

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – One Hundredth Edition – Feb. 6, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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Ice Sculpture - Sourdough Rendezvous - 2004

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

HANGING ON

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

A senior foursome on the tee, on number seventeen
Were deep in conversation about aging.
They were as old; it seemed to me as any I have seen,
Yet I found their topic quite engaging.

Said Tom, "the secret I have found, is not to be complaining.
I enjoy each precious moment that I get."
"Before they put me in the ground, in the time I have remaining.
I'll do my best to drink myself to death."

Harry said, "life has been good, I've tried to do what's right,
I've made peace with the Big Guy, up above".
"I'd be contented, yes I would, if I died in bed tonight,
For the way I'd like to go is making love".

Dick, lights up his cigarette and says, "I'm ready too".
"They say I'll likely die from heart or stroke"
"I had a lot of money once, like any one of you,
And I've lived to see it all go up in smoke."

Old Billy, smiling wistfully, as on his mates he gazed,
Said, "Friends, I hate to hear you talking so".
"I've known you all for many years and really am amazed,
At just how willing you would be to go."

"I've had more booze than Tom has had; I've smoked more fags than Dick,
I've loved more girls than Harry, had more fun
I've raised more hell than all of you, and never have been sick,
Yet, there is one thing that I have never done."

I'd love to be out on the course when Gabriel calls to me,
Enjoying life and soaking up the sun,
Celebrating with my friends and dancing on the tee
Right after I have made a hole-in-one."

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HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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TRAIL'S END

Climbing away from the timber we were starting over another divide when we came to camp 171. It was huge and there was equipment lined up in rows. Whammy started to bubble and even Chan showed some enthusiasm. The biggest thrill for Tom was in back of the camp, one of the most famous sheep ranges in the North. The Territories were a federal game preserve and all game was protected. However, if you were starving, or a native you could shoot for food. Tom took out his glasses and spent a few minutes glassing the side of the mountain before we started the job of unloading the jeep.

It was still daylight and the sun was just setting. The colors of the hills around the camp were a glorious red. Chan and I watched the sun set and then headed back for the cookhouse. Whammy had the light plant going again, Chan started the oil stove. These stoves just amazed me; they could be for nothing less than cooking for an army. The cookhouses were huge and the working table the cooks used must have been thirty feet long and eight feet wide. Enough doggone lumber to build a house.

The empty camps were eerie and the sight of dirty dishes in the sink and clothing strewn around made one feel the former occupants had just left.

There was never any worry about fuel for the stove or the jeep. Everywhere along the road and stacked in the camps were barrel after barrel of fuel oil and gasoline. Some of the camps even had 5000-gallon storage tanks and they were full. All that was missing in

the camps was food. We never found any. However, there were boxes of medical supplies.

I made biscuits for dinner. We had eaten the last of the bread and the change was welcome. How any of us had enough ambition left to eat is a miracle, but when the food was gone so went the bodies to their bedrolls and oblivion.

Tom wakened me early to see the sheep. The whole side of the mountain was moving with them. They were as unconcerned as dogs, and we were sure there must have been over 200 of them. Sheep are the prettiest game animal in the world, I think. They are one of the prized trophies of the big game hunters. In later years, when I was a guide, I used to hate to see these beautiful animals destroyed. Mind you, when you have crawled to the top of a mountain you could shoot the works. The meat is the finest of all game meat, sweet and fine grain. I felt at that moment I could eat one by myself. Tom had no intentions of hunting nor of telling the others they were there. We knew they wouldn't notice them unless they were pointed out.

Tom got the men together after breakfast and suggested that we start rationing the food. Les was sure he was jumping to conclusions, but Tom was determined and when he told Chan and Whammy what was left in the larder they agreed. I was to make the rest of the flour into biscuits and they would be rationed. We would cut down on the amount I cooked and in the event a moose or caribou crossed the road we would shoot it, but we couldn't stop and hunt now. The time was passing and we could get caught in the granddaddy of all snowstorms any day. T.O. could have gone after one of the rams, but it would have taken a good day. Neither Tom nor I believed in killing game unless it was for food. Another reason he didn't mention them was that he knew Whammy and Les would want one. How they would get the head out of the country Lord knows. They were not starving, they didn't have licenses and they were aliens, all good legitimate reasons to go sit in the hoosegow.

I was deep in thought doing the dishes when Whammy came up alongside and started quizzing me again on why and what I was doing in the North. He just couldn't accept the fact that anyone in his right mind would live a life of solitude by choice. Had I been a farm girl or from a small town he could have accepted it easier; the fact that I was a city gal from California just bothered him. He was beginning to convince me that he didn't believe me. It annoyed me a little, but then it was rather fantastic and I could understand his doubts. I felt a little like a fugitive.

I tried to tell Whammy, that there was more to the Yukon than cold and bugs. However the beauty of the country was never noticed by him. He wondered why a college boy like Tom, from a prominent Canadian family, would bury himself in the wilds of the north. I'm sure Whammy thought he too was hiding from something, not just from civilization, which hid so many much better than the north.

Giving up in disgust he returned to the men and he and Chan went into the yard to take a look at the equipment. Whammy started up a couple of welders and for a couple of

hours they were busy. Tom was cleaning his rifle and Les was off in the bush shooting squirrels, I thought I might as well take a look at the country and Major, Chee Chee and I started off. Tom said he would fire two quick shots if I wasn't back when they were ready to go.

It was quiet in the bush, nice to get away from the men for a short while. Only the rustle of the leaves under our feet disturbed the silence. My thoughts wandered to home and I wished I could let my mother know all was well. Mom would be doing her housework now; I could almost hear the whirr of the vacuum and the drone of the washing machine. She would spend most of her day in the kitchen, since she was a fabulous cook. There wasn't anything she enjoyed more than preparing a wonderful meal for a crowd.

