

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty First Edition- May 9, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Candled Ice

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

A VERY WEALTHY MAN

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

I've amassed a store of wealth,
All given to me freely.
Although, to see me walking by,
You wouldn't know it, really.
I do not speak of stocks and bonds,
Or money I have hid,
I've invested in hugs and kisses,
And memories of my kids.

I've memories of diapers,
Hung waving in the breeze,
Of dirty handprints on my shirt,
And water on my knees.
There are memories of Yukon days,
Of sleigh rides in the snow,
And good-by hugs and kisses
As off to school they'd go.

I've memories of softball games,
Of playing with a pup,
Times of laughter, drying tears

All part of growing up.
There are memories of swimming pools,
And Saturday matinees,
Going out to picnics
On those gorgeous summer days.

Memories of camping trips
And fishing at the lake.
Memories of Father's Day,
Of cards and gifts they'd make.
And now that they have grown and gone,
If I'm ever down or sad,
I recall those hugs and kisses, and
"Good night, I love you dad."

Oh yes, I am a wealthy man
By any measurement.
Whether I am in a castle,
Or I'm living in a tent.
Because, with memories like mine,
It's plain for all to see,
If he hasn't children of his own,
Bill Gates would envy me

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Break up of the Klondike River May 2, 2004

Debbie Algotsson algotson@cityofdawson.ca

Well, spring is officially here in Dawson. The ice went out in the Yukon River at 12:06 this morning (May 4, 2004). The pool was won by a local resident. The Nenanna went out in Fairbanks on April 24th. The Klondike River went out on Sunday May 2nd after jamming at the Bridge into town for 2 days causing a bit of concern for those living nearby. Yesterday afternoon the ice moved out in front of Eagle Alaska at 3:12 pm so we knew it wouldn't be too long before the ice moved out at Dawson, now we just have to watch all the jams coming down the Yukon and then the Ferry will be in the River and the TOP OF THE WORLD highway will be open for the Summer tourist Traffic. Maybe we should have some stories about the ice going out in the earlier days when we had excitement before the famous Dawson city Dike was built.

Myrna Butterworth

The picture Debbie sent to you is the bridge across the Klondike River on the way south to Whitehorse The controversial bridge to the Top of the World Highway is to be built across the Yukon River. The Ice Guessing Contest is a lottery on the time the ice goes out in the YUKON River. You guess the month, day, hour, minute am or pm and the correct guess is the winner of a sum of money. The IODE, which is a national Women's organization in Dawson, splits the sales with the winner of the pool. It was won by a local resident who is a happy lady this morning. The pool isn't very big but every little bit helps. Hope this explanation helps you out.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab@yknet.ca

Yes, Sherron, I am glad that you can use this picture of Debbie's. That is the one that I would have chosen. So glad the jam let go and it didn't take the bridge out, like it has before. Surprised that the Yukon River went out so quickly after the Klondike let go. It is usually about 7 days later. Around May 1964, the bells rang and the fire truck blasted and I grabbed the hands of our 2 little girls (about 8 and 10 years old) and we ran the 8 blocks to the Yukon River with my ticket in hand. I will never forget when the ice went out 4 minutes after my ticket expired. What an empty feeling I had in my stomach. Oh well, someone else was happy anyhow.

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Had a note from Brownie she said I should explain the system we use for recording the time that the ice moves in the Yukon River. We have a tripod about a hundred feet from shore with a wire that is attached from the tripod to the First Nations cultural Centre where a clock is situated. When the ice moves down stream a series of weights stop the clock thus this is the official time. Evelyn Macdonald of Dawson won the pool this year. Take care, Myrna Butterworth

NEW YUKONER GET TOGETHER

I have been in contact with a few X Yukoners here in the Cranbrook area and would like to have a get together with all the Yukoners that are in the east Kootenays.

We would like to have a lunch get together and see if the interest is there to have an annual BBQ or what ever.

