



Miles Canyon – Photo Courtesy Heinrich Lohman

THE CHALLENGE OF MILES CANYON

By Gus Barrett

While standing on the canyon wall,
A place I come to contemplate,
I seem to hear stampedeers call
Down the trail of ninety-eight.
I see the boats of native wood
Built by men with skill and zeal,
Each loaded with a ton of goods,
Wooden boats, but men of steel.

I watch the small flotilla race
Down the waters of lake marsh,
And then in single file they face
The challenge of the river harsh.
It's spring, the Yukon's in full flood,
The icy current strong and swift,
Yet nothing stems the festive mood

Until they enter 'tween the cliffs.

Into that yawning canyon mouth
The raging river roils and churns,
I hear a scream of fear ring out
As boats soar high and overturn.
They crumble on the rocky face,
While others go careening by,
Nothing stops this frantic race,
Some will live, but some must die.

The narrow canyon falls behind,
They rush into the river wide.
Around a rocky bend they wind,
And plunge into a raging tide.
The Whitehorse Rapids wild and dark,
Tossing boats, like toys, on high.
Some survive to make their mark
In Dawson town, while others die.

While I watch, the boats emerge
From the rapids strangling grasp,
As down the long, long trail they surge,
On to Dawson – home at last.
A grizzled old stamper spoke,
Calling me to follow him,
But at that moment I awoke,
From my daydream on the canyon rim.

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The Big Dipper Route'

By Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com

Chapter 2

Flying the Big Dipper Route

The sun in the North is like an animal. It climbs into the spring sky with the exuberance of youth, awakening the forest and tundra with adolescent heat. With maturity in the summer it can be dangerous, travelling around its domain, staying awake for long hours, chewing away at the ice and permafrost. In the fall it is still there, preparing the North for the coming winter, not too conspicuous, for that is not the way of the wild. And then, quietly hidden from view, it hibernates, awaiting the coming of spring and life anew.

The morning after my flight with the dead man the Yukon was fresh and clean like a cool drink of water. The dew hung heavily on the forest foliage that surrounded the airport as life began to stir, warmed by the rising summer sun.

Harbottle was in the office when I arrived. He nodded to me when I walked in, his dark eyes holding mine momentarily before he went about the business of running the small airline. I was a new pilot to the Great Northern Airways base in Whitehorse and as such, was untested. My flight to pick up the dead man was successful in his mind only because I managed to get the job done and didn't get lost or damage the airplane through stupidity or lack of experience. It was going to take a great deal more than just one successful flight to prove myself to such a tough judge.

Looking out the office window I saw a Douglas DC-3 on final approach to the runway. It was silver with pale blue trim and the words GREAT NORTHERN AIRWAYS painted on the side. Its wings rocked gently in the turbulence and except for a slight popping sound as the engines revved down, it landed quietly. The tail slowly sank and the aircraft, with CF-CPY painted on the vertical fin, taxied in to the small terminal building.

That's why I'm here, I thought -- to fly the DC-3 as a Captain. I had lived in the Yukon many years ago. When I was a very small munchkin I had terrorized the residents of Dawson City with my prepubescent antics and while in my early twenties had pounded my guitar in a few nightclubs in Whitehorse and worked midnight shift at the post office to save enough money for my pilot's license. It was good to be back. After I received my commercial pilot's license I had tripped around British Columbia flying various light aircraft, building up experience until I was finally hired by Great Northern Airways to fly as co-pilot on the Fairchild F27, a forty passenger aircraft, only eight months before my posting to Whitehorse. I had hung up my guitar with a sigh of relief, except for the occasional party, and was now eager to begin my training as Captain of the DC-3 aircraft. In the meantime I had found a small house to rent within walking distance to the airport and had called for my wife, Darlain and our newborn baby son, Greg to come to Whitehorse. Darlain had not wanted to make another move. She had lived in Victoria, Vancouver Island all her life and just wanted to stay put in one place. We had only been married a little over a year but I had moved her from Victoria to Calgary then to Whitehorse all in a matter of months. When we talked on the phone she spoke positively about the move but I could sense an underlying frustration with me for asking her to move once again.

