

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Fifty-Fifth Edition- March 14, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



A Wonderful Sunset

Photo taken by Bob Hughes submitted by Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

A SENIOR MOMENT

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

I woke up in the darkness
In the middle of the night,
With a title for a poem
In my head.

I contemplated getting up
And turning on a light,
But decided to compose it
In my bed.

So in the inky blackness,
I would formulate a line,
Then commit it to my memory
For the time.

Then I'd search my inner word-bank,
Until finally I would find
A corresponding phrase that
Seemed to rhyme.

In this way I wrote a poem
That would put my name in lights.
It was romantic and was
Masterfully done.
If there ever was a masterpiece

Composed in bed at night,
I am thoroughly convinced this
Is the one.

When done, I slept the night away.
Dreaming of success.
I was a poet much contented
With my lot.
When I awakened in the morning
I went rushing to my desk,
To put it down on paper,
But I'd forgot.

©2003 Gus Barrett



Atlin Outhouse

Photo Courtesy Mogeey Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca

Bathroom Humor?

It's a matter of perception.

By Tom Tait tom_tait@telus.net

There is no accounting for what will inspire pride. One of things that gave me a sense of real accomplishment was constructing the only “Flush Outhouse” on Sakinaw Lake.

The hole we dug was only about three foot square at surface level but bellied out and was huge underground. We went down almost ten feet and it had to be eight across. This baby was going to last because the outhouse itself would be too big to move if the hole filled up. A flush toilet, sink and skylight were installed. It worked like a damn and had none of the negatives usually associated with an outdoor biffy.

We were diligent in maintaining the septic action and made a rule that no paper products were to go into the hole. It functioned without a hitch for about ten years but in it's tenth started to give signs that its life span might be coming to an end.

I took council with the experts and was informed that it could probably be pumped out. Getting rid of the waste was the problem.

A hundred and fifty-feet up a steep incline was a rocky fissure that seemed bottomless. With a rental pump and the required amount of three-inch fire hose I started pumping the slurry into this hole. Within moments the hose pulsed and became rigid. The level in the pit diminished at a satisfying clip. I couldn't believe the operation was that simple. It wasn't!

About seven of the pit's ten feet emptied quickly but I wanted it all. The hose was sucking wind. I shut down the motor and forced the hose down the remaining three feet and started the pump again. Nothing happened.

I decided I would have to re-prime. I gently removed the cap to the pump, which hissed briefly and then erupted. The contents of the one hundred and fifty feet of three-inch hose shot fifty feet in the air. What goes up must come down. It didn't rain violets.

My clothes had to be destroyed!

The woman in my life wouldn't be sworn to secrecy about this offal experience so I was forced to confess it.

The plant life in the immediate area of the toilet is far greener now.

The rehabilitation of the outhouse was a complete success.

With luck we will get another ten years out of Sir Thomas Crappers invention and then maybe I can talk someone else into doing the honors. Next time there will be a video camera on hand to record the action.

Remembering Kit Squirechuk

By Ron Hiltz rnmhiltz@glinx.com

Yes I knew the Squirechuk's very well as a child growing up. As a child I found Kit to be a fascinating character. Later in my early teens I would observe him at work in his gun shop, with my attention directed at the calibre and quality of work he was performing at his workbench. I did learn enough from Kit to piqué my interest at an early age. Later on I was able to pick up more about Gun Smithing from dad. Anyway to make a long story short I have developed some talent as an amateur gunsmith, if time permitted it I am capable of performing some fine quality work.

As a child growing up tagging along behind dad and Kit on weekends, Kit would always find time to direct attention my way in the form of teasing and kidding around. One of his favoured pranks was trying to convince me that rabbit droppings were candy, and he would get the greatest kick when I would say they were not! One of the most spectacular things I saw him do, was one day in his workshop, at his bench and I was perched where I could observe. A large horse fly flew in to his shop and started annoying Kit by flying back and forth in front of him under the work light!!!! "The next move was just a blur with this right hand, followed by the sound of screw driver as it embedded it self about 8' away in the wall at the left end of his work bench!!! What was left of the horse fly was stuck to the wall with the screwdriver blade!!! Kit's very words were "I don't think he will be back too soon, will he", with that wry grin on his face and that chuckle he turned to look at me sitting on my perch in amazement of what had just taken place before my eyes.

I found out later on that Kit was a professional knife thrower who had learned young and from some of the best.

I have made contact with Carol (*Squirechuk*) Kowal and her mom (*Gert Squirechuk*) has phoned Dad from time to time. And the other night I made contact with the Flummerfels. And early this evening I finally found the time to look at the 53rd MocTel and the list of contacts. I will be looking it over with dad to see if he recognises any names, you know it is a time line of over 34 years!! .

On closing may I thank you once more.



**Rendezvous Snow Sculpture 2004
Yukon Entry**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

Hi Ron

I have a story of my own to add to it. Kit issued himself a permit ;-)) to discharge a fire arm in city limits when he was living across the street from us and sat in the carport and shot holes in his carport roof overhang aiming to stop the noise from squirrels that had made a game of entering the roof at that point and terrorizing the family with their activities.

Kit was working with the Yukon Government Game Department at the time and graced our neighbourhood with more than one specimen. He would end up with one in the truck of his car on the weekend. One was a wolverine, which spanned the width of the trunk of the large car he had at the time. I was amazed at the length of the claws and the teeth.

On another occasion Kit in his humorous wisdom surprised Gert on Christmas morning with a machine gun from a war plane that had gone down in Watson Lake and was well preserved from the cold water, he had oiled it and the new carpet by Christmas morning was also oiled.

Sherron



**Rendezvous Snow Sculpture 2004
White Horse ?**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

MORE RECOLLECTIONS FROM RON HILTZ

During my years in the Territory I would look forward to our trips in to town from the highway, we always made it to Gert and Kits place. Oh yes I do remember Kits' way of entertaining the squirrels out in the carport!! Yes we were in town the day he brought the wolverine in. I would love to have a set of those claws to day for a neck peace for my

primitive costume. Anyway getting back to my train of thought. We saw some of the wolves Kit brought in, and loved to hear him recount some of his adventures hunting wolves; and how he use to torment his pilot. Which ties in with your memory of Kits prize "Machine Gun".

The story about the machine-gun as I remember, it was a 50 cal. Browning tail gun from a WW II aircraft which over shot the runway and crash landed in Watson lake. On one of our trips to the area we ventured to the crash sight to explore and examine the wreckage strewn on lakeshore in the woods. Some time later Kit acquired the tail gun and we visited Kits' house and witnessed it sitting in the middle of the floor. Kit use to get the greatest kick out of it because Gert had to walk around it for the longest time before he moved it down stairs.

The other part to that story I remember was he kept telling his pilot that he was strongly considering mounting the machine gun on the piper cub, the pilot would shudder and tell Kit that if he did the first time he opened fire the recoil would destroy the piper cub, and Kit would chuckle and grin.

Another part of the story was when the RCMP came to Kits' house to seize the machine gun! He had a great time with them, he delayed them, had them drink coffee, engaged them in all manner of topics and every time they got up to leave with the machine gun Kit would tell them they could not touch his Browning and would convince them to sit down and have another coffee.

After some time the officers were starting to get sore at him and his delaying tactics and were going to seize his Browning. Where upon Kit produced the permit to purchase, own and sell machine guns. The officers had never seen one before. According Kit they left empty handed and with some what red faces and renewed respect.

This is but a snap shot going back in my time line. There were many things about Kit and Gert I remember, as well as many others. For example, I remember a fascinating character from child hood that went by the name " Wigwam Harry".

I saw the Keno re-floated and steam down river to Dawson City, which was one of the most exciting and exhilarating events early in my life. I can still see it in my memory as though it was yesterday. I had the good fortune to have the best view of the Keno's first turn in the river that day.

Hi Ron

I have attached a photo of the Keno in the river that day in Aug 1960, are you by any chance in the photo? I am using it in tomorrows MocTel.

I am amazed that you were familiar with both the Wolverine and the Squirrel stories. I have one more that comes to mind. Kit and Gert along with a lot of other neighbours spent New Years Eve at our house Dec 31 1969. When they were ready to leave Kit insisted that if we didn't have a dog team to take him home he needed us to call a cab.

He lived one house further up the street from us but on the opposite side of the road.
What a hoot he was. - Sherron



**Rendezvous Snow Sculpture 2004
Teddy Bear**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

The Keno on August 25, 1960

For those readers of Moc Tell who do not know me, please allow me to introduce my self. I am Ronald D Hiltz, the oldest child of Les and Nora Hiltz. I was born in the old hospital in White Horse in 1954. I started school in White Horse and later our family moved up the highway to mile 1202 to our father's new place of employment at the Beaver Creek pump station. Our family moved to the outside world in 1970. My self and two younger sisters settled in Nova Scotia in the Annapolis valley with our parents. During the following years we received our education and later married and settled in places of our own near our parents. As for myself I later progressed into the profession of stationary engineering. It was sort of a natural transition during the years when the work force I was part of was in a state of flux. Currently I am employed as a power plant or boiler operator for the local "Valley Regional Hospital" in Kentville Nova Scotia.

In sharing communication with Sherron Jones over people and places and events going back into my personal time line growing up in White Horse. The topic of the Keno came up in one of those exchanges. As a 6-year-old boy during the time of this historical drama, it had left a life long impression, which shaped some of my future decisions and choices. The vantage point during that afternoon in August was from a small dock extending from the back yard of a small house in an area of White Horse referred to as "Whiskey Flats". The following is an excerpt from my memory as a child as to what I saw standing on that dock.

On the after noon of August 25 1960 the Keno was ready for a last trip down river to Dawson City.

Proceeding under full steam after slipping it moorings the Keno's bow was pointed up river, pushed along with its paddle wheel throwing a gentle shower of water droplets reflected in sunlight. Rooted to the dock in the bend farther up the river a small boy watched in awe as the Keno gracefully pointed up river, angled against the current, it moved toward him with a trace of smoke showing from the stack. The Keno slowly approached the bend of the river adjacent to the dock where the small boy stood transfixed, the area known as "Whiskey Flats". A small boy thrilled, filled with excitement as the Keno passed the dock preparing for its next maneuver. Keno was the largest most compelling single vessel he had ever seen on the river. It was so near he could smell its boiler fire and steam as it passed by, he could have skipped rocks out over the water to it as his father had taught him.

Transfixed to the dock, the excitement and wonder of the moment started to give way to puzzlement and horror, the child watched the Kenos rudders turned pointing the bow in to the riverbank on the far side. With the Keno's bow resting against the bank the paddle wheel spun against the river current slowly turning the hull broad side against the rushing river. The small boy held his breath not knowing or understanding the purpose of such a move, when the Keno's paddle wheel reversed pulling the bow from the far river bank. Sitting seemingly motion less at midpoint broadside to the rushing river was breath taking, the Keno slowly and gently gathered momentum sweeping down river passing the dock caught in the formidable force. With heart stopped unable to breathe at the sight from his vantage point on the dock, the small boy was horrified to see the old boat rushing toward the narrows of the river at an ever increasing rate as it drew away. The feeling of impending doom for what was certain to happen in moments in the young boy's mind was replaced by wonder. At the last possible moment the Keno's bow turned and pointed in to the narrows of the river, and shot through the channel heading down river toward Dawson City. As the Keno passed out of sight downriver the boys feeling of anxiety followed. Breathing once again recovering from the heart-stopping event the young child started to jump up and down on the dock in excitement and celebration, as the day had been saved and the old boat was okay.

As a young child my mom or dad would accompany me to visit the old sternwheelers up on the ways on the shore of the Yukon River. The rule was that I was not permitted to go on my own to see these boats, but when ever I thought I could get away on my own I would run down to look at the wonder of these large boats. Such thing were too great to resist, even the penalty of getting caught was not a deterrent. And I was caught on a few occasions wandering around these old sternwheelers. Later during my early teen years I had the chance to revisit the Keno at its new home at Dawson City. I remember the visit clouded with mixed emotion, as to how an attractive irresistible icon of my childhood had become a mere tourist attraction, many things were changed on the Keno's deck. Many areas of the old boat I could not walk around and examine as I once had as a child.

My I extend my regards to those whom may still remember me.
Regards Ronald D Hiltz rnmhiltz@glinx.com

OBITUARY

You may know already from Ruby Woolger that my dad, Ray McKamey, passed away peacefully last Wednesday. Our service is tomorrow morning at 11:00 am at the Christina Lake community Hall.

Just wanted to let you know that he had enjoyed the 52nd Moccasin Telegraph, which I had sent to him on hard copy. Mom has been reading the 53rd and enjoying it, too.

We have had so many calls from people in the Yukon and elsewhere. MocTel is really working. Ruby and Ted Woolger have been so kind. My parents are so fortunate to have so many wonderful friends.

My husband put together a web site for dad:

<http://www.coastworks.com/raymckamey>

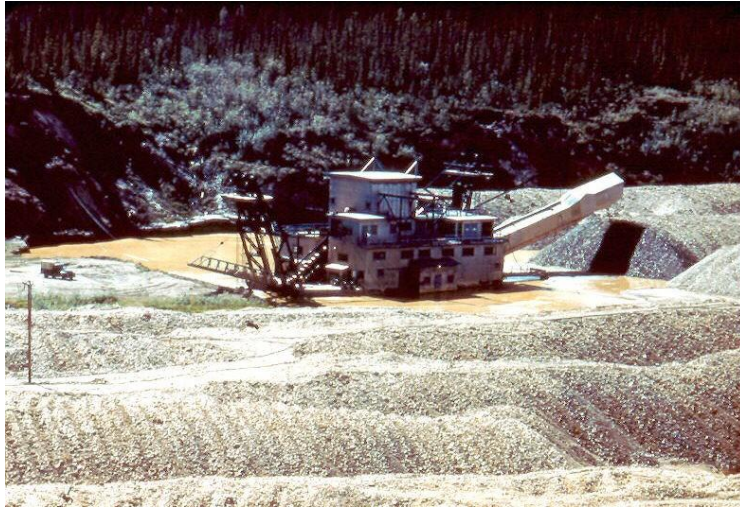
Thanks also for the virus warning. I have an iMac so have no problems, luckily. My husband got a virus from somewhere, however, and it took a while to clear it up. Good luck.

Linda Newman linda@coastworks.com

SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON

While searching on the Internet to find some information on the next few photos I stumbled upon Les McLaughlin's story about Sergeant Preston. The story covers the details about the Klondike Big Inch Land Company. I found that very interesting because while I worked for the City of Whitehorse we had queries about the location of the land, how much was it worth, could they sell their share, etc. – Sherron

<http://www.pressclub.on.ca/les.html>



Dredge early 1960's

Photo courtesy Gina Span taken by her father Bob Hughes ginaspan@yahoo.com

This is a good picture of a working dredge floating in it's own pond of water. The gangplank on the left (front) and the stacker at the right (back) is depositing the tailings. This does not really look like #4 (Bonanza dredge) it looks too small, but we are not sure which one it is. – Pete & Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron: Yes, thanks so much. It's wonderful to get all that information to go with my photos. I remember going up to the Dawson with mom and dad when Dona and I were approximately 10 or 11, the early 60's. Dad took my sister Dona and I down to the dredge and we climbed right up the tube (looking for gold in the cracks) to the top so we could look out the end but we ended up bumping into a wasp nest right at the top. We left in a real hurry. I remember skidding and sliding down the wooden ramp with my Sunday-Go-To-School shoes. I almost broke my neck because Dona was above me and was skidding a lot faster than me. That was the fun part. What I didn't like was that there was absolutely no vegetation in that area at all and a lot of black bears.

Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

Dredge Employee & Owner

An extract from the Klondike Sun online newspaper archives, which I stumbled upon while looking up YCGC and who did I find but our beloved Pete and Brownie Foth.

See the whole story at –

http://www.yukonweb.com/community/dawson/klondike_sun/july9-99.html/

“..... his goal was to go into mining, and that meant getting a job with The Company. In those days when you said "The Company", you meant the Yukon Consolidated Gold

Corporation. Pete (*Foth*) was happy to get on with them eventually, working on the dredges along the creeks.

"It was the main employer of the north here. If you didn't want to go out and cut wood or something like that, you got a job with YCGC. And that, of course, was only summer work - up to 8 months if you were lucky.

"That's the way it was in those days, you had summer work and in the winter you had to make your own job if you wanted to work. I cut wood sometimes, hauled it into town, and bought a small truck. Eventually I got a job, sort of a contract with the government to supply the government building of that time - which is the Museum now.

Later, after his war service, Pete (*Foth*) signed on with Bear Creek Placers and rose from deckhand to the top job - superintendent - on a series of dredges that took him around the creeks.

In this manner 12 years passed and he met Brownie, the woman who became his wife. She had come north to follow a career in nursing, and actually did that for 10 months at the hospital before getting married."

When I told Brownie I tried looking for Bear Creek Placers on the Internet and couldn't find anything ... she replied. – Sherron

One mistake they made in that write-up. There's no such a name as Bear Creek Placers, it was Clear Creek Placers that Pete worked for many years and worked himself up the ladder with them. He began with YCGC (Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation), but then went to work for Clear Creek Placers having worked on Thistle Creek, Henderson Creek and then finished on Clear Creek, which was the dredge that Pete bought with Johnny Hoggan, kept it many, many years and finally sold it to Geoff Lerner.

I met Pete in '51 and he was already superintendent at Thistle Creek. Our first little log cabin was at Thistle Creek, and how I loved it. Oh, those wonderful days!!!! We talk about them all the time. - Brownie.

I then looked up Clear Creek Placers and found this article on Murray Lundbergs' site.
<http://www.explorenorth.com/library/history/bl-dredgeclearck1.htm>

That's a good and pretty true article written by Cathy Jones Gates. Jean Evans was an American friend who was Cathy's tourist friend who came for one summer to Dawson and returned for many summers. Anyhow, Cathy married Michael Gates (Parks Canada) and moved to Whitehorse and is still there. She was and is a good writer and photographer.