We would like to have a luncheon in early July and will let you know the time and place but would like every one that is in our area to email myself so we can see what interest there is then we will do a date and place.

Can you please inform all of the Moc Tel people and have them contact any one that they know in our area that would be interested or call me at 250-426-6686.

Cliff Armstrong ss*still.net

CORRECTIONS TO SPECIAL EDITION – BUSH FLYING – Dec 3, 2003

This was a Whitehorse Star article by Jeanne Harbottle dated July 9, 1970

Hi Sherron,

Have a belated correction for you. Some months ago in a story about plane crashes (I think it was part of the Harbottle papers, but not sure.) There was a mention of a plane crash in which Frank Holbrook was one of the people killed. Frank Holbrook was Blanche's great uncle, and while she was too young to remember much about him, she had never heard anything from the family to indicate that he had ever been in a plane crash. We tracked down an aunt of Blanche's in California who assures us that her uncle Frank did not die in a plane crash, but died of natural causes in the early 40's.

Don't think there's much you could (or should) do about this. Just wanted to set the record straight. If you do come across the correct edition, it might be an idea to send a correction to the archives.

Hope you had a super golf weekend.
Gus Barrett

A number of corrections to this article have been passed on to me by Bob Cameron all are highlighted in blue.

Just when all was going well and the future looked bright. Karl ([Lawrence](#)), ([Muehleisen](#)) flying a Buhl Monoplane ([Airsedan](#)) five-place, crashed on the White Pass summit, hitting a snow shed. All on board were killed, including Frank Holbrook, Bud's Uncle. ([Actual passenger list is J.H. Muralt, C.C. Larsen and Archie King – all killed. Larsen was involved in the dredging business at Dawson with an Ed Holbrook](#)). ([In 1949 Bud Holbrook and a passenger crashed in a Cornell near Thistle Creek, Dawson. Pat Callison found them three days later. The passenger lived but Bud was dead.](#))

From a 1973 Alaska Magazine article also written by Jeanne Harbottle it gives the date of this accident as January 30, 1935 and indicates "the plane hit the mountain half a mile from the White Pass section. The plane rolled down the mountain and landed on the top of a snow shed." While a mention of the incident in Bud Harbottles manuscript indicates Bud Holbrook flew down to Skagway with Muehleisen but gave up his seat to Larsen who had urgent business in Dawson. Bud Holbrook died 15 years later, in 1950, when the

plane he was a passenger in went down between Thistle Creek and Dawson. From Gus & Blanche (Holbrook) Barrett, a note that Ed Holbrook was Bud's dad and Frank was Bud Holbrook's uncle. The correction in blue above from Bob Cameron is mistaken according to Blanche's records and was not 1949, but 1950 when her father died.

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 3

Horses were my first love and as there was a ranch on the outskirts of town, I spent a good part of my time there. The owner was Charlie Baxter. He and his wife had one son Jimmy who was three years older than I was but not too fond of horses. They had thirty-five saddle and packhorses, which they used to take out big game hunters in the fall.

Mr. Baxter taught me how to saddle, pack and drive horses. When I was thirteen he took me on one of his hunts as a horse wrangler at no salary, of course, but that meant nothing to me as I did not have to be paid to be around a horse. He had an elderly man working for him named Jim Geary who had come from the southern United States and had been around horses all his life. He taught me many things about horses.

One day Jim and I were out looking for horses when we came to a large meadow. Jim suggested we have a race to take some of the snap out of our saddle horses, as they were pretty frisky. He designated a start and stop line and away we went. Jim was gaining on me quite rapidly so I used my halter shank, which had a large knob in the end, to whip my horse. The rope went under the horse's tail, which then clamped down on the rope. The harder I jerked on the rope, the faster the horse went until I was soon passing Jim who was shouting at me to slow up or I would get hurt. But there was no slowing that horse. We passed the stop line well in the lead and it looked like we might leave the country until the horse flicked his tail and the rope came free. We finally came to a stop and Jim caught up to us. After I explained to him what had happened, he said I was disqualified for using unethical methods.



