

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty Second Edition- May 16, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Crocus

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

PRIDE

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

A robin sat upon the fence,
With bright red breast a'panting,
Very interested in
The garden I was planting.

He waited till he saw a worm
In the dirt that I had dug.
A tasty little snack he'd make,
Much better than a bug.

And so the robin left his perch,
And fluttered down by me.
Then, in a flash, he grabbed the worm,
And hid behind a tree.

Then, as he slowly ate his meal,
His chest swelled up with pride,
As he thought about how skillfully,
He could hunt, then hide.

So, when he'd finished eating,

He preened and dozed, then – “Splat”.
The little bugger, he forgot
About the neighbor’s cat.

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Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 4

When I was thirteen, my parents figured I was old enough to go on one of Charlie Baxter's fall hunts. In July a Model T truck in which Mr. and Mrs. Baxter rode was loaded with camping gear. A wagon with a four-horse team, which Jim Geary drove, was loaded with groceries and other supplies. Jim Baxter the son, two Indian boys and myself rode saddle horses and drove about thirty horses. The truck was in the lead of the caravan so when it got stuck, the horse teams pulled it out. The wagon was next and the horse herd was at the rear.

At the Takhini River we took the truck and wagon across on the cable ferry and swam all the horses. Bear Creek, about ten miles past present day Haines Junction, was our destination. The road was very primitive because anything that had to be done to make it passable, had to be done by hand or horse-drawn scrapers and it was evident not too much effort had been put into the building of it.



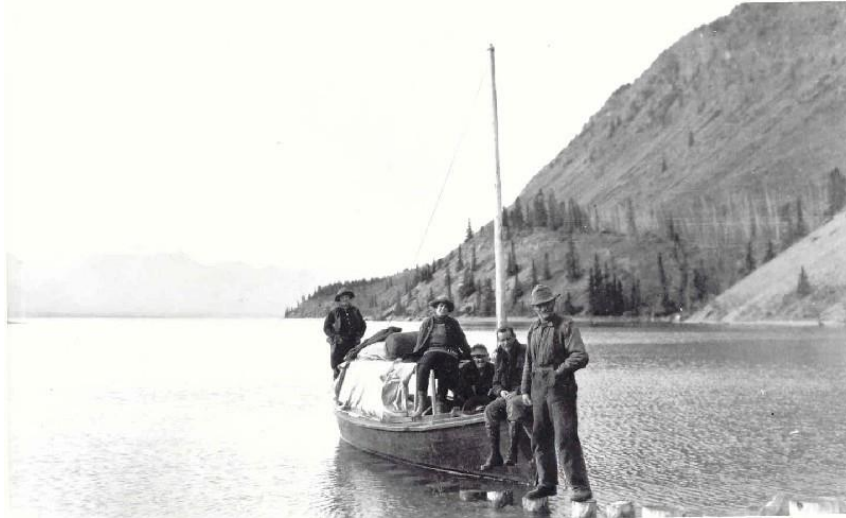
Takhini River Crossing 1937

We camped every night under tents and used a large Yukon cooking stove to prepare the meals. The horse herd had to be guarded all night, as they would wander if not kept under control. We took turns doing this. It was a slow journey but we were at Bear Creek by the middle of July.

We started right in getting horses and equipment ready so when the hunters arrived the last day of July, we could start the hunt on the first of August when the season opened. Jim Geary and the Native boys put shoes on all the horses while Baxter, his son and I repaired equipment.

Bear Creek was full of fish so we built a wire-mesh trap and put it in the stream. It always had many fish so for a fish dinner all we had to do was go to the trap and take out as many as were required.

My Father brought out the hunters in his Dodge Touring car on the thirty-first of July so we started out on the morning of the first of August. The hunter, his wife and a sixteen-year-old son went in the lead with Mr. Baxter and the rest of us followed with all the horses either saddled or packed.



Klaune Lake 1920's

Gene Jacquot front, Lillian Harbottle's friend center

Our route was over to the O'Conner's River and up that river to Slim's glacier, the head of the Slim's River, which ran into the south end of Kluane Lake. The hunter was only interested in bear and moose so we were able to stay in the O'Conner's valley, which had many of those species. However, many times we would come to an obstruction such as a hillside we could not get over so we would have to cross the river to follow the gravel bars. It was a very cold glacier stream but was not too deep coming up only to the horses' bellies. But on a hot day when the sun and wind worked on the glacier ice it could be a bit higher.

