



Happy Halloween – Courtesy of Webshots

THE BUTTERFLY

By Gus Barrett

The butterfly sits on a rose,
Exhausted from its flitting.
A thing of beauty and of grace,
Even while its sitting.
It sips the nectar hungrily,
Then off again it goes,
On bright and pretty spotted wings
To find another rose.

It flutters on from bloom to bloom,
Its hunger never sated,
I watched it from my living room
And wondered as I waited,
What if I had giant wings,
Would I behave that way?
Sampling the best of things,
Then quickly fly away.

I watch it as it flits along,
Wishing I too could go.
Forget the things that have gone wrong,
The things that bug me so
But yet, its life I wouldn't want.
Because, on second thought,
While it seems a simple, pleasant life,
It's also very short.



R. Saunders

LOST GRAVES #3

By Murray Lundberg MurrayL@explorenorth.com

This is the third of three articles about the pioneers whose wilderness graves I've found in the Carcross area so far.

R. Saunders

Mr. Saunders is, so far, a mystery man - I've been unable to find any mention of him in the Mounted Police reports or newspapers. He clearly had either some very good friends, though, or a family wealthy enough to afford to hire this level of grave construction. Note that the headboard and fence may have been installed long after a rough initial burial.

The inscription carved into a piece of marble inset into his headboard states simply that he died in May 1899, at the age of 39. His grave is located on the west shore of Lake Bennett, about a mile north of the mouth of the Wheaton River. It is accessible only by boat from Carcross. A couple of hundred yards north of the gravesite is the location of Rattenbury, the "town" where the sternwheelers Ora, Nora and Flora were built and launched by the Bennett Lake & Klondyke Navigation Company the year prior to Mr. Saunders' death.

Have you noticed that all of the graves that I've shown you over the past weeks were for people who died before the White Pass & Yukon Route railway was completed? The completion of the railway meant that people no longer had to take chances on rough trails and uncertain ice. Even if they couldn't afford to ride, which many couldn't, they could still walk along the rail line.

For more and larger photos of the graves I've talked about here on the Moccasin Telegraph, please see my article at ExploreNorth – http://www.explorenorth.com/library/bios/lost_graves.html

And if you know of other Lost Graves anywhere in the Yukon or adjacent Alaska or BC, please drop me a line - MurrayL@explorenorth.com

SPIRIT HOUSE – DALTON POST

By Mike Paolera peasinapod@shaw.ca

This is something that I remember as a young boy growing up in the Yukon. The Yukon Territory is one of the few places where Indian "Spirit Houses" can still be found—little houses built over graves to keep out "evil spirits." These particular spirit houses were photographed near Dalton Post on the Haines Highway. Dalton Post was one of the stopovers for prospectors coming from the Alaska coast on their way to the Klondike. (I wonder who the man is in this photo?)



CLAY BLUFFS

Whitehorse, Yukon

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

The bluffs partially surround Whitehorse. They were the site of the worst mass murder of the NWMP annuals of the Yukon. In 1915 Alex Gagoph was working with a gang of men on a section of the bluffs. The men began teasing him. He took his 30-30 rifle and shot 4 of the 5 men during his lunch break. The last man escaped into downtown Whitehorse. Alex went to a drugstore looking for him and the druggist managed to talk

him out of his gun. He was arrested. The druggist received an invitation to the only hanging ever in Whitehorse.

These bluffs are a wonderful place to see all of Whitehorse and surrounding area. They are 300 feet high. Go the end of Black Street and leave your vehicle. Climb the cliffs and head west. You'll see a crematorium. From the furthestmost point you can see the Indian graveyard below. These areas are sacred so tourists are encouraged to respect the wishes of the local native community.

Whitehorse Crematorium – 1999

Photo Courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net



The crematorium is on top of the clay cliffs halfway between Black Street Gully and the Indian Cemetery. It's back in the trees a bit and if you were walking along the cliffs you'd never know it was there.

Taking the photo I am facing toward the Alaska Highway, over the airport runway. My back is to Whitehorse (below). If I backed up I would go over the cliff close to the Indian Cemetery.

I have another one with no graffiti and a different angle (a better one) that was taken in 1966.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DOCTORING DAYS IN YUKON

By Bill Buchan wrbuchan@shaw.ca

When we met at the Island Picnic you asked for reminiscences. I must preface this by my envy of the memories of Henry Breaden or Koepkes etc.

Anyway, I came to Canada courtesy of the RCAF in 1951. I was posted to Whitehorse. The Air Force still maintained the five airfields used by aircraft shuttling to Alaska and Russia but most personnel worked at the Radio Site. We were never told what happened there-but we guessed that they listened to the Russians. Once a month the DC 3 visited Smith River, Watson Lake, Teslin, Aishihik and Snag. Snag still holds the record low temperature in Canada set in 1947 at -63C (81.4 F).