My logbook had thirty-eight hundred hours in it; not much considering I had only a brief checkout on the DC-3 and would be flying in some of the most isolated wilderness in the world. The other captains that were based in Whitehorse were very experienced pilots who, like Harbottle, would not easily accept me as one of them with my limited time on the DC-3 and virtually no experience flying in northern Canada. I would have to earn their respect, which would be no mean feat. At that point I had no way of knowing that I would be heavily involved in a plane crash, engine failures and being lost in the Arctic.

The door opened and the crew from CPY, the just-landed aircraft, entered chattering happily. I introduced myself to them, Captain George Landry and First Officer Lyle Coleman. George's handshake was confidently firm, his eyes slyly penetrating. He was ruggedly handsome with straight white teeth constantly munching on gum. I remembered what the company pilot had told me about George. He was an excellent pilot with thousands of hours flying in the Yukon and Northwest Territories which he knew like the back of his hand. Lyle Coleman looked like he was in his early twenties. He was softly spoken and quiet but his eyes gave a hint of a subtle sense of humour.

As we chatted I watched George closely. He would have the job of checking me out as Captain on the DC-3. Did I have what it took? George's eyes, like Harbottle's, told me nothing. It was July 22, the same day that Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin set their frail craft down gently on the surface of the moon. I was just thinking about this when Bud Harbottle turned to me and curtly advised that tomorrow I would be flying the DC-3 with George Landry.

I was pleased to have George check me out because he had a thorough knowledge of the ageless airplane. I was also nervous since he could determine my destiny. George was not very popular among the ground crew for he was constantly criticizing them. He had reason to criticize some of the time. I saw one engineer sign out an aircraft as airworthy without so much as a cursory glance at the machine, which required a fairly extensive check taking several hours. The standard of maintenance was quite good most of the time, however. We had several very good men with many years experience for whom George had a grudging respect. Guys like Al Warner and Bob Neis. Unfortunately, like most small bush airlines, we had our outcasts, too. They, like some pilots, moved from job to job, were drunk most of the time and usually were constantly in trouble with women. George rode them mercilessly.

Since I hadn't flown the "three" for several months it was decided that I would do a few what were called touch-and-go circuits before scheduled departure time. We would take-off into wind then turn left and fly downwind a ways before lining up on the same runway from which we had taken off. The pattern was much the same as the layout of a racetrack.

I studied the sky. There were no sign of the cumulus build-ups, which usually accompany a Yukon summer day. I noticed a slight breeze from the south and assumed that we would be given runway 13R for takeoff. We walked around the airplane checking the tires, engines and general condition. The DC-3 has a maximum allowed takeoff weight of 26,900 pounds compared to the 42,000 pounds of the Fairchild F27 that I had been flying as co-pilot out of Calgary -- but the DC-3 looked bigger to me sitting on its fat tires. The cockpit was several feet higher than the tri-gear F27. The airplane looked like it wanted to fly, pointing its aluminum nose to the sky.

After our walk-around we climbed into the cockpit. George settled himself into the right seat while I wiggled around in the left -- the seat normally occupied by the Captain -- trying to adjust the seat and remember where all the switches were. We ran through the pre-start check and finally after much fumbling on my part we got both engines running. After getting our clearance from the tower I eased the throttles forward and we rolled away from the hangar to the run-up area to check the engines.

Regardless of how relaxed a pilot feels there is always a tightening of both physical and mental muscles when he moves an airplane on the ground or through the air. He can be laughing when he walks up the aisle in the morning. He can joke in the cockpit during start-up. He can tease the stewardess during the flight at altitude. But during all phases of flight a competent pilot will concentrate heavily on the exact sequence of events required to complete the task in a safe and efficient manner. Trying to be competent, my every move was an exaggerated example of moderation: no jerky movements that would have raised an eyebrow; no dumb questions and everything done with the proper amount of awe and respect required of a trainee.