I was given the smallest horse in the herd so I could get on and off without help. When we crossed the river, my horse might be the only one swimming. Of course, everyone shouted instructions as horse and I drifted off down river in the swift current. The instructions were to keep his head up, don't let him turn, keep away from the other horses or head him for that low spot on the bank. Whatever we did must have been right because we always came out on the same side as everyone else.

The hunter's wife rode a long-legged white horse and used an English saddle. One day after crossing the river there was a two-foot high bank to get up. When the horse reared up and jumped to get up, the woman slid off the rear into the river. There was great excitement for a while as she was fished out of the water, soaking wet. A tent had to be put up so she could put on dry clothing.



Klaune Lake –

F. E. Harbottle left, Gene Jacquot on right.

Another day just the cook, Jimmy Baxter and myself were in camp as all the others had gone out hunting. A cow moose and calf walked right through camp. Jimmy suggested we chase them with our horses and rope the calf. We jumped aboard and took off after them but as hard as the horses could run, we could not catch the moose. It was probably just as well because I have thought since that the cow would have stomped us into the ground, as they are vicious when it comes to protecting their calves.

We always tried to camp where there was good horse feed so they would stay around close. Otherwise, they might go ten or twelve miles looking for it. And Jimmy Baxter and I as the horse wranglers had to be up at four o'clock in the morning to find them and have them in camp so the hunters could go out. Sometimes we had to cross glacier streams with water up to our hips and at four in the morning that would be a real waker upper. Several times we had to go as far as ten miles before we caught up to them.

I went with the hunters one day when they were going after grizzly bear. When one was finally spotted in the river valley, Baxter told me to take the woman and son up onto a bald mountainside where we could watch the action through field glasses. When we were established in a good place, we could see the bear out on a river bar and the hunters stalking it. Soon there was a shot and the bear started to run for the bush. Then there were many shots but the bear kept going until he disappeared in the timber.

Jim Geary came up the mountain to tell us the bear was wounded and they were going into the timber to find it. That was a very dangerous exercise as a wounded bear will lie down and pretend to be dead until the hunter is right up to it. Then it will get to its feet and charge any- thing strange that it sees. I did not know what to do if the bear tried to make a break in our direction, as we had no firearms or trees to climb.

I told the woman and son to get on their horses and if we saw the bear coming to take off as fast as possible. I said to hang on tightly because if they fell off and were on foot, they would not have much chance.

We finally heard a single shot and Baxter came out of the trees and waved for us to come down. Geary had almost ridden his horse over the bear when it jumped up making

Jim's horse shy violently. Jim got off a shot that killed the bear. If he had not been such a good horseman, he would have been thrown and in big trouble.

We helped skin out the bear and it was the first time I had ever been lousy as the fur was full of them. At the first decent water hole, I jumped in and washed them out of my clothes and off my skin.

One day I complained to Charlie Baxter that I had a headache. He said I ate too much and did not poop enough and that was the only remedy and sympathy I got. I suppose a thirteen-year-old boy who was out in the fresh air and riding horses all day was eating him out of house and home.

It was only a twenty day hunt so when we arrived back in Bear Creek, my Father was there for the hunters and I went back to Whitehorse with him as I had to be in school.



Bear Creek 1920's – Harbottle Jitney Service

F.E. Harbottle leaning on front fender and Lillian (Bigger) Harbottle on right

One of the things we had to do on returning to school was write a composition on what we had done during our holidays. I wrote about my trip on the hunt and won the prize.

School to me was just something to endure. I cannot remember being in the top ten at any time. Our teachers were very strict and made sure we all understood the basic three R's. The teacher for the middle classes was an expert writer and speller and made sure we put out special effort in those skills.

* * * * *

In the 1920's the summer population had dwindled to about eight hundred people and in winter it was about three hundred as most of the work was seasonal. In the fall of the year when the riverboats stopped running, everyone that did not have a winter job went south to Vancouver or Seattle to spend winter in a warmer climate. Then the first of April the White Pass shipyard crews came back to repair and build the river boats to have them ready to go to work by the middle of May.

My heart was in the outdoors so I could not wait for the summer holidays to get out and do something exciting.

* * * * *

The summer I was fourteen, I got a job on the riverboats as a mess boy. This consisted mostly of peeling potatoes and washing dishes. I also had to serve the deck crew their meals and make up their beds. The scenery was always changing and I enjoyed watching the action when we tied up at the many stops along the way to unload or load passengers and freight, and at the wood stops when the deck Crews brought aboard great quantities of four-foot wood. The steam boiler burned about a cord an hour while going upstream.

