

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Seventieth Edition- July 11, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Dawson City

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca

Photo taken from Dome, about June 25, 1999, note several forest fires burning.

From the current reports, there may be a repeat scene this year.

THE GOLFERS PRAYER

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Dear lord, when I depart this life,
And enter heaven's gate,
I hope they'll have a golf course there,
With reasonable rates.

With fairways that are carpet like,
All soft and green and cheery,
Greens that run true to the hole,
And gullies somewhat scary.

I hope there'll be some cherry trees
That bloom so bright each spring,
Great cedars, firs and chestnuts,
Fruit trees and everything.

If you could have some little fawns
That gambol on the green.
While mama watches proudly,
Oh lord, that would be keen.

If the fairways stretched along the beach
Of some blue rippled sea,
Where I could see the mountains
As I stand upon the tee.
And if I gaze into the sky,
And see great eagles soar,
Dear lord, could mortals such as I,
Dare ask for any more.

If it could have great flocks of geese,
And sea lions in the spring,
Raucous crows and sea gulls,
And pretty birds that sing.
If I could stand upon the tee,
And looking far and wide,
See nothing but the beauty,
Of a peaceful countryside.

These things, dear lord, I humbly ask,
When I go through the Gates.
As well as camaraderie
With all my golfing mates.
Then lord I had a second thought,
For now, I need not come,
'Cause all those things await me,
On the links at Qualicum.

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Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

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Chapter 12

The first job I got was running a locomotive crane in a steel yard for Hamilton Bridge but I was only pinch-hitting for the regular operator who was away for some reason. I enjoyed that as it was fun running up and down the railroad tracks shunting cars around and loading and unloading them. When the regular operator returned I got a job at the Burrard ShipYard that was building many Liberty ships. I was supposed to go on a crane but they were not set up yet so I was just standing around watching everyone else work.

I thought I might get a job Oxy-acetylene burning, as there seemed to be a big demand for that work. I was not a burner but I felt I could get by as everyone else seemed to be learning their trade on the job. When I inquired about it, I was told I would have to take a

test so I went down to the test area where they had a large steel deck plate full of rivet holes. The riveters' test was to drive a rivet in a hole and the burners' was to burn it out without ruining the plate.

When I got there a man ahead of me was burning out a rivet so I watched very closely how he did it. Luckily he was a burner so when he handed the lit torch to me I did just as he had done and the tester said, "*Okay, I see you can burn all right. Go get an outfit.*" The outfit consisted of torch, hoses, gauges, sparkers, gloves and goggles. I went up on deck of one of the hulls and went to work.

It was tragic but also amusing to see how the work was going. A riveter would put in a whole row of deck rivets. An inspector would go behind him marking them all with chalk. I followed the inspector and burned them all out. The same had to be done with the welding. I learned fast and was soon doing some pretty tricky burning.

When a hull was completed, it was launched and moored at a floating dock. One burner per shift was aboard so that he had to do all the burning that was necessary. It was not long before I was put on one of these and this I enjoyed as I was getting great experience. When the cranes were up I could have gone on one but I asked to stay with the burning and it was okayed.

Near spring I wanted to quit and go back to Atlin but I was told there was no way as I was frozen on the job. I put up a convincing argument that Canada needed the gold as much as anything and they finally let me go.

I had bought a nice little Ford sedan and intended to ship it to Carcross and then drive it to Atlin over the ice. I had also met a fellow named Archie Bruce who was a cat skinner and was married to Gladys Fromme the girl we had met at Fish Camp on Kluane Lake. He was looking for work so I got him a job with my company driving the tractor. I was going on the dragline because none of the old dragline operators were going back.

Archie and Gladys would go up on the coast boat with us and go to Atlin in the car with me. My wife would fly in with the baby, as it was too risky for them to go over the ice. I believe this was the first time a car had been taken in on it's own power as the others had been shipped by boat in the summer.