My thoughts were on the task at hand: on the runway now; move the throttles forward. Try to keep the movement smooth, pal. George is setting take-off power. Ease the wheel forward to get the tail up in the air.

The engines had a throaty roar as they revved up. Seconds later we were in the air.

"Gear up," I called, showing my thumb. He reached down and pulled up the gear handle. I tapped his hand once and showed him my index finger. The power came back to 42 inches and

2550 RPM. Two taps resulted in climb power of 34 inches and 2350 RPM. An airspeed of 140 mph gave us a climb of around 800 feet per minute.

I levelled off the airplane at 1000 feet above the ground then turned to fly downwind parallel with the runway.

Downwind now, a quick look around. Jeez, I love flying.

We turned onto final approach, down went the gear and I called for flaps. The threshold of the runway was coming up fast. I pulled the power off and flared at an altitude where I thought I had room to feel for the ground. Suddenly, completely out of my control, both tires squeaked onto the runway in a classic "greaser". I thought that I was still ten feet in the air! The old gal had landed herself.

George said, "Wow" and put the throttles up to the setting for takeoff. We flew the circuit for the second time but the next landing was disastrous. We bounced so hard I could feel my cheeks jiggle and my glasses bounce on my nose.

Through red ears I could hear George chuckle as he put on take-off power again. "I thought the first one was too good to be true."

The next couple of landings were better but I was still flushed when we taxied to the ramp to ready for GNA flight 25. This flight took the route from Whitehorse to Mayo, and then on to Dawson City, Old Crow and Inuvik. I would be flying this route regularly if I qualified as a Captain. The company called it the Big Dipper Route because on a map, the route traced out a sort of dipper shape similar to the constellation. We planned to remain in the Inuvik base for several days of scheduled flying to native communities with the occasional charter thrown in.

A River Tamed



Miles Canyon - Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera
peasinapod@shaw.ca

This photo is of Miles Canyon - two words that bring pleasure to thousands of Yukon visitors each year and two words that brought nightmares to thousands of stampedees during the Klondike Gold Rush. In 1898, the canyon's waters claimed the supplies of hundreds and the lives of several of those heading to Dawson City. Today you can ply the same waters (only slower due to the building of the hydro dam) in the safety of the M.V. Schwatka or walk the historic trails that run along the top of its rocky walls. There is now a tour that runs twice daily from the swing bridge to the sight of Canyon City. Where the stampedees were able to rest and prepare to challenge the rapids ahead. If they had the time or money they could portage around.

Mike Paolera

MILES CANYON BEFORE THE WHITEHORSE DAM



Miles Canyon about 1950, before the Dam at Schwatka Lake
Photo taken by Harry Andrews and tinted by his wife Muriel
From Major Bud Laurin's collection courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway



Whitehorse Rapids below the existing dam
Photo taken by Harry Andrews, tinted by his wife Muriel about 1952
From Major Laurin's collection courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway



Harry & Muriel Andrews
A 1952 Photo Courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway

Harry Andrews was in the RCMP and left to become a photographer with the Airforce in Whitehorse.

NORTHERNERS

By Marian "Mogey" Mogenson

The people will befriend you
Some bore you others send you
They're a happy bunch of folk
Always telling tales and making jokes
They just love to dance and sing
And now and then they go out on a fling
They're the people of the land
Who form an ever-lasting band
Across the land they love the most
A land of which they often boast
And you can see when they come forth
That there the people of the NORTH

Just for the record any poems I send in were all written in Uranium City on Oct. 24 & 25 1968. I had a poetic 2 days in which I wrote 9 poems all about the Yukon. I will send some in the future as required. Mogey, Guess I was homesick.

Additions and amendments to the Hockey Special Edition

First, and most significantly, Dorothy Graham has sent us this photo, with the following comments.



“I believe the fellow in the cloth cap is **Alan Fraser**, two down from him is my dad **Yorke Wilson**, two down from him is his brother **Dave Wilson**. I got the photo from the YT Archives, it was marked as part of Goodie Sparlings collection.”