When we got stuck on a sand bar, it was fascinating to watch the crews working to get us off again. Sometimes they took a long cable ashore in a small boat and fastened it to a large tree. The other end was put around the steam winch on the bow. Between the winches pulling and the paddle wheel going full speed pushing, the boat sometimes got floating again. But if it did not, then large hardwood poles, one on each side were lowered overboard. These were called walking beams and through a series of pulleys and cables literally lifted the boat and moved it either forward or backward and that would get the boat floating.

When it was potato peeling time, I set up a tub full of spuds, a bucket to put in the peelings, and a low stool to sit on in a big open door on the lower deck where I could watch the ever-changing scenery go by. I would often see wild animals such as bear, moose and swimming caribou. That always helped to alleviate the monotony of spud peeling. Although I cannot remember being paid anything I am sure I received something for my efforts but that was never a great problem with me as I was always more interested in what I was doing than in how much money I was getting. Apart from peeling potatoes, I enjoyed the experience.

* * * * *

The next summer, I was fifteen and had a job looking after Baxter's horses as he had decided to rent them out to anyone who wanted to go horse- back riding. The horses ran loose in a big fenced area that had good feed. My job was to find whatever number of horses was required for the day and bring them in to the horse ranch where I groomed and saddled them. When they returned, I unsaddled and put them back in the pasture. I was kept busy as horses were going out most every day. That was one of my best summers and I really enjoyed it.

* * * * *

When I was sixteen, I had a job driving a tourist jitney bus. The company had one large Reo bus and two large touring cars. The one I had was a Page limousine with a twelve-cylinder engine that stuck out so far in front I could barely see over it. The back seat held three; two jump seats held two more and two in front with me made a total of seven passengers. It had a soft top but no side curtains and I felt like a king sitting behind the big steering wheel that was as large as the ones on a Kenworth truck today.

We travelled in convoy and not over fifteen miles an hour so I was kept well under control with no chance to show my passengers how fast my rig could go. Our route was

past the Whitehorse rapids that were quite spectacular. The passengers were let out to take pictures. Then through the canyon on a one-way road that was very narrow except for several wide areas where vehicles could pass. In places where it went past sheer rock walls, it was built up with cribbing. At the foot bridge across the canyon, the passengers walked across and took many pictures.



Robert Lowe Bridge – Miles Canyon

I was paid for this job and received so much per passenger. I got through the summer without scratching the vehicle or any passenger so I guess I did all right.

* * * * *

The next summer my friend Baxter had become the Territorial Government road foreman and hired me to work on his crew as a cat driver. This was a small two-ton crawler tractor pulling an Adam's leaning wheel grader that had many cranks, wheels and levers to operate it. To run the grader, Baxter had hired an old woodcutter who knew very little about machinery so had a terrible time deciding which wheel or crank to use to do a particular function. His name was Mike Murphy. To communicate between cat and grader, Mike filled his pockets with small rocks so when I goofed off and was not putting the grader where he wanted it, I would get hit in the back or see a rock bounce off the cat and I would know Mike wanted some attention.

The mosquitoes were fierce that summer and seemed to follow us in clouds. We used everything we could think of to keep them off but nothing worked for very long. We even tried rubbing engine oil on our faces but the bugs would get stuck in that and tickle so badly we could not stand it. My Father came up with a solution that worked well. He mixed Hind's honey and almond cream with citronella and one application would last half a day. The work was very dusty so after a few hours it was hard to tell whether we were white or black but it helped keep off the mosquitoes.

We had a small dump truck so when we needed any fill material I drove the truck to the gravel pit and Mike and I filled it using hand 'shovels. I did not care for that kind of work at all and have had a distaste for hand shovels ever since.

Another job we had was repairing wooden bridges. They were built out of native trees using small poles for decking and larger ones for the under frame and bracing. Mike was in his element doing this and taught me a great deal about using an axe and saw.

We had to do some work on the Whitehorse to Champagne road so the dump truck was loaded up with camping gear and groceries including a barrel of beer which was equivalent to twelve dozen bottles. As both Mike and Baxter liked their drinks, they also took a bottle of over-proof rum each. Baxter's wife was strongly against alcohol so the only chance he had to have a drink was when he was away from home.

We left town with Baxter driving the truck; I was on the cat and Mike on the grader. We worked our way along improving the road as much as we could with the equipment we had. At the fifty-two mile we were hit by a heavy rain so could not work. There was nothing to do but sit in the tent and wait it out.