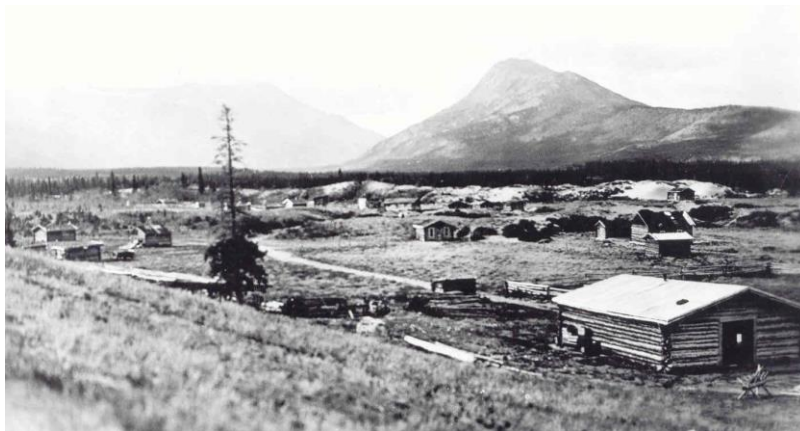
Champagne Roadhouse 1920's

When I was nine years old my parents let me go to Champagne to spend the summer holidays from school living with the Chambers family. The father was a white man and the mother was a native. There were two boys. George, the oldest, was a young man and Carl was six years older than I was. The girls were Ida, Annie and Ruth.



Shorty Chambers on right at Champagne 1920's

In the summer Champagne was an Indian village of about two hundred men, women and children who gathered there to socialize, play games and enjoy themselves. They had many horses so I was in my element. In the fall the families would disperse to their favourite trapping grounds for winter.

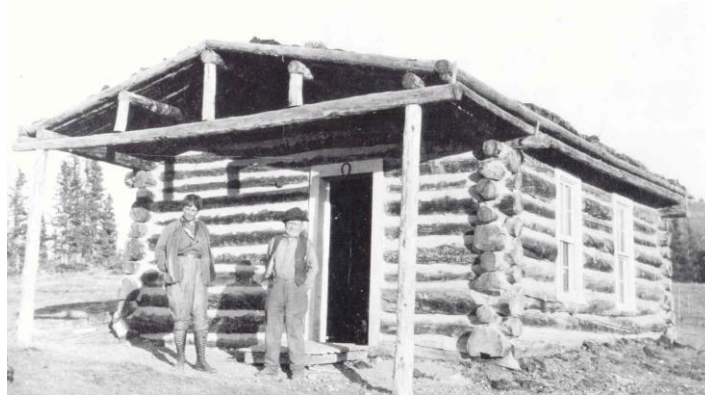


Champagne

Shorty Chambers had a general store with a small room for a post office. His house was a long one-story building in the shape of an L. At one end was a windmill, which pumped water into tanks, which were enclosed in a room with no windows. This kept the room cool for storing perishable food and milk, which they got from their cows. Off that room was a large kitchen, then living room, followed by the bedrooms. The bottom of the L was a bunk, house with two-tier bunks where transients stayed.

There was a small log Mission that sat back towards the river away from the rest of the village. It also acted as a school for Indian children and was run by Herschel Stringer, a son of Bishop Stringer. There as another log building that housed a Mounted Police man

who was only there for the summer. The Indians had many small log cabins but most of them lived in tents.



Champagne Store

The Chambers looked after me as if I was one of the family and the oldest boy, George, kept me out of trouble or helped me if I did have a problem. I was the only white boy in the village and consequently had to prove myself with the native boys my age in activities such as horseback riding, running and wrestling.