The 1951 - 52 winter was very cold but our intrepid padre F/L RAF Currie drove to Snag. On the 30 mile track from the highway to Snag the wheels of his Plymouth froze. Fortunately the rules were that anyone leaving the highway had to phone the detachment so a truck came out to rescue him.

This was the same padre who gave a sermon after a vigorous Saturday night Mess party. He quoted Timothy I Chapter 5 v 23, "Drink no longer water but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine other infirmities." Then he thundered that God did not tell us to build a distillery. At noon the Mess was full of folks who disagreed.

Our DC 3 visited each of the detachments monthly. In February, Snag had warmed up to -46C and we were greeted by the cheerful airmen in shirtsleeves. On one trip to Teslin a few patients were returning from Whitehorse. The aircraft lost an engine dropped a couple of thousand feet but Jerry our pilot was not in trouble. There were five parachutes aboard so these went to the ladies. One was very anxious and asked what the handle was for – as she pulled it. Incredibly she did the same with a second one. No problem, the DC 3 landed safely in Teslin with one engine.

The 6th of February 1953 saw us gathered around the Flagpole to swear allegiance to the new Queen Elizabeth.

Hockey was important and the RCAF had an excellent team. Although I'd never seen a game in my life. I joined the screams against Black Jack S as he molested our star, Cpl (Corporal) Cloutier (I think.).

Possibly the highlight was the two weeks in Dawson City Xmas 1952 as a locum for Dr. Barker. Dawson was very quiet and very cold. On Christmas morning there arrived 10 - 15 ladies who were on their rounds to give Season's greetings and accept libation, while their men folk stayed home. I was invited to the cabin of a gnarled old miner who had a huge goiter (obviously benign). He served Tom & Jerry drinks of milky consistency. I

could not fathom how he knew the cartoon characters Tom and Jerry. Only this year did I find out that Tom and Jerry were fictional characters in an 1821 novel. Also of interest were the medical records of the weekly check-ups of Ruby's ladies.

The Army and Air Force social scene was formidable and my claim to fame was the Robbie Burns Mess Dinner, January 1953, with Pat Ryan piping in the haggis. I introduced Strip the Willow to the Mess dances and not surprisingly the name became Strip the Widow.

Lastly, I must mention our most infamous character, Flight Lieutenant McDonald, whose whisky consumption was astonishing. Then the next morning he would march the corridor of our barracks shouting, "What don't we feel? We don't feel good."

There was a polio epidemic of 1953 with air evacuation using the primitive respirators and sinks set up outside the eating facilities to wash hands before eating.

In July 1953 I was posted to Vancouver and returned in 1958 for very different experiences.

OBITUARY - Our condolences go out to the family.

Long time Yukon resident **Al Kapy** passed away quietly on October 23, 2003 in the Whitehorse General Hospital following a valiant struggle with Cancer.

Funeral Services will be held on Thursday, October 30, 2003 at
2:00 P.M. at

Sacred Heart Cathedral in Whitehorse, Yukon

In lieu of flowers, the family has requested donations to:

Canadian Cancer Society – Whitehorse Unit
103 – 107 Main St.
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 2A7

I sure hope the Whitehorse Star doesn't mind the readers of the Moccasin Telegraph having a look at their article, since Al Kapy was a member of our group. Thank you Whitehorse Star. – Sherron Jones

Al Kapy: 'he will be missed in a major way'

by Chuck Tobin

Al Kapy, described as a cornerstone in the Yukon's aviation history, died Thursday at Whitehorse General Hospital at the age 66.

Kapy served as general manager of Trans North Air for 37 years up until his death. He

was said to have been instrumental in the advancement of aviation in the North, and generally a solid figure in various community initiatives and organizations.

Kapty was also no stranger to politics. He was an ardent Liberal supporter in the 1980s, an unsuccessful Conservative candidate in the 1993 federal election in the Yukon and a supporter of the Canadian Alliance party in the 2000 federal election.

One of four partners who started Trans North Turbo Air in 1967, Kapty arrived in the Yukon in 1960 as an accountant.

He began working with Pat Callison of Klondike Helicopters in Dawson City, and remained with the company after it was purchased by Foothills Aviation until starting up Trans North.

His company had to weather the tough recession of the early 1980s, and Kapty had to impose wage rollbacks on its employees during that period. It eventually left the fixed-wing aircraft business to concentrate on helicopters only.

Kapty was also a founding member of the Northern Air Transportation Association. Joe Muff is a former commercial airplane pilot who worked for Trans North for five years in the 1970s before starting up Alkan Air and going into competition with Kapty and company. He remembers Kapty as a front-line stalwart for the aviation industry North of 60.

“I do not think there is anybody else around that knew the business as well as he did,” Muff said Thursday afternoon. “He did an awful lot of work with politicians.”

