

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Seventy First Edition- July 17, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Summer on Marsh Lake

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

FITNESS

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

These summer days I find it wise,
To get outside and exercise,
Instead of sitting round and talking,
I'm really getting into walking.

When I go out, it never fails,
I meet old-timers on the trails.
Some are jogging some are hiking,
While others go for mountain biking.

An ancient lady passed me by,
At a speed that I considered high.
She looked so vibrant, trim and neat
With those roller blades upon her feet.

Right behind her, gaining fast,
An old gent on his scooter passed,
Protective padding on his knees,
Pigtail flowing in the breeze.

She turned and flirted, openly
He grinned as he passed and winked at me.
Then down a quiet trail they went,
Like two teenagers, heaven bent.

I stared, my thoughts I dare not mention,
But I could guess at their intention,
As quickly down a hill they drove,
Then turned into a sheltered grove.

My presence I knew was not required.
I turn for home, I'm getting tired.
This fitness thing is not a snap.
I think I'll go and take a nap.

© 2001 Gus Barrett.

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 13

In September 1944 along with a bunch of other young guys, I received my Army call-up and was told to report to Little Mountain in Vancouver. I turned my job over to Archie Bruce, left my trucks for my wife and brother-in-law Sandy Yeulet to look after, and took the train to Skagway. We all knew each other so were in high spirits and like all recruits thought we were going off in a blaze of glory to win the war.

At Skagway we had to transfer to a coast boat, which would take us to Vancouver. First we had to stock up on some refreshment for the trip. It was illegal to take any booze aboard ship especially American booze, but that did not bother us so it was off to the vendors.

Everyone bought one, two or three bottles depending on what they thought they would require while making the voyage. I bought one bottle and put it under my belt in the centre of my stomach. Then I bought a paper bag of mix, which I carried in my hand. Some others taped their bottles up their legs or hung them down their backs with string. Others had them under their belts at the back. We trooped off to fool the guards at the gangplank.

There were two military guards there and experts had fooled them before so they were pulling out bottles one after the other and setting them on the dock. When it came my turn, I held the bag of mix in front of me and he patted around both sides and down my legs. He asked what was in the bag so I opened it and showed him. He said, "*Okay, go aboard*". He had missed my bottle and that was the only one of our bunch to get aboard.

As the boat was moving away from the dock, all the bottles that had been confiscated were brought to the edge of the dock and smashed on the heavy wooden guardrail. Everyone aboard was moaning and groaning about this terrible waste. My bottle did not go very far but we enjoyed the trip anyhow.

In Vancouver we went to Little Mountain Barracks and were inducted into the Army.

In December of 1944 my wife had a baby girl named Diane Francis.

I did nothing spectacular or win any great medals while in the Army and I got an honorable discharge in the spring of 1946.

I returned to Whitehorse and went to work for the White Pass and Yukon Route driving a bus on the Alaska Highway to Dawson Creek. This was the first civilian bus service on the highway as the ones before had been run by the military.

It started out a rather primitive service as the buses and accommodation were war surplus but people were willing to put up with it so we carried good loads. The buses were International K-7's built like a school bus with the same type of seats. They carried twenty passengers.

The road was not the best so travel was slow. After leaving Whitehorse the stops were Teslin for lunch, Watson Lake overnight, Muncho Lake for lunch, Ft. Nelson overnight, Beaton River for lunch and Dawson Creek overnight. The return trip was the same thing in reverse. Each bus made one trip a week and one left Whitehorse every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

We carried a great amount of emergency gear as the highway was sparsely settled. There were long stretches with no human beings. We carried many spare parts such as starters, generators, belts, fuel pumps, carburetors, head lights, two spare tires and a cylinder head for the six-cylinder engine as they were subject to cracking.

Emergency food, blankets, an axe and in winter, chains and a shovel were carried also. For winter travel a gas heater was installed on the floor beside the driver. A pipe inside a pipe ran the full length of the aisle. The inside pipe discharged the burnt gas out the back and the outside pipe put heated air all along the bus. At night the whole thing glowed a cherry red and passengers soon learned not to put their feet on it. In the coldest weather, the bus was nice and warm. This system was independent of the engine so if we broke down we still had heat. We travelled under all weather and road conditions and I never knew of a bus to tie up except for a breakdown.

In summer it was dusty and rough and in winter we had everything bad, snow storms, sleet, freezing rain, glare ice, glaciers and, of course, extremely cold weather.

We eventually got new modern buses called Pony Cruisers. They were smaller and looked like conventional buses you see today. They had Ford V8 engines which were much more reliable than our old K-7's, comfortable individual seats and were easy to handle. Because they were new, we had no serious problems with them.

The company was running many types of trucks on the road and one of these was a van which carried freight to be delivered all along the highway. I switched over to the van as it looked like it might be fun.

I had an exciting incident one-winter day. There were many glaciers across the road and they were generally slippery. I was rolling along about fifty-five and on going around a bend I saw two cars on opposite sides of the road on a glacier. One was stuck and the other had a chain on trying to pull him out. The chain was right across the road about two feet high. There was no way I could stop and I thought I was going to have two cars strung out behind me if the chain did not break. Fortunately, the towing car driver could see what was going to happen and backed up enough to let the chain lie on the road just as I went over it. There was a whole bunch of happy people after that!

I found the van was more hard work than fun, so I switched again to a tanker where the load was pumped on and off and the driver was paid by the mile. I was the first White Pass driver to put in ten thousand miles in one month. I did not get much sleep but it did not bother me.

(To be continued.)

Mayo Hydro Power Plant



Mayo Hydro Plant – Fall 1967
Photo courtesy Henry Breaden

The power plant itself is down by the river, and the surge tank or surge tower, whatever you want to call it is just up the hill, brown in colour. The water for the plant came through the hill in an underground tunnel of I think 5700 feet. The surge tank was a vertical shaft from the tunnel and acted like a hydraulic shock absorber. The water in the tank was always in motion up or down according to load changes of the plant. When there was a sharp load decrease, there was that 5700 foot column of water that had to go somewhere. It just went up into the surge tank and gradually settled back. Following the river upwards, it curved to the right and up to the spillway where excess water was spilled such as in the spring. As Keno Hill is shut down, I understand that the power is fed to Dawson over a transmission line. The line was in difficulty this year due to forest fires.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Mayo Surge Tower Break by Henry Breaden

When I was in charge at Whitehorse I had a call from our Mayo Supt. Barry Campbell just before quitting time. He reported that he had water coming down the hill from above the plant that was threatening to get into the front door of the plant. I asked him what volume as to whether it was a trickle or how much. He said quite a bit! So I asked again whether it was gallons per hour or cubic feet per second. He chose cubic feet per second so I knew we had trouble. I said, "Well lad, it is pitch black and we cannot see anything, get a loader out of Mayo to keep a channel open to direct the flow into the river below the plant. I will get a few hours sleep and head out real early in the morning." The temperature in Whitehorse was nearing 50 below zero, and I knew that Mayo had to be colder.

I equipped the car with cold weather gear, extra gasoline, food, sleeping bag, a gas burner and some wood and kindling. I was no fool when it came to northern climates. I left Whitehorse at 2:00 AM in minus 50 degrees and could feel the car as I got near Carmacks that it was even colder. Wonderful moonlight, clear and cold. I encountered fog on the river crossings and arrived at Mayo by 7:00 AM. As I could not do anything before daylight I decided to have breakfast at the café in Mayo and then proceed to the plant. The temperature was minus 68 degrees F and the Mayo River valley was solid fog. The tradesman had rough bladed a trail over to the surge tank

When it started to break daylight we headed out on the bladed trail and could see nothing of the plant or anything in the valley. I could hear the water running, and a thought ran through my mind, "I don't really want any part of this, but I guess it is my baby!" The surge tank is a steel vertical cylinder maybe 20 feet across and about 50 feet in height. It was clad on the outside with about 4-inch by 4-inch upright wood. It is a hydraulic shock absorber for the hydro tunnel, and the water is in motion up and down according to change in load.

When we got to the tank I could not see anything because of the fog or anything of the tank because of the wood lagging. The water appeared to be coming from the bottom of the tank, straight across and impinging on a rock wall. Then it shot upwards giving the

appearance of possibly an underground fault. I was not happy with that thought until getting a bit wet and with a piece of plywood decided that it was not a fault, but from the tank itself. The next question was, "Why?" We climbed the outside steel ladder without a back guard, and getting to the top could see the ladder on the roof was wood to the vents in the centre of the tank and likely rotten or the nails could pull out. It is not a good feeling 50 feet off the ground and nothing to hang onto. We got a rope around the vent and felt more secure, and were able to get inside to have a look. We found that the interior heaters were burned out and that the tank was frozen to near the bottom. So after getting off of there, the next thing was to talk to Head Office.

It is so strange how things come around, for Dave McGuinness was the chief engineer in Head Office, and he and I had worked together at Vivian Diesel Engines in Vancouver on 6th Avenue.

In the winter of 1944 we had both worked for Vivian Diesel, he as a young engineer, and I in the welding and heat treating. As Vivian had been bought by Hawker Siddley and we were running their KMW engines, Dave had joined them and later came over with NCPC. He was a down to earth engineer, and he and I got along like favourite brothers. Between us we were able to trace down a problem and come up with a common sense solution.

I told Dave what I had found, and he arranged for a welding company from Vancouver to load sheet steel and be ready to work in extreme cold. They loaded their trucks with materials and welding equipment and headed for Mayo. Meanwhile, we had to arrange to shut down the plant and get that water cut off. We had the same trouble with that sliding head gate as before, for if it had rollers like Whitehorse it would go to the bottom. We knew that due to the leakage flow it would stick on us, so this time we pulled a "Sandy!" After shutting down the plant and Mayo and Elsa on diesel, instead of trying to lower it with the hand winch, we peeled off plenty of slack in the cable and tied the gate up with rope. With all men clear, one fellow with a sharp knife cut the rope and it went down like lightning. Even though we did not get a perfect seal, we could take care of the leakage at the bottom end. The tunnel was drained and we could do an inspection to make sure that we had no underground fault.

Head Office had been testing a new gas turbine in Edmonton, and they decided to load it and ship it to Mayo. This was a prototype and would be a great test for it. I was to Whitehorse and back into Mayo again as soon as it was in. None of us had ever seen one of these animals and did not know the first thing about them. No manuals or any information, just make it go! After looking it over and putting heat in the main unit, we decided where the several pieces had to go and got it together. It was placed on the outskirts of Mayo and could feed through the plant substation back into the Elsa line any excess power available. A substation was erected with transformers even though it continued to be cold. I was in good shape as I had good cold weather gear, flight boots, US army windpants from 1943 issue, Pioneer parka, fur hat and mitts.

When the welders were in, the first problem they had was to cut open the side of the surge tower and put in excess heat to thaw that possibly 40 vertical feet of ice. They did not dare to put men in there till it was clear, but any thaw water just went down the vertical shaft into the tunnel. When it was clear they started work and found that there had been a twelve-foot split. I can assure you that while they were there they fabricated a back guard on that ladder and a new steel ladder up to the vent with handrails for safety. The plant was down I think for about three weeks and I was back and forth to Whitehorse so that the paper work did not snow me under. Thank goodness for having a good Secretary it was not too bad. After checking everything out and watering up we were back in business with new heaters and a safe access to them. So another tiger had been tamed in the north and we had that much more experience. The welders returned to their more habitable weather and we back to our respective jobs. But I think the best thing of all was that Mayo had a gas turbine sitting in their back yard for standby.

CORRECTION – US AIRCRAFT TO RUSSIA – MOCTEL 70

I am advised that I made an error with the photo I placed in the last MocTel, in the Bud Harbottle manuscript section. I had understood that the photo of the airplanes lined up was that of those being ferried to Russia via Whitehorse and Fairbanks. I now find that model of an aircraft has jet engines which were not used in WWII by the US. I have however been advised that the P-40 below is one of the aircraft which was seen frequently in Whitehorse during that period.

Henry Breden has explained to me that the P-40 was common in Whitehorse and bore a red star if it was destined for Russia, while a white star was used on US bombers. Unfortunately we cannot see the star on this one and if we did we only have black and white photos, although red would look dark in the B & W photo.



P-40 at Whitehorse Airport
Photo Courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

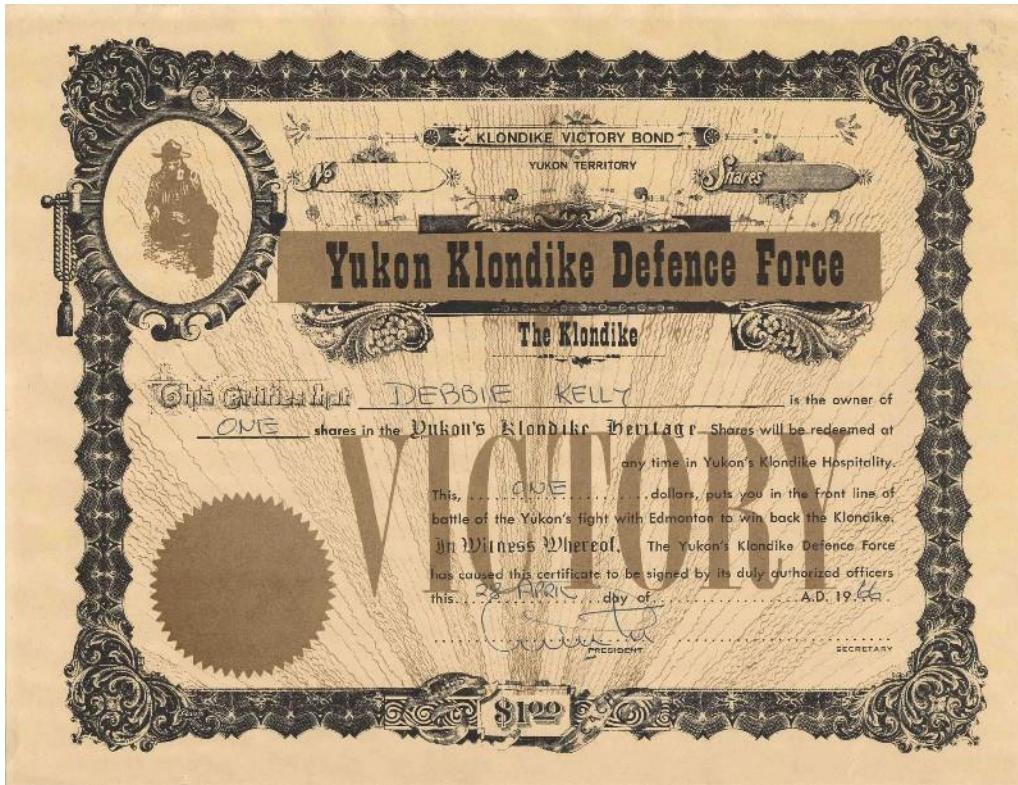


Image courtesy of Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly*on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly@on.aibn.com)

Can anyone give us the story about the Yukon Klondike Defense Force – Klondike Victory Bond? – Sherron [sherronjones*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

HANK KARR SPECIAL

Just got the special on Hank Karr---Thanks! Good to have info on such a great musician--and from the Yukon is very special.

Thanks again

Audrey Vigneau [vigneau*yknet.ca](mailto:vigneau@yknet.ca)

HANK KARR SPECIAL & EARLY WHITEHORSE PHOTOS

So delighted to see the tribute to Hank Karr. I'm sure that now the group has seen this (first edition?) of Hank's story, that there will be quite a few more comments and tributes coming forth. I for one have always considered him and Pam among my most valued friends. I remember their early courtship with much fondness; there has been lot of good memories over the years. Hank has given so many people so much pleasure for so many years!

He's always been my favorite singer – I have his recordings and play them often; especially "My Book of Yukon Memories" which he sang and played guitar at my late husband's (Gordon) "celebration of life" held 9 months later in the Carcross Community Hall, in 2001.

I remember long ago when he and my son-in-law Cal Waddington (on the drum) performed together.

Wonder if anyone on this list remembers the old “Baxter Farm” on the north outskirts of town. This picture was taken in 1925. Yes, even before I was born! I found it in my Mom’s old album. I think that’s what we used to call “Puckett’s Hill” in the background. What would be there today? It used to seem like quite a walk to get there. Wonder who the people are on the dog sleighs. I wouldn’t have wanted to be that lady with no coat on in all that snow!



Baxter Farm
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley



Eric & Grace Richards and Virginia Harbottle
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley

Also...does anyone remember the “old swimming hole” where we used to swim as kids. Here’s a picture of my dad, Eric Richards, my mom Grace, in the middle and Virginia Harbottle. There’s a note on the back of it saying: “ I remember ducking quickly, as Atherton was coming. I think he took the snapshot...” Charlie Atherton worked in the

grocery Dept. of T & D store for many years, when Dad was in the drygoods. I almost drowned in that swimming hole once.

Cheers, Joyce joyceyardley@shaw.ca

HANK KARR SPECIAL

Wow!! This is so cool!!!

I first remember seeing Hank and Gold Fever at the Inferno Lounge at the Klondike Inn in Whitehorse. Then later they moved to Trappers Lounge. From there he and Jimmy D, and the band moved over to the Roadhouse, and yes, I followed him over there too. They also did have a stint at the Kopper King Lounge as well, and like a bad cold, I followed him there too.

There had been some member changes such as the acquisition of Dave Marcus. I believe that he has a recording studio in Whitehorse now. The song that I will always remember Dave singing the first time I heard him was singing an Ian Tyson song called, "Summer Wages". He sounded so like Ian, I had to actually get up close to see if it was in fact Ian.

But Hank Karr, Red Lewis, Ed Isaac, Mike Durrell, and Ray Park, I remember the best. I danced many a night away, to their music, and always left as a happy customer.

They tried to play the songs requested, and knew that the crowd came to hear their favourite songs, but to hear Hank and the band, as well. They rarely if ever disappointed us, and it was a regular thing that we would make enough noise to usually get one last song before the band left for the night.

In fact, Hank and the band sang Happy Birthday to me when I FINALLY turned 19, and teased me, to the chagrin of the staff, about what it really felt like to finally be legal.

I have always loved his music, and he is just as passionate about life as he is about his music. Hank always has the smooth cowboy demeanor that is a magnet. He always takes the time to say hi, and never thinks to brush people off.

Even when I went home in 1994, I had the chance to have a short chat with Hank on his new stage, that of the City Transit Bus. He looked as much at home behind the wheel of his chariot, as he does on the stage.

Here's to you Hank, and many more years of the music that is northern history set to music. You have shared the Yukon with people all over the world, and that, I believe, would warrant calling you a true ambassador of the Yukon, in more ways than one. I know you will say that you were just doing something you loved to do.

It was because of Hank Karr that I wrote and performed the song, "Come and Listen" for the Rendezvous of 1976. Thank you Hank, as you were an inspiration to me, and I am

sure there are many other musicians that you have touched can say that you gave us all a little piece of inspiration.

I look forward to the possible re-release of the Gold Fever CD.

Thanks again for the music.

So here is to the hope that your guitar strings still have many songs left in them, so that we will hear your songs and music for many many years yet.

One of your longest "standing" fans

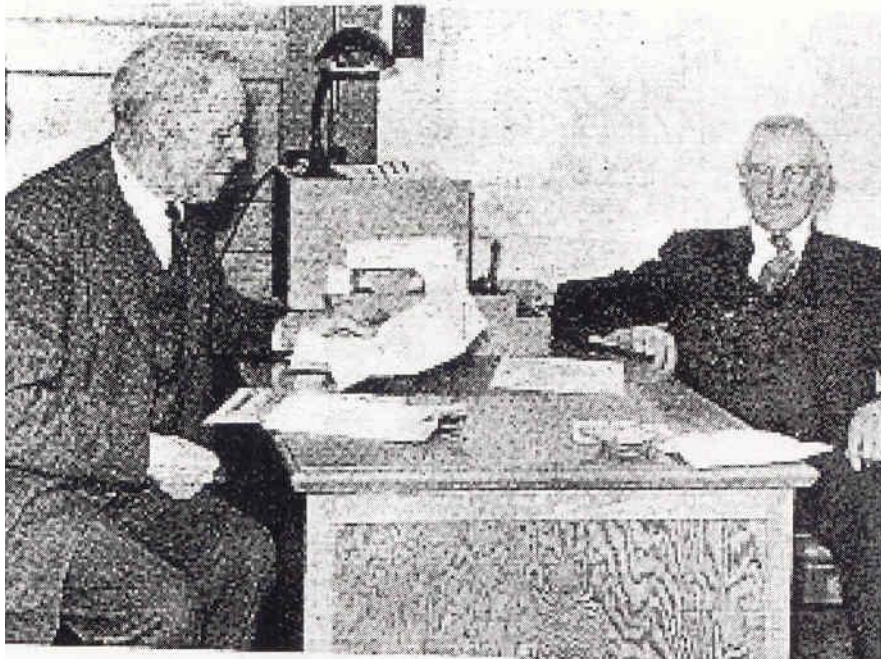
Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

TAYLOR AND DRURY

Submitted by Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

The Yukon News, June 28, 1973

Permission to use in the MocTel granted by Doug Bell and Steve Robertson the owner. In fact blanket permission has been granted on any article prepared by staff reporters. Thank you Doug and Steve.



Issac Taylor and William Drury

As Isaac Taylor used to say:

"Don't Mine in a Mining Country"

Of all the adventurers who struggled over the trails of '98, two made a lasting mark on the Yukon – but not in nuggets.

Issac Taylor, 35, and William Drury, 29 were both headed for the Klondike on the Ashcroft trail when they met in the spring of 1898.

Their journey led them to Atlin where they decided to join forces to supply the miners who stayed on. Like many early merchants, Taylor and Drury first took advantage of the faint hearted, buying up their supplies to resell to the more determined gold seekers in Discovery and Atlin.

Taylor and Drury's second store, at Bennett, was more sophisticated than their tent operation. And by this time, spring 1900, their booming business required they buy supplies in Victoria.

The merchant duo followed the rails and ended up in Whitehorse where they opened their third store in July of 1900. There began a prosperous operation that followed the tributaries of the rivers where T and D set up trading posts at most Indian settlements in the Territory.



The early Whitehorse T and D Store in Whitehorse
(Not easy to read but Taylor and Drury are advertising Groceries and Hardware)

Able to retain much of the atmosphere of the old days while implementing modern merchandising techniques. Of this Charlie Taylor, as he oversees the 74th anniversary of the establishment, is very proud.

As roads developed through the Territory, the need for T and D's many outposts diminished. Earlier this year the Carmacks Store closed and the store in Mayo was bought by the Graham's. Now there is just the main shopping centre at the corner of Main of 1st and Main in Whitehorse. It was expanded from a small shop in 1942 and again in 1969 until now it covers 5 city lots.

From the time he began his career as a delivery boy at the age of 11, Charlie Taylor has seen many changes. One of the most noticeable is the self-serve approach.

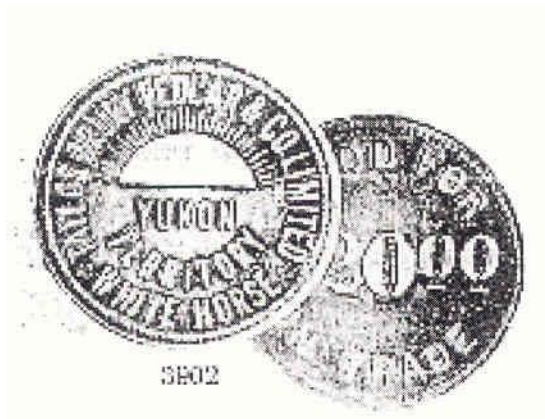
“People used to stand behind counters and if you wanted a can of peas, they'd get it for you, put it on the counter. What else?”

“We also used to sell bolts and bolts of yard goods, but now everything is ready made. And groceries have been completely revolutionized.” Said Mr. Taylor, referring to modern packaging techniques.

He feels the changes are for the good, but is most proud to have kept the family business as a service to old customers.

“It's a way of life! It's a privilege to be able to walk around the store and see people who have been shopping here for so many years.”

Mr. Taylor can't say what his plans are for the future, but he did want to invite old friends and new down to T and D's to help celebrate the 74th birthday. “We're having a gigantic sale!”



T and D money as picture in a coin collector's book.

They had a fleet of boats, the Quick, the Thistle, The Kluane, to make the junkets between settlements several times a season and they used their own money. Small

denomination coins were made of aluminum, 5, 10, and 20-dollar coins were of brass.

Charlie Taylor, son of Issac, who now runs T and D's Store in Whitehorse said his father and Mr. Drury believed in fair trade as opposed to barter, and that's why they used currency. Mr. Taylor described barter as a "dirty business," in which a person can be easily gypped.

In the Indian Settlements, the first Taylor and Drury were well liked and highly spoken of, according to Mr. Taylor. And T and D's still carries on its tradition of welcoming original customers.

MOCTEL AND PICNIC PHOTOS

Hi Sherron

Just a short note to let you know that I am really enjoying the "Bud Harbottle Manuscripts". The working conditions and the pioneer spirit of people like Bud truly amazes me. They had a motto of "we can do it' and they found a way no matter what the obstacles. Every addition of the MT has items that bring back memories of my years in the Yukon. Your hard work and dedication are very much appreciated.

On to the Okanagan Yukoners picnic. It was a great event and I am very glad I was able to attend. Hats off to all the organizers. The photo's you posted got at least one comment back to me stating that the photo of me was taken of my best side. That comment from Anne Domes from Faro, Yukon. I have known Anne since the mid 1960's so she should know.

Thanks

Dave Perks birdsivu*telusplanet.net

Joyce Yardley sent a message, which included the comment that she recognized more folks in the Okanagan Yukoners photos than she knew at the Island Yukoners last year and has vowed to make it to the Okanagan picnic next year. Yippee ! – Sherron

EAGLE, ALASKA FIRE UPDATE

Well, we're still here amidst the smoke. We were given a pre-evacuation advisory on Tuesday, and that hit all the news networks. Some folks only heard the word "evacuation," and consequently many of us got calls and e-mails. We keep assuring everyone that we're all OK!

