad mistake and I was refused. You have two chances to try out and the following year I made certain I made no mistakes. At 13 I was still the youngest white female to be accepted into the realm of native hunting.

And, did I get my moose? You bet! One shot. They helped me dress it but I had to instruct them on how to do it. I was always being tested and value the experiences I had at the hands of my dear friends and instructors, the local natives.

In reply to me asking if I should put Doug Bell's Kusawa Lake photo in this edition so you see it, Donna replied – Sherron (See photo at the beginning of this edition.)

Yes, the MocTel is so very lucky having access to Doug's gorgeous photos. Wish I could take photos like that! You know, putting the Kusawa picture in with the story is a nice idea. Maybe then the readers will associate the story and almost "picture" the circumstance. Yes, I recognize the angle although I was more north along the lake. The mountain in the photo is the spot my examiners asked me to shoot at a target on. Remember in the story I said I knew the range was too far for my rifle to reach that far across the lake? The examiners knew that and expected me to realize it too. After all, if an animal is too far away for a clean kill I must realize that before attempting the shot. I failed only because I put the rifle into the crook of the door and cab and fired. Stupid mistake. – Donna Clayson

HISTORICAL PHOTOS

Courtesy Mike Paolera peasinapod@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron, About 13 years ago I inherited about 60 or so historical photos. I am not sure who they came from but they once belonged to the Yukon archives. Anyway, I thought that I would share them over the next little while if you were interested.

The first one is of Whitehorse in the year 1900. It looks like it was taken on the hillside just down the road from where the hospital is now.

Take care. Mike Paolera.

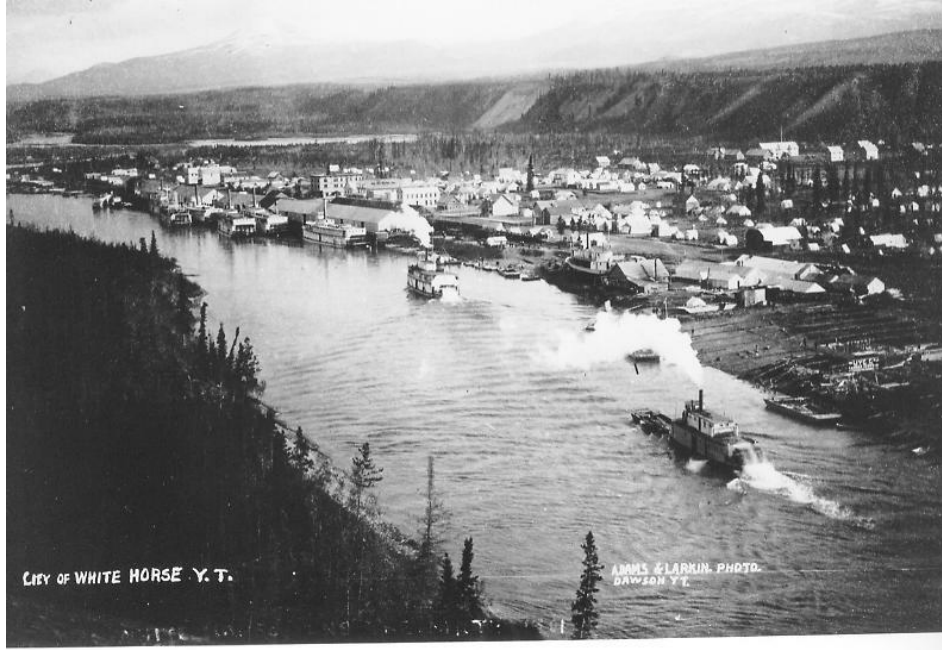


Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera

White Horse in early 1900's. Does anyone have an idea of approximate date for this one? Best guess 1904.

HERMAN PETERSON cont'd

I am another of the privileged many to have known the respected and talented Herman Peterson.

My first encounter with the Great Mechanical Technician Aviator was unfortunately on a professional charter basis.