Chee Chee shattered my reverie with a sharp yip. She was hot on the trail of a porcupine. I wasn't worried about her getting any quills in her face, she was too smart to get near the tail of old porky, but I was sure Major would look like a sieve. I made a lunge for the wiggly, furry, excited Major and Chee Chee put the porky up a tree. I put 22 -- 22 long rifle shells into the cuss, before the weight of the lead knocked him out of the tree. They are the darndest animals to kill with a gun, they can pack more lead than I can carry, but he was too high to reach with a stick. If Major hadn't been with us I would have caught him on the ground and used a club. Too many times I pulled quills out of the dogs' muzzles and the roofs of their mouths, but they never learn and the first thing they do is take a big bite of the rear end of a porky. Only the bear dog never goes to the tail, but will circle and yip in their face. Once in a while Chee Chee would get one quill on the end of her nose and carried it as a banner of conquest.

Major had settled down to 40 wags a minute and I retrieved the porky. It would be nice to have fresh meat again and porcupine are darn fine eating, much like pork. The mutts would have a treat, too, porky mush and bones.

When we got back to the camp Tom was loading the grub box and Les had a dozen or so squirrels for the pot-hounds. It was a feast day. Whammy and Chan were elated with the equipment.

They told us they had been over to the islands after the war and had looked at the equipment put up for bid. It was so rusted and corroded that when they put a wrench on a bolt it fell off. Everything was rotten and the cost of repair was prohibitive. The equipment in the north was in such good condition that all most of it needed was a battery. Some of the trucks on the dead lines had been stripped to keep others mobile, but these had a tag on them stating what needed to be done to put them in running order. Whammy was sure he could make a million and he made us feel like peasants, but I wouldn't trade places with any of them. I bet we would have more fun with the thousand than they would with their million.

With the jeep loaded and our bodies hung all over we were gone. It was a glorious day. Although weary and badly bent we felt better.

Within five miles (and that was a long way) it was Operation Plank. I could just see Whammy and Chan wince as they picked up the planks and put them across the washout. It was just the beginning. We ran into about five small plank operations in a row and then it was smooth sailing for another few miles.

We stopped for tea and the worst of all tragedies occurred: Whammy smoked his last cigarette. I had a couple of packs left. It wouldn't be long before I would be out, so we shared them. If we thought we got on each other's nerves now, just wait....

I was beginning to think the good going was going to last the rest of the way to Norman Wells and my antagonism lessened toward Les. The breeze kept the bugs from eating us and we joked along the way. Tom told wild stories of his days in the Navy. Because the war was still fresh in our memories his tales of the invasion were exciting. Tom was with the combined operations in the Canadian Navy, better known as a commando in the States. His article about D-Day was widely publicized in Canada.

We had to fjord a couple of small creeks, which took time but nothing hair-raising. A few miles from 131 we planked another run of washouts. It had been such a wonderful day with so few muscle bending operations that these little obstacles couldn't dampen our spirits.

We crossed another divide and were cruising along in the big timber. It was getting late in the afternoon and we planned on dinner at 131, if the bridge was in and the road good we would keep going. The last two days made us think we could make Norman in a couple more days. Whammy was chattering like a magpie and Chan even had a little color in his cheeks. Still he looked darn tired and ill to me.

WHAMMY 'S DREAM

When we rounded the bend and pulled onto the straight stretch to 131 we were hilarious. Les was doing a terrible 40 miles an hour and we were darn near airborne. It didn't last long. As we pulled up to the bridge Casey lowered the boom. The river was nearly a mile wide. Only this end of the bridge was standing. The other half had gone downstream a long time ago. We looked at Les. Not even a half-wit could have missed that much of a bridge gone, even from the air. It was about 150 feet from shore to the span that was standing. Some approach! Silence is golden. The three of them turned away from the horrible spectacle and started walking up and down the river. The camp was in pretty bad shape and we figured it was built to accommodate the bridge crew, we could see a large camp about a half mile up the road on the other side of the river.

The cookhouse was in fair shape so I decided full stomachs would cheer us up. What with fresh meat for man and beast nothing looks too bad. We didn't have the usual luxuries in this camp. There wasn't any light plant or electric lights, so it was gas lamp and wood stove. The camp was in the timber, which meant there was plenty of fuel. I

cleaned the porky and skinned squirrels for the dogs. I spent anxious moments trying to keep Major and Chee Chee out of the quills. They were flying all over the place.

The fancy food was pretty well gone and we were out of cigarettes. Whammy came into the shack to get warm, since it was cold on the river, and he rolled us a cigarette out of tea. Lord, but they tasted horrible. We tried tea and coffee mixed but that was worse. The tea kept falling out of the paper (toilet tissue) and smelled like nothing on earth when lit.

The camps were well supplied with cigarette paper. It burnt slower than newspaper.

"Whammy," I said, "the Indians claim there is a good weed for smoking. Tomorrow let's you and I go investigate -- see if we can find something better than tea, O.K.?"

Whammy was all for it. We would probably have to try everything growing, but it would be for a good cause.

Chan, Tom and Les strolled in. The kitchen was warm and they were starving. I fried the porky to a golden brown and it looked wonderful. Although the three of them had never eaten porky they had to admit it looked good. When I had the table set and all served I waited. They finally had to agree with us: it was delicious. Chan hoped we could get a dozen more.

In a few years, the porcupine completely disappeared from the north and nobody has been able to figure the reason. They used to be in abundance in all parts of the north.

Thank goodness there was lots of coffee. We figured we could somehow manage as long as the coffee held out. The terrible facsimiles for cigarettes could even be tolerated - with reservations, of course.

Chan and Whammy were suddenly sobered by the fact we were so low on food, and with miles to go. Even though rationed we would be tightening our belts.

Chan again mentioned a plane should be along. Les still maintained we could make it without any trouble and we just stared at him. Nobody would believe he was serious. We had a river to cross that was formidable. Then what would we encounter? There was the Keele and Carcajou, not counting washouts.

Spirits slumped. We sat staring in our cups, each with their own thoughts. I was thinking of Whammy asking me so many times what was I doing in this godforsaken country. Lord knows

I couldn't answer that question in the 17 years I lived there, but at this moment I was inclined to agree with him, I was crazy, stark raving mad, addled, but looking around the table I couldn't feel too badly, I sure had lots of company.