Baxter and Mike decided to have a hot rum and offered me one, which I took. Then I had another one and it was not long before I started to light up inside and was sure I was on fire. We had camped on a high bank of a nice creek and to stay alive I knew I had to cool off. I went down to the creek and lay down in it with just my face above the surface. I do not know how long I stayed there but when I came out I was sober. I did not go that route again. A beer was good enough for me.

(To be continued.)



Hunker Creek Residents – May 2004

Photo courtesy Peter Gould gould@cityofdawson.ca

Hi Sherron

I have been reading each edition of the Moc Tel and enjoying the stories and pictures. I have included a couple of pictures with this note to use as you like. Came across these guys on Hunker Creek a couple of days ago.

Peter Gould

YUKON'S CALL

By Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Beyond towns, beyond villages
Where the land still reigns supreme,
There one can see the glory
Of an untouched paradise.

A land never to be conquered
Where man will have to adapt.
A land powerful with ageless knowledge
Willingly awaiting those who search.

Stillness resounding nature's message
For those wanting to learn.
Grandeur to inspire every soul
To peaks of personal heights.

Mountains awaiting the adventurous strong,
Valleys for those seeking solitude and peace.
Night skies filled with dancing lights,
Stars to reach and snatch to the breast.

Lakes of crystalline beauty,
Water unpolluted by man.
Rivers raging with strength
Beckoning the traveller onward.

Wild flowers of spectacular colour,
Trees clothed in the gold of kings.
Miles of untouched wilderness
Stretching as far as the eye can see.

A land not meant for the eye to perceive,
But to be felt by the soul.
A land not meant for all,
But for those seeking beauty and peace.

MEMORIES

I have been reading about Bud Holbrook. We were here when he crashed his plane and he had one passenger. A young fellow by the name of Johnny Drott. John was in the Joyce Caley house on the corner of Princess and 5th, which was used as a hospital when our hospital burned down the previous winter.

Johnny had a badly broken leg and he was having a hard time to get it set properly. I believe he was in hospital for quite awhile. My daughter Wendy was born in the same building while John was there and the year was 1951.

There is a plane propeller on Bud's grave. Dr. Barry Duncan was the practicing Dr. here those years and was the younger brother of Dr. Allen Duncan. Dr. Allen had a practice in the Medical Dental Bldg. in Vancouver, across from the Vancouver Hotel and many Yukoners were his patients. I used to meet folks from Dawson in his office and it gave one a nice feeling to have a Dr. that you felt really knew you.

I hope this helps with a little of the history of the plane crash and the men involved.

Fran Hakonson

fhakon@cityofdawson.ca

WINTER AND BREAKUP IN DAWSON (1955 – 1956)

By Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com

(Copyright 2004)

It was a very cold winter even by Dawson standards. When the temperature reached forty-five below Fahrenheit, steam rose from the Klondike and the Yukon Rivers. This was apparent, especially, where the Klondike forced its way into the Yukon at the south end of town. The temperature carried on down to sixty below Fahrenheit. In my memory, it stayed there for four months. However, there was one exception. On New Year's Eve afternoon, it had started to warm up. By the time I had flown to Mayo, the temperature, there, was plus forty degrees Fahrenheit. There was water lying everywhere. On New Year's Day, before I left Mayo, the temperature had begun to drop. By the time I reached Dawson, the temperature was back down to sixty below. It had dropped one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in just two hours, (the temperature having also risen equally in Dawson on New Year's Eve). There was lots of snow that winter. As one coming from the prairie, I noticed that there was no wind to speak of. The snow was piled high on the roof tops, trees and fence posts. It was very picturesque.

Break up came to the Yukon River on May 16, 1956 - the Klondike ice having crashed into the side of the Yukon River two days earlier. On the lovely afternoon of the 16th, Mrs. Grace Haldenby and her two children were out enjoying a walk on the Yukon

beach. Suddenly, it happened. The ice gave way. They ran for their lives. Not making it to Front Street, they climbed onto an old digging machine that was sitting not far from Front Street across from St. Paul's Anglican Church. Thick ice swirled around them knocking the machine and them to and fro. Someone sounded the fire alarm. In minutes, volunteers along with the fire truck and I presume fire chief, Elmer Gaudrau were on the scene. Someone lassoed the old machine supposedly to help stabilize it. A ladder was run out from the street. Two men climbed across the rungs of the ladder and brought the children to safety piggy back. Mrs. Haldenby crossed the rungs by herself. The next morning, the Reverend Allan Haldenby spoke on the radio thanking all who had helped to rescue his family. This broadcast I heard for myself.