Namely, he was in need of the specialty services of (shudder at the thought) a helicopter.

An unfortunate mishap occurred that day many years ago, at King Salmon Lake, south of Atlin, in his Luscombe 8E on floats, where Herman and (I think) his brother-in-law were spending the day fishing. According to legend, they were not getting any bites at one end of the lake, so they decided to saunter over to the other end of the lake to try their luck there. So they hauled in their small anchor which was attached to one of the ballards, (or maybe the spreader-bar) and (somebody, no names mentioned here) coiled the rope neatly on top of one of the floats.....Once Herman started the engine and slowly taxied toward the new location, he decided that maybe they should "put her on the step" and get there more quickly.. So, he throttled up and "step taxied" down the lake. The coiled rope then spooled off the float, letting the anchor to fall into the water as they sped toward shallow water, and (to quote Paul Harvey) now you know the rest of the story!

The Luscombe came to an abrupt halt as it was "planing" when the anchor contacted the lake bottom and a sudden silence occurred. Nobody was hurt. The Luscombe sustained (water inverted) damage and was in dire need of "professional assistance".

To quote so called experts, supposedly in the "know" when situations of this sort occur..."crap happens".

Enter the Bell206 Jet Ranger (in fact it may have been the same helicopter that Coast Range Airways had originally purchased when Herman sold to Trans North, in 1968 or '69, C-FXFF), which I flew to King Salmon Lake and lifted the Luscombe out and airlifted the Luscombe back to Atlin.

Respectfully submitted George Howell howellgm@shaw.ca
Trans North Turbo Air (1972 to 1986)

Hi Sherron

Really enjoy seeing your name pop up in my mail. Thankyou.

The stories of Herman Peterson were great and I would like to say hello to Clarence Tingley, his name however is not listed. At least on mine it isn't.

Perhaps you could forward this on to him. We worked together at Trans North when I was flying Beavers and Otters and of course my surname then was Duff. I would like to say hello

Thanks Sherron

Michael Bellamy airmail@telusplanet.net

I have passed Mike's message along to Donna Clayson who was in touch with Clarence Tingley during the preparation of the Tribute to Herman Peterson. Clarence is currently suffering with eye trouble and although he does have e-mail he does not use the computer very much. He does have eye surgery scheduled and maybe we will hear from him after that. I understand he has cataracts. We are wishing you well Clarence. – Sherron

Sherron, I spent a few days with my parents (Peggy and Tubby Tubman) in Vernon and took along the accumulated MT's from April on. Dad had a great time reading through them and reminiscing. I knew he would especially enjoy the tribute to Herman Peterson. I do remember Mr. Peterson but I remember more vividly Dad's stories of him.

Dad was selling Caterpillar equipment for the NC Co. in Whitehorse when Mr. Peterson came in and asked Dad to order him a plane. Picked it out in a catalogue and Dad ordered it in. Only plane Dad ever "sold". I have the slide of Mr. Peterson taking delivery of it. Dad tells me that was Mr. Peterson's first plane.

I remember vividly the searches for Herman Peterson and for Moe Grant after their assorted plane crashes. Dad went out for the first time as spotter on the air search for Mr.

Peterson. I guess I heard the stories of those searches from every point of view as a child, since we knew most of the bush pilots involved.

Moe Grant worked for Dad in the NC garage. Moe used to let me scoot around on his mechanic's board when Dad wasn't looking. (I was supposed to stick to the office or the parts department.) I was fascinated by Moe's metal legs.

After we had left the North, and I heard of Moe and his wife being rescued after another crash, I could hardly wait for my parents to get home so I could tell them that Moe "only" had a broken leg. Hey, prostheses are expensive!

As Dad perused the MT's, he asked if there was ever any mention of George Simmons. I had only known his brother, Aubrey. So I come home and read about George the next night. Great timing!

Children often have no idea who the people are who visit their parents or grandparents. Happy Lepage was someone I had met and had heard all sorts of stories about. I had not known what he did for a living. Good to fit another piece of the puzzle together.

