

FFMOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Seventy Third Edition- Aug. 1, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Aurora over Whitehorse

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

PONDERING REPRODUCTION

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Mama cows have little calves
And mama horses, colts.
Mama ducks have ducklings,
And hens have chicks that molt.
Mama cats have kittens,
And mama dogs have puppies
If mama shrimp has little shrimps,
Do mama gups have guppies?

Mama pigs have piglets,
And mama sheep have lambs.
If eagles produce eaglets,
Do mama spuds have yams?
If mama whales produce a calf,
I wonder why it's so,
That little mama herring
Produces only roe.

Since mama geese have goslings,
And mama rats have mice,
What if moose had mooslings,
Wouldn't that be nice.

Yet, when mama seals have pups,
Its mystifying that,
The lowly mama oyster
Produces only spat.

Rabbits produce bunnies?
And mama foxes, kits
Mama goats have playful kids,
But this one gives me fits,
If cuddly puppies come from dogs,
Cute kittens come from cats,
Oh why do mama people,
Produce such little brats.

© 2004 Gus Barrett.

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 15

There was great rivalry between George Milne who owned the flying school and ourselves. Each of us stole traffic from the other. As there was no year-round road between Whitehorse, Mayo and Dawson City, a lot of our traffic was between these points. In 1949 the Federal Government decided to build a year-round road between these places. Mannix Construction Company got the contract and moved all their equipment by riverboat to Minto, which was about half way between Whitehorse and Dawson.

They set up a big camp, improved the airstrip and started building the road both to Whitehorse and to Dawson. To move the heavy equipment they could use the riverboats but that was too slow for passengers and supplies so they came to us. This was a big boost for our operation as we started flying two planes daily to Minto. They also used the flying school planes occasionally.

One day Milne and I went to Minto together. He left Minto on his return to Whitehorse ahead of me with one passenger. I left soon after with a full load. About fifteen miles out I happened to look down at the ground and saw an airplane sitting in a cleared space with two men waving their arms. I circled around and saw that it was Milne and thought he must be in trouble. I wagged the wings and returned to Minto. I unloaded everything from the aircraft to make it as light as possible and returned to the downed plane. I was able to land and pick them up and fly them to Minto. George's engine had packed up over the only opening large enough to land in for miles. After unloading them at Minto I re-boarded my original load and took them to Whitehorse. I took another load to Minto and when I returned I brought George and his passenger to Whitehorse.

* * * * *

There was a good-sized Indian village at Hoochi Lake about eighty miles west of Whitehorse. I had a load of groceries to take in and a load of frozen fish, which the Indians sold to the stores, to bring out. This particular day a strong Chinook wind was blowing. It was the first of the spring season. The temperature was above freezing and flying was extremely turbulent. The last thing I had put in was a case of eggs.

It sat on top of the load and everything else was tied down. About halfway I had a tremendous bump. The load came loose from the tie ropes and the case of eggs landed on the back of my neck and shoulders. The rest of the load piled up underneath it so I could not get rid of it. I had to fly the rest of the way bent forward carrying those eggs.

At the village I unloaded the groceries and then threw in all the loose fish. Then I piled the sacked fish on top of them and tied it all down. I started for home but it was too rough so went back to the village to wait for the wind to calm down.

After a couple of hours, it seemed to be better so I left again. Twenty miles out all the fish broke loose from the ropes and were flying around the cabin. The frozen fins and tails were like razor blades and were tearing up the upholstery and had cracked one window. I was over Tay Lake, which is several miles long so landed. I threw the fish out on the ice and tried to take off empty but the snow was so wet I could not get flying speed. After many tries I taxied to shore where there was lots of timber to make a camp as I was going to be there until the snow froze again. I figured that would be at dawn the next morning.

I had nothing to tie the plane down to so tailed it into the wind and watched it. When the gusts got too strong I would rush out and sit on the tail to hold it down until it calmed again. Then I went back to sit by my fire. Several times during the night I had to sit on the tail, once for two hours. The wind was so strong the main skis were bouncing a foot off the ice and I thought for sure I was going to lose the plane.

By dawn it had cooled enough so I knew I could take off. I went out and loaded the fish and was soon airborne. As I was approaching Whitehorse I passed one of our planes going in the opposite direction. I knew he was going to look for me. I could not talk to him with my radio so went in and landed. When Hartnell got to Tay Lake, he saw my tracks in the snow and my camp so had a good idea of what had happened and returned home.

* * * * *

One very cold day we had an urgent call from Minto to come down and pick up the timekeeper, as he had to be in Vancouver. It was sixty below zero on the ground and really too cold to fly but as we wanted to keep up our public relations with the company, I decided I would take the little Cessna 140 and go get him.

I climbed up to eight thousand feet where the air was about thirty degrees warmer so there was no problem on route. But I had to get back down again at Minto through the cold air with reduced power. This would really cool the engine; maybe to the extent it would stop and freeze solid. I could make a long shallow approach using power but that would keep me in the cold air much longer. Then I would have a higher speed, which would force more cold air through the engine. If it quit I would have nowhere to land safely. So I chose to orbit the airstrip using partial power. If the engines quit while orbiting down, I could land dead stick and reheat the engine with the gas blow pot that we always carried.

I got down okay and let the engine idle until my passenger got there. When he arrived he was dressed in city clothes including oxfords and a fedora hat. I told him there was no way I would take him to Whitehorse in that condition and to go back and put on some proper winter clothing. I was dressed in Arctic boots, down flying pants and parka and fur hat so I could step out anywhere and get along okay. When he got back he was well dressed. What he did not have of his own, he had borrowed. We took off. I climbed rapidly up to the warm air again and proceeded to Whitehorse. On arrival I used the same procedure as I had at Minto to get down. It went okay. That was the coldest trip I had had to that time.

* * * * *



Yukon Airways Limited – Seabee – CF-FOW
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Because I was the low man on the pilot list, whenever it was necessary to move corpses the job fell to me. No one liked to do that sort of thing. I was not used to being around the dead either and after getting airborne with the corpse lying right along side of me, I would have a squeamish feeling. However, after a dozen or so trips I was used to it.

The Seabee was a real dog to fly at the altitudes we had to operate at. At sea level on the coast it was very successful and gave good service but as it was not super charged or turbo it lost horsepower as soon as it left sea level. At our altitudes of twenty-three hundred feet at Whitehorse, to much higher elsewhere in the area, we had difficulty many times getting airborne, especially off the water. Then it was a slow climber so a pilot had to be careful on take-off that there were no high obstructions in front of him.

In summer on a hot day it was almost impossible so we took off the entire wheel undercarriage and used it as a straight flying boat. This raised our pay load a hundred sixty pounds. For a small plane that meant the weight of one passenger. I have run for miles on rivers trying to get it off. One day at Mayo I was trying to get airborne with three men. I spent all afternoon running up and down the Stewart River making like a fast speedboat but could not make it until the air cooled in the evening.

Another time I had to take three passengers from Elliot Lake, which was in the Ogilvie Mountains and four thousand feet above sea level. They wanted to go down to a small lake just off the Wind River. I made several attempts to get airborne but was unable to. So I decided to go to the dock to take off some of the load. The Seabee had a very good feature that was not seen on other airplanes for many years. That was a reverse pitch propeller, which could be used for braking purposes or backing up the airplane. I was going into the dock down wind and was moving too fast so I put it in reverse pitch. As I did so a passenger in the back unlatched the door, which blew open from the slip stream. As the engine was mounted on the wing behind the cabin, it broke the stops and slammed against the forward part of the fuselage. The hinge was okay so I could get the door shut but I felt like drowning that guy.

I got off on the next try and went down to Gumboot Lake. I had never been there before so looked it over very carefully before landing. It was marginal whether it was suitable for the Seabee. One end was against a mountain. At the other end was a hill a few hundred feet high covered with trees. I would have to land down wind over the hill then glide down the hill to the water. That was no problem for this airplane as it had the glide ratio of a streamlined brick. Coming out and climbing that hill was going to be tricky.

I got down and unloaded then taxied to a marshy part of the lake at the extreme end. I put the propeller in reverse pitch and backed into the mud bottom until the airplane was well stuck. Then selecting forward pitch I was able to get the engine up to full R.P.M. before we started to move.

I used more lake than I liked to get airborne so was quite close to the hill when I started to climb. And true to form, that airplane did not want to go up. It looked like I was going to have a spruce bough wreath any second but using full power and holding it just above the stall speed, I was able to keep it about twenty feet above the tree tops all the way up the hill until I broke over the top and was able to level off. I will bet I did not take one breath of air all the way up that hill.

(To be continued.)

A BALLAD FROM RICK MORTIMER

Hi Sherron,

This is the first time in about 20 years that I haven't been out guiding by now. It feels a bit strange to not be heading down some wild trail behind a bunch of pack horses, but I'm managing.... I will try and write a bit more anyway.

Sherron, I wanted to send you this Ballad I wrote in April. It's copywritten and has been published once, but if you think your readers will enjoy it I'd be happy if you could use it. You put a lot of effort and no doubt TIME into the MocTel and I hope I can contribute something in return. I enjoy the Moc Tel immensely and sure appreciate all your hard work.

Sounds like you are having a good summer and meeting a lot of people. That's always nice. Keep safe, and God Bless.

Rick Mortimer

The Death of Billy Simms

By Rick Mortimer trapper*nemontel.net

“Vengeance is Mine!” sayeth the Lord, but I knew I could never comply
So I chased the man called Billy Simms to the edge of the Arctic sky.
From far out on the prairies, to the rim of perpetual ice
I tracked the thief who’d stolen the heart, of my young and beautiful wife.

For a year I had trailed this murderous wretch, a year where I suffered and bled
Knowing I’d follow his thieving hide, no matter where his trail led.
From ninety above, to sixty below, I stayed on the wandering track
Of Billy Simms, and the hate was so strong, I knew I could never turn back.

From my beautiful farm to the edge of hell, he raced in heedless flight
Trying to run from the crimes he’d done, that violent sin filled night.
The tracks had led from my homestead bed, to the edge of the Arctic ice,
Not Billy’s alone that staggered on, but also those of my wife.

By the fire at night, I sat alone and stared into the leaping flames
Exhausted in body and mindless of all but the sound of his thieving name.
“Billy Simms, Billy Simms” was all I could hear o’er the sound of the frozen wind
And his death was all that I dreamed of-- and the way I would do him in.

Through endless miles of lonely trail, in a land that seemed frozen and dead
I cared nothing for the endless pain but thought of revenge instead.

At night as I lay in my goose-down, and the ice of the river cracked
I saw in my mind the bloody end of the perfidious pair I tracked.

In front of me they ran for their lives, and the tracks told me the tale
Of a thieving man, and a woman who ran, to live with him on the trail.
A tale as old as hell itself, of love betrayed and spurned
And I followed on, each frozen dawn, while the need for vengeance burned.

The tundra was endless, a frozen waste, and the air was thick with frost
The nights were as black as the thoughts I held, but I cared not what the cost
I'd find this pair and in despair he'd gasp out his last breath.
This Billy Simms who'd stolen my life, and left me close to death.

And often my mind returned to my farm, and all that I once held dear.
A life of love and happiness far south on the western frontier
Where we'd carved a life in the prairie's sod, my beautiful wife and I
And now she'd run off with Billy Simms, after leaving me there to die.

And while I followed that endless trail, I dreamed of how it would end
I'd find their camp and walk right up and shoot him again and again.
I dreamed of the look in his thieving eyes as he saw me raise my gun
And my lips would curl in a frozen snarl, and I'd whip my dogs to a run.

Week after week, and month after month, I followed the trail ahead
'Til it became the focus of my life, and I cared not where it led.
Winding down the frozen rivers, climbing the mountain crests
I knew only the heat of my revenge, and cared nothing of food nor rest.

And then one day as I pushed the sleigh up a ridge, then started down
I noticed a haze in the distant sky, and the lights of a little town.
I whipped the dogs 'til they cried and whined; Billy's tracks led arrow straight
Right into that frozen hamlet, and up to the Mountie's gate.

"Where is that thieving yellow dog!" I yelled as I pushed inside
"I aim to blow his brains out, and nail up his yellow hide!"
It was gloomy in that little room, and awful hard to see
But I heard the click of a scattergun and I saw it was aimed at me.

The Mountie stood with his back to the wall, a shotgun in his hand
His Red Serge suit was cleaned and pressed, his face was leather tanned.
He stood six-four, and he blocked the door that led to the only cell
And from the gloom in that other room came Billy's terrified yell...