If new aviation regulations were contemplated that did not suit the situation in the North, Kapty wouldn’t give up at the bureaucracy level. Rather, he would take the fight to the elected members of the House of Commons, Muff said.

“As a rule, I found him to be a fairly cheerful person,” said Muff. “He used to crack a lot of jokes, and he was pretty quick-witted.”

In addition to his work on aviation rules and regulations, Kapty was also quick to promote any business opportunities for aviation in the North, Muff said.

When discussions of a proposed Alaska Highway pipeline resurfaced a couple of years ago, for instance, Kapty was there.

While not an active commercial pilot, Kapty did eventually obtain his commercial licence, though he never did apply it.

As an accountant, his forté was working the numbers in the aviation business, Muff said. “He’ll be missed in a significant and major way in the Yukon and in Whitehorse,” local businessman Rolf Hougen added in an interview Thursday. “He was perhaps one of the leading aviators involved in the aviation business.”

Hougen said Kapty was also very active in community initiatives, and was very well-liked.

“I think he had friends from one end of the Yukon to the other, in fact, across the North, and across Canada.

“He was straightforward, honest, and just an all-around good guy,” said his friend of more than 30 years.

Hougen recalled how he and Kapty both appeared 20 years ago or more on the cover of a B.C. business magazine about development in the Yukon.

Kapty was born in Warspite, Alta. He was named after a Ukrainian poet, as his grandfather immigrated to Canada from the Ukraine. He was one of 10 children in a farming family.

He is survived by his son, Kenneth Kapy, his daughter, Kimberly Stevenson, and his partner, Judy Woodward.

He is predeceased by his first wife, Eunice, who died in the 1980s.

No date has been set for the funeral, though it's expected for sometime in the middle of next week.

Some of the biographical information was provided from the files of Whitehorse historian Flo Whyard.

MEMORIES OF WHITEHORSE

By Vic Hoy

We're getting toward the end of Sylvia's radiation treatments and driving to Kelowna every day and taking 3 hours out of your day leaves little time for anything else. Didn't get to the lunch for the Yukoners because Saturdays and Sundays is when I catch up on the week's work and stuff. It brought me to making bread on Saturday and that made me think of when I first started making bread.

In 1953 the Airforce transferred me from Whitehorse to Portage La Prairie and then to Moose Jaw and then back to Whitehorse all in the course of about a year. In that little sojourn I got married in Moose Jaw. When I returned to Whitehorse in the Fall of 1954, the only place I could find to rent for my new wife and I was a little 2 and a half room house in a place then called "Shinbone Alley". That was the future sight of the Dairy Queen.

I rented the place from the elder Mr. Seeley. There was a US Army surplus small oil space heater, and the smallest wood cook stove I've ever seen. The firebox on that stove was about 8 inches by 8 inches by about 15 inches long. The oven was quite tiny, but I found out it held two loaves of bread. During the winter months, with me being on shift work at the Radio Site, my wife and I took turns feeding the firebox day and night to keep the place warm enough. One night as I was drifting in and out of sleep doing my turn on the firebox and trying to think of things to do, I realized if I closed the oven door (opened to spread the heat) I could bake something. My wife brought to the marriage a Robin Hood cookbook that had directions for baking bread. So I started.

Over the period of that winter of '54 I learned all about bread making, success and failure, and branched out into fancy sweet bread type of things. The only problem was I could bake the stuff, but with all those cold nights I was starting to build up an inventory. Even though the outside porch was generally cold enough to freeze the bread, I still had too much.

My next endeavour was to try and get rid of my products and gain some financial rewards. My first sale was to the Corner Store; I believe the name was the Webbers (my memory fails me with names). Anyway, that little store became a good source of income as they took most of my baking specialty things like coffee bread, cinnamon buns, sweetbreads and buns. That was the beginning and I've been making our own bread ever

since. I still bake all our bread and buns usually every two weeks, but I must admit my recipe has varied some from the beginning efforts. About 20 years ago my bun recipe changed when Jo Brown, who worked with me at the City warehouse gave me her sister Ellen's recipe for cinnamon buns (Ellen Davignon, Johnson's Crossing Lodge), and that was a great improvement.

The other memorable thing about that first winter being married in Whitehorse was my introduction to the "Honey Wagon". Our lavatory was in the entry room, divided by a hanging curtain, and consisted of the ever-popular chemical toilet. On the eve of Honey Wagon pickups, the "honey bucket" was placed overnight on a small hotplate on the entry floor so it could thaw out in time for pickup in the morning. The joys of being married and looking for a place to live in Whitehorse at that time that was so short of rental housing leaves an indelible mark in this ever-forgotten memory of mine.

I had no idea that Aksel and Ellen were Jo Brown's siblings. What a neat story. Vic worked in my department at the City and Vic hired Jo. – Sherron

* * * * *

Hi Sherron,

Thanks for including my tribute to Herman Peterson in the special edition dedicated to him. I've written a book about my flying experiences in the Yukon and Northwest Territories and am now looking for a publisher. In the meantime I could give you a few excerpts from it if you are interested in putting them in the MocTel. I would only give you pieces that describe the Yukon including the people and the countryside around Dawson City, Old Crow and Whitehorse.