As none of the original operators had come back, I broke in a local fellow named Albert Norman on the dragline and we worked two ten-hour shifts. Archie Bruce went on the tractor but later broke in on the dragline. We had a good summer and in the fall after shut down, we were going to fly to Carcross, then on to Whitehorse. I would leave the family there while I flew to Edmonton to buy a commercial pilot's license as I had built up a sizeable bank account. Since my short experience back in the nineteen thirties I had still wanted to be a bush pilot.

The airplane we were to fly to Carcross in was a five place, single engine bi-plane on wheels called a Waco. The pilot was a young fellow in his twenties and must have

weighed close to three hundred pounds. I sat in front with him and held the baby on my lap. My wife, another woman and a big husky fellow sat in the back seat.



WACO 1941
CF-CCU – Waco on skis - 1941

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle- “Fisher Photo”

During our take-off run the pilot was having difficulty keeping the airplane straight and it finally swung to the right and headed for the woods bordering the runway. He chopped the engine and put on the brakes. We came to a stop a short way from a bunch of tree stumps at the side of the strip. The company agent pulled us back with his station wagon and we tried again. The same thing happened so we were towed back again. On the third run we almost had flying speed when it swerved again to the right. The pilot shouted to us to hang on, as we were not going to stop before we got to the two-foot high stumps. I had one arm wrapped around my daughter and the other around the back of the seat and of course we were all belted in. As we hit the first stumps there was a terrible amount of noise. The airplane turned sideways and slid for a while until the undercarriage collapsed and it fell on the right lower wing breaking it. We came to a stop.

A lot of black smoke was coming out of the engine and we thought it was on fire so the pilot shouted for everyone to get out. But the one door by the big fellow in the back was jammed and he could not open it. The pilot cranked down his side window and attempted to go out headfirst but he was so big he was stuck. I turned sideways in my seat, put my foot against his rear end and pushed. He went out on his head. He got up and between the two men they got the door open so the rest of us could get out. The engine was not on fire but some oil had splashed onto something hot. The airplane was a mess. While we were walking around looking at it, my wife informed me that the seat of my pants was ripped out. There was a crank handle in front of my seat, which had been in the up position, and I had slid over that tearing my brand new blue suit pants. I had to dig into the suitcases to find another pair.

The head office of the company in Carcross had been notified of the accident but they did not have another aircraft available so they asked the White Pass Company in

Whitehorse to send one over for us. They sent a twin-engine plane called a Boeing Two-forty D. It was a nice plush airplane and it took us to Whitehorse.

The place was really booming as a large new airport was being built I and equipment operators were in big demand. I decided to stay awhile, and go to work as a shovel operator. Just before Christmas most of the operators were going to Vancouver for the holidays. They boarded a Lockheed Lodestar, which hit a mountain about a hundred miles out of Vancouver, and all were killed. Operators were really scarce now so I ran many different types of machines. Archie Bruce and Gladys had come from Atlin and he was working on the airport, also.

Housing was at a premium so getting a house for my family was impossible. I told White Pass, who had the airport contract, that I would have to leave if I did not get a house. They said if I could get a lot they would build a house for me. My Mother had quite a few vacant lots so I got one from her and the company built a three-room house, which was adequate.

There was a shortage of dump trucks in the country as they were hard to get. A five-ton Ford with a dump box became available in the spring and I bought it. I put it to work with a driver on the airport ten hours a day. Later in the summer I was able to buy a Chevrolet truck with dump box and it also went to work with a driver. I had done pretty well in a short time as I had a rent free house, two trucks and a good job. I was making more money than I had ever done before.

* * * * *

The next winter the construction work was finished so I went on airport maintenance running graders and snow blowers. The Chevy truck was working on another job but the Ford was still working on the airport hauling stuff around during the day and being used by the night watchman to haul wood around to the many buildings, for the fires, they were all heated by wood stoves.

I had a close call one day while blowing snow off the runway. We had no radios in the blowers. When the tower wanted us to get off the runway so an aircraft could take-off or land, he flashed the runway lights off and on. The wind was very strong this day and was blowing the snow back over the windshield making it very difficult to see. During a break I saw the runway lights flashing so shut off the blower to cross the runway. As the side I was on had all the snow, which I could not get through, I had to go to the other side to clear the runway. I was in the centre of it when I saw a military DC-3 touching down about two hundred feet from me and coming very fast. The pilot picked it up again and just skimmed over the top of the blower. I got off the runway and the plane made a circuit and landed. Shortly after, the tower gave me a white light with his Aldis lamp, which meant he wanted me to come to the tower.

When I got there the pilot of the DC-3 was there and they both tore into me for crossing the runway. There was no use arguing with these people so I told them I would press for

an official inquiry, which I got. It was proven that the tower operator was at fault for letting the DC-3 land while there was equipment on the runway.

During the summer of **1942**, I was back on the dragline digging excavations for sewer and water systems for the many houses that were being built on the east side of the airport to house airport personnel. An airport engineer laid out the area to be dug by driving stakes in the ground all around it. I would dig to the proper depth inside the staked boundary.

One day the bucket hooked onto something that I thought was a tree root so I took several jerks and up came to ends of a rubber covered electrical cable that had hundreds of small wires. I had no idea what it was but soon found out. It was the main communications line for tower and signal stations, so now all navigation equipment was off the air.

An Air Force DC-3 was to come from Fairbanks with twenty-two ferry pilots aboard who were returning to the States after delivering their planes to the Russians who took delivery in Fairbanks. Due to no navigation signals, it had gone missing and was never found. At first I was blamed for everything but after an inquiry, it was proven that the survey engineers were at fault so I was cleared of that one.

* * * * *



American Air Force planes at Whitehorse
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

There were hundreds of American Air Force fighters and bombers going through Whitehorse. The very young fighter pilots liked to show off their skill so the airport was beaten up continually by them.

A fighter came down one day and flew along the runway inverted. When he went to turn right side up, one wing hit the ground and the plane struck the runway and burst into a great ball of fire. Everyone started running towards it until the fifty-caliber ammunition it was loaded with started going off from the heat. Then everyone, including me, started running for shelter.

After the aircraft had been removed from the runway and cooled down, I managed to get a bunch of bent and mangled shell casings.

Another day a twin-engine bomber was approaching from the north when he crashed into the side of a gully that was several hundred yards beyond the end of the runway. That was a terrible mess.

The airport work kept me busy until the spring of **1943** when I took the dragline down to the city and spent the summer digging basements for new houses that were going up everywhere. There was lots of work for everyone. When the ground started freezing in the fall I went back on the airport doing maintenance work.

In the spring of **1944** the Territorial Government was going to do some extensive street improvement work in Whitehorse. With all the heavy traffic they were now getting from construction equipment and Army personnel, the road surfaces were non-existent. They hired me as road superintendent. I had a crew of twenty men mostly local Natives. The work was crushing and spreading rock on all the streets and access roads. This work kept me busy all summer.

(To be continued.)

Livingston Wernecke's aircraft in Yukon

Research submitted by Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Photos courtesy Norm Hartnell laduel@shaw.ca



Wernecke's plane GC-ARM, FC - 2

Note name on aircraft "Claire"

Photo courtesy Norm Hartnell

Livingston Wernecke first came into the Mayo district in 1921 to examine silver prospects in the area for Treadwell. He established the Wernecke Camp at the mine on Keno Hill a few short miles uphill from Keno City. He had arrived from Alaska Treadwell and Alaska Juneau Gold Mining companies and established the Treadwell

Yukon Company with a supply base at Mayo. In the earlier years cats were used to haul ore from Wernecke Camp to the Mayo waterfront and supplies back to the camp. During the summer, Moreland trucks were used for the hauling. A lot of the original ore was high grade and did not require milling, but as the need arose a mill was erected at Wernecke Camp. When you consider the size of the operation and the class of equipment used not only for mining, but transport of the ore to smelter it was one huge operation.

What was surprising was that a penalty was applied if there was too much zinc in the concentrate, where as in later years the zinc was isolated and became a paying proposition. He conducted extensive prospecting by air from 1928 to 1931 using his own aircraft and pilot, Everett Wasson. The depression brought an end to the aerial search for minerals, but he still kept the mine working during the depression. He had a wife, Mabel, a daughter Claire who his plane was named after, and a son, Theodore. The photos of his Fairchild aircraft are attached, and after considerable research I found that it was a model FC-2. During this period many of the aircraft were open cockpit airplanes. The FC designation meant Fairchild Cabin. The first Fairchild, FC-1 with a 44 foot wingspan was test flown in 1926 but was found to be underpowered, and not too long after the FC-2 was built and supplied with a better engine with more power. This created the FC-2 with a wingspan of 44 feet, GC-ARM which Wernecke had used in his flights throughout the north. I had information that his model was an FC-71, but after research found that the FC-71 had not been test flown till June 1930. The secret of identification I think was a side view of the aircraft which showed the rear part of the side windows being square in the FC-2 which you will see in the attached photos. There was another development of the FC-2 by increasing the wingspan to 50 feet and doubling the engine power which became the FC-2W. Have a look at the write-up in the URL:

http://www.rcaf.com/1914_1938_formation/aircraft/transports/fairchild71/

It seems that the FC-71 was the next project. The FC-71 was a larger aircraft with a wingspan of 50 feet and the side windows at the rear were curved. All of these used the open cylinder radial air cooled engines which were familiar in their day. The FC-2 Fairchild is found at: http://www.nasm.si.edu/research/aero/aircraft/fairchild_fc2.htm and you can see the side windows ending square. As you will see, the Fairchild wings could be folded back for storage in a hanger.

Wernecke did have a hanger at Mayo along side the Stewart River and about a half mile upstream from the Chateau Mayo Hotel. This allowed the Fairchild to be used on floats in the river, on wheels on a sand bar in front of the hanger prior to the Mayo airstrip being built, or skis during the winter. The hanger provided shelter and heat.

The FC-71 being a larger aircraft allowed an extension of the side windows which ended rounded. The FC-71 was used extensively by White Pass, and a nice shot is seen at: http://www.rcaf.com/1914_1938_formation/aircraft/transports/fairchild71/ which shows the extended side windows.

Specs at: <http://www.shearwateraviationmuseum.ns.ca/aircraft/specs/fairchild71.htm> .

In this one, either it is a typo or the Air Force could have had a special delivery which is not unusual. As they were being used for reconnaissance on the Atlantic, it could be that they wanted more stability.

Another at:

<http://www.ualberta.ca/EDMONTON/CONTRIB/airmuseum/aamfairchild.html> of CF-ATZ.

As Wernecke was engaged with Treadwell overseeing other properties in Alaska, the FC-2 gave him fast access to the other properties.

It is not known just when Wernecke decided to upgrade to a more comfortable aircraft, but GC-ARM was sold to Simmons in Carcross I might say early in 1934. Everett Wasson must have accompanied the aircraft, for he became a partner with Simmons.



Wernecke's plane GC-ARM, FC - 2

Very likely Wernecke's daughter Claire on pontoon.

Photo courtesy Norm Hartnell

The last record of GC-ARM was that it was traded as part payment to Grant McConachie in 1935 for a Ford Trimotor Aircraft. McConachie went on to eventually form Canadian Pacific Airlines.

A site of the Ford Trimotor is seen at: http://www.shanaberger.com/ford_trimotor.htm . Just click on the photos to enlarge.

By the records, Charles Gropstis became the new pilot for Wernecke in 1934. This had to be the new Bellanca Skyrocket, red in colour that was a familiar sight in Mayo. (see CF-AOA in photo below.)

Before the mid 30s the ore was running short at Wernecke Camp and a new camp was opened at Elsa on Galena Hill. This had been optioned from Charles Brefalt in 1928 and named after Brefalt's sister.

The mill was moved and set up in 1935 at Elsa, and another mine on top of the hill, Calumet was opened. The ore was transported from Calumet to the Elsa mine by a three-mile overhead cable tramway. Over the years the camps used to open and close depending on silver and lead prices.

In 1935 Wernecke moved his family to Berkeley, California and flew out of San Francisco to the northern properties for which he was now General Manager and geologist. The red Bellanca was often seen in Mayo, and I was an airplane crazy kid who kept track of them all whether it be Wernecke, White Pass or Simmons.