"Shoot him! Shoot him" Billy cried, "I'm telling you that's him!
He's the guy who's dogged my trail! Now he's trying to do me in!
My wife and I don't know the guy! I fear he's quite insane!

He's put us both through hell and back! So shoot him! Then shoot him again!"

The Mountie's shotgun never moved, his eyes stayed upon my face
"Now perhaps you'll want to tell me friend, what's your part in this race?
But first—and very carefully-- set your rifle on the floor
Or this scattergun will send you backwards through that entry door."

All I could think of at the time were the months I'd tracked them down
Of endless miles through frozen waste, which led finally to this town.
The months of lonely campfires; the winter's deadly chill;
The endless burning for revenge on this man I'd come to kill.

"The man you have inside your jail is a liar through and through
He tried to kill me, stole my wife, then stole my lead-dog too!
He's nothing but a thieving skunk—and worse-- that I've observed.
Now, if you'll kindly step aside, he'll get what he deserves!"

"No! don't let him near me!" Billy hollered, petrified.
"He's mad! I tell you! Gone quite mad! Don't let him here inside!
I don't know why this man pursues me, and wants to take my life
But if he'll agree, instead of me, he can have back his little wife!"

The Mountie kind of blinked at that, but still he blocked the door
Then from the cell room came a thud as something hit the floor
Who would have thought... that gentle gal... Why, bless the little tart!
She'd taken out her jackknife and stabbed Billy through the heart.

Now all that happened years ago, but the memory never dims
And I often sit and ponder 'bout the death of Billy Simms.
I never can quite understand, how come Billy hadn't learned
That you cannot trust a woman scorned, when 'ere your back is turned!

© Rick Mortimer

REMEMBERING THE DESSERT

Being that you were up north, you must have known about the Yukon desert? The Yukon totally is semi-arid, and compared with most places very dry. That is why especially in the interior folks can handle the dry cold. I always called the Carcross region a desert, but I see where the school at Carcross has some factual photos. Go to:
<http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/carcross/nature/dessert/desertmain.html> for a peek at some photos.

Henry Breaden

A MESSAGE FROM RALPH LORTIE

Hi, Sherron. Another good MocTel. I always enjoy Gus Barrett's poems.

In this MocTel, I got a kick out of Debbie Kelly's photo of kids in front of the highschool.

I have a photo of my Grade 6, 1955, which I'll paste here (I don't recall submitting it before, but perhaps I did).



Back Row : Frances Law, -----, -----, Jean Dunne, -----, Trudy Wilson(?), Barbel Rehkatsch, Diane Harris, Anne Little, -----, Mrs. Margaret Rhamey.

3rd Row : Emile Thibault, Geraldine O'Donnell, -----, Joy Fraser, Judy Beatty, Eileen ?, Viola Crebo, Gerda Goodbrand, Gwenne Carswell, Rita? Boss.

2nd Row : Irving Tudge, Bob McDougal, Brian White (ducking), Lance ---, Gordon Parker, Chris Patrick, Ray Irvine.

Front Row : Joe Suits, -----, Ralph Lortie, David Perks.

[Help on missing names would be greatly appreciated.](#)

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca



Tourist Services

Can anyone remember who owned Tourist Services back in the early 60's, these fellows may have been involved in the ownership or operation ??

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Debbie has heard from some of those who where in the photo last week, or knew those in the photo. It is so rewarding for me to hear of you getting together again.

I had a customer at work this week who taught Debbie at Whitehorse High. Her name is Miss Doris Dubetz, she lives here in Vernon and has just turned 90. She taught commerical courses, typing etc. to grades 9 – 11 she tells me. She couldn't recall the exact years she was there, but thought it was six years. Debbie does confirm she taught her.

Doris is still living in her own home, but gets "a little" help with the garden. – Sherron

KLONDIKE DEFENCE FORCE

Hi Sherron,

Re attached: Klondike Defence Force article/Victory Bond/Caption

I was holding the "Klondike Defence Force" article for the Whitehorse Star web site "history" section but I think the readers of Moccasin Telegraph will enjoy this story now - originally written by Flo Whyard when she was Star editor and Bob Erlam was publisher. The story will tell what happened back then in the 60's and it's full of familiar Yukon names.

This article will still go on the Whitehorse Star website later along with others. For more history look us up at whitehorsestar.com.

Enjoy!

Jackie Pierce, Publisher

Whitehorse Star



VICTORY BONDS were sold to raise funds for the fight against Edmonton.

Image courtesy Jackie Pierce, Publisher, Whitehorse Star

The Whitehorse Star 100th Anniversary Edition

The following was originally published in Nov. 1986. The occasion was the transfer to the Yukon Foundation of a \$9,000 balance in the 20-year-old Yukon Klondike Defence Fund. Now, on the STAR'S 100th Anniversary, we publish it again as the historical background to one of the memorable stories of the 1960s.

YUKONERS ARISE...
And ARISE They Did!

The KLONDIKE DEFENCE FORCE - Yukoners take on Edmonton.

by Flo Whyard
STAR editor 1964 - 1971

Things had been simmering gently on the back burner for some time as Edmonton and its Exhibition Association gradually assumed more and more Klondike characteristics over the protests of Yukoners, who quite naturally, assumed that the Klondike was legitimately theirs.

But at the end of March, 1966, when Edmonton City Council approved spending \$200,000 for a Klondike display at Expo 67 in Montreal, all hell popped. The Whitehorse Star protested, in telegrams to Mayor Dantzer, The Exhibition Association AND Expo 67. But the Edmonton Mayor brushed it off, saying he was "sorry that Yukoners take this attitude that Edmonton is stealing the Klondike theme we have always attempted to ensure that Edmonton's Klondike Days represented all of northwestern Canada. In fact,

many of our surrounding communities have adopted the same theme for their own celebrations!"

That tore it! The Star came out that day with half-page-deep headlines (the kind reserved, as they say in newspaper offices, for the Second Coming) shouting YUKONERS ARISE! The Yukon Territorial Council set aside all other business to oppose Edmonton's use of the Klondike theme at EXPO 67. Mr. Speaker George Shaw of Dawson City urged Members to "Stand up and fight this invasion of our rights." They had been fired up by Roy Minter, then the special assistant to the president of the White Pass & Yukon Route, who had addressed them earlier, reducing the subject to its simplest terms: It's a simple marketing problem. We have a product called Klondike and another area is putting out a spurious product under the same name for its own gain.

Mayor Howard Firth and Council of Whitehorse followed suit, and a week later Dawson joined the fight through Mayor Jimmy Mellor and council. So, the Yukon Klondike Defence Force was formed. The Star donated office space on Main Street, volunteers such as Bea McLeod manned the phones and sold Victory Bonds for any amount from a dollar up. Don Lamont, of the Chamber of Commerce was president. Yukoners rallied to the cause. Many of them were fed up with Edmonton's use of and misuse of the Yukon's history, which had been going on for several years. One cartoon had shown Edmonton's Klondike Mike (their logo) stomping on an old Yukon prospector and stealing his poke.

The first big rally of the Defence Force down on Main Street brought not only local crowds but CBC/TV camera crews from outside for LIVE coverage. Commissioner Gordon Cameron, George Shaw and Councilor Don Taylor travelled to Skagway, Haines and the north highway to whip up support; Roy Minter meanwhile, was speaking eloquently in Dawson and Mayo. The Defence Force printed and distributed to every Edmonton household 100,000 copies of a letter explaining what their officials were doing to Yukoners, and asked for their support. Letters poured into the Star and Defence Force HQ.

Erik Nielsen took the Rape of the Klondike to the floor of the House of Commons, urging then-minister of Northern Affairs Arthur Laing to support Yukoners in their struggle to retain their own history. The Press Gallery picked up the story and Canada-wide support for the Yukon began to appear.

By April 14, just two weeks after the Defence Force was set up, The Star front page headline read "YUKON WINS FIRST ROUND". The phones were ringing at Defence Force HQ as Edmontonians lent their support and sent money for Victory Bonds. Edmonton officials were strangely silent. The Victory Rally on Main Street brought out the Midnight Sun Pipe Band and local entertainers such as Al Oster and Hank Karr. Gordon Tootoosis and Ed Lavallee of the Skookum Jim Centre performed a Cree War Dance. Victory Bonds were sold to "Regain and Restore" the real Klondike. Ottawa-based northern artist Maurice Haycock donated a 20" by 25" oil painting to help raise funds. A Yukon delegation went to Ottawa and Montreal working up support, stressing it was a two level battle fought on ethical and economic grounds.

By April 28th, Edmonton had retreated. They decided to use their Old Fort Edmonton theme at Expo 67 instead of the phony Klondike.

In May, Bud Fisher (Mr. Yukon) with Don Taylor and Al Oster went down to Calgary's Old Fashion Days celebration to tell the story and sell Klondike Victory Bonds.

LIFE Magazine ran a feature by Rusty Erlam and Flo Whyard, rallying support across America. NORTH Magazine, The ALASKA SPORTSMAN, Yellowknife NEWS OF THE NORTH, were all giving valuable space to the cause. Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Queen Linda Kunze and her chaperone Nora Corbett sold Victory Bonds during their official visits to Vancouver and Victoria.

Nine weeks after organizing, the Defence Force volunteers had four scrapbooks filled with clippings, had sent out 214,603 letters to Edmonton and elsewhere; circulated 11 press releases, sponsored a rally, a dance, sale of bonds, delegated speakers to Calgary, Ottawa, Montreal and elsewhere, and had the issue raised in Parliament.

At the end of June, Yukon Administrator Frank Fingland (filling in after Commissioner Cameron had left) gave legal notice that use of the word KLONDIKE "is the official mark of the Commissioner of Yukon Territory for authorized services." Failing in their attempts to copyright the use of the term Klondike, the Yukon officials had gone through the Trademarks Act. Then the Territorial Council took what was for them a bold step indeed! They approved curtailment of government purchases from the suppliers in the City of Edmonton; private citizens and businesses followed suit. It was probably the first economic boycott launched from the north!

Speaking at an R.C.A.F. reunion in Edmonton, Walter Dinsdale, P.C., M.P. and former Minister of Northern Affairs, referred to the battle of the Klondike, declaring it was a phony spirit in Edmonton, and "the real spirit of the Klondike, in the Yukon, will last."

By the end of July the Edmonton JOURNAL in its report on the performance of the Edmonton Exhibition, headed the story "Time for Fresh Thinking". Noting that attendance at their Klondike Days was only half that of the Calgary Stampede, the article stated: It was the same tired old basic formula overlaid with a gilding of Klondike Days. Much more imagination is needed." And the STAR editorialized:

"The Klondike false face just doesn't fit those honest prairie types."

Late in August, even Frank Hutton's column in the Edmonton JOURNAL extolled the scenery and hospitality of the Yukon. It was pretty well over.

Aside from the great fun Yukoners had, working together against a common enemy, and the impressive united front they presented to the outside world, one great and lasting result emerged from the Yukon Defence Force. It is found in the slogan: Regain and Restore the real Klondike. As one Edmonton critic pointed out, Yukoners hadn't done much to save or promote their Klondike heritage up until then. But the threat of losing it to another part of Canada certainly gave impetus to a whole new series of projects at every level of government. The ill-fated Dawson Gold Rush Festival which ran into a federal election campaign and all kinds of financial problems, had been the start in federal restoration of historic buildings in Dawson.

In the two decades since, Yukoners have watched with appreciation and pleasure the continuing of this process, the addition of historic sites such as the S.S. KLONDIKE at Whitehorse, the opening of new parks and more and more tourist attractions, not the least of which are clean, comfortable accommodations.

Perhaps all this would have come about in any event, but it's safe to assume that it would have taken a lot longer without the national publicity and, resulting from that, widespread tax support for Yukon projects.

What other event in recent times here has generated so much fun, volunteer effort, excitement, publicity and money as the organizing of the Yukon Klondike Defence Force? Now, 20 years later, some \$9000.00 from sale of Klondike Victory bonds is safely ensconced in the funds of the Yukon Foundation, to benefit the Yukon people and projects in the years to come.

Yukoners really owe Edmonton and their phony Klondike Days a hearty vote of thanks.

I asked Jackie about the Anniversary of the Star – Sherron

The Whitehorse Star came into being on July 18, 1900. The Star's 100th Anniversary was celebrated in 2000. There's a wealth of history in our archives and to share this history we published the Whitehorse Star's 100th Anniversary supplement. It's full of select stories spanning over 100 years ending up in 3 parts totalling 352 tabloid pages. It's a stimulating piece of work that local writers and historians have been using as a reference tool.

We still have copies of the supplement and can be purchased for \$9 plus shipping from the Whitehorse Star Circulation department. E-mail: circulation*whitehorsestar.com

By the way, Donna Clayson was by to see me when she was in Whitehorse. We had a nice chat which spurred up even more memories of the past.

You're doing a great job collecting all these historical events and people for the Moccasin Telegraph. I know the work involved is tremendous and I'm glad if I can help once in a while - I look forward to it each week.

Jackie Pierce jackie*whitehorsestar.com

A MESSAGE FROM GEORGE HARTMAN

Re: MocTel 72 message

Sherron

What do you mean "couldn't figure it out?"

With Henry Breaden educating (or at least trying very hard) us OLD Yukoners in the technology system called computer;

I managed fine trying the second line Web address as the first one just did not look familiar.

A question??

Who can tell me when the BIG FIRE was in Whitehorse in the early 19 hundreds like 1906???

When both blocks along first Avenue east and west of Main Street went up in flames??
Or at least I am under the belief that this is part of Yukon history!

Sharon you are doing a good job and I do hope you make it to the Vancouver Island gathering.

Hello to Sir Bill (your ever loving husband.)

Regards,

E. George Hartmann

Henry's reply –

Hello George

With regards to that fire in Whitehorse something tickles my mind around 1905, but don't take this as gospel truth. I know I saw photos of the extent of the damage, and I think that White Pass lost their first depot to the fire. Good for you bringing up a subject like this, and it gives us something to work on. I will see what I can find, and if it is worthwhile will boot it over to Sherron. Thanks again for that thought, and I do hope you make the picnic as I wish for many other Yukoners. Cheers,
Henry Breaden

VIRUS ALERT

Symantec has a warning out for MyDoom again. It is making its rounds with a little extra threats.

<http://www.symantec.com/index.htm>

Jenny Roberts

I'VE BEEN THINKING

*I have been meaning to remind everyone who feels they could benefit from learning more about operating their computer, to sign up with Henry Breaden to receive his weekly 'Help Sheets'. He can be contacted at hjbreaden*shaw.ca. Henry has been taking computer classes in Nanaimo.*

And I hope you all know that all the e-mail addresses within each Moccasin Telegraph are amended to protect the address holder from the potential of abuse by a virus or worm.

*So to use an address from a MocTel you just need to replace the * with an @ sign. ie sherronjones*shaw.ca would then become sherronjone@shaw.ca – Sherron*



**Henry Breaden, Colin Yeulet,
Vimmy & Art Yeulet**

Photo courtesy Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

That photo would have to be at Ice Lake in the early spring of 1944. If you notice that Art and I are wearing arm bands? We were both with the Volunteer Whitehorse Fire Department which was located in the north end of the Yukon Electric power plant, just across the yard from the WP depot.

Ice Lake was tucked back west of the airport, likely I wouldn't even find it today. They may have renamed it but as it was used for skating that seems to be where the name came from. I have not been back to the lake since that year, but Collin or Vimy would remember where it was. - Henry

HELPFUL HINTS

Henry has suggested I pass along some advice to you about some problems that are old to some of you, but new to others.

It seems a HOAX message was being forwarded among many friends in Yukon. Some of these HOAX messages can have you nervous unnecessarily or even have you deleting files from your computer when you should not be.

Please check any message that you intend to pass on as helpful to your friends at this site (mentioned below from Henry) first and see if it is really only a HOAX.

Another thing that Henry noticed on the same mail is that many people are not clearing off the e-mail addresses of all of those that the e-mail has previously been sent too, thereby setting them up for potential for VIRUS abuse if they end up in a computer that gets infected.

My advice to you is if you do receive an e-mail from a friend advising you of a problem and you do in fact find it a HOAX, send it back to that friend and let them know and ask them to send the message that it is a HOAX to all those they had mailed it to and ask the same be done back down the line until these message not longer are proliferated. If you do not you may end up getting the same helpful advice many times over the coming years.

*Later in the week I received a warning myself on the old HOAX - World Trade Center Survivors 9/11 It appears on the HOAX list as [WTC Survivor](#)
The previous one mentioned appears on the list as [Virtual Card for You Virus](#)*

From Henry:

From time to time you may get a virus warning that is a hoax. If you send it to all your friends and later find it to be a hoax you feel foolish. Go to:
<http://www.symantec.com/avcenter/hoax.html> for a hoax page to check before you send any warnings to others. I keep an icon on my desktop for a quick check before I get excited.

Would you like an icon on your desktop for the hoax URL? Bring it up and click top left on File. Run your pointer down to Send, and you will see a side menu. Move your pointer across and down, and click "Shortcut to Desktop".

You will now have an icon on your desk to bring up that page quickly. If I get any warnings at all, I check that page, and if it is not known as a hoax, "Look Out!". Don't feel bad for getting caught with a hoax, for it shows that you are thinking right. Now you will have a page to check from. Have a nice day,
Henry

I have done this and highly recommend it. The Shortcut on the Desktop has saved me from embarrassment a few times. My basic clue for checking out a forwarded mail – is it telling you to change something in your computer? - is it scaring the heck out of you? – It is likely a hoax and they are laughing at the other end. – Sherron

REMOVE FROM LIST

Hello Sherron,

Thank you for having us on your mailing list for the Moccasin Telegraph for the past few months, but now I am requesting that you take us off your list of recipients. We are going to be away for over a month very shortly and would have a problem with all the reading once we got back. Also, we are not familiar with most of the people you write about since we did not live in Dawson, and only a short time in Whitehorse, therefore many of the

articles don't have much relevance to us. Jim does not go near the computer at all, and I go online only about once a week. I know there are many who appreciate your efforts so keep up the good work.

Best regards, Alice Boyes

BOYES, Jim & Alice (HRYCIW) alice_boyes*@telus.net (Jim in Mayo 1952-59, Whse 59-60, Alice came in 54) White Rock

Jim Boyes is the new President of the Vancouver Yukoners. I am very sorry to hear he is not interested in what the Yukoners have to say. It seems to me we have a fair content from Mayo, which includes most recently messages from Don Machan, Harvey Burian, Glen Campbell, Henry Breaden.. – Sherron

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please note we have changed our e-mail address.

Ron and Marg Hiltz ronmarg*glinx.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Success has always been easy to measure. It is the distance between one's origin and one's final achievement. - Michael Korda

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Almond Butter Crunch

(Taken from little white Eastern Star Cookbook - 1955) Gladys Hoggan--- Submitted by Brownie Foth.)

1/2 lb. butter

3 tbsp. water

1 cup white sugar

1 tbsp. Karo syrup

Melt butter and add sugar, stir constantly until sugar is dissolved (10 mins.) Do not let mixture boil. Add water and Karo. Boil until hard (cracks) at 300. Remove from fire, add 1 cup roasted almonds, slightly salted. Pour out into pan. When nearly cool, coat with chocolate. (4 squares melted chocolate beaten.) Sprinkle with almonds chopped fine, (1/2 cup for recipe.) When chocolate hardens turn to other side and repeat. Delicious!

Debbie Algotsson

DATES TO REMEMBER

Yukoners' Picnic St. Mary's Aug. 14th 2004

Stan informs us that the Yukoners' Picnic will be held at St. Mary's Hall in Nanoose, Sat. Aug. 14th, 2004. Bring your lunch with you along with utensils and any beverage. We hope that many will join us and as it will start at 11:00 A.M., how about coming early so that we can chat with old friends and not miss anyone! If the weather did happen to be adverse, there is the hall to keep dry and chat, so please come one and all Yukoners' and enjoy getting together.

For those travelling from Nanaimo, from the Woodgrove intersection on the #19 highway it is 11.6 KM to the turnoff at Northwest Bay Road where there is a signal light and a Petrocan Service Station, turn right. From north, it is 11.5 KM from the overpass of the highway from Parksville-Coombs to Northwest Bay Road, turn left. Proceed east on Northwest Bay for 1.2 KM. Just beyond the tracks to the right is Powder Road that you turn onto and proceed .5 KM crossing another set of train tracks and you will see St. Mary's church hall to your right. Turn right into Rowland Road for the parking lot. Please set this day aside to get together with old friends that will be there.

Cheers, Henry Breaden

hjbreaden*shaw.ca Secretary, Island Yukoners.

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