“We used to live in Mayo in the summer and Whitehorse in the winter, in with the first boat and out with the last. My father worked for the BYN/WPYR.

Dorothy (Wilson) Graham”

Secondly, we have the following information from Ed Ard.

“Two of the players in your photo: Army ca.1957, were Dick Walling & Bill Craig, both members of the RCMP. “

So the caption for the Army ca. '57 team should read:

BACK: -----, ? Kosowan, Dick Walling, -----, -----, Bill Craig.

Third, the introductory paragraph should have read:

e-Conversations with Fred Aylwin, Les McLaughlin & Sherron, and prior submissions to MocTel, [my sincere apologies for this gaff].

Fourth, the caption for the Merchants '54 team should read:

FRONT ROW: Lloyd Camray (coach), Jim(Red) Hunter, Paul Roy, -----, Garth Langford (goalie), -----, Don Drew, Wally Choptain, and Sam McClimon.

[I apologize for forgetting who sent me this – Gus Barrett perhaps].

Five: in the Merchants 1958-59 and 1959-60 team photos, **the man whose last name I couldn't recall is Lorne Vance. [this help from Henry Breaden].**

Hi. I have more on Hockey ----

Dan Vars sent me this:

The '58-'59 Mechants photo - wasn't the big guy between Jim King and Scotty Munro named Scotty something, McTavish, MacAlpine or ____ . Bonnie thought he ran a smoke shop/ magazine stand and I thought he took over Needham's Men's Wear. Scottie ?? had a son about your age. He had a similar build to his dad.

[With this help, I remembered Scotty McRoberts. Son Eddie was in my Class of '61].

And this:

The '59-'60 Merchants photo- Isn't that Ed Bleakley on your left. Ed also joined the RCMP and I played both fastball and hockey with him around the Edmonton area in the late '60's - early '70's. I can't really remember him playing either sports in Whitehorse but he was good at both.

I asked: Jim, it occurred to me that you might be able to confirm a name in the Merchants 1959-60 photo. The big guy who I named Larry? Krismer was a teacher, and may have been your home-room teacher in grade 10.

Jim Perry said:

You're right. Ralph. It is Larry "Boots" Krismer. I had him for Math. He was called boots because he had size 13 skates and people had trouble getting the puck past his skates.

I have made all these and prior changes to my Hockey document. Perhaps, we could offer to send amended versions to those interested. Not real soon - perhaps more improvements coming. Cheers. Ralph Lortie

(We will offer an amended copy in another week or two after leaving time for more changes.)

IS THERE INFORMATION OUT THERE ON THIS HOCKEY GAME

I recently viewed the film of the 1997 Dawson - Ottawa Oldtimers hockey game to commemorate the original game in 1905. It is excellent and was wondering if anyone out there has a story to contribute on this game? The fellow that had done the film can be reached at troykofski@yknet.ca. Hope someone can send in some info.

His name is Troy Suzuki--David Suzuki's son. He lives in Dawson.

Thanks Audrey Vigneau vigneau@yknet.ca

I have been able to find articles in the 1997 Dawson paper and the Yukon News online and have referred Audrey to the names listed in the Articles. – Sherron

YOUNG BRIDE

By Irene Kosmenko

My husband Albert and I married in the spring of 1957 in Winnipeg. I was 17 years old and Albert was 19. I cried most of the way from Winnipeg wondering where on earth and where we were going. We arrived May 5, 1957. We were so dusty and could not wait to have a bath. There were five of us Albert and myself and Albert's sister and her husband, Wally and Eddy Schypko a friend of Albert and Wally. On our arrival we stayed at the Regina Hotel, and oh what noise and ruckus from the bar. You finally fell asleep after the bar closed.

I will always remember the bath at the Regina Hotel. You see you could not take a long bath as there was only one bathtub down the hall and there was always someone else waiting and banging on the bathroom door and yelling to hurry up and not to take all day, so it was swish and a splash and you were out.

We shared a two-room house with Albert's sister and her husband on Moccasin Flats.