I've attached a couple of chapters for you to look at. Let me know if you would like more.

Danny Bereza

I have replied to Dan that his stories are wonderful and I want to buy his book. I also asked for the time period of the experiences and the name of his book. I also told him Joe Redmond was a neighbour across the street from me on Alsek Road and that I had seen Chuck Hankins at the Okanagan Yukoners Luncheon.. – Sherron

Thanks for your kind words about the two chapters of my book. The book is a recollection of the time I flew a DC-3 out of Whitehorse and Inuvik from 1969 to 1972, beginning as a rookie pilot using the most basic of instruments and navigational aids. Though I have read many books which deal with the experiences of amateur and professional pilots, few have dealt with -- as mine does -- the emotions that a neophyte pilot feels when faced with an engine fire, being lost in flight, riding as co-pilot during a crash, and, worst of all -- isolation.

'The Big Dipper Route' is the experiences of a pilot struggling to learn his craft in a hostile environment, an environment that is beautiful in the summer with its rolling mountains a shimmering mosaic of green trees, yellow grass and red fireweed, but also an environment that openly kills in the winter. Then the arctic becomes a barren never-never land where nothing really lives but merely survives. But it's not just the physical environment that must be dealt with: the interaction between the Whites, the Canadian Indians and the Inuit are a vital part of the story too.

The chapters I sent you were basically chosen at random but I will send you the first several chapters so you and the MocTel readers could get an overall idea of the context of the book. I could just keep sending chapters in chronological order until I find a publisher. I've attached the first couple of chapters and will send you the rest as we go along if you would like.

So you knew Joe Redmond. He and I flew for Great Northern Airways until they went bankrupt in 1970, then Joe flew for a company called Jetair while I flew for Trans North Turbo Air out of Whitehorse. You mentioned Chuck Hankins: he was my boss at Trans North for the short time I was there. I always liked Chuck and hope to see him again some day. I finally ended up as an airline pilot retiring in 1998. Joe just retired this September.

Danny Bereza

'The Big Dipper Route'

By Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com

Chapter 1.

Dead Man

Flying with a dead man lying beside you is no fun at all, especially at night. He was covered with a grey blanket and strapped to a stretcher that had been placed in the little airplane by taking out the right front and rear seats. The boys from the mine had placed the stretcher in first as he was too big and the doorway too small to manoeuvre him tied down. Next they grabbed him by the shoulders and legs and manhandled him in, placing his head near the instrument panel where the glow cast eerie shadows on the door and I could watch his blanket-wrapped head loll around as his body jostled in the turbulence. My hand came within a few inches of his face as I reached out to tune my radio. I felt queasy in such close proximity to a corpse so I tuned in the local radio station at Whitehorse and was thankful to hear voices from living people. I listened intently to the commentary, trying to keep my mind off the thing beside me that only a few hours before had been telling dirty jokes and laughing with the boys at the bar.

I was an inexperienced pilot on my first assignment flying in northern Canada and didn't want to screw up. I had been recently sent up to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory to train as a Captain of the DC-3 aircraft, an old but very reliable machine. My training was not scheduled to start for a few days so I was assigned to fly the Piper Aztec, a six

passenger twin-engine aircraft while I looked for a house to rent for my wife and infant son.

The base manager of Great Northern Airways, Bud Harbottle, had called me just as I was getting ready to hit the sack in the beat up old hotel next to the airport in Whitehorse. Harbottle was one of the well-known bush pilots who had flown tens of thousands of hours over the bitter hostility of the Yukon winter and the sweet, seductive summer, unlike I who had only a few hundred hours flying in the north. He had quit active flying and was the base manager responsible for the overall operation at Whitehorse. He was tall and wiry with veiled eyes and dark hair. He was quiet and guarded, typical of many older pilots who have survived by trial and error, straining every hour out of their grimacing wood and fabric machines. He probably could have taken apart an old Fairchild 24 and put it back together in one shrieking winter day. When we talked, he looked at me as if to say: "Don't ask for any secrets -- find out for yourself."

Now he said: "A man just died at the Anvil mine so I want you to take the Aztec in and pick up the body."

"But it's night time and there are no lights on the strip at Anvil," I protested. He was firm. "They're going to get all the vehicles from the camp to line up on both sides of the strip and shine their lights on the runway for you." His voice hinted: what's the matter, are you scared? You young fellas just can't hack it, can you?

As far as I was concerned, it wasn't legal to land an airplane at night unless there was Department of Transport approved lighting on the strip and I doubted whether a bunch of trucks would have been approved. But there was a guy who just died and his family was probably waiting for his body and Harbottle wouldn't have called me unless he thought that it was important enough to break the rules. And I didn't want to get started on the wrong foot with the company management, so...