The ice jammed across from the north end of town where the Yukon takes a turn to the north-west. The ice was many feet thick. Two people told me it was 16 feet thick in places. The water began to rise. People, young and old, made their way to the gravel pit to take part in filling sand bags. Someone manned a cookhouse by the gravel pit. Two big trucks with several men laid the sand bags all along Front Street and around the corner to the bluff* at the south east edge of town. The sandbags were put several rows deep in front of St Mary's Hospital. This was a twenty-five bed hospital with laboratory and X-ray services. It was operated by the Sister of St Ann.** Sister Mary Jean was the Sister Superior, Sister Angel Guardian was the Nursing Supervisor, and the lab and x-ray departments were manned by Sister Ignatia. Another sister was in charge of the laundry, which was in a flat-roofed building behind the hospital. I'm not sure of the duties of the rest of the Sisters. There was a doctor and occasionally two doctors.

On the road at the south end, heavy old machinery was placed to help prevent the road from eroding into the Klondike River. A thick rope was strung along there to keep people from getting too close to the edge. Sand bagging continued for two days. It became a lost cause. Soon, water had submerged the sand bags and covered Front Street. There were still some sand bags above water in front of the hospital.

The Sisters of St. Ann Residence was in the former home of Commissioner George Black and his wife Martha who had moved to Whitehorse about two years earlier. The nurses (sometimes three and sometimes four) and one Sister lived on the third floor of the Residence, which was a long block from the hospital. (The only way we knew the Sister was there was when we could hear her in her rocking chair.) The rest of the Sisters lived on the second floor. Many elderly former prospectors lived and were cared for by the Sisters on the main floor.

In the late evening, on the second day of the flood, I was in my room on the third floor of the Residence. A knock came on my door. It was one of the Sisters of St. Ann inviting me to tea in the Sisters dining room on the second floor. Down I went. This was a rare occasion and the one and only time I had tea with the Sisters in their dining room. It was explained to me that it might become necessary to move patients and equipment out of the hospital. The Sisters were waiting word. While we waited for the anticipated phone call, we had a pleasant time visiting and drinking tea. Eventually the phone rang. Yes, it would be necessary to make the move from the hospital. Water was seeping into the

basement. The electricity would be shut off. As well, five women were expecting their babies, soon, and it would be necessary for them to come to the hospital by boat.

At midnight, in the half light, off I went to the hospital. Just west of the Residence, there was a torrent of water crossing my way. It was cutting across from the slough to the Yukon. I proceeded very cautiously in order not to get swept into the Yukon. The water was a half inch below the top of my rubber boots. Further along, on the boardwalk, I could see that a large truck was backed up to the back door of the hospital. There was a pole lamp visible above the box. When I reached the hospital, I learned that all the patients except one had already been sent home. I think that the one patient must have been our prize patient (in his nineties) who was a former Mayor of Stewart. He loved to tell stories to those working round him. It was our good fortune that he refused to leave the hospital to go and live with the dozen or so aged prospectors living on the first floor of the Residence.

Soon, all that was required was moved to a well-kept, two-story, brick-siding house on the corner of 7th Avenue and Princess Street. (Recently, I was reminded by Myrna (Hadley) Butterworth, that it belonged to the Firths.) We stayed there for several days enjoying our house hospital. We could see Jim and Marion Hadley busily preparing their large garden plot to the south of us.

We continued to sleep at the Residence. It was protected by sand bags. The water was about six inches deep outside the bags at the back door. A heavy canoe was stationed there. We never needed to use it. Thankfully, relief came when the ice jam in the Yukon was dynamited.

The water receded, and with a little reluctance, we moved back to St. Mary's (now known as the Old Court House.) Soon, everything seemed back to normal. I felt sorry for the Comadina's. They had just finished wall papering their home before the flood. The water was half way up their walls. Others at the south end of town must have been affected, too.

It was exciting to watch the breakup of the ice. Many people, as well as watching the breakup, made their guesses on the ice pool. The winners were decided when the pole in the middle of the Yukon River ice moved. It pulled the cable that stopped the clock in the Bank of Commerce. This gave the official time for the ice pools.

I won a pair of binoculars in the ice pool. I also, won a black diamond pendant and earrings for one of the nurses. Fred (Digger) Cook and I were each a minute off in the minute pool. We drew playing cards. I got the ace of clubs. Fred drew a ten.

In 1957, I was asked to go on a special mission to Whitehorse. When I left Dawson, one day in May, the Yukon River ice was solid. When I returned the next day, the Yukon was running totally free of ice. I had missed the Breakup.

The mid 1950s was a great time to be living in Dawson. For me it was the best time. The population was only 600, I had great employers, there were lots of interesting old prospectors still around, Moose Hide was fully occupied and thriving, the dredges were continually working, there were visitors, including geologists and mining engineers, (but no tourists to speak of.) The curling rink was a lively place to be in the winter. Although, the Gold rush era received and receives a lot of attention, for me, the fifties were a special time and not a time to be ignored. I hope those reading this will appreciate this as well.

*I walked up the steep path to the bluff many times and spent a fair amount of time on the bluff. Although I saw many wild flowers, I don't ever remember seeing crocuses. It is now called "Crocus Bluff." To me that is a misnomer. Perhaps someone can explain how the name came about?

**After leaving Dawson, I received several letters from the Sisters of St. Ann. Two letters I have kept. The letterheads read "Sisters of St. Ann." There is no "e" on Ann.

REMEMBERING CANDLED ICE

That photo of Doug Bell's of candled ice is exceptional. When the ice was going out of the rivers, some would be pushed up on the shore and look just like that. The same would apply to ice that was driven onto the shore of a lake by wind. Quite often the candled ice would break off like in the photo, and those candles were like the faint ringing of a million bells. It is something that you forget, but if you think back you can hear the faint ringing as if it were yesterday.

Henry Breaden

BOOK WANTED

Howdy again Sherron

I would like to know if any one in the Moc Tel network has a copy of the book [Alaskan Yukon Trophies Won and Lost](#) for sale if so they can contact me.

Thanks

Cliff Armstrong

Ss*still.net

YUKONERS GATHERING

Howdy Sherron

East Kootenay Lunch is set for May 30

at the **Prestige Hotel** the smorg brunch is from 11;30 to 1;30
at \$9.95

Please ask all Kootenay people to pass the word to others and

all Creston and Golden people to please come for the drive
I would like to have an idea of how many will come so the hotel can prepare accordingly.
Email or call me
Cliff Armstrong
250-426-6686
ss*still.net

DIRECTIONS TO THE OKANAGAN YUKONERS PICNIC

As you come south on 97 south of Summerland (down the Hill) you will come to a reduced speed zone with a flashing amber light. Just past that on your left is the entrance to Sun Oka park, then on your right is the entrance to the Experimental station. Follow the road right up to the end. On your left you will see a covered picnic area with a small parking lot (5or6 cars), just past that is the main parking lot. We use the covered area for our picnic. People usually start arriving about 11am, but we try to have lunch at noon. We should have the Yukon flag out front to identify ourselves. Right now Maureen Melnychuk has it but Shirley Turton is going to pick it up when she can contact her.

I hope this helps.
Larry Chalmers aksala49*cablerocket.com

NEW ADDITIONS

Ann Maje Raider nee (Bayne) wants to join up with us her e-mail is, maje*northwestel.net she was in Beaver Creek from 76 to 85 Whitehorse 85 to 92 and returned home to Watson Lake till present. She will be here for another couple days if you want to know more She sounded really interested and will be a big help. Moge

I am looking for a list of Yukoners in the Okanagan.
I would really appreciate any information that you may have.
I am Sue and Alex Van Bibber's daughter. Helen and Mike Hassard.
We are displaced Yukoners and looking for old friends in the Okanagan.
We have just moved to Vernon, and purchased the B & D laundromat,
and would like to find some old friends.

Thank you
Please contact me
c/o k9_survives@hotmail.com
Helen Adele Hassard (Alex & Sue Van Bibber's daughter)
250 545 7707 Laundromat
250 558 5736 home

Could you please email a list of local Yukoners, and add us to your list.
We are trying to locate Web Pages including Yukoners in the Okanagan.

REMOVED FROM LIST

DOKKEN, Jim dokkens@sprint.ca (In Whitehorse 1969-73) Calgary
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <dokkens@sprint.ca>
Remote system: dns;smtp.sprint.ca (TCP|10.0.120.164|32878|209.5.194.28|25)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. - Richard Steele

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Sandy Campbell tracked down an interesting group of recipes that the Old Crow people have on a web page called the Gwitchin Kitchen. Take a look at these recipes - <http://www.oldcrow.ca/recipes.htm>

I am completely out of recipes. Does anyone have one to share with the group? - Sherron

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

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 prizes. Need more info?

E-mail me at: 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