

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Forty-Fifth Edition – Dec 28, 2003**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)



**West of Whitehorse looking North to Lake Laberge**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell

**SOURDOUGH XMAS**

By Gus Barrett

We are heading for Vancouver,  
On a ferry, outward bound,  
To celebrate with friends of long ago.  
It's the Yukon Christmas luncheon,  
There'll be folks from all around.  
And every one a Yukon sourdough.

Oh, the people we'll be meeting,  
We've been missing through the years,  
Old pals who were our neighbours in the north  
There'll be lots of cheerful greetings,  
Hugs and kissing, smiles and tears.  
And a multitude of laughter bursting forth.

We'll be dining on the best of fare,  
Prepared by willing hands.  
We will toast the health of people that we meet.  
Then with heads bowed down in sorrow,  
We'll remember those who've gone,  
To the mercy of that final judgment seat.

For the next few fun filled hours.  
We will glory in the past,  
Telling tales of things we did in days of yore.  
And it really doesn't matter  
When the final die is cast,  
That we've heard those silly stories, years before.

I am a Newfie, born and bred,  
Steeped in the eastern lore,  
For years, before the north I came to know.  
But please forget the many things  
That I have been before,  
And accept me as a Yukon sourdough.

© 2002 Gus Barrett

**From a log book entry, Michael Bellamy (Duff). [airmail@telusplanet.net](mailto:airmail@telusplanet.net)**

The last night of the year had softened the ground with an inch of new snow and slender columns of smoke from a hundred city chimneys lifted the clouds to let in a feeble morning light.

The borrowed Cessna One-fifty clattered happily in the frigid air. The first aircraft to move on the Whitehorse airport in 1973.

From a thousand feet above Whitehorse I could see the feathered trail of concrete that I had uncovered taking off from the runway just moments before. This flight had become a tradition with me arriving early every new years morning to an airport quiet and serene to conduct one solo circuit of the airport.

I keyed the transmit. "Tower UQR is downwind, full stop."

"Roger UQR you're number one." Tower replied

He couldn't have said it better I thought. Gazing towards the frosted hills and distant mountains, I paid homage to a machine and a land that had given me the career that I had dreamed of as a child. Wherever my life devoted to aviation took me I would forever venerate the Yukon.

My benediction complete I pulled on the throttle and the little Cessna muttered softly descending towards the runway.

"UQR it's Whitehorse tower you're cleared to land thirteen right and Happy New Year."

## Whitehorse Inn



**The “Inn” and the Whitehorse Inn Café**

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle



**Mr. & Mrs. Langholtz with T.C. Richards and his son.**

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

From what I have been able to gather, Mr. Langholtz worked in the White Pass Depot at this time and also owned a Fox Farm on the other side of the Yukon River.

I also understand that Mrs. Langholtz was a widow when she arrived in Whitehorse. She had two daughters and one married T.C. Richard and the other died when she was a young lady. Mrs. Langholtz maiden name was Bigger and her sister Lillian married Francis Harbottle. They were Bud Harbottles parents. - Sherron



Top Row L-R T. Howard G. McCauley, I. Martinson, J. Bialous, J. Federation, M. Federation, F. Fitchette, R. Scobie, M. McCosh, E. Nittel  
 Second Row L-R D. Pailey, V. Carver, B. Bridgman, N. Gilbert. C. Michelieu, A. Anderson  
 Third Row L-R H. Gaveski, R. Lethbridge  
 Fourth Row L-R Mrs. Foulis, H. Mortenson, R. Richards, T.C. Richards, Mrs. T.C. Richards, E. Richards, B Danzuk, M. Fewer  
 Fifth Row L-R M. Cain, D. McGeechie, H. Johnson, B. Jenkinson, H. Meers, K. Meers, W. Jenkinson, B. Lethbridge. M. Chambers, A. Sarich  
 Sixth Row L-R O. Earle, J. Stingle, J. Osborne, G. Sileck  
 Seventh Row L-R A. Saronovich, Mrs. Russel;, A. Geswin, A. Deiter, A. Crawford, D. Bird, G. Battrick, A. Mosses

Eight Row L-R J. Nairn, F. Gust, (Whitehorse Inn Bakery) (The Inn Beauty Shoppe)  
(The Inn Barber Shop) ( Richards Trans.), R. Schemilt, A. Cox  
Ninth Row L-R J. Thomson, M. Sing. C. Chung. K, Chin, L. G. Jan, G. Sing, B. Lee, Y.  
Suey, H. Chan, A. Hand

### **Whitehorse Star January 18, 1991**

*(Permission received from Whse Star, Flo Whyard and Jeanne Harbottle. Since I do have a number of stories to share of Bud Harbottles, I thought it would be good to give you an overview of him which is covered very well in this piece done by Flo Whyard. Bud wrote a manuscript of highlights of life and Jeanne has allowed me to share some of those stories with you. This overview appears to have been taken from the details outlined in that manuscript.)*

## **Bud Harbottle remembered as a pioneer aviator**

By Flo Whyard

Ed. Note: Francis Edmond (Bud) Harbottle, one of the Yukon's best-known pilots and a member of a pioneer Whitehorse family, died in hospital in Abbotsford, BC, on Dec. 23, 1990.

He had been diagnosed with cancer last August, At his family's request, his ashes were scattered from the air by George Grant, pilot son of one of Harbottle's oldest flying friends, Moe Grant of Whitehorse.

Today, former Star editor Flo Whyard begins a three part series tracing the pioneer aviator's life and the developments in the industry around him.

Born in the old Whitehorse General Hospital on Second Avenue in June, 1915, he was named for his father, Francis Harbottle, who had gone to the Boer War with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. On his return in 1901 he was posted in Yukon.

He (Bud's father) married the daughter of Dyea general store proprietor Lillian Bigger (a widow) while stationed at the Summit, collecting customs from gold-seekers bound for the Klondike. Then, he "purchased out" of the RNWMP in 1905.

Meanwhile his father-in-law had moved his store to Front Street in Whitehorse; their home was occupied 50 years later by Yukon MP George Black. Bud's father begun running a jitney service, transporting passengers and freight to and from communities such as Jo-Jo, Champagne, Bear Creek, Christmas Bay, Silver City and along the Overland Trail to Dawson City.

On his death in 1943, he was remembered by the naming of the mountain in the Ogilvie Range, and a street in the Wolf Creek suburb of Whitehorse bears his name.

Young Francis grew up learning how to operate everything on wheels.

At 13, he was learning how to saddle, pack and drive horses as a wrangler for Charlie Baxter at Bear Creek after spending his summers at Champagne with Shorty Chambers' family. He peeled a lot of spuds as a mess boy on White Pass river boats at 14. At 16, he was driving the tourist Jitney bus out to the Canyon and around the Whitehorse Rapids.

The summer he was 17, Bud became a Cat driver with the territorial road crew, repairing bridges and hauling gravel. At 18, he left school early with Norm Murray, heading for Dawson; that meant five days on the trail on the Overland stage in April.

He was a "Cat skinner" for Yukon Consolidated Gold Corp. then hired on with Sam McCormick's Transportation outfit in Dawson, hauling freight to mining camps all winter for \$5. a day... including one trip at 74 below when they stopped overnight at Arlington.

In 1936, Clyde Wann started up his Yukon Airways again, after his first two Ryan monoplanes (The Queen of the Yukon) had crashed. His business consisted mainly of picking up boat passengers at Skagway, and he planned on training some local pilots. So he took on Bud Holbrook and Bud Harbottle, who started out by working on the wrecked aircraft in an effort to rebuild them.

But pilot Carl Meuhlheisen crashed the company's aircraft after taking off from Skagway, and Clyde Wann was out of the flying business again.

Bud went back to truck driving in Dawson, on a new GMC 10 wheeler, the first in the country, and that September, with Norman Reid, poled down the Yukon River to Circle. He took a ship to Seattle for a holiday, then came back to drive the Overland Stage to Dawson.

In 1937, he was helping build the airstrip at Carmacks, to be used by White Pass planes. He had a ride in the Ford Trimotor when he was brought to Whitehorse for medical attention.

In January of 1938 Harbottle married Thelma Norberg, a Prince Rupert, B.C. girl working in Whitehorse. That spring, they were working at Bullion Creek; later, Bud was "cat-skinner" again for T. C. Richards and his partner Neil Keobke, who were backing Langham Forrest and Mayors in their Mount Freegold venture to build a mill. (*Was it really Neil or Slim Keobke?*)

In 1939, the Harbottles moved down to Vancouver to work on wartime projects at the Burrard Shipyards, then back to Atlin, B.C. The new airport was being built at Whitehorse, and there was lots of work for Bud and his trucks. He operated shovels, graders and snow blower. Later, he was road superintendent for the City of Whitehorse until his army call-up in 1944. (*City not incorporated until 1952.*)

With other Yukoners, he spent two years in the Army and returned in 1946 after his discharge, back at the wheel of a bus again, this time on the Alaska Highway for White Pass ... the first civilian unit ... others had been operated by the Army.

From the bus, he moved to a freight van, then a tanker, and once clocked 16,000 kilometers in one month. Another driver, Norman Hartnell, had been in the Air Force. Both of them had the flying bug, so they put up \$5,000 each to buy a new Republic RC – 3 Seabee to start their own business.

Clyde Wann gave them \$2,000 on condition they used the name Yukon Airways. After some difficulties, they obtained their Department of Transportation charter certificate and an operating certificate opposed by George Simmons' charter operation at Carcross and the Whitehorse Flying School operators.

It was a busy year for Bud Harbottle. He kept on working for White Pass to help pay the bills, and took flying lessons. At night, he helped with never-ending maintenance of the aircraft. He soloed four hours and got his private license Oct. 11, 1947.

The partners bought a three-place Piper Super Cruiser in Ontario. Bud flew it back in November's terrible weather, following the railway when he could; it took 16 days, with seven stop-overs.

On the leg from Fort Nelson to Watson Lake, he ran out of daylight and made the first "unofficial" night landing. By the time he landed at Whitehorse, he had a total of 42 hours; flying time ... and built it up to 100 for commercial tests in June 1948.

He flew the mail route between Whitehorse, Carmacks and Selkirk on the government contract that provided their bread and butter. Then he acquired a third aircraft, a Cessna 140, to fly Game Department staff on the wolf poisoning program that winter.

In the spring of 1949, they were fed up with the quirks of the Seabee, which had "the glide ratio of a stream-lined brick." They sold it in Vancouver, where it operated better at sea level. They bought a four-place Aeronca Sedan, which Bud flew to Whitehorse on floats.

They did a lot of flying that season to Atlin and Tulsequah for gold mining outfits ... there were no roads to most of the properties.

George Milne had operated the flying school and flew charters with Gordon Cameron, his partner and aircraft engineer. He now joined forces with Norman Hartnell and Bud Harbottle, thus stabling Whitehorse Flying Services, which began to control most of the flying in Yukon.

George Simmons of Carcross later sold out. The partners acquired his old Fairchild 71, one of the best bush planes of all time.

Moe Grant, who had taken flying lessons at the same time as Bud, bought an old Tiger moth from the Carcross company and was building up flying time toward his commercial license. In February 1950, he failed to arrive at Whitehorse on a flight from Atlin. After a five-day search, he was found near the crash site high up on a mountain, wrapped in the fabric from the plane, with frozen feet. Both legs were amputated above the knees in an Edmonton hospital. But Moe got his private license back, fitted with artificial legs. He has owned many planes since then, and is still an enthusiastic pilot.

For the next two years, Whitehorse Flying Services provided the support aircraft for a government Topographic Survey. They mapped all the northern Yukon, from the Alaska border to the Northwest Territories; two Hiller 360 helicopters were also on the job, the first two to work in Yukon.

With the introduction of a Beaver aircraft, a whole new era of performance began. Its design incorporated many suggestions from bush pilots, and it had far superior power and take-off speed.

Then came the tough times. Bud lost the Stinson when he ran into an illegal (and unknown) cable across the river when landing at Ross River. Hartnell lost the Fairchild 71 at Quiet Lake when a fire broke out on board.

They bought another Stinson and kept on flying. When the Super-cruiser sagged through the ice on Kotcho Lake, the prop broke off. Harbottle snow shod "Help" in the snow, and the RCAF CD-3 found them.

Engineer Ray Farrell helped make temporary repairs, and they got her out to Fort Nelson. In the spring of 1951, they bought a Mark 5 Norseman. Norman Hartnell went south to fly for Mannix and liked the job so well he stayed.

That left Milne and Harbottle doing the flying and Cameron handling all the maintenance. Bud put in 588 hours in the air in 102 days on the survey job. They sold the Norseman; picked up a new Beaver; leased a Cessna 170 for the 1953 wolf project; and brought in a new Cessna 180 in May 1953.

That year and 1954 were busy times, with much mineral staking going on. Geologist Ted Chisholm and prospector Al Kulan recorded their claims (which later became the Cyprus Anvil mine), and then the rush was on.

Busy with staking flights, Harbottle hired Lloyd Romfo as instructor for their flying school. He went on surviving hairy flights in and out of pothole lakes, secret staking areas, hauling stakers and supplies, heaving oil barrels on and off aircraft .... and sometimes missing the dock and landing in the lake.

A flight carrying a live wolverine, in an iron-barred cage, was one that Bud never forgot; the ferocious snarling creature's claws were only centimeters from his neck ... and he

discovered one reason it was snarling was that Gordon Cameron was poking his finger toward it. Every year, there were big game hunters to fly to their camps and bring back again.

In October 1954, George Milne went down somewhere between Ross River and Whitehorse. A huge search was mounted with local pilots and RCAF aircraft, but not until the 13<sup>th</sup> day was the wreck spotted at the 1,800 metre level. The pilot and three passengers all died.

That left Gordon Cameron and Bud Harbottle to carry on the business. In December, they sold Whitehorse Flying Services to Pacific Western Airlines, based in Vancouver.

The company had been looking for a base in Whitehorse to compete with Canadian Pacific Airlines. Bud and Gordon agreed to stay on as chief pilot and chief engineer until PWA was well established with their own people.

Ron Connoly and his wife Dawn, both commercial pilots, came up. She arrived to run the flying school, and Ron came to fly an old Junkers monoplane “built like a tank”, which is now in the National Aviation Museum in Ottawa.

Bud got his twin-engine endorsement in Edmonton and picked up a 10-passenger Anson for the company ... after only two circuits and landings he was on his way. Sandy Welbourne became base manager in Whitehorse.

In the fall of 1955, Bud left the company and bought a Fairchild 24 in Ontario to fly for a mining company. He later sold it in Inuvik, where it caught fire and was a total loss.

He flew on his own for several years, hiring out his plane. It was a Cessna 195, and he kept drill crews and construction camps supplied. He flew out of Watson Lake for George Dalziel of B. C. Yukon Air Services, and from Dawson for Ron Connoly (who had bought out Pat Callison), flying through Seela Pass, servicing oil Rigs on the Peel Plateau.

Then he flew for Don Cannon again during a staking rush near Telegraph Creek, with Bill Harrison and Stan Bridcott.

In 1960, Bud flew 775 hours out of Watson Lake for B.C. Yukon hauling big game hunters including the brother of the Shah of Iran, for Skook Davidson.

When the tungsten deposit at the head of Flat River was being developed, and an airstrip had to be constructed, then a road built. So Harbottle left B.C. Yukon, found an Anson in Calgary, hired Lloyd Mollison as aircraft engineer, and began moving men and equipment.

There was a massive airlift in 1962 into the Tungsten property; tricky flying through high mountains and narrow valleys. They named three passes Harrison, Holoman and Harbottle, for the Beaver and Helicopter pilots and Bud.

At the end of the season, Harbottle sold his Anson in Winnipeg. He was hired by the new owner as operations manager at a Second World War base near Selkirk (*Manitoba*). The company hauled fish and freight with three PBYS, five Ansons, two Beech 18s, a Fairchild Husky, Cessna 180 and Stinson 108.

But after northern mountains and the excitement of Yukon challenges, Bud found the job monotonous, and resigned for a holiday in 1963.

Harbottle had remarried after his divorce in 1960. With wife Jeanne Connolly, he moved down to California, where he applied for U. S. citizenship.

For several years, he moved around, working on construction projects. He returned to Prince Rupert in May of 1967 as base manager at Seal Cove PWA's flight base, a busy spot using Grumman amphibians to service Stewart and Alice Arm.

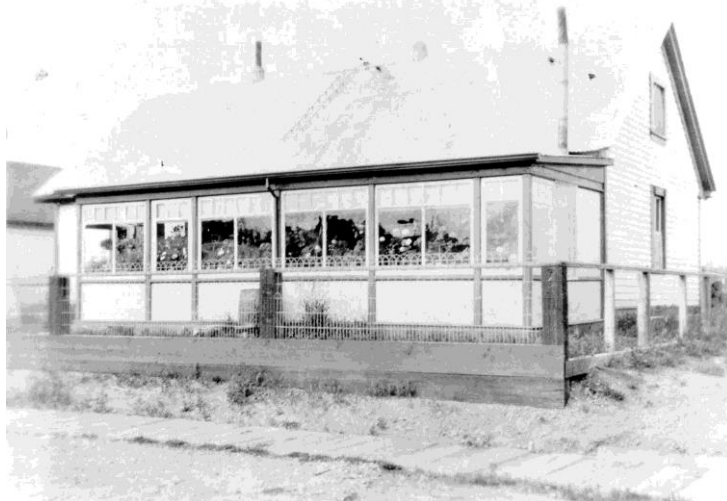
Dicey weather conditions were the ever-present hazard there. By the fall of 1968 the Harbottles were at Fort St. James, managing the base for Northern Mountain Airways, home of Russ Baker and pilot Sheldon Luck.

In the spring of 1969, PWA hired him back to help supervise the big job of moving oil drilling equipment to Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, using Hercules aircraft out of Whitehorse. Later, he was in Yellowknife, from where the huge freighters airlifted similar equipment into the Arctic. It was a hectic, non-stop operation, as hard on the men as on the equipment.

By October of 1969, Harbottle was back in Whitehorse as manager of Great Northern Airways, now owned by Gordon and Dawn Barch, with "sched runs" to Mayo, Dawson, Old Crow and Inuvik on DC-3's. For shorter runs to Faro and Ross River, smaller aircraft were used, good equipment and top personnel, with no competition.

Then they added the Fairchild F-27 direct flight to Inuvik, replaced after an accident at Inuvik by a DC-4. The base was thriving and busy, and it was a terrible shock when the company went bankrupt in Calgary.

In January of 1971, Harbottle became the company pilot for General Enterprises Construction Company in Whitehorse, and back to flying a Cessna 185, Beech Craft H-50 Twin Bonanza. He ended his flying career by flying a Piper Navajo.



**The F.E. Harbottle Home on Steele Street.**

Photo Courtesy Jeanne Harbottle



**The porch on the Harbottle home.**

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

## **MOCTEL ARCHIVED**

It is great news that the Moccasin Telegraph will be archived. Over the past 40 plus editions there has been a lot of personal history contribution that would have otherwise been lost. Your efforts in starting the collection and building a mailing list has I am sure taken a great amount of personal time and I want to Thank You for doing such a great job. Many of the articles have brought back memories for me and a lot of the other ones have expanded my knowledge and appreciation for what the early pioneers went through just to survive in the Yukon. I arrived with my parents in 1954 and a lot of the " Colorful

5% " were still around. Seeing mention of them will help future generations gain an insight into the colorful Yukon past.

Dave Perks [birdsivu@telusplanet.net](mailto:birdsivu@telusplanet.net)

## MOCTEL APPRECIATED

I can't express how much I enjoy reading the "MocTel" and thank you for all those websites that I rec'd yesterday. I was born and raised in Dawson City, so I truly savour all the pictures of Dawson especially. Thank you for all your hard work on these editions. The stories are so interesting, and the "bush pilots " edition was very interesting. Mr. Pat Callison flew my Mom and me from Dawson City to Whitehorse at the end of Oct. 1950, to attend the arrival of my niece "Bev Seely", (Hy's first born. That was quite an experience flying with Pat, and I being 12 yrs. old at the time. I remember Pat Callison saying "we're bucking a 30 mi. an hr. wind" as we were touching down in Whitehorse. I believe that his plane was a "Cessna" aircraft.

Have a blessed Christmas Sherron, and once again THANK YOU for your hours of work. All the best for 2004!

Pat's two daughters, I know. The older daughter, "Joan" was a little older than I, and "Faye" a little younger. I knew them in school of course, and have been to reunions with them.

Regards, Tina Parsons nee (BRASSEUR)



Judging from the approximate age of my little brother, Raymond (front, left), I think this photo is from about 1965. I don't know any of the other boys, or the coach.

*If anyone knows at what championship or tournament this team represented the Yukon, where the photo was taken, or recognizes any faces, please let me know. – Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)*



**Emerald Lake (1994)**  
Photos courtesy Sandy Campbell



## **THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING**

By J. E Vigneau Sr. {1998}

The hurts and scars of yesterday continue to haunt ones mind  
Living in the shadow of negative thoughts, halting the healing of time  
Afraid to take a chance on love  
Of the ones that we wish to hold dear  
Living in an actor's world  
Pretending that we don't care.

But trust we must  
If we're ever going to be  
A whole person again  
And bury the past forever  
It's up to us to say when.

Drive the bitterness from our hearts  
Leaving much more room for love  
Have more faith in your fellowman  
And believe in the One above.

How much time does it take to recover  
From lies and trials of the past?  
Time spent with a distant lover  
When you hoped and prayed it would last.

Move forward with positive thinking  
Forget those bad times that are stinking  
Leaving behind the feelings of sorrow  
You will find a much brighter tomorrow.

So forget the tears and the sad times of the past  
Start building again with things that will last  
A bright future is there for you and for me  
Step forward not back and then you will see  
The joys that await you, rest if you must  
Peace and contentment when you learn how to trust.

## **GREETINGS FROM TEXADA ISLAND**

Neat picture!

The way you are turning MocTels out you must be working at it nearly full time. Don't over do it, we wouldn't want to loose a valuable resource... all the great work that you are doing, pulling Yukon history together for the rest of us.

I'm in the process of filling all my MocTels in one folder as I have had them on two computers, some on each and some that I had missed or misplaced. To speed things along I'm going to take a CD to Port Moody next week and use Amanda's computer which has ADSL to down load a full set of files off the web.

I was reading **Arctic Wings By Eleanor Millard July/03** when I realized that she had credited CF-CPY's ownership to Great Northern Airlines a bit earlier than it actually happened. I am not sure when GNA started flying the DC-3 out of Whitehorse, but until 1967 at least the run was flown by CPA. I think Eleanor started her frightful flights with CP and continued them with GN.

Happy Holidays Guys,

Jim Johnson [jimcsj@prcn.org](mailto:jimcsj@prcn.org)



The Klondike, Whitehorse, YT  
Photo courtesy Doug Bell

A Klondike Christmas Greeting

An Irish wish for the New Year: May those who love us, love us. And those who don't love us may God turn their hearts. And if He doesn't turn their hearts may He turn their ankles so we'll know them by their limping.

Have a great one!

Pearl & Doug Bell [dougbell@yknet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknet.ca)

## **A CONNECTION TO “ATLIN – DAISY”**

*When I was typing in the story that Daisy (Callison) had sent in, I wondered if the Alex MacKenzie she mentioned would have been Chuck MacKenzie's dad. (I had worked with Chuck MacKenzie at the City of Whitehorse.) I knew Sandy Campbell had an e-mail address so she sent along a message. I initially thought that Daisy had referred to Alex and Ruth and I was mistaken it was Alex and Mae.*

*After sending along a copy of the story to Alex MacKenzie's granddaughter Lisa, this is her reply. - Sherron*

Hi Sherron....

I've just skimmed over the story. It was probably my grandparents that Daisy Welsh wrote about. You had said that Alex's wife's name was Ruth, but in fact Daisy Welsh said it was Mae and Art Lord's new bride was Ruth. My grandparent's names are Alex and May MacKenzie. As well, the Rev. Graham that officiated the wedding was my grandmother's father. What a small world it is. Thank you for passing on the story. I will enjoy reading it more closely, and I will send a copy to my grandfather to read, as I know he will enjoy the memories.

Hope you have a very Merry Christmas, and best wishes for the New Year!

Lisa MacKenzie



**Curling on Klaune Lake at Destructions Bay in the early 1980's**

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson

Fun on Klaune Lake, Moge says the black paint attracted the sunshine and caused the ice to melt. She also said that it wasn't easy to get the rocks down the ice as it was not pebbled like man made ice. Curlers from Beaver Creek to Haines Junction attended the event.

## **NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST**

Hello Sherron:

I submit one more very willing subscriber for enrollment in the MocTel.

He is a cherished friend of our Yukon days, Russ Minaker, [russ\\_minaker@telus.net](mailto:russ_minaker@telus.net) a fixed-wing pilot, par excellence, who first arrived in Dawson City in 1961 (give or take a year or so) to fly with Connolly Dawson Airways.

My wife and I met him when he flew out of Mayo in the early '60's. He is Godfather to one of my sons. Russ and I earned our Private Pilot Licenses, as flying scholarships with the Air Cadet's League of Canada (Russ in Chilliwack and me in Regina) in 1954.

He, subsequent to spending several years as a west coast (knew his way around in the fog) pilot, spent 30 years in an executive position with AirBC before retiring with his wife Bev in Tappan B.C.

Merry Christmas and best wishes for the New Year. Your efforts are most appreciated....

George Howell [howellgm@shaw.ca](mailto:howellgm@shaw.ca)

Dear Sherron:

My name is: Trudy North (nee DeWolfe), I was born in Dawson City May 1938, finished school and went to live in Vancouver where I continued education and graduated 1955. Returned to Dawson, re established a friendship with Ted (Nelson) North, his family lived in Mayo and then Whitehorse until January 1962. Ted and I were married September 1959.

We now live in Winnipeg, moved here in November 2003, after living in the Okanagan since 1988. Why Winnipeg? We've been the care-ers for our daughter Kris' two boys since they were born, Liam in 1997 and Andrew in 2001..she was transferred here and invited us to come along so we did. Even though we are seniors now and found the move a challenge, it was worth it. I have kept in contact with Tina Parsons (Brasseur) and she gave me your email address...here I am.

I would like to get in touch with other friends from Dawson and Whitehorse, that I have lost track of over the years. Waiting to hear from you, knowing that it is the Holiday Season, I expect you are busy, so will be patient until the New Year sometime.

In the meantime, have a wonderful Christmas and a very good new year.

Sincerely,  
Trudy (and Ted) North [tntnorth@shaw.ca](mailto:tntnorth@shaw.ca)

**CAN ANYONE HELP HERE**

The Christmas Edition was returned.

----- The following addresses had permanent fatal errors -----<[seesom130@aol.com](mailto:seesom130@aol.com)>  
**Hyacinthe (Brasseur) Seely**

Sorry, your message to [kcrshaw2003@yahoo.ca](mailto:kcrshaw2003@yahoo.ca) cannot be delivered. This account is over quota. **Karen Shaw**

Delivery to the following recipients failed. [mokerstrom@msn.com](mailto:mokerstrom@msn.com) Maureen Okerstrom

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

It is far more impressive when others discover your good qualities without your help.

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Thought I'd share a special recipe that I've used every year since 1962--and my family makes sure that I continue to make it! It's called –

### **Traditional Almond Crunch**

1/2-pound butter--no substitutes  
1/2 cup slivered almonds  
1-cup sugar  
1/3-cup water  
Sprinkle of salt  
4 regular size Hershey bars  
1/2 cup crushed pecans

Combine all ingredients in a 2 qt. pot--must use a candy thermometer--except Hershey bars and pecans.

Cook over medium heat stirring constantly until mixture reaches HARD CRACK stage. Pour onto cookie sheet lined with foil that has been coated with margarine. Spread thin and place candy bars over top--spread evenly as they melt. Sprinkle with pecans, cool and break into pieces.

This sounds like a lot of work but it isn't. I usually quadruple the recipe and give as gifts as well.

Marilyn Chase [cmchase@infoblvd.net](mailto:cmchase@infoblvd.net)

## **FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Please contact Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

To date **forty-four previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with over **twenty 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.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience.  
Contact Sandy at [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto: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](mailto:donaldmurray@telus.net) or Secretary Nancy Moulton at - [nancymoulton@telus.net](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)