"OK. I'll get dressed and be down right away."

After a few minutes of flying away from the bright city lights of Whitehorse, the Yukon night sky became alive with lustrous stars pulsating high overhead as I winged my way to the Anvil Mine site. Astronomy had always been a passion of mine so I concentrated on identifying constellations and stars that I could see from the cockpit so I wouldn't think of the corpse I was going to transport. The darkness of the night sky contrasted sharply with the bright spheres of light stabbing at my eyes as I flew low over the strip to check the lighting. There must have been a dozen vehicles lined up on either side of the runway. They had their lights turned up on high beam and aimed directly at my airplane. I swooped and careened my way down the runway, cursing the idiots in the trucks and trying hard not to meet the same fate as my awaiting passenger as the blinding lights of the trucks almost caused me to lose direction.

The corpse was loaded and we took off again. When we were within visual distance of Whitehorse I began to relax. I looked down at my grey, shrouded corpse. Why don't I just reach over and lift the blanket from his face? You know, to see what he looks like. I had never really seen a dead man before. I couldn't count the old man in the casket so many years ago. He had been made up to look like he was sleeping. This guy here would be for real so I could confront death right in the face, so to speak. OK. Danny, cast away your childish fears and have a look. Go ahead, chicken. The mechanical turbulence over the mountains rocked the body and the head wagged slowly sideways as if to deny

me my thoughts. Leave us be in death. You will know soon enough. Some things are best left alone. A chilling thought came to me. What would happen if he were not really dead? He could merely be in a coma. I doubted whether there was a doctor at the mine and maybe not even a nurse so how did they know that he was dead? If I pulled aside the blanket and his eyes were open, what then? Would I be able to tell if he was dead or just very sick? We would be landing soon so I had to make up my mind. I reached over and tentatively touched the blanket but my hand froze. I tried to lift it but fear held my hand in its rigid embrace. I shivered involuntarily. I sat there contemplating my irrational fear of death. I must address this problem. How about if I just lift the blanket from his shoulder area. That way I can move it slowly toward his face. I touched the corner of the blanket near his shoulder and lifted it until I could see his shirt, dark and foreboding in the night. Panic struck me. I started to shake and dropped the blanket.

The tower cleared me to land so I snapped out of my frightened frame of mind, reached over beside his head and lowered the landing gear. In doing so I brushed his face under the blanket, which sent more chills up my spine and made me long for living company. That was it -- I decided not to tempt my sanity anymore and landed the airplane without looking at my bizarre payload.

I taxied up to the awaiting ambulance with mixed feelings. I was glad to see people but hated my spineless fear of death that after all, is just as natural as being born. The two ambulance attendants were leaning up against the vehicle casually smoking cigarettes that they flicked to the tarmac and crushed out with their shoes as I swung around to park and cut the engines.

"Have a good flight?" one asked.

"Not bad but I didn't have very friendly company," I said trying to play smart-ass. He guffawed loudly. "Are you going to give us a hand to get him out of there?"

"Er, sure, no sweat."

Slowly I got up on the wing and removed the door. One of the guys jumped up there with me, climbed into the airplane and proceeded to wrestle the dead man's legs out onto the wing as his friend stood on the ground ready to place the stretcher under the body.

The guy in the plane grunted under the load and said, "Grab his shoulders and we'll swing him onto the stretcher."

I hesitated, but fear of embarrassment overrode the fear of touching a dead body so I reached down and gingerly grabbed hold of him. I tried to think of it as holding a side of beef and in fact, the texture wasn't that much different. The difference was that he was still warm. He had cooled slightly but there was still enough body heat left to blow my side of beef inspiration. So with my spine tingling, I dumped his bulk onto the stretcher and jumped off the wing happy to be done with it.

I watched the ambulance roar off and then in almost total darkness, slowly trudged the few blocks back to the hotel feeling like Ichabod Crane after traversing Sleepy Hollow.

At the hotel a couple of the company pilots were having a drink in the bar. One of them spoke to me, his eyes smiling as he watched my reaction. "I hear that George Landry is gonna check you out in the DC-3. He's a tough bugger and pretty opinionated. You'd better watch your step."

George would be my teacher and the judge of my performance. If I did the job to his satisfaction he would recommend me for an upgrade to Captain but if I faltered he could cease training on me and send me packing in disgrace. I would be relegated to the right seat, which is where the co-pilot sits. The other company pilots would smile and say nice things when they worked with me but I would be forever known as a pilot who never really made it.