Everyone seemed to have a horse. One time there were fifteen or twenty adults and kids who were going to have a race. During the run, my horse stepped in a gopher hole and flipped over on his back. When I got out of the tangle, I had a very sore leg so grabbed it with two hands and danced around on the good one shouting, "It's broke! It's broke!" Everyone had a big laugh out of this. One short tubby older fellow named Bobby Kane never forgot that and in later years when I would meet him in Whitehorse, he would grab a leg and dance around as I had done and shout, "It 's broke! It's broke!" The leg was not broken but it sure was sore for some time after.

* * * * *

A strange thing happened fifty years later regarding this same man. My wife and I were driving past the Indian graveyard at Champagne one day when I decided to visit my old friends, including Bobby Kane, who had been buried there.

The graves in the native tradition had small houses built over them with window frames but no glass. I put my head in the window of the house marked Bobby Kane and said, "How are you, Bobby?" In the air came a "Whoo-oo, Whoo-oo". Then it repeated, "Whoo-oo, Whoo-oo". I said, "Where are you, Bobby?" and the sound was repeated. It did not come from any particular direction but just seemed to be in the air all around me. I was really startled and quickly looked all around to see what might have made such a strange sound but there was no wind or anyone else around. My wife was on the other side of the cemetery so I went over and brought her back and said, "Are you there, Bobby?" but there was no answering sound. However, what I had heard was as real as anything could be.



Harry Hunter- RCMP – Champagne 1920's or 30's

There was an old mule in Champagne that had been pensioned off and just wandered around the village. It seemed to sleep all day. It was the only one I had ever seen in the country.

One day we received word that my Father was bringing out some Government officials to inspect the road and would arrive the next day. The Chambers' boys decided that I would be the reception committee and would meet them riding the mule. I was all decked out with a big Stetson hat, leather chaps and a pair of big-rowelled Mexican spurs. Someone had saddled the mule so when the guests arrived, I was lifted aboard and to get the mule started I kicked him in the ribs. I forgot I had on the spurs. When those sharp rowels pricked him that sleepy old mule went straight up in the air and my legs were thrown out to the sides. When he came down with a jar, my legs flew in again and the spurs really pricked him. Consequently, the mule went a little higher the next time. This went on for several jumps until the saddle rolled sideways and I went with it landing on my head in the dust.

Everyone had been shouting instructions to keep his head up and the Indian boys were laughing their heads off. I was terribly embarrassed and believe it was a put up job as whoever put the saddle on the mule did not tighten the cinch. However, I learned a good lesson to always check the cinch before mounting.

Another day Carl Chambers and I went up a bald hillside on the outskirts of the village to look for horses. We were walking along the edge of the brush line on top of the hill when we saw something coming towards us. Thinking it was a horse; we spread out to catch it. When we were closer, we saw it was a large grizzly bear. I immediately took off down the hill doing miles per hour with Carl right behind shouting not to run. Under other circumstances that might have been good advice as running sometimes encourages the bear to chase you but I was sure I could out-run a bear and did not stop until I was in the village. We told some older people and they saddled horses and took their rifles and

went looking for the bear. They found only his tracks as he had likely gone as fast in the opposite direction.

(To be continued.)

I decided that the roundup of the gang was interesting, (frontier law). The trip outside on the Athenian ended in Seattle, which seems a good place to end this episode.

All the best, will send more later...

Dorothy Graham

On The “White Pass” Pay roll by S.H. Graves Part III

Submitted by Dorothy Graham dorothyg*dcnet.com

Soapy Smith’s gang con’t.

This is an excerpt from “On the “White Pass” Pay-roll” by S. H. Graves, the President White Pass & Yukon Route. Printed Chicago 1908.

We put armed guards on all the wharves with orders to shoot on sight if anyone tried to escape in a boat. Thus escape by land or water was cut off, and we proceeded to round up the gang. Some tried to get away in boats and were caught by our guards. Some tried the Pass, and Heney and Hawkins got them, and the rest we got by an organized search of the town before they had time to rally, except a few who took to the mountains where we shall starve them out. But we got more than we could find jail room for, so we selected thirty-one of the leaders, and let the rest go with a warning to get out of town, and keep out. Now our problem is to save the men we have in jail from the infuriated mob, which is clamoring for their blood.

July 11, (1898) we have got the men who escaped to the mountains, including three of ‘Soap’s’ head men. But Reid’s death has made the feeling very bitter, and we are at our wits end to guard our prisoners from the fury of the mob. We have no jail of course to keep them in, nothing but a board shanty where they have hardly standing room – and huddle together like sheep, while the mob, night and day, howl round the shanty for their blood. We have detailed some of the Railway men whom we can depend on to guard the shanty.

Meanwhile, the Committee is taking the evidence of the prisoners one by one, partly in the hopes of implicating some of the merchants and ‘Hotel’ keepers who are suspected of having had secret dealings with ‘Soapy’, but chiefly to give the mob time to quiet down. We tell them (the mob), that if they hang any of the prisoners they will close their mouths effectually and frustrate our efforts to get at the men we want the most. Up to date this has been effectual in preventing bloodshed, but the mob is getting impatient. Two men on our Committee are opposed to our policy of holding the prisoners in terror and examining them, and advocate turning the whole bunch loose,’ and letting the mob do as

they please. We suspect these men of being themselves implicated and that their idea is that if the prisoners were loosed, the mob would either hang the ones who know anything, or if not, that there would be no longer any reason for them to give any evidence. In either case their mouths would be closed, which seems to be what these Committeemen want.

July 13, (1898): The mob is gradually quieting down and there is less danger of bloodshed. The prisoners have disclosed nothing of any value to us, and encouraged, we think by their friends on the Committee, were beginning to know 'their rights'. They could give us a good deal of trouble if they dared, because of course we have no shadow of law to warrant their imprisonment, and still less for taking the money found on them and using it to pay for the stolen gold dust and for a fund to pay the expenses of legal prosecutions against those that we have got legal evidence against, and to pay the cost of 'deporting' the others. This being so before the mob got too tame, I took one of those who referred to his 'rights,' by the shoulder and led him to the window of our room from which he could look down at the mob, and said to him, 'You are quite right, we have no authority for holding you a moment against your will. If you say the word, I will turn you loose into that mob this minute. What do you say?' This was more than he had bargained for, so he began to hedge, as I expected. Then I said, 'If you don't want us to turn you loose this minute, you must sign this paper," and I drew up a written request to the Committee to hold and protect him until he could be handed over to lawful authorities, and in consideration of our doing this full authority was given us to apply all money found upon him for the uses of the Committee.

He rather 'jibbed' at signing this, and wanted to consult the other prisoners, but I said, 'No, sign or step outside. We can't be bothered with you any longer.' So he signed. Then we put him in another room, and sent for all the other prisoners, one by one, and repeated the same proceedings until all had signed before we allowed them to confer with one another.

This not only got us out of a false position but provides funds (1) to pay for the stolen gold; (2) to carry on the prosecution of the six or seven (including the United States Deputy Marshal), against whom we have legal evidence and (3) to deport those that we can't prosecute. The first batch (14) of the latter go South on the 'Athenian' tomorrow, and I am going on the same ship, as the work of the Committee is now accomplished anyhow, and I have to go to Victoria to see the Provincial Government about the high handed refusal of the Canadian Government to let us work beyond the Summit, in spite of our Canadian and Provincial Acts of Parliament, and in spite of the fact that the ground in question is within the Province of B.C.

We have got a letter from the officer in command of the Mounted Police at Log Cabin, saying that he has orders from Ottawa to stop all work on the railway, and that he proposes to do so. As he has a lot of police with Gatling guns, he could make it rather warm for us if we resorted to force in support of our undoubted rights under our two Acts of Parliament, and besides, there is no sense in putting ourselves in the wrong. They

can't stop us, all they can do is annoy us and make it cost us more if we have to work in winter.

So terminated the episode of the killing of "Soapy" Smith, but before leaving the subject I may say that the men we sent for trial were all convicted and given heavy sentences, including the "Deputy United States Marshal." The deported men who went south with me on the "Athenian" had the bad luck on landing to run into the very arms of the Seattle Chief of Police, waiting at the gangplank to meet his sister-in-law. He recognized some of them and took in the lot on suspicion. It turned out that most of them were "wanted" in various places in the States and several were hanged, and others given long terms in jail for their previous crimes.

After the events just described, the want of some more orthodox body than a Vigilance Committee was felt, and the citizens decided to hold an election, which was done without a vestige of legal warrant, and a Mayor and City Council elected, a Chief of Police appointed, and in short a complete municipal organization was perfected. This body granted franchises (we got one ourselves for our Broadway track) and carried on the City government for a year or two till Congress passed a law providing for municipal elections in Alaska. The reaction from the "Soapy" Smith regime was so complete that not a single one of the acts or transactions of this unique body were ever questioned at the time or since, and the first legal municipal body elected in Skaguay ratified and adopted them 'en bloc."

HORSE WHISPERER

Karen Heiberg and her daughter Anna were written up in the Vernon paper this week. They operate a farm called Horse Play Farm. For those who will be in the area at that time they will have an open house May 16 from 10 a.m. at 2924 East Vernon Road. In another article Karen passed on to me recently, Anna's ability to communicate with the horses using body language was described and sounds fascinating. Anna is a professional as is her mother both certified by the Equine – Assisted Growth and Learning Association. Karen is using her background in professional counseling to compliment their business. They are offering a number of different experiences using the horses.

You can contact Karen at horseplay@junction.net

RETURNED TO MOCTEL LIST

Just wanted to check in with you about the Moccasin Telegraph. Haven't received it for quite some time and wasn't sure if it is no longer!

I have changed my e-mail address as the virus' were getting to frequent and couldn't keep up. I don't get any thru msn.

So if you could use this address for now on I would appreciate it.

How are things going down there? Today we are getting lots of snow. Heavy snowfall warning is in effect of course. We have gotten about a quarter of our 5200 acres in and on a roll, then this starts. So we will catch up on our sleep and get going again. And here I just ordered a new air conditioner. That will change the weather every time. Just like hanging out the laundry!

Maybe you could let me know if the newsletter has been cancelled. So I don't go looking for it.

Take care and have a great summer.

Patty Miller [PattyMiller999*msn.com](mailto:PattyMiller999@msn.com)

PREVIOUS NEW ADDITION

You are right; we do live in North Vancouver.

Re: Neil's time in the Yukon: He went there in 1936 and worked on the Aksala and on the Keno with Captain Ewen Morrison until 1941 when he joined the navy. He may have some stories at a later date.

Regards, Frances MacLeod

NEW ADDITIONS

Could you please add me to your list. My name is Tyrone Mogenson and I grew up at Pine Valley motel on the Alaska Highway. Up until two years ago I spent my whole life in the Yukon from approximately 6 months old when me and my Mom moved up to Aishihik where my Grandpa worked for the army. My parents were Diane & Gerry Mogenson. They built Pine Valley from scratch and I have many a fond memory from that part of my life. I went to school in Beaver Creek until grade eight and then went to Haines Junction for 2 years at which time I decided much to my demise that that was not so cool so went home for a few years after which I moved back to Haines Junction to live. I lived in Haines Junction for ten years, which is where I met my wife Donna while going to school. I worked at Blanchard River on the Haines Road for 4 1/2 yrs and then transferred to Carmacks where we lived for another 10 yrs. I worked for Y.T.G. for 14 1/2 years before moving on. Over a twelve year period there I was also a volunteer firefighter starting in Haines Junction and then joining the Carmacks Department when I moved up there. I became the chief there for approximately 8 years. Over the years I took a little training here and there and then realized that I had a lot of credentials in the fire service so sent out a few resumes and low and behold someone hired me. I currently work as a full time Deputy Fire Chief/Bylaw Enforcement Officer for the Town of LaRonge in Saskatchewan. I have recognized a few names on here which when they see my name and the story that comes with it will get a few chuckles. Some of the chuckles will be from wondering what ever came of me and others will be from the surprise of what I have become.

Anyway I received this addition from my sister in-law Sharri Mogenson and enjoyed

reading it so please add me to your list.
Thanks, Tyrone Mogenson tydonn@hotmail.com

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Hi folks,

We are back visiting family for a couple of weeks and then we head to the Maritimes for a good tour. We are both looking forward to it.

Sherron, I am sorry to have to do this but I am going to have to stop getting the Moc Tel for now. I am letting the AOL go as paying for it and not using it does not make sense (or cents). I am using the mawsypapa@pocketmail.com as the sole internet contact. I would love to hear from anyone at anytime on email but the wonderful newsletters will have to go on hold for now.

All the best to you both

MaryAnn

KELLEWAY, Mary Ann (LAURIN) mawsypapa@pocketmail.com (In Whitehorse 1948-53, 1965-75)

SHAW HAS A COMPLIMENTARY E-MAIL FILTER

Shaw is offering a filter that you determine how much “junk” you wish to filter. If you are a SHAW customer it is offered free, read about it at-

<http://start.shaw.ca/Start/enCA/Customer+Service+Centre/JunkEmail.htm>

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Marilyn Chase New address: cmchase1@verizon.net

Wally & Dianne Sutherland new address: w-dsutherland@pocketmail.com

If you have trouble getting through, they have a white list for those whom they wish to receive e-mail from. This is to eliminate spam mail. I can always forward a message to them from you. Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Whether you think you can or think you can't - you are right. - Henry Ford

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Forwarded by Karen Shaw

Yummy! My mouth is watering for this. I'll have to pick up some carrots the next time I get some parsnips ... and a pork chop or two.

Enjoy! Karen

** P.S. Oh, I don't use wine. Instead I use diluted apple juice. **

P.P.S. Someone told me (Was it you, Sandy?) that fireweed shoots are edible. Does someone have a recipe using that?

Why not put out a challenge to the MocTel folks asking for recipes using northern plants like cranberries, huckleberries or caribou? By the way, is reindeer moss edible?

Enough for now. Karen

CARROT "FETTUCCHINE" Recipe courtesy of Gourmet magazine, July 1999

1 pound carrots
3 tablespoons unsalted butter
1/2 cup minced onion
1/4 pound sliced cooked ham, cut into thin strips
2 garlic cloves, minced
1/2 cup dry white wine **
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup frozen peas, thawed
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard Salt and pepper to taste

With a swivel bladed vegetable peeler shred the carrots into fettuccine like strands. In a large skillet heat the butter over moderately high heat, until the foam begins to subside, and cook the onion and the ham, stirring, for 3 minutes. Add the carrot strands, garlic, and the wine and cook the mixture, covered, over moderately low heat, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes, or until almost all the liquid is evaporated and the carrots are almost tender. Add the cream and the peas, bring the mixture to a boil, and simmer it, covered, for 5 minutes, or until the liquid is reduced by half. Stir in the mustard and salt and pepper to taste.

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)

A-golfing we shall go -----to Faro

To many former Yukon's and Faro-ites, the Faro Golf course brings back memories of a course, very different than the usual golf greens. Lots has changed and the Club and the Town have been busy,

This year, the 7th Annual Golf Tournament is on the weekend of July 23rd. - 24th and we welcome every one. Our golf ball drop from a Helicopter (Sept. 11th.) is always a huge success with big prices. Need more info?

E-mail me at: [octavia13*YKnet.ca](mailto:octavia13@YKnet.ca) and please put golfing in the subject line.

See you at the tournament in July in Faro. Anne M. Domes

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)