I am working on some Christmas issue stuff for the MT. Just have to get it organized into some coherence.

Keep up the good work.

Maribeth Mainer mainerm1@shaw.ca

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION ABOUT ROBERT DALZIEL

Dear Sherron

You have done such a wonderful service! I greatly enjoy the stories.

I am writing a book about my father- G.C.F. Dalziel, (Dal) and would like to request your readers please send me any memories they might have about him before or after his flying years. He went north when he was a teenager and trapped in the South-East Yukon until he became a pilot. His most well-known charter air service was "B.C. Yukon" based in Watson Lake.

Many thanks, Bonnie Dalziel bdal@uniserve.com

REQUEST FOR PHOTOS

Hi, Sherron. Thanks for the photo. I have Sympatico's DSL service, which is not high speed, but it's better than dial-up service. I'd sure like to have any old Whitehorse photos you have.

I was going to ask you to put a request in the MocTel for pictures of the old ball park on 4th Ave. - maybe you could do that for me. Thanks a lot. Ralph Lortie

rlortie001@sympatico.ca

REMOVE FROM LIST

Dear Sherron

Sorry to have to tell you this but you would please not send me any more Moccasin Telegraphs. I have an awful time with your messages--when I go to retrieve them my computer goes blank and I have an awful time. I'm sure it is a problem with my computer and I will have it looked at.

Until I write you again, however, I would appreciate it if you would not send me any more for now.

Thank you in advance.

Bill Schoeman wmschoeman@direct.ca

ADD BACK TO LIST

Sherron I was wondering how you and Bill were doing being the midst of all the forest fire smoke. Glad to see that it didn't affect you two, however I do have great compassion for those where were affected.

Can you please start me on the Moc Tel dialogue lists? I will be in touch with Sandy to have the past issues sent to me.

Take care Brenda Cooper b.d.cooper@shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

This is to advise all of you that the Gates family has a new internet provider and that our new email address is ykbelle@telus.net this is effective immediately

Hope to here that you have received this important update.

Doris Gates aka yukonbelle

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron , we are Nancy & Mike Deasty we moved to Whitehorse Yukon in 1986 from Shuswap 1980-1986 Nancy in Field/Golden B.C. 1957-1975. Mike in Chase/Sorrento B.C. 1965-1986.

Nancy Deasty Dstmiester@netscape.net

Hi Sherron:- an old friend from the Yukon sent me a copy of your newsletter. My wife Cheryl and I lived in Whitehorse from two days before Rendezvous in

1974 until the fall of 1980. I guess arriving right before Rendezvous set the stage for the whole time we lived in the Yukon. I would like to receive your newsletter when you send it out, so please sign me up.

Thanks very much,
Chris Purves chris@telus.net
Prince George BC

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Life is not a bowl of cherries; it is a jar of jalapenos.
So whatever you eat today, will come back to you tomorrow.*

NORTHERN RECIPE

Sherron, I feel so guilty, I am going to immediately send a few of our favourite recipes which I have used for the past fifty-two years. The first one being the most popular pie in Dawson, known as "Mrs. Bremner's Southern Blueberry Pie."

YUKON WILD BLUEBERRY PIE

2 C. blueberries	2 Tbsp. flour
1 C. sugar	1 tsp. lemon juice.
2 eggs	1 tsp. vanilla
1 C. evaporated milk (undiluted)	1/4 tsp. salt
2 Tbsp. sugar (for meringue)	1 Tbsp. melted butter

Beat egg yolks; add sugar, berries, flour and seasonings. Stir in evaporated milk and melted butter. Pour into pastry shell. Bake at 350F until set.

Meringue: Beat egg whites and sugar. Spread onto pie just before done. Brown in slow oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Low bush cranberries may also be used. Use a 9 1/2 inch pie plate or similar sized dish. Good Luck!

Brownie Foth Lfoth@shaw.ca

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **thirty-two previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **eleven 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

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