*I can hardly wait to read the whole book Dan.
There is another chapter placed in the MocTel for next week.
Dan has sent along four chapters for us at this point. – Sherron*

GILLIAN ENTERTAINED AT THE BOURASSA ANNIVERSARY

Hi Sherron We had a lovely evening last weekend Celebrating the 50th Wedding Anniversary of our Yukon friends, Irma & Leo Bourassa...They looked wonderful and I have never seen such Beautiful Decorations at a function and I have been to MANY.. Their Daughter did it.... They took some photos, which they are going to send to me. Then I will send them to you. It was quite a Big Do !!!!!!! Such a delightful Family. The Grandson called me. He was such a nice young man ... Talk to you soon, Love Gillian



**Leo Bourassa with Gillian Campbell and wife Irma
HAPPY 50th ANNIVERSARY !**

GREAT WORK CKRW - (*check this site it is a must see ! – Sherron*)

We, Missing Linx, a division of CKRW, just completed The Canada Senior Games website. I have enclosed a link to their website. The video we created on their behalf is quite incredible and I believe many of your members would appreciate viewing it.

www.canadaseniorgames-yukon.ca

Take care,

Wendy Tayler, CMA

General Manager

Klondike Broadcasting Company Limited

(p)867-668-6100x222 (f)867-668-4209

ONE OF A KIND EXPERIENCE

Taken while traveling be to Yukon from Anchorage

Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca



The picture I am sending you is the first one I took with my new Canon A E Program. It has a single reflex lens. I thought by the picture, I would have good luck with the camera as it is a very unusual picture, the only time I saw this, and I had my camera with me. My camera has proved itself a million times over.

OKANAGAN YUKONER LUNCHEON PHOTOS

The man in the turquoise is Walter Horosco - He worked for NorthwesTel. His wife Hughie was not there due to illness. Hughie worked for Simpson Sears in Whitehorse. I cannot help you with the lady in Red. Sorry.

Irene Kosmenko iakosmenko@hotmail.com

REPLY TO Jan McConachy – Re: CALLISON AIRSTRIP DAWSON

(For those of us who like to remember who we are talking about, Jan was married to Kirk Brown at that time in her life and was Jan Brown.) - Sherron

I receive each edition of the Moccasin Telegraph and wanted to let you know how much I enjoy reading all the interesting stories and poems sent in each week by all the Yukoners and ex-Yukoners.

They bring back many memories.

In answer to a question in Jan McConachy's letter re: Rose Hip Jelly. She mentioned the cook book that was printed by the ladies of St. Paul's Church in Dawson City, and was wondering if Ethel Callison was related to the Callison after whom the airstrip in Dawson was named.

The airstrip in Dawson City is named for my father, Pat Callison, who became quite famous in the Yukon, and was awarded the Order of Canada for his many years as a "pioneer bush pilot" in the Yukon, Alaska and Northern BC.

Ethel Callison is my mother. She was involved with the St. Paul's thrift shop at that time and I can remember all the ladies being very busy deciding which of their favourite recipes to put in that book. Both of my parents are now deceased.

We lived in Carcross from 1942-1947, and it is so interesting to read memoirs and look at the pictures of how it used to be in those days. The surrounding area of both Carcross and Atlin is so beautiful!

Thank again for the Moccasin Telegraph - you are doing a fabulous job, Sherron.

Best regards,

Joan (Callison) Rodschat

COMMENTS ON 1949 STEAM ADVENTURE

I want to thank you so much for having Harvey send me the info on the video that Murray Lundberg had for sale of the adventure from Skagway to Dawson. I immediately ordered a copy and it brought back so many memories, seeing the steamboats on the river. Especially enjoyed the short shot of Stewart and the one of Kirkman Creek. It was always a showplace when Jack and Hazel Meloy owned it and our first boat trip in the spring after breakup was to Kirkman to visit the Meloy's. The film was somewhat out of sequence but what a find!

Keep up the good work!

Margaret Underwood yukonl80@hotmail.com
In sunny California

ADDRESS CORRECTION

Hi Sherron. Although I am receiving your weekly newsletters my address is not correct in the word document. It should be cscott25@cogeco.ca

We have enjoyed all the stories and photos and remember well many of the colourful characters. Thanks for your continuing efforts.
Charlene (Patriquin) Scott

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hello Sherron -- I have a new email address which is egmackie@shaw.ca I hope you will continue to send me your MocTel. I enjoy it very much.
Betty Mackie

Hi Sherron,
Please change my email address for my subscription to the MocTel from danbereza@shaw.ca to danbereza@hotmail.com . I've had trouble downloading the pictures in the MocTel using Shaw but Hotmail handles it very well. I can receive emails from either the Hotmail or the Shaw address.
Danny Bereza

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

These folks are being added as a result of requests made at the Okanagan Yukoners Luncheon on Sunday Oct 19,2003 in Kelowna. – Sherron