Tom and Janet Bolgers and Doug and Jean Gawn were our neighbors.

Well it was my turn to make supper and I was making a roast stuff chicken.

I stuffed the chicken and put it in a small roaster in the oven and proceeded to light the propane stove, well I did not know anything at all about how you were to light the dang stove. I thought it was like an oil stove I turned on the propane and left it on for a few minutes and when I thought that it was time, I bent over to light the oven - Well what a surprise I got - there was a loud noise and the bird flew out of the oven and out of the roaster and landed across the floor and knocked me on my seat, I did not know what happened.

My brother-in-law was first to come home - he said that he was sure hungry and asked what was for supper. I told him, crying nothing - and that something was the matter with the stove and how I lit the stove and I was afraid to light it again, and that the stove threw out the chicken from the oven and on the other side of the room on the floor. He gave me what for and said that I was very lucky. Albert and his sister came home and I got some more what for. And we did have supper - peanut butter and jam sandwiches with tea.

JOHNNY JOHNS

By Donna Clayson

Johnny Johns is a well known big game outfitter and trapper, having operated a business for approximately 50 years. I grew up hearing his name no matter where I went; Teslin, Haines Junction, Whitehorse or Dawson City. Johnny is the Yukon and the Yukon is Johnny Johns – they go hand in hand. While visiting Norgetown Laundry in Whitehorse one day I recall starting a conversation with a tourist also waiting for his laundry to dry. He told me he was leaving in the morning going on a hunting expedition with Johnny Johns and did I know him. That prompted a quick laugh. Simply everyone knew of Johnny. I had also heard that Johnny once took Royalty on a hunt. He was also a guide for crews building the Alaska Highway.

JOHNNIE JOHNS

By Murray Lundberg webmaster1@yukonalaska.com

I'm currently working with Johnnie Johns' grand-daughter Anita Haskin of Skagway to write an article about him. Note that although most material about him uses the spelling Johnny, he used Johnnie except on the sign on his first truck. Yukon judge Barry Stewart got a Canada Council grant 23 years ago to interview him for a book. The family tried to get him to pass the material on to me this spring, but Barry told them he's still working on the book! I've attached a photo of Johnnie's favourite corner in his cabin, as it looked in May.

Johnnie Johns died on January 18, 1988 in the Whitehorse hospital. You're welcome to use the May 2003 photo of his favourite corner in the cabin. The 8 hours or so of audiotaped interviews that Barry Stuart has were recorded in 1983.



JOHNNY JOHNS FAVORITE CORNER IN HIS CABIN

Photo courtesy Murray Lundberg

MARSH LAKE LODGE THRU THE YEARS

By Bucky Keopke

My Dad worked for BYN, had a company car and used to take the family with him on some of the short trips. On our way to Teslin one time (BYN built some of the flight strip and buildings there) we stopped in on a new little road at Marsh Lake, next to the Marsh Lake Highway Maintenance Camp, Mile 883. Mike Nolan, a big game outfitter was in the process of building the lodge. (I know we had some pictures of it, but Dad got rid of a bunch of old pictures when they moved). Over the years it was a special treat to drive out to the lodge for dinner, (only 35 miles from downtown but an hours driving on that highway back then). I remember Odin Hougen being the cook at one time. Charlie Shandalla had it in the mid sixties. It burned to the ground during his ownership and was not re-built. One of Babe Richardson's son's in law bought the property and sub divided it. It is now mostly residential and vacation homes, with the exception of a beautiful big log building, owned by Carson Schifkorn. Bed and Breakfast and he caters mostly to out of country tourists. A lot of Japanese come to see the northern lights, and travel by dog teams to open areas, such as down on the ice, for great viewing.

We live 3 miles south on the lake and in my wanderings thought the bush in this area, I have come across old trails off the highway leading to areas where large trees have been cut, I often

wonder if Mike Nolan used these trees for the lodge or whether the US Army did the cutting a few years earlier. There is a clearing up the Caribou lake road, just off the highway, with a big pile of sawdust. I was told that this is where Mike milled his logs for the lodge.

This is how I remember it, anyhow!!!



Marsh Lake Lodge 1952

Photo Courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

When I returned to the Yukon in 1998, we waded into Marsh Lake and dipped my 16-month-old granddaughter in as well, so two more generations (total of 6) could lay claim to enjoying the waters of Marsh Lake.

My most vivid memory of the lodge is of the monstrous wolf pelt on the wall, big as a bearskin.
– Maribeth

Marsh Lake Lodge

By Donna Clayson

In 1974 my girlfriend, Rose Cox was working at Marsh Lake Lodge. The previous lodge had burned down, I believe and a new one built. I used to go visit Rose while she was working there and spent a couple of weekends in the brand new cabins next to the lodge. The new buildings were absolutely beautiful compared to the previous one. There were windows facing all directions and the view was superb. The main windows faced out onto the lake and through a side window you could see a great distance up Marsh Lake. I really enjoyed visiting toward the end of August as the setting sun turned the sparse clouds into brilliant yellow and orange. The main seating area in the lodge held stuffed animals such as lynx and others I can't recall. The coffee table was made out of local wood products and extremely beautiful and well made. The seating was very comfortable and one could sink into the sofa and chairs and lose themselves in a good book. The cabins smelled of wonderful wood and every bed in the units had the most comfortable eiderdown blankets. Every cabin was decorated the same in a green theme. Unfortunately after I left the north I heard this beautiful get-away also burned to the ground.

NEW INFORMATION

Just a quick note to let you know that the photo posted in today's MocTel is on Montana Mountain at Carcross, not at 40Mile. That is the ore dumps for the Montana Mine, site of the original discovery of silver on the mountain, by William R. Young, on July 13, 1899. With a 4x4, you can drive right to that spot now. The full story of the mines is told in my 159-page book "Fractured Veins & Broken Dreams", from which an excerpt is posted at

http://www.yukonalaska.com/pathfinder/fv_ex.html

You can see a couple of other views of the mine at

http://www.explorenorth.com/library/mining/montana_mtn.html (an in-progress work). The

photo on the left shows the original section of the mine (as of Sept 2003), the other looks the other way up the tracks shown in MocTel.

Murray Lundberg

ExploreNorth.com

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<http://www.explorenorth.com>

Hi Sherron:

Long time no speak, but I'm still alive and reading in Westbank...

Just a quick comment on the colour photo of a little person standing between 2 sets of rail tracks, looking out on to a fairly rugged mountain, with a glimmer of water on the left background.

The view reminds me of the few trips I made by helicopter up to Montana Mountain. The tracks lead from the portal to the tailings dump on the right and the "high grade" dump on the left (or visa-versa).

The body of water in the background is (I once again, think) Windy Arm. I do not recall the terrain being that rugged and lofty in the 40-mile area. Also, the water in the background is far too expansive to be the Yukon River. No lakes of any size in that area either.

What say other readers??

Keep up the good work Sherron!

Cheers, George Howell howellgm@shaw.ca

I am so glad that Donna sent us the photo and got the memories flowing. It allowed us to see a perspective only few get the opportunity to experience. – Sherron

COMMENTS

Pete and I both enjoyed the 37th Edition also the LePage Park. Pete knew Happy LePage when he was freighting on the river. Beautiful pictures. I just wouldn't want to miss an Edition.
Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Good afternoon Sherron

I received the e mails re Yukon coins and there was a note re the LePage Park (which I am of course interested in as it is named after my folks) but I can't pull any of the sites up--it says in the message about using something different--no matter what I try I have no luck. I have clicked on all the sites and get nothing--can this be sent again the same way as I receive the other Moccasin Telegraphs????

I remember when the park was named after my folks but forget the date (I was even there for the opening).

By the way Pat Ellis painted a picture on the oil tank at the LePage Park of Mom and Dad--looks good.

Phyllis (LePage) Simpson pingo@internorth.com

I have solved Phyllis' immediate problem of receiving the MocTel in e-mail format again, and I am currently working on understanding why she is not able to link via web links in her e-mails. If anyone understands her situation on internorth, please let me know. – Sherron

PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF THE NEW METHOD OF DELIVERING THE MOCTEL IS NOT RIGHT FOR YOU – SHERRON sherronjones@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron

Yes I thought that Jen would be the person for you. She amazes me everyday, and wish that she could get a job that would let her talents shine.

I have not had any requests for some time for past editions, but would still like to get the Moc Tel the same way that I have, if that is possible. Guess you can say I am always leery of change.....LOL

I have had several all in one day, and would just like to know what is next, and that pertains to the MocTel.

Take care,
Sandy Campbell

Hi Sherron,

I just wanted to say that for me I need all the speed I can get in reading information that comes through my email so it works really well for the MocTel to be right there when I open your message rather than having to go to another screen and wait for the download. So I'd be happy to continue in the previous method.

Jan McConachy

Hi, Sherron....

Just received the 37th Edition of the MocTel, but I am not happy at all with having to click onto this Website: <http://members.shaw.ca/mocotel1/home.html> to read it. I have no scroll wheel on my mouse & I have to use my arrow on the right side bar to scroll up & down. Scrolling & reading the text is fine, but when I come to the pictures, they 1/2 load, then fully load, then jump up & down on the page???...sometimes even when I'm NOT touching my mouse. For me, this is not a good way to go at all. Thought you should know & I'm wondering how many other people are having this problem? If they are, I guess they'll be letting you know, too. Much better to send it in a separate E-mail as you've been doing.

Regards, Joan M. White jomar31@shaw.ca

Hi, Just to remind you any one with pocketmail cannot get pictures, or any attachments. Thanks More later, Dianne Sutherland dg-wsutherland@pocketmail.com

NEW ADDITION LAST WEEK

Hi Sherron:

I have been busy printing off all the previous copies of the Moccasin Telegraph; I am down to edition 27, with only ten more to print. What a lot of paper.

While printing off these editions I began reading over some articles, am very amazed at all the stories coming forward. A lot of information. I noticed that you make notes on the newcomers, so here is some info for you to print.

I went to the Yukon with my family in 1957; my dad was the accountant at Territorial Supply for the Cassiar and Keno Mining Companies. I met and married my wife of 42 years Georgette (Berg). Married in 1962. We had three children born in the Whitehorse General Hospital July of 1962, 1963, 1964. I worked for Whitehorse Motors.

Georgette went to the Yukon with her family in 1948 and attended school at Christ the King and after she married, worked at the Yukon Theatre and Safeway in the meat department. In 1967 we left the Yukon and went to Powell River where I worked for MacMillan Bloedel as a Supervisor. Georgette worked for Canada Post as a Letter carrier. After thirty years of service each we both retired and we are now located in Courtenay, on Vancouver Island.

We have five grand children, three of which have graduated. We enjoy our new location very much and travel with our RV.

Georgette's parents "Irene & Peter Berg" passed away over the last two years, and she still has a brother living in Whitehorse "Larry Berg",

We both missed the Yukon, and will always be Yukoners. We recently visited Whitehorse in September, drove up the Highway, nice enjoyable trip on the new highway, very scenic and clean.

Keep up your good work on this newsletter and I hope to contribute a few stories of my own.

David Hill hill_rd@shaw.ca

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron,

I met John Murray last night and he informed me about the Moccasin Telegraph. I am delighted to become aware of such a forum, as I lived in the Yukon from 1955 to 1960 and graduated from Whitehorse High School. If you need any more info, let me know.

Ian Parsons
2030 St. Andrew's Way
Courtenay BC
V9N 9V5

Hi Sherron. I am forwarding my information to you to add me to the list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph newsletter.

My name is ROSEY COWAN (I have never changed my name with marriage) I LIVED 1973-74 IN LOWERPOST AND WATSON LAKE. IN THE YEARS 1979- 1985 I LIVED IN WHITEHORSE AND SOME SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES WITH WORK.

MY E-MAIL ADDRESS IS ROSEYCOWAN@SHAW.CA

Thank-you for all your hard work and putting a smile on the face of someone like me.

Cheers Rockin Rosey

Hello Sherron

I have a friend with me, Ed Mckay and wife Jane. Ed was born in Whitehorse in 1936 leaving in 1979, and Jane arrived from England in 1963. Ed was in Ralph's hockey pictures circa 56/57, Whitehorse Merchants, back row, right hand side. They would like to be included in the Moc.Tel. list. They now live in Peachland, B.C. Their e-mail is jemckay7@telus.net .

Thanks, Sherron
Chuck Caddy

ALTERNATIVE ADDRESS

Hi Sherron, just returned from B.C. back in Belgium again and read my messages. You mentioned that you couldn't get through on my Tiscali account, as far as

I know there's nothing wrong with it, perhaps full. My other E-mail address is: maroesjabigm@hotmail.com My regards to 'the North' Maroesja

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I try to keep my hotmail account cleaned out but get upwards of 100 junk mails a day. Hotmail doesn't hold an awful lot as they want users who don't have msn as their internet provider to buy extra storage space. I also have an AOL mailbox so perhaps you could change my email address to yukonl80@aol.com. I think I have missed some of your correspondence, due to my hotmail account being too full. Could you send me the info and password for checking it out on the Web? Thanks!

Margaret Underwood

AWAY ON HOLIDAYS

Good Morning Sherron

Just a quick note to let you know that we will be away for an extended time as of today and would like to ask to be removed from your mailing list until we further advise. Thank you ...have a good winter.

Pat Stitt

ANTI SPAM PROGRAM TESTIMONIALS

I have some wonderful news!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! For the past 3 days, I have had '1' spam on my screen. "Net Laughter". It is wonderful to get up and find only that. When Frank was putting my PC back together..... he asked if I wanted this special program installed to prevent Spam. He had not tried it himself, but I said, "it's worth a try." So low and behold it is working, I only hope it continues. It is called "**Inbox Cop anti spam**". A long time ago, a friend here at the Carlton told me that she never got any spam, 'cause her daughter installed a program but she couldn't remember the name of it. Maybe this is what she had also.

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

I have downloaded the program from this site. It seems to be working really well for me too. At first I was a little nervous as it put all mails from Hotmail and Yahoo folks into the scam category. All I had to do was identify those who where MocTel subscribers as "Keep Always" and all is well. – Sherron Jones

[InboxCop Anti-Spam Filter - User Opinions - Download.com - Free ...](#)

... **Inbox cop** is the best **anti-spam** software on the market and I've got to wonder if the few negative opinions are actually competitors or spammers. ...

msnbc-cnet.com.com/3302-2382-10214858.html - 33k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS

I had started a Moccasin Telegraph of Christmas gift ideas and have concluded that I may offend someone by omission so I will just suggest you go online and check out products sold by Yukoners and Ex-Yukoners which are available on such websites as Amazon.com and Yukonbooks.com.

I recently purchased four CD's and have just now finished listening to the last of them. "The Songs of Robert Service". I thoroughly enjoyed it, as I would rather listen to, than read poetry. I have enjoyed all the books and CD's that I have read or listened to this year and perhaps become too enthusiastic about sharing that information. But if you would like to support the Yukoners past and present it would be consistent with this project.

There are also lots of ergonomically correct computer products available today which make computer use much more comfortable. ie foot rest, arm rests, monitor risers etc.

- Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Here I sit, looking through my Dawson cookbooks. I have found Mrs. Bremner's special cupcakes and must send them along.

CUPCAKES -- Maggie Bremner (Dawson)

1-3/4 C. Flour	3/4 C. shortening
2 tsp. baking powder	2 eggs
1 C. white sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
3/4 C. milk	

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs and mix well. Add flour alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Pour into buttered and floured muffin tins. Bake in 350 degree F. oven for 20 to 30 minutes. YIELD: About one dozen.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A budget is what you stay within if you go without.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

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