YCGC dredges, 12 at one time, all shut down in 1966. But Clear Creek Dredge shut down in '55 and Pete (*Foth*) and John Hoggan purchased this in '55 I believe. Sold to Jeff

Lerner, Geologist, in 79 and Jeff immediately sold it to Queenstake. Jeff worked for Queenstake at the time and Cathy says it worked its first year in 81. We were of course in Dawson the first year and we were asked to go out for a chicken dinner, so Pete could see how the renovations were done. It was a thrill for Pete to see and hear it working once again.

The Dawson Packet was a little Newsletter, like our MocTel. That didn't last too long. – Pete & Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca



**Bob Hughes viewing Tailings from the Dredge
From Dome at Dawson early 1960's**

Photo courtesy Gina Span taken by her father Bob Hughes ginaspan@yahoo.com

Picture taken from the dome looking south down Bonanza Creek along the right of the picture. The two white spots to the left of Bonanza Creek are our two hills, where we mined, "Trail Hill" and "Cripple Hill", composed of white Channel gravel.

Continuing to the left of the picture you will notice a hill being mined "Jackson Hill" and below it is Jackson Tailings. All the tailings, which look like intestines, were left there by the dredge. – Brownie & Pete Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

COMMENTS INSPIRED BY MOCTEL 54

Every time I read the MocTel I find something pleasing to remind me of happy times in the Yukon. I liked the picture of the Keno leaving Whitehorse in August, 1960. I was there, maybe one of the bystanders in the picture, watching as the boat made its final departure from Whitehorse. The picture brought back memories.

I also enjoyed Tom Tait's story about the DC-3 at Forty Below. It brought memories when I flew the DC-3 to Mayo and Dawson for Great Northern Airways and later, for Northward Airlines. We regularly operated in temperatures well below minus forty, as the CPA crews did. One time we landed at Mayo when the temperature was minus seventy. We had to hustle the passengers off and on quickly before the cylinder head

temperatures got too cold. We left the right engine running and put an engine board between the propeller of the left engine and the cylinders in order to keep as much heat in the engine as possible during our quick stop.

Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com



Dawson City – early 1960's

The confluence of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers

Photo courtesy Gina Span taken by her father Bob Hughes ginaspan@yahoo.com

This photo is taken from the top of the dome in Dawson; the fellow is pointing south - the clean water from the Klondike River (our drinking water in Dawson) flows into the silty water of the mighty Yukon River.

Yes, the Klondike River is coming in from the left and the silt in the Yukon River is coming from the White River way up stream around Stewart River.

Yes, in most pictures the clear Klondike water usually shows up much better at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. I came down the Klondike River once in a canoe and when we got to the Yukon River you should hear the grating sound of the sand hitting the bottom of our canoe. What a noise! – Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

COLD WEATHER EXPERIENCES

By Vic Hoy vichoy@vip.net

Reading everything about cold weather takes me back to Ross River, I think the year was '66. I was working for Al Kulan managing Ross River Enterprises, which included the store, the motel, and restaurant/beer parlor. Sometime in January of '67, the temperature dropped to around minus 70 to 75. Everything froze, including booze stored in the trailer I lived in, and the oil lines that heated everything. We had white gas stoves from the store in the restaurant to try and do some cooking, and the idea was just to try and get by. Norm King drove in with a load of groceries and such for us and while having a coffee in the restaurant (trailer unit) and standing talking, the spoon froze in his coffee cup. Gerry

Mitchell, was trying to thaw out our bigger truck with the old "Tiger Torch in a stove pipe" idea under the oil pan. He was running back and forth between the restaurant and the truck trying to keep warm while the torch was burning and doing it's thing, drinking coffee and looking through the window checking the truck when he thought the heat vapours coming up looked a little strange. We went out to check that the torch was still directed to the underside of the oil pan, and lo and behold as we got there we realized the heat had melted the ice on the ground a bit, the stovepipe had moved slightly and the tiger torch had melted ALL the wiring.

Two days later the temperature went to minus 50 and after the 8 days of frigid weather it was so nice we went tobogganing across the river....a couple of days later it went to minus 30 and people were running around in sweatshirts.

I guess it's like they say, it was a dry cold.

STERNWHEELER KENO

A little known story about the move of the Sternwheeler Keno to Dawson.

More history about that boat. Seems to me it was 1959 when our Queen and Prince Phillip visited Whitehorse. A friend of mine Stan Heath, flew the Prince to Dawson. On his return to Whitehorse, he made the suggestion that one of the old boats should be taken to Dawson. This could be brought up on shore and used as a museum. So, here we are, in 1960, after a lot of maintenance, we see the final trip for this old girl.

Thanks Sherron,
Lloyd Romfo lloydromfo@shaw.ca

COMMENTS INSPIRED BY THE BRAEBURN SPECIAL



Braeburn in May 1991

Photo courtesy Dennis Eve dennis.eve@virgin.net

Dennis Eve is on your left in the picture with Don Frizzell in the background. Brian Eve and his wife Jean are on the right with Muriel Frizzell hidden in the corner.

Hi Sherron

I just read the Braeburn edition and it brought back a lot of memories.

One I remember the best.

About 10 years ago I brought my wife and sons to Whitehorse for a vacation and a trip to Faro to show them that part of the Yukon and where I worked (at Faro) and on the way back we stopped at Braeburn for lunch and I sat back let them order.

Two hamburgers with fries and a Toasted bacon & tomatoe with cheese sandwich I had a pop and waited.

The look on the wife's face when all this food arrived was priceless and I laughed so hard that I was almost sick, and other things.

There was enough food for lunch supper and a snack for me that night.

I wonder if there are any X Faro people out there that can tell stories about Faro and leaning tower.

Thank You

Mike Schramek crown-h2o@shaw.ca



Braeburn May 1991

Photo courtesy Dennis Eve dennis.eve@virgin.net

Dennis's wife Dorothy is taking a photograph and the rest of us are digging in.

MORE COMMENTS INSPIRED BY THE BRAEBURN SPECIAL

Wow...what a great Special Edition

I too have fond memories of Braeburn.

I remember the first time that I went out there. It was still owned by Chuck and Mrs. Walker. I never knew her first name...as everyone that I knew only called her Mrs. Walker.

The first time I went there, Peter Wojtowicz and Derek Gordon-Cooper "kidnapped" me to go for coffee. Well, when I saw the Takhini Hotsprings Road go by, I realized that coffee was going to be a while.

We ended up in Carmacks for coffee, and after a few cups of coffee, we headed back, and stopped at Braeburn for lunch.

I remembered ordering a Grilled Cheese, and as the "boys" had been there before, their fun was to be at my expense.

When I saw the sandwich come out of the kitchen, I could not believe it, and then the extra plate that held the home fries. I ended up sharing it with the guys as they insisted that they only wanted a bowl of soup....I wonder why.

I never did see the coffee cups that were the size of the plates, but the cups were bottomless.

It did not matter what time of year it was, you would always be welcomed with a big hello, a fresh cup of coffee, and that was always topped off with a Cinnamon bun, and one to take home.

I remember another time, a friend of mine, Malcolm Horton, who was driving for Yukon Alaska Transport, decided that we were going for a flying trip one Sunday afternoon.

So he rented a little Tomahawk two seater, and though I did not know where we going to fly to, I soon realised that we were flying out to Braeburn for lunch. It was the first time that I got to see Lake Labarge, Big Fox Lake, Little Fox Lake, Radar Mountain, and Braeburn Lake all in one day, and all from the air. It was absolutely fantastic, and a flight I will always remember.

As we were flying over Little Fox Lake, another friend of mine, Tom, who was also a pilot, had a cabin on its shore. We buzzed him a couple of times, so he would know to meet us out at the "Lodge". Well, I immediately turned green, thankfully the Lodge was not too far away, and after landing back on terra firma....I ran for the bushes. Malcolm got quite the chuckle out of that, and I can assure you, so did everyone else at the lodge.

It was then owned by the German couple. They had only been there about four months, so were still trying to get their feet wet.

Though they tried, their cinnamon buns never could match Mrs. Walker's. I think that they had a bit a hard time getting used to us crazy Yukoners

We shared a hamburger between the two of us, and with three buns tucked under our arms, we headed back to the plane for the return trip.

The trip went very well, and as long as the turbulence behaved itself, I was ok. It was such a beautiful day, I almost wanted to stay up there. Before we left the area, we did a fly by, tilting the wings left and right, and the international sign of "hello" and "goodbye".

Then in 1978, the Canadian aerobatic team, the Snowbirds, was in Whitehorse for the first of July celebrations. I was talking on the CB radio with a couple of friends, and it got passed around that the Snowbirds were going to fly to Braeburn.

As it turns out one of the organizers overheard us, and the dare was on, that we could never beat them out to Braeburn, and the race was on.

We left right away, there were eight vehicles in all, and of course, we ended up buying the coffee and lunch. But it was worth it.

It was quite a sight though, and if I had a camera, it would have been quite the sight to show.

The Lodge was notified, they closed off the highway, and as the planes landed on the highway, they then taxied into the airstrip to park. As they all lined up, it was absolutely spectacular. They had a good laugh to say the least, and I think that was the most business the lodge had seen for a long time.

About this time, word had reached Carmacks, and the highway was backed up on both sides, and after it was re-opened, there was a steady stream of vehicles, stopping on the highway, as the parking lot was packed.

The pilots even took a few lucky kids over to see the planes, and though there was really no security, everyone just seemed to know...you don't go anywhere near those planes...and no one did.

The pilots stayed about an hour, then one by one taxied out to the highway, which was once again closed, and took off. Then for the grand finale, they did a couple of fly bys, and headed back to Whitehorse.

It took us almost 45 minutes driving rather faster than the speed limit to get there and the same back, and it only took them 20 minutes each way.

Mind you they did burn a heck of a lot more fuel, but it was truly worth it, even if it did cost us lunch and a tank of gas. They were a great bunch of guys, giving everyone autographs, and answering everyone's questions.

Unfortunately, we will never see that kind of freedom again, but that was one of the many attributes of living in the North. The North at that time was not as hooked up on protocol, as has been mandated in the past years, because of national security.

Braeburn will always hold a special place in every Yukoner's heart, and I know that there are many stories out there, of how in the dead of the night or the dead of winter; there was always a cup of coffee, and a warm fire to share. And if you were lucky, you left with a cinnamon bun tucked snugly into your pack as a "snack along the road".

Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

HELPFUL HINTS

Did you know that when you delete items in e-mail or into your Recycle Bin, there are several other steps before that space on your computer is available to be re-used. (Those deleted items can still be found by the experts until you do the following).

In most of the newer versions you need to go to Start, to Programs, to Accessories, to System Tools, to Disk Cleanup, (for 'select drive' it is normally C drive and you are require to say OK and proceed to follow the options next by ticking the boxes of those things you wish to clean up (I tick them all whether they are empty or not) and do a disc cleanup process by answering OK.

Now you need to go through almost the same steps to Defragment your computer. This process tidies up the files and organizes the space made available by you deleting files leaving it free to be re-used.

To defragment go to Start, to Programs, to Accessories, to System Tools, to Disk Defragment. If your C drive is highlighted click on Defragment and sit back and wait (a long time if it has been a while since you did it last or if you are still on Windows 98).

It is important to do DISK CLEAN first before DISK DEFRAGMENT. Otherwise you are making a whole lot of new empty spaces that could have been cleaned up. A little bit like emptying the garbage on the floor after you have washed it.

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron:

I have recently returned from a week (23-29 Feb 04) trip to Whitehorse to attend the Sourdough Rendezvous & Yukon Quest. It had been about ten years since I last visited Whitehorse. Duncan Netzel told me about the Moccasin Telegraph and that it was a good site to locate old "Yukoner" friends. So I would like to sign up and have you put me on the list and receive the list of the group of members.

My father was in the RCAF and we were posted at the base and lived in Hillcrest 1960 -64. My parents were William (Bud) & Hilda Spring, they both reside in Brandon, Man now.

I graduated from FH Collins in the Class of 64. We were transferred to Rivers, Man that summer. My younger sister - Sandra and brother Tim also attended school in

Whitehorse. I had applied to join the RCMP in Whitehorse and later in Mar 65 joined the RCMP in Brandon and trained in Regina - M Troop.

I was posted back to the Yukon in Watson Lake then to Whitehorse in 1978-81. Just a couple of my fifteen posting locations in BC, Alta, NWT & Sask.

I retired after 35 years of service then later in Sept 2003 moved to Lethbridge, AB.

I would like to hear from old Yukon friends.

Thank you Sherron for the good work and the site to facilitate the opportunity to reconnect.

Lynn L. Spring lsinla03@shaw.ca
#5 110 Fairmont Blvd. S. Lethbridge, AB T1K 7S1 Ph 403-327-7599

Hi Sherron,

I would like to sign up for your MocTel newsletter. I have seen it and find it very interesting. I lived in the Yukon from 1972 'til 2003.

I am currently in southern Saskatchewan but move around some. Depends on what I'm doing. I was guiding in the Yukon again last fall (July to end of September) in the Ross River area, but don't know if I'll guide anymore. I've been doing it a long time and it's time for a change. 'sides, those mountains are growing steeper too.

I have lived in Burwash, Clinton Creek, Carmacks, Whitehorse, Snafu Lake, McLintock Lake, Mayo, Telegraph Creek and around McQuesten River. I trapped a lot and so lived out in the bush quite a bit, and through so many years of guiding, I've seen a lot of the Yukon from off of the Highways, which I always thought was a real blessing.

One of the story lines I am hoping to see one day would an article or story about Phil Temple of Burwash fame. He bought and operated the hunting area on Kluane Lake that was previously operated by the Jacquot brothers. (Not sure of the spelling. Gene and Louis were their first names).

Thank you so much Sherron for your kindness and also for the great 'paper'!

Again, thank you.

So YES! Please sign me up:

Rick Mortimer

trapper@nemontel.net



Rick Mortimer and a good caribou at Bonnette Plume Lake around '95 or '96.

Hi Sherron: Thanks for the note; I am housebound at the time after just coming back from major surgery in Vancouver, so I am off work for the next 3 months, so have lots of time to read etc. I came North in 1974 with the RCMP. At that time the Yukon split from the rest of the North to become its own Division (Mdiv) Harry Nixon was our CO and I spent the remainder of my service in Whitehorse until I retired in 1990.

At that time I went to work for an Insurance company as an investigator/adjuster. I am still doing that and will retire from that on the 29 Oct of this year.

I live at Marsh Lake and I am the Fire Chief of the Fire Dept here, which is one of the largest Volunteer fire departments in the Territory outside of Whitehorse, Dawson and Watson Lake. We do search and rescue and Medical as well as fire and we are quite busy. Marsh Lake has become a very large active community in the past 10 years.

Rusty has asked me to do some work on the Old Silver City site that was once an RCMP post so will try and get some more info for her. My contacts in the force are getting smaller and smaller each year, and trying to obtain information is getting harder and harder with all the privacy crap we have to put up with. Anyway thank you for this information and look forward to getting on line and reading some of it.

Regards

Dennis Levy ldlevy@marshlake.polarcom.com

Please add my name to your list of ex-Yukoners. Thanks, Lorraine Clarkston

Clarkston, Lorraine (Macdonald) clarkston@atlin.net Whitehorse (1971-93) now in Atlin, B.C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I wanted to let you know that I have closed out my AOL account and am now back on Hotmail, or msn. The hotmail will now take the Moccasin Telegraph so could you please change my email address back to yukon180@hotmail.com. I have been so busy that I didn't realize until this weekend that I hadn't received an issue for a while and this is the reason why.

Thanks and best wishes. Margaret Underwood

Hi Sherron: just wanted to let you know that my email address is now changed from mjvincent@execulink.com to margaretvincent@rogers.com

Thanks, Margaret Vincent

REMOVED FROM LIST

Please take my name off your email list for the Moccasin Telegraph. I do not know any of these places or events. Thanks. Betty Mackie egmackie@shaw.ca
MACKIE, Betty egmackie@shaw.ca (Lived in Dawson in 1950's had 4 of 5 children born there) Victoria

Hi Sherron,

I'm writing to ask you to remove my e-mail from the MocTel/Yukoner lists. I'm sorry to do this as I know how much work you've put into running the MocTel, and I have enjoyed reading the stories and especially looking at the photos, but I have just been getting too many virus warnings and feel it's not worth the risk anymore.

Thanks so much for all your hard work and all the hours of enjoyment. I look forward to seeing you this summer/autumn when we'll be in Canada.

Best of luck with the MocTel... Sarah

WARNER, Sarah swarner@canada.com (In Whitehorse) BC & Sydney AU

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

To love and be loved is to feel the sun from both sides.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Recipe from: Cooking for the Rushed, The Healthy Family by Sandi Richard forwarded by Donna Clayson

AMAZING CHICKEN STEW ON RICE

Prep Time: 20 minutes

1 ½ cups	Basmati or white rice
3 cups	Water
3	Boneless skinless chicken breasts (1 lb or 450g)
1 tsp	Lemon pepper
½ tsp	Fresh pepper
¼ tsp	Mrs. Dash Garlic and Herb Seasoning
2 tsp	Worcestershire Sauce
1	Onion
3 stalks	Celery
12	Mushrooms
3 cups	Frozen broccoli florets
2 cups	Frozen baby carrots
1 can	Cream of chicken soup (10 oz or 284 mL)
1 cup	water

Combine rice and water in a large microwave-safe pot or casserole dish. Cover and microwave at high 10 minutes, then medium 10 minutes.

Spray a large heavy stove-top pot with cooking spray. Cut chicken into bite size pieces and add to pan as you cut. Cook at medium-high. Toss until meat is no longer pink. Add spices and Worcestershire sauce. Stir.

Chop onion, slice celery and mushrooms. Add to pan as you cut. Rinse broccoli and carrots in a colander and add to pan. Add soup and gradually stir in water.

Simmer until hot and flavors have combined, approximately 15 minutes. (Check to make sure you can poke through a carrot with a fork.

Serve stew over rice.

Serves 6

DATES TO REMEMBER

For Vancouver Yukoners events check <http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/index.htm> The Banquet will be on March 27, 2004 this year.

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic:

June 27, 2004 at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens. We have the site from ***11am till 3 pm.*** We usually eat at ***noon.*** There will be an article in the next newsletter coming out in a couple of weeks. Larry Chalmers aksala49@cablerocket.com

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**. If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. 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