ACTON, Myrtle formerly RAYMOND myrjac@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1954-76) Summerland
AUSTIN, Jim & June jimjune@pocketmail.com (In Whitehorse 1951–1977) Vernon
CHOUINARD, Butch & Bev (CHECK) butchchouinard@shaw.ca (Born Whitehorse 1949-84) 250-860-8065 Kelowna
CONNER, Jean (CROY) jconner@telus.net (Lower Post 1953-62, Watson Lk 1962-69, Tungsten 1969-86) 861-1358 Kelowna
HAGGAR, Rhonda (CROY) formerly CARR rhaggar@rtmx.ca (In Faro)
HUGHES, Al & Shirley al-hughes@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1955-2001) 494-0575 Summerland
KOMISH, Dorothy dorotheaK@shaw.ca (In Watson Lake 1959-70) Penticton
KOSMENKO, Albert & Irene iakosmenko@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse 1957-95) Osoyoos
TURTON, Shirley (McDONALD) saturton@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1952-64) 250-864-4106 Kelowna

I was referred to this site by and old friend from the Yukon, Heinrich Lohmann. My wife and I now live in Cranbrook, B.C but still have family there. We just returned to BC after spending the summer there with our grandkids. My wife moved to Whitehorse in 1966 and worked for YTG- Records Branch for 22 years as Brigitte Mesiatowski. I met and married Brigitte in 1987 while Teaching there. I retired in 1998 and am enjoying the brief winters in the Kootenays. We would like to be added to your list if possible.
Wilfred & Brigitte Somers

Hi a friend of mine from 1962 Haines Junction sent me your e-mail. I lived up there off and on for thirty years. My dad and step mom built a lodge up there starting in 1966, it is called Pine Valley Motel & Service Station, we hauled a 30' trailer up there from Burwash and lived in it for the winter packing water from the creek and operating a Witty 3.3 kw light plant for a few hours every day. I think the only place I never lived was Ross

River and Dawson City. I would love hearing from you, I recognized a name already from your Oct 5 letter and that was Art Youlet, I knew him from the pump station at I believe Mile 1124. Well must go love to hear from you Moge Mogenson
elgolfo@shaw.ca

Hello again thanks, I now live in Cranbrook B.C. but my dad still lives in the Yukon, he has a bunch of mining equipment up at Quill Creek, and a trailer where he lives in the summer. He then heads for Mexico in the winter. Moge

Please add us to your Yukon list
Ron & Claudia Greenaway Sr. ronadia@shaw.ca
Lived in Whitehorse 1977-1992, now living in Courtenay BC, Phone # 250-334-1586

At the request of Bruni Hoenisch I sent along MocTel 31 to Tamara daughter of Eric & Edith Wienecke. – Sherron

Thank you very much for contacting me. Your project is a wonderful idea and it looks like an incredible medium for people to stay in contact.
It is great for me to read some of the stories of the 'good ole days' as we forget our past in today's high speed world.

I can hardly wait for my parents to read the articles. I am sure they will thoroughly enjoy them.

Thanks again and we will keep in touch.

Sincerely, Tamara

Hi Sherron,

Please add me to the list.

Thanks again, Cheers, Tamara

YUKON TRAVEL, 212 Main Street, Whitehorse, Yukon

Phone: (867) 668 4488, Fax: (867) 667 7257, Email: book@yukontravel.net

Hi Sherron

Don't know where my head's at ... but I know my mom (Marjorie Almstrom) would be really interested to receive the MocTel. I should have signed her up months ago.

As many of your readers will know, my dad (Ed) started the water resources program in the 40's and then was mining inspector in the 50's. Mom taught French (and other subjects) at Whitehorse Elementary High and then at "FH" and then ran the French Language Centre until she retired about 20 years ago. Her email is maralm1@yahoo.com
Mom's still doing fine, lives in her own home, drives her own car, and feeds me when I'm in Whitehorse.

Jim Almstrom jimalm@yahoo.com

I had a return call from Eileen Melnychuk as the e-mail address she gave me was not working. She is still visiting her father Jake in Kelowna. I talked to Jake and he has added his name to the list too. I am hopeful that he will share some of his many experiences with us. – Sherron

MELNYCHUK, Eileen eileen@businesslanguage.biz (In Watson Lake
1956-76) Montreal
MELNYCHUK, Jake jakemelnychuk@shaw.ca (In Watson Lake)
Kelowna

Hi Sherron, Here is another Yukoner for your list, and my thanks to Anita for her reply. I sent her the Reg. list to Oct. 15th, but you may want to send her a more recent one and the last MocTel? Cheers, Henry.

----- Original Message ----- From: "Anita Bereza" <anitabereza@yahoo.com> To: "Henry Breaden"

Hi: Thank you for you prompt reply. My husband's name is Marshall Bereza. We have been married 53 years and have a daughter Peggy living in Victoria. I was first in the Yukon. (Granville) in 1940, married to Albert Dery at the time we had the two boys Danny & Billy who unfortunately died of heart attack when he was in his 30s. We lived near Taddys' roadhouse and my Dad worked there for a while, Bill Murray. My brother Jim Murray worked on the Dredges. He married Ada Braga after the war. Came back to Dawson for a while. I was there working at he B& F store for Joe Redmond. Marshall took us to Whitehorse in 1953. He worked for the Army Firehall. We were there 10 years then transferred to Chilliwack. I hope this info is what you want. Danny will be here from Korea Nov. 2nd.