The last flight to Mayo was to close the camp till after the war, and I have heard that it was his intent to form his own company after the war and reopen.

It was not to be, for on the flight south the Bellanca crashed on Salal Island on the British Columbia coast. We were told that they crashed while trying to rescue another downed pilot and his partner, but it seems that they were blinded by fog and did not see the island while trying to land in poor weather to wait out the fog.



CF-AOA was the Bellanca flown by Charles Gropstis, which crashed on Salal Island with Wernecke on board. There were no survivors. This photo taken in Whitehorse and it appears that Charles Gropstis is shown here in high boots talking to people at the other aircraft. Charles was a tall man and is also shown in a previous special edition.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle.

After over 60 years the final story was told by Bud Bodding who was pilot of the Waco that had crashed into Millbank Sound just off Salal island and that accident had happened

not long before. Because of the crash of Wernecke and his pilot Charles Gropstis, Bud Bodding and his passenger, Harry Sherman were able to survive, using provisions found on CF-AOA, until rescued.

The whole story was supplied by Marilyn Chase (Gropstis) to the Moccasin Telegraph Special: "DEATH IS A TWO SIDED COIN", printed in a Special Edition of the Moccasin Telegraph August 15th, 2003



Photo courtesy Marilyn Chase

Charles "Slim" Gropstis, 6-foot-6.
In typical pose: by a plane in the 1930's.

Who knows how the crash of Livingston Wernecke and Charles Gropstis affected the fortunes of the Yukon Territory? This of course is something that will never be known.

I give thanks to Norman Hartnell for the original photos of Wernecke's FC-2, the research of Gold and Galena by the Mayo Historical Society, information from Marilyn Chase (Gropstis) for her original story, photos and information on the Wernecke family. Also to the Internet and Google where the sites were found.

Henry Breaden

Debbie Kelly's Photos of

- Okanagan Yukoners'

Picnic – June 2004



Len Kerr, Val Scheck, Mert Acton,
Winona Scheck



Terry Koch, Betty Whitehouse, Bill
& Sherron Jones



Len Kerr, Barb Aylwin, Frieda ?, (in
Yellow) Ken Jones, (in black)
'Bud' Berg (in red)



Glen Campbell



Linda Adams, Len & Martha Kerr, ?



Frieda ?, Ruby Woolger, Marc
Steinbach,
Ken Jones, Maureen Jones, Fred Aylwin



Maureen Jones, Shirley Turton, Val Scheck, Marc Steinbach



Ruby Woolger, Linda Adams, Sheila Becker



Linda Adams, Terry Koch



Don and sister Betty Whitehouse
(I believe it is Don or maybe Ron)



Linda Adams, Larry Chalmers



Bill Jones, Linda Adams, Bev Chouinard, Sherron Jones



Photo on left –
Ruby Woolger, Debbie Kelly, Sheila Becker



Debbie Kelly, Linda Adams, Bev Chouinard, Sherron Jones ('Bud' Berg in rear)



Bill & Sherron Jones
Photo courtesy
Maureen Jones

EAGLE, ALASKA FIRE UPDATE (July 7, 2004)

Hi Sherron -

I see it's been 5 days since I wrote you about our fires in Eagle so thought it would be good to send an update. We have 215 firefighters in town now, from all over the US and even Canada. (So they do outnumber Eagle's population now.) Yesterday there was a short spurt of light rain, which helped slow down the burn a bit. The smoke cleared enough so the helicopters could fly last night and today to reassess conditions. (They hadn't been able to fly for 2 or 3 days due to the heavy smoke.) The Deer Creek fire on our side of the river, about 6-7 miles away, is too big to fight head-on; consequently they've only monitored it up until now. They're hoping to be able to get into a few of the most active areas now. The Dawson 31 fire across the river is feeding on some prime timber now, and we can see the smoke from it. It's about 1/2 to 1 mile from the other bank of the Yukon.

We do have a state-approved airstrip here, long enough for a C-130 in a pinch, I guess. But when the crews came in, it was far too smoky to fly, although the helicopters were able to make it in (they were here earlier). The firefighters came in by school buses. They are all camped at our historic Fort Egbert; it looks strangely like a military encampment, with all those tents set up out there by those old fort buildings.

Whoever handled the logistics must be a wizard. Within a day or so there appeared pumper trucks from many other cities in Alaska, huge semi tankers, bulldozers, miles and miles of hose, pumps and collapsible water tanks. The first priority was to cut a 5-mile fire break outside town, along with sending in Hot Shots to remote cabins and historic structures. Then they turned to clearing more fire breaks and residential areas,

particularly in the areas nearest the fires. Those residences are now set up with water supply, pumps and hose, and all perimeters around homes are cut. The crews have walked the entire town and helped everyone to prepare. A couple days ago an evacuation specialist arrived from the Dept. of Homeland Security. He will formulate an evacuation plan so it's ready if needed. Hope not.

There is an interagency command headquartered at our school to inform the public, direct the crews and determine priorities. It has been difficult for them due to changing weather....hot, dry and windy one day; cool and humid the next. They have considered doing a back burn outside of town, but the changing conditions have made it too risky thus far. They hold daily town meetings with us and provide a large updated fire map daily to show fire progression from the previous day. Today they're hoping to take some video from the helicopter and might show it at tomorrow's meeting.

The technology is incredible. The helicopters are able to map the precise location of each fire's boundaries, then those coordinates are plotted on computer, resulting in a topographical map showing the active burn areas. They also take infrared pictures, which enable them to map the hot spots.

We're sitting pretty good right now, I guess -- a little nervous, but feeling much more protected thanks to these hard-working folks who came in to help us. Thanks again for the concern and prayers. Mine, too, go out to others who might be in the same situation.

Oops -- forgot one additional interesting statistic. On Tuesday the fire team reported to us that 2 MILLION acres of fires were burning in Alaska. Don't know how that would compare to "usual," but would guess it's more!

Jean Turner - Eagle AK njturner*aptalaska.net



Happy 54th Birthday Phil Blaker.

Ken Jones has a few months before he catches up.
T-Shirt slogan, The Perfect Man – Quiet, patient and helps in the garden.

Photo courtesy Maureen Jones k29j32*shaw.ca

Ken & Maureen came up from Chilliwack for the Okanagan Yukoners' picnic in Summerland and then hurried back, on their motor bike, for Phil's birthday party the same day.

Ken & Maureen Jones are planning to make the Island Yukoners' Picnic on August 14th, 11am at St. Mary's Church, Nanoose. I hope we see you there.

YUKON NEWS FROM CAROL

Hi there: Just got home from 2 busy weeks in the Yukon. Tried to get you a picture of the sky and the mountains, but, there was just too much smoke to do any justice, for the most part, the sun was just a huge red ball in the cover of smoke in the area. The weather was HOT HOT, with temps always in the low-mid 30's every day. I haven't listened to the radio station today to find out if they are making any headway with the fires that are burning throughout the Yukon, it is a dangerous situation as the majority of the trees are bug-killed, dead and dry. Everyone is praying that Mother Nature will do her part and bring on some much needed rain.

The radio station that I pick up from Whitehorse is CHON-FM and I receive it thru the computer, keeps me up to date with what's happening in the area and the local news etc. The picture from the Yukoner's gathering is fantastic. Almost give me a start when I looked at it because the lady standing, wearing white, taking pictures of another couple, looked exactly like me, same hair cut, build, glasses and all. Quite a coincidence. Wished I could have been there, but will see what I can do about going to the one on the Island in August.

Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj*shaw.ca](mailto:buzzy.cj@shaw.ca)

THE SOUR TOE COCKTAIL

I have a little amendment for the article on The Sour Cocktail.

Dick Stevens first started this event in the Eldorado Hotel in 1973 if I remember correctly. The toe was swallowed by a miner by the name of Gary Young and a replacement was later lost during renovations of the hotel bar. I believe the year was 1979, I was the only one of the owners to drink the cocktail and receive a certificate. It was rather gross; believe me and something one remembers for a long time. I think it was it 1985 or 86 that he took the toe to the Westmark Hotel for a while before he went to the Downtown and then sold it to Bill Holmes.

The Eldorado gave the event up because insurance had to be carried in case anyone swallowed it and became ill or had some other mishap. I am not positive on my dates, but I am certain someone can remedy the errors. I remember when he last did this in the Eldorado Hotel Lounge though and went to the Westmark before settling in to the Downtown. It seems the Toe was quite a traveller.

Fran Hakonson fhakon@cityofdawson.ca

This is all new to me. I left in 1978 and even though I've been back at least every 3 years since I don't know much about the toe, except what I wrote. I got my certificate but lost it. I'd like to try it again and will if we make it to Dawson this summer. Sure hope other people write about it. This is all good info and thanks to Fran for letting the readers know about it.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

COMPUTER RELATED WARNINGS

I have just been forwarded another warning, which affects those of us who do our banking online. This one came from Dennis Eve in England, which he found an article about on AOL.

The topic is the same Trojan that Jenny Roberts warned us about in her message a few days ago.

The part I found helpful in this latest message is that the Trojan is getting into computers via a 'pop up' which installs its program when you 'close' the pop-up. The file name of this bug is **img1big.gif**. The bug is programmed to wait until you access your banking program, then it steals your account number and password.

I have been reluctant to access my online banking, so I just did a search for the file name **img1big.gif** and when it was not found I proceeded to do my banking.

The other part to the message found on AOL was indicating that until now the hackers had been obtaining the password and account number information by asking you via an e-mail to verify your account information. I received one of those e-mails this morning only it was for Citibank.UK a bank I do not even deal with.

Sherron Jones

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron, just wanted to let you know that I'll be using a different email address; please send the newsletter to: cookhart2001@yahoo.ca

Thanks so much

Barb Cook

NEW ADDITIONS

My name is Robert Fraser. I'm a fourth generation Yukoner born and raised. My uncle was Bud Harbottle my mother was Ardie (Harbottle) Fraser who married my father Don Fraser. Our grandfather was Northwest Mounted Police in Dawson City. There is myself, my brother Don (Buck) Fraser, sister Joy Denton still residing in the Yukon and a half sister Marge (Farr) Martin residing in Edmonton. I would love to become a member of Moccasin Telegraph if possible. Thank You!

My sister-in-law (Joy Denton of Whitehorse) told us about the newsletter and we would certainly like to receive it.

My husband's name is Donald Fraser (Buck) and was born in Dawson City in 1943. My name is Lynda Fraser and although originally from Ontario, I have been here since 1963. We presently live on the Carcross Road some 45 miles south of Whitehorse.

Our e-mail address is: dfraser*yknet.ca

If you need further information from us please let us know.

Thanks

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

In the old days, the board of education was a shingle in the woodshed.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From my recipe collection – Sherron Jones – Yummy !

Sour Cream & Raisin Pie

1 cup raisins
1 cup water
¾ cup brown sugar
2 tsps cornstarch
½ tsp salt
2 tsps lemon juice
500 ml sour cream

Simmer raisins in water for 5 minutes. Stir in cornstarch premixed with sugar and salt. Cook stirring constantly for 5 minutes.

Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice and sour cream.
Pour into an uncooked piecrust and bake at 400 degrees F. for 40 minutes.

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

VANCOUVER ISLAND YUKONERS' PICNIC

THE V.I. YUKONERS WILL BE HOLDING THEIR ANNUAL PICNIC AT

ST. MARY'S CHURCH HALL, 2600 POWDER POINT ROAD, NANOOSE BAY
ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY, THE 14th OF AUGUST 2004

BRING YOUR OWN BEVERAGE AND FOOD—ADMISSION FREE TABLES AND
CHAIRS PROVIDED IN OR OUT RAIN OR SHINE –ALWAYS A GOOD TIME

FOR MORE INFO CALL Stan Hegstrom at 250 468-9698 or email at
seaair@bcsupernet.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