The truth is, right now conditions are good. When the advisory was issued, it had been hot and windy. The Deer Creek fire advanced about 2 miles on Monday, and they thought it was time to get us prepared. Then on Tuesday the weather turned cooler and humid. It has remained that way through today. It's bought us some time. They've increased the length and width of the firebreak outside town, and cleared more around buildings.

Tonight there will be two military track vehicles coming in, each capable of moving 17 fire personnel. With the favorable weather, for the first time, the management team thinks it's possible to attack the fire head-on and try to put out at least a part of it. They'd been concerned about getting the crews to safety if the fire should flare up, but now with the track vehicles they'll be able to move them out if necessary. The terrain there is very steep and hard to travel.

It sounds like most of us will be staying with our homes if the fire threatens the town.....quite a few stubborn Alaskans here. However, we have enough sense to know there could be a need to move to the safe area at the airport. Nick and I have our hose ready, along with two fire extinguishers. The folks closer to the fire have everything -- hose, pumps, tanks and water.

Sounds like Yukon and Alaska are both facing record fire years. I heard a similar statistic today on Alaska radio. So far this is the third worst fire season in Alaska history, and it's promising to move up on the list. I think I heard it was the largest (in acres) since 1950.

Everything is fine for now - just sick of 3 weeks of nothing but smoke. The perfect scenario would be: (1) the fire suppression tonight is totally successful, (2) we get a good rain immediately following (without lightning), and (3) we see blue skies within a day or two!

Jean Turner, Eagle, Alaska
njturner*aptalaska.net

Obituaries (07/10/04)

MAST _ Hope. Born August 6th, 1939 in Regina, Sask. passed away peacefully in the caring hands of her nurse Neri on July 6th, 2004 after a battle fought with dignity and great courage. "Miss Integrity". She is predeceased by her mom Martha Mast and survived by her loving father Ivor Mast; her daughters Kelly (Bruce) Koski and Kim (Rod) Davison and son Rick Hubble. Hope had 5 grandchildren, Brian (Krista) Koski, Ellen Koski, Amanda Davison, Alexander Davison and Jessica Hubble. Hope is also survived by her cousin Deanna (Max) Cohen. Missing her also are her second family, the past and present, staff at Forbes and Boyle. She is also greatly missed by her special friends Karen (Fred) Goodyear, Gloria, Anita, Eileen and Foster, Lorna (Robert) Pennykid, Jeanie, Kuan (Kang) Tan, and Maxine and Fran Horner. Hope loved her family

and friends and enjoyed gardening, cooking and sampling every food and dessert ever invented. Hope cooked homemade waffles right up to the middle of May 2004.

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

RETURNED MAIL

For some time now a number of e-mails have been returned due to mailboxes being over quota. I have been letting it go as I expect these folks are on holidays.

If you happen to hear that they have not received their MocTel, some are David Hill, Nancy Deasty and more recently Mike Bellamy and Larry Simenac.

Sometimes this occurs on a special edition and they may not even know they missed it. ie this weeks Special on Hank Karr or last weeks on the photos for the Okanagan Yukoners picnic or the week before which was Glen Campell's 1950 summer in Yukon.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Sorrow lookš back, worry lookš around, faith lookš up.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Famous Lemon Cheesecake

From my file of favourites. Sherron Jones – Delicious !

Crust

1 1/3 cup Graham Wafer Crumbs

1/3 cup butter

1/4 cup brown sugar

Mix crust together and press into bottom of 9" spring form pan. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 5 minutes.

Filling

1 pound of Winnipeg cream cheese - I have used regular but tastes better with this.

3 eggs

1/2 cup sour cream

2/3 cup sugar

2 tbsp lemon juice

Mix together well to form a batter. Pour over crust. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 – 35 minutes.

Topping

1 cup sour cream
4 tbsp sugar
2 tbsp lemon juice

Mix together and spread over cheesecake. Return to oven for 5 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

For information about the Island Picnic, you can also contact Henry Breaden.
hjbreaden@shaw.ca

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