Regards Anita Bereza nee Murray.

At the request of my sister-in-law Barb Dunagan in Qualicum I have added Bev & Roy Reber to receive the Moccasin Telegraph at their neighbours computer. c/o Bob Woof bobwoof@shaw.ca I will not be putting Bob on the list until I hear from him.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIST LAST WEEK

Hi Sherron, thank you for adding my name to your list. My address is Heidestraat 59, Zandvliet, 2040 Antwerpen, Belgium tel.0113235689278, cell:01131653421788.

I do not have much time at the moment to get involved as I am here helping my Mum move, I will return to Belgium on the 5th of November and will then hopefully have more time to get involved and print the Journal.

I lived in Whitehorse from `54 till `62, came back for occasional visits, and try to keep in touch with several friends from school.

Regards, Maroesja van Overen

P.S. my other E-mail address is maroesja@tiscali.be

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Use what talents you have; the woods would have little music if no birds sang their song except those who sang best. - Reverend Oliver G. Wilson

RECIPE OF THE WEEK – Submitted by Donna Clayson

Rabbit in Barbecue Sauce Northern Cookbook by Eleanor A. Ellis

1	rabbit (about 3 pounds)
4 tablespoons	flour
½ teaspoon	salt
¼ teaspoon	pepper
4 tablespoons	cooking fat or oil
	Barbecue sauce (see recipe below)

1. Skin and clean rabbit, wash thoroughly and cut in serving pieces.
2. Dredge rabbit in flour, salt and pepper
3. Melt the fat in a heavy fry pan and brown rabbit on all sides over moderate heat (about 20 minutes).
4. Pour barbecue sauce over rabbit, cover and bake at 325°F about 45 minutes, or until meat is tender.
5. Uncover pan and place under heated broiler for about 10 minutes, or until meat is brown. Be careful not to let it burn. Serves 6.

Barbecue Sauce

2 tablespoons	brown sugar
1 tablespoon	paprika
1 teaspoon	salt
1 teaspoon	dry mustard
¼ teaspoon	chili powder
	Few grains cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons	Worcestershire sauce
1 cup	tomato juice
¼ cup	chili sauce or catsup
¼ cup	vinegar
½ cup	chopped onion

Combine ingredients in order given and cook over low heat 15 minutes.

HELPFUL HINTS

Some of you have tried forwarding the **Moccasin Telegraph** to friends and relatives and have found that photos have been lost. Unfortunately that happens when a MocTel is forwarded because I have not put all the photos in there as attachments.

In order for you to get a copy of the MocTel to your friends, which is intact with all photos, it is necessary to forward it in a different way. **This is not** a method I advocate you use for all your forwarding of mail as it results in it becoming an attachment and all of us **should be leery of opening attachments** today. So it will be advisable that you tell your friends in the text of the message just what it is that you have attached.

To cause it to be forwarded in this manner, I can only speak from my own experience using the Outlook Express program. You **open** the MocTel as if to read it and then click on “**MESSAGE**” on the top task bar and opt for “**FORWARD AS ATTACHMENT**”

This will open a new message that you can then address to your friend and write the message telling them what is attached in the text area. The MocTel will already be attached.

Henry asked that I add a solution to a problem that I just helped him out with. He was inadvertently **double clicking** the **REPLY Icon** and as he says “**it would fly**”. The result was that it was long gone back to the person without him having a chance to type in his message. Sooh be sure you are **single clicking** if this is happening to you.

Another problem some of **US** have experienced is an incomplete print of some of these long Moccasin Telegraphs or E-mail address lists. **That can happen if you close the window** of what you are trying to print before the print job is done or at least nearly done. In some cases the buffer to the printer is not large enough to hold all that data.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

HELP WANTED

Does anyone have time to take the last e-mail address list that I sent out yesterday and take the web-site addresses from the bottom of the list and make a complete list in any sort of order you choose and then add the web-site addresses that have been given over the life of the MocTel.

If you do not have access to the past editions in your computer in order to compile the list, the past editions are available to anyone in our group at their Canada.com home. You would just need to obtain the instructions and password from me, on how to retrieve them.

I would like to have this list separate from the e-mail address list. – Sherron Jones – reply to sherronjones@shaw.ca

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

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

For Vancouver Yukoners events check <http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/index.htm> or contact President Don Murray at - donaldmurray@telus.net or Secretary Nancy Moulton at - nancymoulton@telus.net The Banquet will be on March 27, 2004 this year. Regards: Lowell

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. **I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now**. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.
– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca