

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Fifty-Seventh Edition- April 11, 2004**

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



**Water Wick ?**

Photo courtesy Dave Hildebrand [mbournon@telus.net](mailto:mbournon@telus.net)

**THOUGHTFUL MOMENTS**

By Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly@on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly@on.aibn.com)

Shadows slowly lengthen  
As brightness leaves the sky  
And peace rolls over a land  
That earlier we thought might die.

From dawn to the twilight  
Centuries sometimes appear to pass  
And yet in looking to yesteryear  
Time for long did not last.

Early dawn or twilight  
Brings us in constant touch  
With a universal knowledge  
That to search for each soul must.

The quietness of the eventide  
Or the space before the dawn  
Brings the soul to peaceful searching  
That soon with days rush is gone.

As from drowsy sleep we awaken  
To watch the heavens slowly brighten  
For a moments space alone  
Peace we find and our burdens lighten.

No time can fill our soul with rapture  
As surely as the breaking of early dawn  
Or the hour of shadowy twilight  
When bird's messages ring out in song.



Yukon Rose

Photo courtesy Marc Johnston [marcjjohn@yahoo.com](mailto:marcjjohn@yahoo.com)

Thanks for your inquiry about the "Rose". The plans for this year are.....plans.....at the moment. It has been so chilly in Dawson this Winter that almost no work was possible...even with heaters inside. You cannot glue and paint at minus thirty and at that temperature it is hard to hit the nails when your fingers are shaking. Nevertheless an inaugural voyage is planned for June 12. There will be a breakfast when we depart Whitehorse.....and we will deliver ceremonial barrels of trade goods to all the T&D Stores between Whitehorse, Mayo and Dawson (there are 10 stores) as we wend our way down the Yukon and up the Stewart and down the Stewart again to arrive in Dawson on June 19. Guests will camp alongside the river in provided camps and food will be prepared and served ashore. Live music will be provided both on board and at the campsites.

And that's just the inaugural voyage. Also planned are 4 subsequent voyages in July and August which will see the Rose used as intended. She will be a mothership for canoe paddlers who will drift/paddle along at a leisurely pace and join the Rose each evening for camps that include hot showers, flush toilets and 110 volts to say nothing of the chef who will provide gourmet meals.

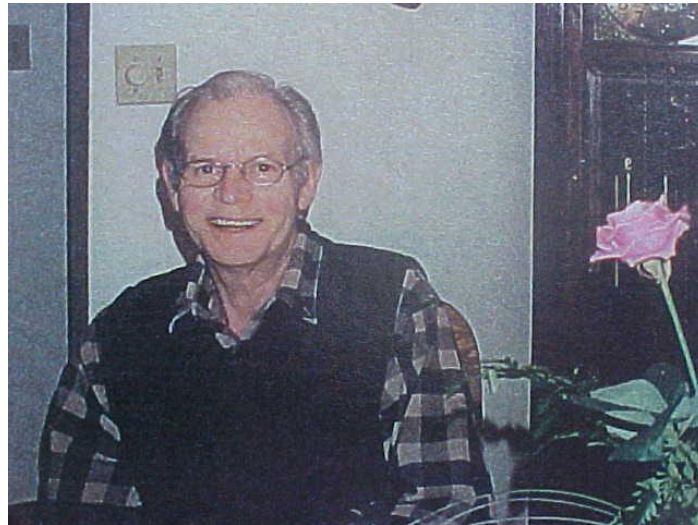
The Summer of 2004 is very much a trial year for the Rose, the system and the business of Mothership canoe groups. We will be experimenting and testing and perfecting a system that will go into full production in Summer of 2005.

A picture of the Rose actually floating last year is attached. We anticipate her floating once again as soon as the ice goes out this year.

If anyone wants to join us this season as we experiment.....highly reduced rates are available and there is plenty of room.....just email your intentions at [marc\\*yukonrose.com](mailto:marc*yukonrose.com)

I will be emailing you further updates as soon as practical.

MarcJ!



### **Samuel Leslie Cawley**

Feb 14/38 – Mar 22/04

Sam was born Feb 14/38 in Vancouver. He and his brother Tom were raised by their mother who was a single parent. In 1943 he started his education by attending school in Whitehorse Primary Grade 1 and from there continued on in Alberta, B.C. and California.

Sam moved back to Whitehorse in 1955, working for Harry Boyle at the Whitehorse Star at the tender age of 17, as a Pressman's helper. He was also mentored by Helmer Samuelson, who at one time owned the Dawson City News and was a long time friend of the family.

On August 16, 1958 Sam married Carroll (Couch) and over the years they had 4 children: Frances, Patti, Leslie and Bryan, and 10 grand children: Nathan, Shawn, Natallie, Matthew, Michael, Colton, Steven, Emma, Morgen and Cailley Jane.

In 1965, Sam started with the YTG in the Department of Education as a Purchasing Clerk and worked his way into becoming the Director of Education. After a number of years he transferred to Director of Supply Services until his retirement.

Sam and Carroll owned and operated Willow Printers for 32 years. The business was started with the old platen press in the garage, using lead letters that were set backwards, which Sam could read faster than we could forward!. Later when they expanded their shop, Sam would spend many late nights on the presses.

Sam was very active in many boards and did volunteer work for several years, such as: Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Porter Creek Community Association, McClintock Place Community Association, Marsh Lake Local Advisory Committee and Recreation Committee, Miles Canyon Historic Railway Society, Post Secondary Bursary Appeal Board and several others.

For 23 years Sam was a dedicated and faithful Mason and advanced through all of the ranks and committees. He enjoyed the Mason conventions and the numerous socials with brotherhood. Sam and Carroll especially enjoyed going to Barkerville with Brother Mason Ted and Barb Conway.

Sam had several hobbies and you could find him busy restoring old cars. His favorite was the MG Midget and one day he and Carroll took a spin in it and decided it was too small.

Another hobby was animal husbandry. Sam drove from his cousin's farm in Stettler, Alberta to Whitehorse with a dozen chickens and a rooster on top of the Pontiac car. When they were in Fort St. John getting gas, one of the hens laid an egg which rolled down the window. The gas attendants look was priceless. Other animals included goats and they liked to escape from the yard and go into our friends kitchen and eat her flowers.

Sam had an uncanny knack in visualizing the potential of a building, no matter how run down and decrepit it was originally. Carroll learned to be on guard whenever he wanted to look at old buildings, such as the first cabin they purchased which took many, many hours of family labour to complete. Sam loved to use the spray foam anywhere he could find a use for it and he was the best customer for the stores in town because of it. The kids kept him informed anytime they found a crack and Sam was on the job, spray can in hand. The result was a very warm and inviting cabin that everyone enjoyed with many memories. The Masonic picnics were often held at the old cabin.

Sam enjoyed boating and camping with family and friends and could be found planning what would become some adventurous times. When Sam and Carroll bought the Reinell 21' boat, on the maiden voyage with Frank and Frances (who was pregnant with their

first child), Bryan had assisted with launching the boat and was on his way back to the cabin with the boat trailer. Halfway between Tagish and the cabin, it was discovered that the engine plug was not put in and it was sinking fast. Frank had to hold his hand over the plug hole for the long journey home, which took several hours to complete. Frank had suggested to Sam to head for shore and in later years when Sam recounted the story, he remembered it as “Run it up on the rocks.”

A big thrill for Sam was catching a 30+ lb. Salmon in Campbell River, with his brother Tom while straddling log booms and maintaining his balance. What a dedicated fisherman!

In Sam’s later years, he enjoyed water skiing and would entertain the family with his antics. For instance, one year Bryan was pulling his Dad behind the boat when he decided it was his turn to go water skiing and backed off the throttle. This was of course without Sam’s knowledge and a very shocked Sam started sinking into the water. Needless to say, Sam got his revenge. No sooner had Bryan got up on the water, when Dad in turn cut the throttle back and sank Bryan.

Sam also did his part for the environment, by picking up recyclable cans. On many occasions when Sam and Carroll were in the vehicle, Sam’s eagle eye would spot a 5 cent can and slam on the brakes so Carroll could jump out to retrieve it and it was expected that the grandchildren would do the same. There was no favoritism here!

One of Sam’s proudest moments was when he received the Paul Harris award, for which Ted Harrison nominated him. Another proud achievement was when Sam earned his diving certificate while vacationing at Cook Island.

Sam tried to keep a positive attitude while fighting a brave battle with Cancer and having a heart condition and was open to different types of treatment. Sam wanted to stay home for as long as possible. He was surrounded by his loved ones and passed away peacefully in his sleep at home.

Beloved husband, father and grandfather, he will be greatly missed, but will live on in our memories.

## **THE GAMBLER?????**

By J.E. Vigneau [vigneau\\*yknet.ca](mailto:vigneau*yknet.ca)

Everyone is a gambler in one way or another  
Perhaps you say, oh no, not me  
Never would I venture at a game of chance  
Coming back with empty pockets  
Returning with the smell of booze and smoke on my clothes  
And eyeballs bulging out of their sockets.

One night you dare to enter the casino  
Which you always preached was a no-no  
The sounds of coins, the sounds of bells  
Suddenly you feel very alive  
Already, you've forgotten you just spent five.

Then a joyful yell of a winner  
Could he be just another sinner?  
Maybe like you, just a beginner  
But by the end of the night,  
Most likely his wallet would be thinner.

But you will try, oh yes, just a quarter  
Maybe for luck, a drink, where's the porter?  
The service is good, the beverage is mild  
The time slips by, you've been quite a while.

You look at your watch; it's getting quite late  
You look again, its no mistake  
You had better leave, you had better go  
For one who doesn't gamble  
You're fresh out of dough.

The lure of easy money is strong  
What, you say could be so wrong?  
Not unlike a whirlpool, it draws in the fools  
And you leave, with no money, no song.

You try five, then ten, then twenty  
And then you say this could be my lucky day  
And continue to play  
If the bells don't ring soon  
You will leave with your pockets empty.

So don't be a fool, don't get caught in the pool  
And although it is hard, please don't bring your card  
That last pull for three sevens was close  
Remember, the odds lie with the house  
You work hard for your money; so leave with your honey  
Get up; get your ass off the stool!

## Dinner Party at Rideau Hall

By Pam Hyatt [pphyatt@shaw.ca](mailto:pphyatt@shaw.ca)

January 1978, Stratford, Ontario: I received an invitation from **Governor General and Madame Vanier** to attend a Dinner Party and Screening of 'J.A.Martine, Photographe', to be held in March at Rideau Hall. The event was to celebrate and honour those in the Canadian Film Industry.

WELL! Pam Hyatt's career was really a television, radio and theatre experience, I'd had *very little* to do in films. HOWEVER, one does *not* pass up such invitations, right? Hence, I took my sixteen year old son, Carson T. Foster, and off we trundled to Ottawa on VIA Rail. I'd chosen to spend two nights in the capital, and had arranged to watch Question Period in the House of Commons thanks to my friendship with then Conservative backbencher, **Peter Bawden, from Calgary**. Peter, back in his Calgary riding, had kindly instructed his staff to put me and Carson in the Members' Gallery.

That evening, we were due to arrive at Rideau Hall for the film's screening at 7:30pm. For whatever reason, Carson and I arrived at that moment only to discover the film had already begun. It was being screened in a large ballroom, thus we were escorted to the very back row of seats so as not to disturb the guests.

At the film's conclusion, a huge chandelier slowly came to life above us, as a woman's voice from the front row said, quite distinctly:

*"What a lovely film!"*

and she began applauding. We all joined her. At that point she stood. 'Twas Madame Vanier. Of course, as soon as *she* stood, the rest of us (all 200 or so) leapt to our feet, whereupon Madame and the GG began their gracious ascent up the main aisle. As they passed our row, I saw that Trudeau walked behind them.

The three of them entered an adjoining room, at which point an equerry touched my shoulder and directed me to follow them. Ah hah! Turns out that the adjoining room was the location for their formal Receiving Line. An Aide de Camp stood at the right shoulder of each of the three dignitaries, asking my name, then presenting me to Madame, the GG, and finally to Trudeau.

On shaking Trudeau's hand, I commented:

*"Sir, I was in the House for Question Period today and I'm really sorry you never opened your mouth!"*

Looking somewhat startled, the PM replied:

*"What's your name again?"*

*"Pam Hyatt, Sir."*

*"Well, Pam, perhaps I **will** open my mouth later tonight."*

*"That would be good, Sir,"* and I moved out of that area, into a very long, narrow salon where cocktails were being served prior to dinner. Carson and I circulated on our own, then met for dinner, where we had the chilly experience of sitting with six Quebec film people who refused to speak English, leaving us non-francophones quite alone.

At the end of dinner, Madame Vanier tapped a spoon on crystal glass, then rose to express her gratitude for our presence, for the fine film industry, and to announce that she and her husband still had some packing to do prior to a morning flight to Barcelona. Thus, would we kindly excuse them, but please feel welcome back in that other salon where apres diner drinks would be served. Of course! We all stood, applauded the lovely couple as they exited, then made our way back to the drinks salon.

As I chatted with chums, I noticed WAAAAAY down at the far end of the room, **Trudeau** was talking with, or rather, **being talked AT**, by a well known actress of my generation who, yes, shall remain nameless. I had something I wanted to say to the PM, so I moved past them, then stood about eight feet away, watching. I know it's lousey etiquette to just barge into the midst of a twoperson conversation (or monologue in this case), so waited for the PM to either invite me to join them or not.

He caught my eye, beckoned, I joined them, and sipped drambui as I listened to the actress's spiel about her "**search for the canadian cultural identity!**" Some moments later, a well known, middle aged character actor joined the conversation and added his forty seven cents worth of gibberish to the mix.

Me? I said NUZZINK! Frankly, the whole subject bored the hell outa me, but by heaven, the look on my face was one of intense interest. I could have joined External Affairs, been a flippin' diplomat at that moment!

Trudeau? He also said NUZZINK, had that same pleasant look. But now he spoke:

*"I'm sure Canadian audiences will be **delighted** when you both find your identities!"*

Brilliant! It went over the man's head, but the actress got it.

*"**I'm not looking for my identity!**,"* she huffed.

At that point, my mouth opened:

*"Hon, the words you've used and the tone of voice you've employed indicate that's **exactly** what you're looking for. If you'd wanted to leave a different impression, you would've chosen **other** words and a **very different** tone of voice."*

Trudeau grinned: *"Precisely!"*

I turned to him: *"Sir, there's something I want to say, it's got **nothing** to do with show business."* (I swear he heaved a sigh of relief. Who could blame him?!) *"But first, why don't you sit down, you've had a long day."*

*"Thank you!"*

He lowered his rump towards the chair, I sank to the floor in my long evening skirt, when suddenly he reversed direction and rose to his former standing position. Why? I turned. The "identity" actress was puffing away at her cigarette, **very** angry, there warn't NO WAY SHE was gonna sit on the floor!

*"Get a grip, girl! Come on, the PM's had a rough day. You and I haven't. Give him a break!"*

Reluctantly, she lowered herself, the actor squatted. Trudeau sank gratefully to the chair.

*"Sir,"* I began, *"I was in the House today during Question Period and..."*

*"Where were you sitting, Pam? Visitors Gallery?"*

*"No Sir, the Members' Gallery."*

*"Really? Whom do you know?"*

*"Peter Bawden."*

*"How do you know him?"*

*"I met him in Dawson City, 1962, when he was refueling his plane prior to going to the Arctic to replace or repair one of his diamond drills."*

*"He's **very** wealthy, isn't he?"*

*"Sir, that's silly, coming from you!"*

He grinned. *"But what were **you** doing in Dawson?"*

*"Performing in the Dawson City Gold Rush Festival."*

*"In '**FOXY**'?"*

*"No, Sir. Did **you** see '**FOXY**'?"*

He nodded assent.

*"Were **you** at '**FOXY**'S opening, Sir?"*

*"No, I wasn't a bigwig then. I was just wandering through northern Canada in a canoe. But Pam, where did **you** perform?"*

*"On a riverboat, Sir."*

He looked very intent: *"I **LIVED** on a riverboat for the week I was in Dawson!"*

At that point, I swear to high heaven, it felt like the KENO appeared in the ethers between us.

*"Sir, I lived on that riverboat, the **KENO**, for the eight weeks I worked in Dawson!"*

We stared at each other, mouths agape.

*"Good heavens, Pam, we probably bumped into each other on the way to the can!"*

We laughed.

*"But **WHERE** did you **PERFORM** on the KENO?"*

*"In the **Boiler room** of the KENO, Sir, one deck below our cabins."*

Recognition was dawning. *"**WAIT A MINUTE!** Did you sing a Robert Service song titled, '**SARDINES IN HER HAIR**'?"*

*"You bet!"*

*"That was the **silliest** song I've **ever** heard, and I've **NEVER** forgotten it!"* We laughed delightedly.

He turned to the identity seeking duo who looked none too happy: *"Pam and I are old friends, we've known each other for sixteen years!"*

We then went into the area I'd initially wanted to discuss with him. But wow, that was SO MUCH FUN! Serendipitous, eh? Tiny planet.

**James Theodore Breaden**  
By Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

James entered Yukon with his mother and dad at the age of 2 years, Aug. 7<sup>th</sup>, 1899. He and his mother had come up from Skagway by the new White Pass train to Bennett where his dad, Harry met them with a canoe.

They travelled the lakes to Tagish River where they were checked in and their canoe marked 507 by the NWMP. Then down the Fifty Mile River (Lewes-Yukon) to Lake LaBerge and the 30 Mile River (Yukon) to Hootalinqua. Proceeding onward they travelled to Fort Selkirk and up the Pelly River 20 Miles to where Harry had built a cabin the past year at Braden's Canyon.

They lived at both Selkirk and the Braden Canyon cabin the next years, especially when the children came of school age. James lost two of his brothers, Ernest and Harold in 1907 to diphtheria in Selkirk during an epidemic.

He now had five sisters, and at the age of 14 in 1911 headed for Dawson where work was available. He started driving teams of horses, and ended up driving freight teams for White Pass on the overland trail. In about 1914-15 he bought a Model T Ford and started a jitney business from Dawson to Grand Forks on Bonanza Creek.

This was where he derived the well-known name of Spot Cash, which followed him for a lifetime. It was based on cash before you ride as he had been stuck for a fare a few times.

In September 1916 he joined the Yukon Regiment under Captain George Black and went overseas in January 1917. In France he drove horses, mules and autos hauling ammunition to the front.

In between his tours to France, he married Bertha Kate Harding and they returned to Canada after the war in February 1919. Barely off the boat, their first daughter Audrey was born, and they came across Canada first to Hazelton and then to Prince Rupert.

He went into business in transportation with an army buddy using horses and trucks hauling fish, furniture or other freight from the docks. He had many funny stories to tell of his years in Rupert. One being that the streets at that time were planked, and when it got frosty it was kind of "iffy" to drive them in the early morning. In those days, the heavy trucks were chain drive. While coming down the hilly terrain of Rupert one of the drive chains broke. It was a "T" intersection, and what was at the bottom of it but a house of ill repute. He crashed through the front wall and partway into a bedroom where a lady was entertaining a customer. He said it cost 400 bucks to get out of that one, and 400 in those days was a lot of money!

In the latter part of 1922 the Yukon called and he returned to Whitehorse with Greenfield and Pickering on the overland stage with trucks and cats. During these years a second daughter, Vera was born in 1923 and a son, Henry in 1927. He was with Greenfield and Pickering till 1928 when they lost the mail contract, and went with Cecil Richards who then had the contract.

In 1929 the family moved to Mayo and he had his own truck freighting mainly to Keno and way points.

By 1936 the old truck was getting tired and he sold it to Alfred Burian to haul wood and he went to work for Wernecke still in transport.

When the camp shut down in 1941 he headed for Whitehorse and worked with bulldozers on the Aishihik Airport construction. During the next years, he got away from driving and followed mechanics, returning to Mayo in 1946 when Keno Hill reopened. He was with Bud Fisher for several years as mechanic in the shop repairing trucks and cats.

When Bud moved to Whitehorse, so did James and was with RCME Canadian Army in the shops till his retirement in 1962. He had spent a lifetime in transportation whether it be horses, trucks or cats, or in the shop keeping the wheels rolling.

A: Way points means places in between i.e. Minto Bridge, Fields Creek, and any roadhouses enroute to Keno.

## **CARIBOU AT BRAEBURN ?**

Those caribou at Braeburn are Elk check out there butts I almost choked LOL when I saw them. That is what is left from a herd of deer and elk planted up there in 1951. Only elk have big round orange butts, whitetail's have little white butts. The deer did not survive but the elk did. Also it looks like a young moose up front, that is really what caught my eye at first, not an elk or caribou head. But that's ok because no one else will know, maybe Henry or Donna and anyone that hunts will.

Mogey Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca)

## **KENO MINING MUSEUM**

Now a request, perhaps you can help, for you reach a number of (EX)-Yukoners. We, the Keno Mining Museum, are looking for old or new movies (preferably on video tapes) and pictures about Keno City, Elsa and Mayo, mining operations, events, etc. We plan to show these videos in our audio room in the museum. There is few material in the archives, but we know that there is a lot of material spread all over the world. We also ask for stories or anecdotes some Ex- Keno- Hill- Miners or their families might have. We try to preserve as much information as we can get, and the internet is a good way to reach people who might help us. Please don't hesitate to contact me for more information. (Please put KMM in the subject line of your e-mail, for identification).

Thank you Insa Wagner

[insa@polarcom.com](mailto:insa@polarcom.com)

[www.kenocity.info](http://www.kenocity.info)

(notice, I put \* for @ and I left one "W" out for known reason!)

## **VIRUS EXPERIENCE ENDS WELL**

First I would like to say that I enjoy the Moc-Tel very much. I have connected with a few old friends through it. You are doing a great job. We do appreciate you.

Not sure why some are so scared of Viruses. In the six years I have had my computer I have had very little trouble with a virus getting on my computer...I think the worst one for me was 'ol "Happy '99" That ended up actually funny as I was new and green to computers at the time and didn't know you had to keep your scanner updated. Well my niece (or so it looked like) sent me this email with an attachment and I opened it and it was this picture of fire-works of course. Well it was a darn poor picture at that and I wrote and told her so. Not only did it come in Feb. (not New years) and I told her to next time "Send Music" with it....Well she didn't have a clue to what I was talking about. I thought it very strange that she sent the picture at all, but saved it to my hard drive and periodically viewed the silly thing. Until one day my brother in Wyoming had the courage to phone me and tell me I was sending out a virus...And told me how to get rid of it. Well I tried that and deleted the wrong files so I could no longer get on my computer. I phoned McAfee (my scanner at the time) Long distance to New York or some such place and the help person said they couldn't fix it that I had to get a hold of the computer's Manufacturer...Well I was devastated!!!! Well I finally talked to my nieces husband and he led me through replacing the file in 5 minutes and all was well...But I laugh about it many times since...Just shows what can happen when one panics about something...Most times things are simple if we know how.

Keep up the good work Sherron!!

Happy Spring Ahead>>>Lois Tremblay [granny9t\\*shaw.ca](mailto:granny9t@shaw.ca)

## **VIRUS INFORMATION APPRECIATED**

I REALLY appreciate the stuff you have sent on viruses. I know when I first got a virus (without any protection) I was really upset, but now it's a routine matter, so in a way I can understand the ones who have withdrawn. It's a matter of getting used to new things, which some of us have a hard time with. So thank you for your patience and all your efforts. Much appreciated everywhere. Eleanor Millard

*I asked Eleanor if I could place her message in here only because I feel it expresses the growth that we all face as we learn to deal with a computer. - Sherron*

## **MORAL SUPPORT FROM A CLOSE FRIEND**

Sherron: Must have been a bit disappointing to have had those dropouts. As you say, it is all a gift on your part. I for one say good for you and carry on. Some of the spell that comes through is that of a land and a time when life made more sense, even if it was more difficult. It seems that the daily events down here make me feel less and less apart of what goes on in this world today. What is that? does it mean that I am now qualified as an old fogey, not of this generation. I for one would cash her in, and head for the simpler

life of a more rural setting. We seem to live on Sesame Street, where you are not allowed to do anything for yourself without first getting a permit. Living in a time when everyone wants the government to do it all for them. Whatever happened to that spirit we had during World War 2, when all we ever worked for was freedom. Freedom, all we ever talked about. Such is life.

We are all fine here, but your Aunt Lillian is truly slowing down a bit. But she is as game as ever, and always has a great big smile. Hope you are getting away in your motor home more often. I for one am trying to work less and play more.

Keep her afloat til daylight.

Jim Robertson

*Jim worked on the White Pass boats and has been in my life since before I can remember.  
- Sherron*

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Please note the following change for Mega Reporting's (Joyce & Erwin Bachli) e-mail address:

[megareporting@irri.net](mailto:megareporting@irri.net)

Thanks, Joyce Bachli

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hi Sherron;

I was supposed to do this 6 months ago, so please add my sister Gail Kimbel to the Moctel list. [gkimbel@shaw.ca](mailto:gkimbel@shaw.ca) Gail was born in Mayo and now lives in Prince George. Thanks a lot, Norm Hartnell

Jim and his wife Buffy Sias would both like to receive the MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH. Buffy does most of the computer work for the extended Sias family. Jim, Josey, Frank, Doug & Cecile. [siasfamily@klondiker.com](http://siasfamily@klondiker.com)

The live at #94 - 100 Lewes Boulevard  
Whitehorse, Yukon, Y1A 3W1

PHONE: (867) 668-6776

James (Jim) SIAS is a lifelong resident and Buffy Sias has lived in the Yukon 8 years. Bye for now. Rusty Reid

I am glad to be a part of this and hope to be adding stories from Silver City soon. I will be accepting mail for Doug and Cecile Sias, Frank and Josie Sias and Jimmy and Buffy Sias. – Buffy Sias

Hi Sherron! \*S\* (s=smile), I received your name from Marg and Drew Dunn regarding your list of new & used Yukoners ! \*S\* I would like to add us to your list if possible! Our names are Ray & Corinne Sears . We moved to the Yukon in 1970 from Victoria BC to Beaver Creek ( mile 1202). We lived and worked there until 1981 when we moved to Whitehorse, where we still live. I would love to see your list you've collected!-- and also be added to it! Our children ( now adults) still live in Whitehorse also. Our email address is [fishinyt@whtvcable.com](mailto:fishinyt@whtvcable.com) --- our son Bill Sears addy is [crossfire@whtvcable.com](mailto:crossfire@whtvcable.com), and our daughter Shawna Lee Sears addy is [fishinyt@hotmail.com](mailto:fishinyt@hotmail.com). I'm not sure if you have a web-site -- or HOW Drew got this info -- but I'd LOVE to hear from you, and see who has registered!! \*S\* It would be SO nice to see if some long lost friends have registered with you, so we could say Hi \*S\*.. Drew just sent me an email telling me how to get hold of you! Sincerely, Corinne Sears

My name is Myrna Butterworth and your name was given to me by Fran Hakonson and Emily Stillwell.I am very interested in the Moccasin Telegraph.I have lived all my life in Dawson City. My mom and dad were James [Jim] and Marion Hadley,and I married Les Butterworth. I have never seen a copy of this Moctel but understand it is quite interesting.....Hope this gets thru to you....Myrna Butterworth [myrnab@yknet.ca](mailto:myrnab@yknet.ca)

I got the addresses and printed them off and put them in my files I see that I neglected to tell you that I am a widow .Les passed away in 1996. He was the last of the Butterworth brothers Jack [Pretoria] passed away in 1970. Cec [Eileen] passed away in 1992, Roy [Ilmi] passed away in 1991.

My dad Jim Hadley came to the Yukon in 1927 and worked on the Steamboats, finally settling in Dawson where he worked for the Sisters of St. Anne's at the hospital, in 1938 he Married my mom Marion Molison in Vancouver, they came back to Dawson, and lived at Quartz Creek where Dad worked on the dredges for YCGC, while there myself, sister Margaret, and brother Bob were born. From Quartz Creek we moved to North Fork where Dad worked at the Power plant. In the spring of 1946 we moved to Dawson so I could go to school. Dad transferred to the Power plant in town. My brother Rainsford was born in 1949 he was one of the last babies born before the St. Mary's hospital burned to the ground.

I graduated at from Dawson School in 1958 and worked in the Bank of Commerce for 2 years. Married Les in 1960. Had 2 daughters, Roberta now living in Tok Alaska, and Lorraine living in Dawson.

My sister Marg still lives in the area, Bob lives in Chilliwack, and Rai lives in Whitehorse...Enough for now, we'll keep in touch....Myrna

## **HELPFUL HINT**

**– Stop Automatic Downloading of E-mails and Open Preview Pane**

THIS HINT TAKES YOU TWO STEPS TO COMPLETE, but it is well worth it.

On another topic, it seems that lots of us were unaware of our options on how to or not to view our e-mail *WITHOUT* actually *OPENING* it.

This information pertains to those with *OUTLOOK EXPRESS* as their e-mail program.

2.) 1.) If you go to *TOOLS* on your top task bar of your *OUTLOOK EXPRESS* program and choose *OPTIONS* a drop down box will appear and across the top click on the tab named *READ*. *If* you make sure the box next to “Automatically download mail while viewing preview pane” ***IS NOT TICKED***. Two Items above that you **can tick** the option “Mark message read after previewing for 5 seconds.” Next click “***APPLY***” and close the box.

At this point you will be able to preview an e-mail and never actually open it unless you have some desire to see it on a larger scale. In which case you would double click on the highlighted line for that e-mail in your inbox.

Next if you click on *VIEW* again on the top task bar of your *OUTLOOK EXPRESS* program and go to the *LAYOUT*. In this drop down box in the lower half tick the box beside “Show Preview Pane” you will then have your preview pane on the lower right hand half of your *OUTLOOK EXPRESS* e-mail program. You need to click *APPLY* and close that drop down window before it is set as a setting for future use

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Cheerfulness oils the machinery of life.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Recipe from: *Cooking for the Rushed, The Healthy Family* by Sandi Richard  
forwarded by Donna Clayson [ytdogteam\\*telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)

### **OVEN BBQ CHICKEN WITH ROAST POTATOES AND BROCCOLI**

Prep Time: 20 minutes

10-12	Boneless skinless chicken thighs (1 ¾ lbs. or 800g)
1	Onion
½ cup	Brown sugar
½ cup	Cider vinegar
1 can	Tomato sauce (14 oz. Or 398 mL)
2 tsp	Prepared garlic (in a jar)
1/3 cup	Dijon mustard
1 tbsp	Mrs. Dash Italian Seasoning
½ tsp	Cayenne pepper
20-24	Baby potatoes (or cut 4 large potatoes)

2 tsp                      Extra virgin olive oil  
1 tsp                      Mrs. Dash Original Seasoning

5 cups                    Frozen broccoli florets (approx. 1 lb or 450 g)

Preheat oven to 350°F. Lay thighs flat in a large shallow oven-safe pan.

Finely chop onion. Combine the following in a small bowl in this order: onion, brown sugar, vinegar, tomato sauce, garlic, mustard and spices.

Stir and then pour evenly over chicken. Place in preheated oven. Set timer for 50 minutes.

Wash potatoes and place in a different large oven-safe pan. Toss with olive oil and Mrs. Dash Original Seasoning until potatoes are coated. Place in hot oven beside chicken.

Rinse broccoli in colander. Place in microwave-safe pot or casserole with lid. Cover and microwave at high for 5 minutes. Let stand in microwave.

When chicken and potatoes are ready, reheat broccoli 2 additional minutes.

Serves 4 to 6

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

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](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)