The conversation burst into the topic of crossing the river. Tom was deeply concerned: he could read a river like a book and he didn't like the printing. Chan and Whammy couldn't swim; they knew nothing about rivers and nothing about crossing them. Les was determined to prove he was the man he thought he was. He would find a place to fjord the river. Well, this was a great idea, except for getting a road built to the fjord and the time it would take to go upstream and downstream and then back to the road on the other side. We knew nothing of the terrain and most of the north is muskeg.

I put in my two bits and suggested we go back... horrors... I appealed to Chan whom I thought had something between his ears. I mentioned we were overdue in Norman as of tomorrow, that we had 131 miles to go and we were 131 miles from the cabin. We knew what we had come over but we had no idea what was ahead of us even if we got across the river. I hated rivers with a purple passion; I was jinxed; every time we reached one something would go wrong. Chan could see the logic of my arguments, but he wanted to go on, he came to see the equipment along the Canol Road and both he and Whammy intended to do so. Tom was quiet, he would see they got to Norman and this seemed to cinch the argument. It was 2 A.M. the how's and where fore's to cross the river would be continued in the morning. We called it a day.

I was petrified, but I didn't mention this to Tom. If he could sense my feelings he also was silent. The river looked twice as wide in the bright morning sunlight. It shimmered and glistened as it swished by, laughing at me.

Whammy was jubilant at breakfast. He had had a dream last night. All we had to do was tie barrels around the jeep to keep us afloat. Les could then steer us across the river under power. If they greased the plugs and took off the fan belt and plugged the exhaust it would be simple. All same duck.

Tom patiently tried to explain that the barrels would hold us in the channel and it would be impossible to steer to the other shore. He told how this was accepted procedure on the Mackenzie River to hold the barges in the channel. However, they wouldn't believe him and accepted Whammy's idea as the most logical. Tom wanted to build a raft of dry trees and ferry the jeep, using the current and sweeps to reach the opposite shore.

If I thought I was scared before, I was numb now. I knew Tom had more experience than ten men on the rivers. I had all the faith in the world in his judgment about the bush. Even petrified I could trust him in any crisis. Now they vetoed his judgment.

I walked away from the men. It wouldn't help matters if they should see my tears. After all, you have to be tough.

I could hear the hammering and cussing of the fellows as they went about building their jeep-boat. My fear was a living thing and Chee Chee crawled up in my lap to reassure me. Major put his lovely head on my knee and wagged so hard he wriggled all over. I petted them, telling them what wonderful buddies they were and how much they meant to me.

Getting up some of my courage I went over to view the progress, the jeep was surrounded by six barrels, three on either side. They were cabled to the frame and the planks cabled to the barrels. The drums just cleared the ground so Les could drive into the river. There was a big eddy where they planned to launch the monstrosity. Whammy thought Les should take a trial run, if all went well we would be O.K. Les started the jeep and slowly drove into the river, turned upstream and made a big circle. He was careful not to get into the channel but made his turn into the eddy. All went well and he drove out onto the bank.

The bedrolls were lashed to the roof, one grub box to the hood, the rest of the gear was put in the back seat with Sam, Jeep and Major. Whammy was on the right plank, Chan, Tom and I on the left plank. Les was in the driver's seat. Chee Chee would find a spot of her own; she never got in the way.

Les started the jeep again, Chan gave me a cheerful smile, and Tom patted me reassuringly on the back. Again I held my heart in my teeth and stopped breathing. About 50 feet from shore all seemed to be going according to plan so I breathed. It was a short one; the motor quit, the silence was deafening, like the silence when the motor quits in a single engine aircraft. Les worked like a madman but he couldn't get it started. Tom in a space of a second was ripping the planks with an axe. He wanted enough wood to use as paddles. We had a couple of wooden boxes in the back and we tore these apart, and I mean tore. In the meantime we were held in the channel by the drums as Tom prophesied. Had they only let him build his raft and ferry the jeep might have made it. Tom yelled at me, "For Christ's sake, paddle!" I was doing my best, but I think it was more for my sake. Les jumped out to help. We couldn't do a thing but go downstream. The jeep plus barrels was too heavy to steer without power. With the strength of three I paddled till spots appeared before my eyes. I couldn't even enjoy the boat ride.

My blood chilled, I nearly dove overboard. In the distance I could hear the most ominous noise on any river: rapids. The roar was getting louder and from the din they were huge. Looking over my shoulder I saw a canyon wall loom high on our right.

The barrel took the shock and threw us away from the wall. The jolt knocked Whammy off balance and he fell off the plank, but fortunately he fell between the plank and the jeep. We nearly lost him. The dogs sat motionless, even Major was quiet. Why nothing washed away in our mad dash downstream I don't know, but although water was boiling around the floor of the jeep the dogs were high and dry. Chan and Whammy couldn't help paddle. They didn't know how and not being able to swim it was best they just cling for dear life, which they did. We were banging off the canyon walls like a cork in a whirlpool. Chan was skinned on his back by the rocks and I wished it would all come to an end, any kind of an end.

The din from the rapids was a thundering roar now. I could picture us being pounded to bits on the rocks. I yelled at Tom to let the dogs jump. He just yelled, "Wait." I thought

the big dogs could make it if they got off now. It would be murder for Chee Chee, she was so light she would have gone downstream into the foaming white water.

We crashed again into the canyon wall. I could hear the crunch of the drums as they scraped the sheer rock wall. If they came loose we were finished. We roared out of the canyon doing miles per and we saw them, great white billows of foam and huge boulders. The river was a half mile wide at least, as far as we could see around a wide sweeping bend it was rapids. Greedy, boiling white water, just waiting to pound us to pieces.

Time stood still. Seconds.... minutes.... hours.... White foam reached for the jeep. In a sickening roll we pounded off the first boulder. Tom was still paddling frantically. He seemed to know just what to do, but if it was of any use none of us noticed. Whammy and Chan were chalk white and Les was transfixed, staring at the river. When I thought the force of the water would roll us over we would drop off into another deep hole. The river was fast and the current drove us steadily closer to the far shore. We took a terrible pounding. I knew when we rolled we would be lucky to make the bank. I would be ground to hamburger. Tom always told me, never fight the current, try to stay on top and let the current carry you to the shore, it always hits the bank somewhere. While we were fighting for our lives I never gave the idea of swimming in the rapids a thought. All I could think of was the horrible mess when we rolled and what would happen to the dogs. My conscience didn't bother me, I was sure that all aboard were thinking pretty much of their own skins.

Oh God, I thought, is there any end to these rapids? Would the barrels be torn off on the bend we were racing for? How much longer can, the cables hold against this frantic pounding? Tom never quit paddling. Where did he get the strength?

When it all seemed just a matter of time before we all drowned, the jeep was raised completely out of the water, as if a huge hand had picked us up and put us high and dry on a boulder. The water was boiling through the jeep, but we were safe.



The Jeep just before it was loaded and driven into the river.
Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

Nobody said anything. We were too stunned to move. Only the miracle we were alive was going through everyone's mind.

We sat on a boulder, but we still had 75 feet of water between us and an island. Sometime during the ride Les had gotten back in the driver's seat. He doesn't know why, but when the water was running over his lap he jumped out and that seemed to bring us back to the land of the living. Everything but the dogs, one rifle, a 22, and the box of food on the hood of the jeep was gone. The bedrolls were still on top, along with some of the suitcases.



High and dry on boulders in the middle of the river.
Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

(To be continued.)

If you are enjoying Jeanne's story I would love to have your comments that I could pass along to her, the next time I visit. Just send an e-mail addressed to her to my address at sherronjones@shaw.ca

I know she went to a lot of effort to write the story and preserve this piece of history. She was very kind to share it with us. Your appreciation would be a wonderful gift back to her.

At the same time I hope you will let the others like Gus, Henry, Al and the many others who have given so freely of their work for our enjoyment. I hope you will drop them a line or one to the MocTel for publication.



Anchorage Alaska Earthquake

Archival photo submitted by Al Oster alosteryukon*jetstream.net

THE ALASKA EARTHQUAKE

By Al Oster alosteryukon*jetstream.net

(Excerpt Page 73 Al Oster Song Folio. Copyright © 1992 by Northland Music)

The ALEUTIAN ISLAND chain stretches in a sweeping arc for a distance of approximately 1250 miles in the northern Pacific Ocean from south-west Alaska toward Siberia. The Islands separate the Pacific Ocean from the Bering Sea. On the ocean floor following the chain of Islands is the northernmost area of the geographical Pacific Plate, terminating at what is known as the ALEUTIAN TRENCH or FAULT, where a great deal of volcanic and seismic activity is constantly in motion. Frequently a violent adjustment of the ocean floor takes place along the FAULT as the Pacific Plate thrusts northward toward the TRENCH creating an immense pressure against the wall of the opposing Eurasian Plate on the opposite side of the TRENCH. The result is a sudden and sometimes tremendous release of pressure as the Pacific Plate slips downward and under the Eurasian Plate causing an upheaval of the ocean floor, and subsequent physical disturbance of the Earth's surface along the TRENCH. This release of pressure and physical adjustment within the Earth's crust results in an EARTHQUAKE that can be extremely damaging in intensity or hardly noticeable.

Such an adjustment of ocean floor pressures took place along the ALEUTIAN TRENCH at 5.36 P.M. on Good Friday, March 27, 1964 under Prince William Sound about 60 miles from Anchorage, Alaska. The rupture occurred about 18 miles below the ocean floor extending 500 miles along the FAULT line, and created the most powerful EARTHQUAKE ever recorded in North America. It measured an astonishing 9.2 on the Richter scale and lasted for about one minute. A number of severe after-shocks followed in the aftermath for the next several days. By comparison the disastrous California 1906 quake that took 700 lives in San Francisco registered an intensity of 8.25.

Several hundred measurements along the Alaska shore after the QUAKE indicated beds of barnacles and other sea life had been raised up to 40 feet above normal sea level in a number of areas. Scientists estimated that 120,000 square miles of the Earth's surface crust was deformed by the EARTHQUAKE. This is the greatest area of vertical land displacement ever measured in world EARTHQUAKE history. The FAULT slip and deformation occurred mainly beneath the ocean floor; however some surface vertical land displacements of up to 20 feet high did occur on Montague Island and near Anchorage. The massive adjustment of pressures and movement of the Alaskan sea floor along the TRENCH generated a huge Tidal Wave that created higher than normal sea levels as far south as Seattle. West coast Vancouver Island inhabitants were placed on Tidal Wave alert as a 3 to 4 foot wall of seawater rolled in. The first crest of waves struck the shores of Kenai Peninsula within 20 minutes, and Kodiak Island within 35 minutes. The wave caused massive devastation along the Alaskan coast, in particular to developments along the waterfronts at Valdez and Seward. Anchorage suffered considerable building, road and street damage. Paved roads and streets were deformed and cracked by the rolling action of the Earth's surface with up to one foot vertical displacements of road beds in several areas of Anchorage. In one residential area soft clay bluffs about 40 feet high were transformed from solid to a liquid state, in a process known as LIQUEFACTION which occurs as a result of the violent sideways and upward action of the earth as it moves along in waves. The homes in the area were completely destroyed or left leaning precariously as the liquidation returned to a solid state.

Hundreds of fishing boats were swept inland at Valdez and Seward for several hundred feet by the Tidal Wave and broken up by the tangle of uprooted trees and jagged shore rock. A 30 foot fishing vessel anchored in a sheltered cove near Seward disappeared completely along with a crew of 3. It was determined the sudden rise of sea level swept the boat and crew over the narrow strip of land in front of the cove and out to sea where it was inundated by heavy waves.

ALASKA sustained 300 million dollars in property damage, and 131 lives were lost, mostly as a result of the tremendous power of the Tidal Wave as it poured into Valdez and Seward. Tremors from the QUAKE were felt for hundreds of miles. Whitehorse, Yukon recorded minor damage to home concrete foundations and household ornaments. Numerous smaller QUAKEs are recorded each year in the ALEUTIAN TRENCH which is an indication that shifting PLATE pressures are being relieved in their early stages rather than remain restrained until pressures are intense, and then result in another 9.2 ALASKA EARTHQUAKE. ★



Coastline damage in Alaska Earthquake 1964.
Archival photo submitted by Al Oster

ALASKA EARTHQUAKE (Al Oster)

Key of "D" * 4/4 * Copyright © 1964 by Northland Music Co. (SOCAN)

Chorus (Sing Intro)

/bm Was there a /d power un /g known to this /d world
That /bm caused it to /d tremble and /a7 shake /
/d Was there a /a7 reason we /d mortals don't /g know
For the /d big Al /a7 aska Earth /d quake / .

Sing

(1) The /d evening was /a7 quiet and /d peaceful that /g day
Up /d there on Al / aska's /a7 shore /
Good /d Friday be /a7 fore the /d Easter week /g end
In the /d year nineteen /a7 sixty /d four /
An /bm earthquake came /d roaring through /g early that /d night
/bm Rolling it's /d way cross the /a7 land /
From the /d ocean to the /a7 mountains it /d rumbled a /g long
As though /d guided by /a7 some unknown /d hand / .

(2) At /d first the a7 earth rolled /d gently and /g slow
/d Nothing to / be much con /a7 cern /
It was /d only a /a7 regular /d tremor they /g said
When it's /d over the /a7 peace would re /d turn / .
But /bm stronger and /d stronger it /g rumbled a /d long
And the /bm buildings were /d tumbling /a7 down /
It /d trembled, it /a7 twisted, it /d heaved and it /g roared
Spread /d terror and /a7 fear all a /d round / .

Instrumental = D/ - A7/ - D/ - G/ - D/ - A7/ - D/ - D/

Recite

(3) The /d ground opened /a7 wide deep /d gorges of /g death
Then /d closed and / opened once /a7 more /
And the /d victims that /a7 fell in it's /d pathway were /g gone
As the /d jaws of the /a7 earth closed the /d door / .
/bm Buildings were /d falling and /g burning that /d night

Dest /bm ruption and /d fear every /a7 where /
Then a /d great tidal /a7 wave came from the /d ocean to /g find
More /d death, heartaches, /a7 destruction and /d despair / .
Instrumental = D/ - A7/ - D/ - G/ - D/ - A7 - D/ - D/

- (4) /d Finally the /a7 trembling and /d shaking was /g gone
There was /d peace in the / earth once a /a7 gain /
But the /d tragedies /a7 left on that /d Easter week /g end
In /d memory would /a7 always re /d main /

Sing

/bm Was there a /d power un /g known to this /d world
That /bm caused it to /d tremble and /a7 shake /
/d Was there a /a7 reason we /d mortals don't /g know
For the /d big Al /a7 aska Earth /d quake / .
/d Was there a /a7 reason we /d mortals don't /g know
For the /d big Al /a7 aska Earth /d quake / .

* * * * *

THIS `N THAT

Alaska is twice the size of Texas with an area of 586,000 sq. miles.

The shortest distance separating North America from Asia is between the Diomed Islands in the Bering Strait. Little Diomed is American territory and the school has a picture of Abraham Lincoln on its wall, and 3 miles to the west on Big Diomed school there is a portrait of a Russian statesman.

The coast line of Alaska is longer than all of the lower U.S.A.

Approximately 25% of Alaskan residents are Indian, Inuit and Aleuts, of whom the Eskimo (Inuit) are the most numerous. ★

FURTHER ALASKA EARTHQUAKE MEMORIES

By Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

Further to my article and song on the Alaska Earthquake some readers might be interested in the following "past occurrences" as a result of.

The day of the quake Mary and our children were on an Easter holiday in Vancouver, and I stayed behind because I had a business appointment and hotel reservation in Anchorage, but at the very last minute decided to postpone the trip for a couple of weeks and finish

some kitchen cupboard renovations in our home while Mary was gone. At the time of the quake I was carrying some scraps from the renovation process over our back yard, and I couldn't figure out why I was reeling a little while carrying the rubbish. I thought it was probably the 4 inches of snow on the ground that was making it difficult to walk over. 15 minutes later the radio announced a major earthquake had occurred in Anchorage, Alaska. I was so intent on hearing more details that evening on the quake it never occurred to me that Mary might be concerned of my safety while on the trip to Anchorage that weekend. She didn't know I had cancelled the trip and I was going to surprise her by finishing the kitchen cupboards instead. The following day I phoned her and did I ever get a verbal scathing for not calling sooner. She thought I was probably a victim.

I did go to Anchorage two weeks later, after Mary got back, and found the hotel I had a reservation in had been totally destroyed. The highway into Anchorage had cracked open at several locations and then closed again creating ridges with up to a 4 to 6 inch displacement at the point of contact. Walking along the streets of Anchorage at one location, I believe where once stood a "Penny's" 2 or 3-storey department store, there was a 12 foot drop off the side of the sidewalk and a pile of building material rubbish.

The sidewalk had not been touched but the building was totally destroyed. A residential portion of town where "liquefaction" had taken place was an array of lopsided buildings, some in piles of rubbish, and some tipped over on their sides. I couldn't believe the damage. Our home in Whitehorse had not been damaged, but many homes had cracked basement foundations, wall plaster damage, and damaged sewer & water pipes.

My first LP records "Yukon Gold" and "Northland Ballads" were good sales items in Alaskan record and souvenir stores, and approximately 6 months after the quake I received a phone call from Cal Miller at the Capital Hotel. He said there were a couple of Alaskan business men in his bar that wanted to talk to me. So I went down to meet them. They introduced themselves as Gary Siebert, from the Alaska Forest Service in Juneau, and Chuck Keene, a wild life photographer from Walt Disney Movie Company. Chuck was in Alaska filming the Walt Disney production "The Bear Story", and while there had also filmed the first news film release of the Alaska Earthquake destruction. Gary was active in promoting Alaskan tourism and the discussions were based on a 30 minute Alaskan documentary, and if I would be interested to write music and song for their "49th state" proposal. Gary would produce the 30 minute slide show and Chuck would do the photography. I agreed and subsequently released the LP "Alaska Star 49" with a number of Alaskan songs such as "Alaska Star 49", "Beautiful Alaska" (which has also been recommended to be the 2'nd state song), "Call Of Alaska", etc. The slide show documentary was used on tourist ocean liner cruises en-route to Alaskan ports for several years hence.

Gary & I subsequently entered into a very successful business partnership called "Alkon International Inc" headquartered in Seattle, Washington, and became a major distributor for about 200 artists. I wasn't interested in leaving the Yukon to reside permanently in the USA, so I sold my interest to Gary, and the company eventually was dissolved.

One evening, in July 1968, Mary & I were relaxing in our Whitehorse home and the phone rang. It was from Chuck Keene in Hollywood. He was now an associate producer with Universal Films and wanted to know if I would be interested in learning the movie business by joining him in a documentary production of Tibet wildlife. He said it would be a way to get my foot in the door for bigger things in Hollywood, and he would be my agent. We'll go a long way he said. I had a good job and a respectable salary in Whitehorse with the Federal Government, and Mary and our children were the most important things in my life. So I told Chuck it was a big move for me to make and I would have to think about it. He said Universal is in a big hurry to get this project going, and not to take too long with a decision. I told him we would be as quick as possible. 10 minutes later the phone rings again and someone from Universal Films wanted to know if I had made up my mind yet. I informed him more time was needed, and he advised they had no more time, so I declined the offer. I often wonder what would have happened if I had accepted the offer. I'm quite certain Mary & I would not be celebrating 57 years of marriage. I've not talked to Chuck since, but I do see his name on occasion in the credit lines at the end of certain documentaries, in both Walt Disney and Universal productions. And I'll still keep on wondering anyway, and enjoying Gene Autry re-runs. I wasn't made for Hollywood. Probably be sweeping floors.

Al Oster



Otter Falls

Bob Hughes photo courtesy of Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com



Five dollar bill photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca

Does anyone have information on who's photo was used for the 5 dollar bill? – Sherron

The following will be a repeat to those who received this from Henry via his help sheets.

The Book of Lost Graves:

This could be of interest to some of our group. Initially the **Pioneer Cemetery** was established at Steele Street and 6th Avenue in Whitehorse. But after the mid 1960s they were running out of room and a cemetery was established in Riverdale on the south of Teslin Road. With expansion of Whitehorse it was realised that it could not be, and about 12 graves had to be transferred to the new Grey Mountain Cemetery. Getting back to the Pioneer Cemetery, before and even after the incorporation of the City of Whitehorse the cemetery was maintained by Lodges and individuals as there was no such thing as perpetual care. Each spring the YTG or city burned the high grass to clean up, and one year it got away from them. All of the wooden grave markers were either blackened or burned on the north side, and in a panic, the markers were pulled up. This created the problem of not knowing where anyone was buried. I don't know what year it was, but it did create a problem. Anne Domes said that her husband's class at the vocational school did a survey of the cemetery, but I don't know of a grid map of the original burials. After I retired and on a trip back I decided to locate the graves of my uncle and aunt who had been buried in 1941 and 1943 respectively. Unable to locate them, I checked the City Hall and found that they had created a book that they called "The Book of Lost Graves". The staff were kind enough to photocopy the page with my Uncle and Aunt on it, and I became aware of the book. Nobody seems to have any real answers, either not knowing, or an embarrassing situation that is better forgotten. Of course the Yukon Archives has a copy for safekeeping. So if anyone is looking for loved ones of early years, contact the City of Whitehorse or Yukon Archives for the book of Lost Graves if they were buried on the north side of Pioneer Cemetery in Whitehorse.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

I asked Henry if “The Book of Lost Graves” was written by Victoria Faulkner because I could remember her coming into City Hall in Whitehorse in the 1970’s to work on the old Cemetery records. I also asked if I remembered correctly that I had been told she had been the Commissioners Secretary. I had also noticed her on the 1935 list in Dawson City. – Sherron

I just don't know, but it seems in my memory that Flo Whyard had an awful lot to do with it. I would hesitate using any names as we could be wrong. The main thing is that the book exists.

The other book I was looking for was written by Joyce Hayden and was the life of Victoria Faulkner, which was not only interesting but good reading. It is true that Victoria was Secretary not only for one, but also for many Commissioners, and for much of the time was running the business of the territory. She had to train some that were appointed by Ottawa as they hardly had a clue of the territory. For a time, George Jeckel was called a Comptroller of Yukon when the Commissioner title was eliminated for a while. He used to be away for months in Ottawa and Victoria ran the business of Yukon. She was the one at the helm, and I am sure that George knew it well. I don't think that Victoria ever fit in Whitehorse, for in Dawson they had a building fitting for a capital. In Whitehorse early years they had only left over US army junk buildings, and it took them a long time to get proper quarters.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca

MAKE A NOTE TO WATCH THIS PROGRAM ON MONDAY, FEB 7th.

Hello Sherron & Moccasin Telegraph fine folks -

Earl Brown the Milepost Man in Fort Nelson here.

Wanted to spread the word along the Moccasin Telegraph that Monday, Feb 7th on PBS at 9pm (check local listings for broadcast in your time zone) an hour-long documentary on the construction of the Alaska Highway goes to air ... a project over a year and a half in the making. Plan to watch for it. This is the premier showing – not a rerun.

A website supporting the program has been created - and can be viewed at www.pbs.org/amex/alaska . Be sure to check it out, and contact them with any feedback.

Cheers,

Earl L Brown - telegraph enthusiast autumn*pris.bc.ca

My Igloo

by Karen Shaw kshaw@interchange.ubc.ca

It must have been the massive snowfalls and recent cold snap that snapped my memory back to the Yukon January when I was seven years old. That was the winter twin Sharon and I begged Dad to build us an igloo. Our persistence was exceeded only by our surprise when Dad summoned us to the backyard the following Saturday morning. Amidst the snow were three shovels, an old tire, and two wooden crates, the larger one used to ship a refrigerator.

Dad turned both crates on their sides and shoved the open edge of the smaller box against one half of the opening of the larger one. The upright tire blocked the rest of the fridge crate's opening. An aerial view would have revealed an L-shaped structure.

Dad handed Sharon and me each a shovel and told us to get digging. We dug and shoveled and piled and packed then shoveled and packed some more until we had a handsome domed home complete with a few tufts of grass. After Dad carefully tamped the gaps, he handed us a flashlight and encouraged us to explore our humble hut.

Donned with parkas and snow pants, Sharon and I squeezed through the tire entrance. The darkness was overwhelming. We could not stand up but we could crawl around and sit comfortably leaning against the strong walls. Sharon and I were thrilled with our two-room chilly chateau and made plans for a cozy cabin.

Each day after school we invited a friend or two to our snow fort. By flashlight we sang crazy songs, pretended we were Arctic explorers or Eskimos and told tales of great quests. After-school snacks of fish sandwiches became seal chunks. Clenching strips of roast beef between our teeth we sawed off strips of blubber as demonstrated in Eskimo documentaries.

Our only disappointment was that our pleas to spend a night in our snow abode fell on deaf ears.

With Spring came The Thaw. New interests demanded our attention. One day we noticed two abandoned boxes our back yard -- exactly where we'd left them. The tire had fallen over and the crates were soggy and smelly, not at all appealing to two young adventurers. The boxes became firewood.

In later years, Sharon actually constructed several houses with her husband. Me? I'd rather conjure up stories and design new ways to serve fish and beef.

Looking back I am reminded at what happened when Dad made our dream come true. The experience provided us with a play space, gave birth to skills and launched even more dreams.

HARRY MILLER

Hi Sherron,

My nephew, Harry Miller spent 11 days in hospital with pneumonia but we were not really aware. I think that Harry found how fragile the human body really is, and it is not till something like this that you find that truth. We are happy that Harry is back at home with Elaine recovering and sent Alice and I this message by E-mail.

Henry Breaden

(Harry has given permission to use this message in the MocTel.)

Hello Uncle Henry and Aunty Alice.

Well I know what it is like to be knocking on a door and not knowing if it belongs to the devil or not. Sure don't want to go through that again. I've been warned not to let things get out of hand next time.

I felt good Saturday morning, did my normal routine, wood stove etc. but had a feeling of a cold coming on. It was very upsetting. I took a Contact "C", couple puffs of the puffer and figured that should do it. Then the body started to ache, oh well, why not a Motrin pain killer, they really work. That was fine but I started to get this cough and just felt miserable so why not go to bed. Couldn't lie down without coughing and coughing. That's no good,! "cough medicine", about 3 spoonfuls, more the better. !!

Tried laying down in bed again but all I did was gurgle and cough, starting to have trouble breathing. Got up and sat in the kitchen with Elaine and said I had better get to the Parksville Clinic and see if I can get some of the famous yellow pills that fixes things up, they did in the past. O.K. Away we go but I am having trouble getting in to the van. It was all I could do to get myself up one step in that van.

As we got closer to Parksville, about six miles, I was having second thoughts as to what was happening to me. I knew the old heart was really pounding and I was having a lot of trouble breathing. Maybe I was having a "Heart Attack", Hell I don't know? I don't know what one is, you hear so much! I said to Elaine that I think we had better keep going as I didn't think I had the time to "fart" around in Parksville. Unknowing to me she already had her mind made up as to where we were going, Nanaimo E.R. twenty-five miles away. It is starting to snow!

When we arrived at Emergency she went in and got a wheel chair for me and between the two of us she got me in and left to get the van out of the way as we were blocking the Emergency Entrance. The girl at the first counter wanted medical card etc. I just gave her my wallet and told her to find it herself as I couldn't do it. I guess I had turned a shade of grey by now and she observed that I was having trouble breathing. Never mind the card,

your name will do. She around her desk and pushed me to the second nurse who wants to know what medication I am on etc, by now I'm beginning to loose it and I told her that "I have had it and I'm not going to make it" and I gave her my puffer. That's it. Next thing I can hear her hollering NURSE NURSE and there are a bunch of STATS and I'm wheeled over and literally lifted up on a stretcher. They're trying to get my heavy jacket, shirt and T shirt off and I can feel a scope up my back and I hear one of them say "He's not getting any air at all"!!! "He's plugged solid."

You know you are in trouble when you get to an Emergency Dept and you see nurses and Doctors leaving other patients and all of a sudden you are "NUMBER ONE".

I am trying to remain calm but my body has other ideas. Lie down, To Hell, They are trying to stick this thing that is steaming away over my face and my face isn't going for that either, I've said that I've had it and I'll never see the light of day again and feel I am about to rise. Christ!. I'm not ready for this. I hear a bunch of more STATS and CODES, I recall a needle in the commotion as I hate needles and then everything seemed O.K. Reality set in and I seemed to take to this mask O.K steaming away and for the first time since this started I felt I had a fighting chance. I look at myself. I never had so many wires and tubes on me or in me in my life. They wheeled me across the ER when I looked to the waiting area and saw Elaine waiting. She sure parked that van fast as this whole episode only took a couple of minutes, I thought. While in a Recovery and Observation area a lot of monitoring is going on, constant steaming, oxygen. They finally let Elaine in with me, X-rays are being taken, I asked Elaine to tell me my heart rate and at that time it was over 165 beats per minute. This was about twenty-five minutes after my arrival. I wonder what it was doing when I got there? Every time I cough Elaine says the machines go all over the place. I wonder what my oxygen level was when I got there as for the next few days 90 percent was good even with oxygen being administered. Specialists arrive, Internists, more Doctors and my X-rays are illuminating the whole area for all to see but who gives a damn. They look O.K. to me. The Doctors listen, breath in breath out. "YOU SMOKE?" I quit eight years ago and am I ever glad as I don't think I'd be here today if I hadn't. They grunt, "Good", back to work. They still wouldn't tell me if I was going to make it or not or how long I had left. I am informed that I will be there a while like a few days in Hospital. I have Pneumonia. Elaine stayed until she couldn't do any more and left to inch her way home through the new falling snow.

Arrangements are being made to put me on the 1st. floor with the heart and lung patients and it is handy to the E.R. if something unforeseen should crop up. Trouble is there are no beds!!. The Inn is full. They set me up in the hallway in front of the nursing station so they could keep an eye on me. Still have all this stuff hooked up to me. I.V. Pole, Great Big Oxygen Bottle on a cart, pumps going machines beeping etc. Seemed they checked every hour or so, more steaming and oxygen all the time apologizing for not having a room available. I could have cared less, as the care I received in that hallway was second to none. I wasn't here to check out the accommodations, I was here to try to stay alive. Didn't sleep much that night, was afraid I wouldn't wake up. Found out too just what shape I was in. A ten-foot walk to the washroom and I was glad to sit down and get some air in me again. When I got back to the stretcher that I was calling home by now there

would be a nurse waiting to take more checks and the steamer would come out again to open me up so I could breathe again. I willingly took it. This was Sunday morning and there still were no rooms available so they found me a proper bed and set it up in the hallway and a couple of sheets for a bit of privacy and we were all set. I was happy and felt lucky to be there.

Reality is starting to set in and I realize that I have lost track of a bit of time. The only time I have lost track of time in my past was when I was young and had a little too much to drink. That wasn't the problem now. It took Elaine a lot more than a couple of minutes to park the van and she was in the waiting room a while before they rolled me out.

I owe my life to those Doctors and Nurses in the Emergency. I didn't think that I had a "Hope in Hell" of coming out of this. Amazing what they can do. All in a day's work to them. "Thanks" is more than enough payment and "look after yourself".

I was to be on Floor One for the next eleven days where the care given was the best they could have ever given, I did eventually get my room. The Nurses and Doctors were great. My progress was steady and forward, better each day. Didn't walk much for the first seven days but then got around a bit up and down the hallway. Sure was weak.

I can also say the food was very presentable. They bend over backwards to please but you can only do so much with food when there are so many meals to get out in a short period of time and so many different diets.

There was even support staff checking to see that everything was going to be O.K. at home as my stay was so long, eleven days.

I used to work at that hospital twenty odd years ago as an electrician. I never realized how complex it is and how well it works. This was my first stay there and I had never seen things from the other side. When employed there all you concern yourself with is your part in it. My how it all comes together. It is too bad Governments have to be involved and use threatening tactics on the employees and system to get their own way and make a balanced budget on a system that is so vital to us all.

A couple nights before I returned home I got brave and took a short walk to the nearby Main Lobby where I could purchase a coffee. On the way there I read some of the plaques that are presented when certain presentations are being made concerning the Hospital, people deserving some recognition. I recognized a lot of names of people that were there when I was employed there. There was another plaque that struck home though, it was the name of Doctors in Memorandum and it was surprising how many of them I knew and how many of them I put their little name on a lighted board that they would switch on when making their rounds. That way we knew they were in. Modern technology has rendered the use of the P.A system down to a minimum now. In the old days it was used a lot to page Doctors, even us in the building. I heard a voice paging a Doctor, I went to check at the new switchboard and at first didn't recognize the girl on but

she was there when I was and used to call the names that are on that plaque. Still brings a tear to my eye.

I am at home now and feel lucky to be here. I also feel better now than I did eight years ago when I started having breathing problems and Pneumonia. Never had it this bad but know how to handle it.

I will be making some changes in my life some my family will agree with and some not but that's how it goes. I have been reminded how fragile we really are and how precious life really is.

Lots of Love
Harry

I for one am very happy you made it Harry. Your message is a lesson to many of us. Thank you for sharing it. I hope we will see you at the Island Picnic this year, healthier than ever. –Bill & Sherron Jones

MOCTEL 95

Hi Henry...Fran Hakonson wrote under "recollections" about three names that I remember from Dawson City. Wes Shier and his wife Adrienne were good friends of my Mom's "Mrs. Brasseur," because Adrienne was from Quebec, I believe, and spoke French. My Mom hailed from Belgium, so Adrienne & Mom had a great time chatting. I think Adrienne worked for Howard Firth, as a secretary, and they lived in the old Phil Collins home (across from St. Mary's Church. I also recall Bev and Audrey Summers, as I babysat for them and Audrey was also friends with my Mom. Chuck and Tommy Grey, I remember well, and know that they lived in Sooke (outside of Victoria, B. C.) but know nothing more about them. There also was a fellow named "Earl Slack" and his wife "Kay", and she gave piano lessons to me (also in the Collins home), and I recall they had a son named "Bob". So these four men all worked at the radio signals office, to my recollection. Congratulations to the "MocTel" for almost two years of fun reading. Happy New Year to all!

Incidentally, all the names above, I recall from the early 1950's in Dawson City.

Regards, Tina Parsons artinap@shaw.ca

TINA BRASSEUR PLAYING WITH FRIENDS

Hi Henry...I just sent you some info on the above topic. If you wish to use it in the "MocTel" that is fine with me. Regards to Alice and you....Tina Parsons



Barbara Best, Tina Brasseur, Sonja Nelson....Dawson 1946?

Photo courtesy Tina Parsons artinap*shaw.ca

I am sending a picture to you, if you wish to put it in the "MocTel".

The names of the three young ladies is as above. Sonja, was Ragnar and Olga Nelson's daughter, Barbara was the granddaughter of the senior Bests (I think her dad's name was "Harold", but I am not positive.)

We used to love dressing up as ladies and walking around town....what fun we had!!
I think the background is Hickey's Garage, but not positive.

All the best, Tina Parsons artinap*shaw.ca

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Sorry I never got back to you before-- I would love to keep getting the moccasin telegraph, but my computer is so old I can't receive too much on it as my e-mail is snail pace. I only have dial up and 5 hrs. then I pay after for what I use. They are accommodating me so only ordinary e-mail Windows 95 will come to me. As my processor is so slow and I have to shut it down and re-boot. So yes, you must remove my name of your list.

Luck with the project. Dora

LUCAS, Mac & Dora

lucasd*internorth.com

(In Yukon since 1974)

DATE TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Premier Event of the Year

Annual Banquet

Theme: Yukon Dog Mushing
Date: March 19, 2005
Location: Hyatt Regency Vancouver
Tickets: \$55.00/Person

Advance purchase a must.

Cheques gladly accepted.

Mail to Mary MacDonald

#309-5166 Halifax St.

Vancouver, BC, V5B 2N6

Phone: 604-299-7533

Please provide the full names for each guest, and advise if there are any food allergy issues.

Whitehorse: Tickets available from
Gudrun Sparling
Phone: 668-3958

Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet Accommodations

The Association has negotiated reduced room rates for the evening of the Banquet. To get the low rate, the rooms **must** be booked prior to **February 28, 2005**.

Hyatt Room Rate: \$134 for a double, breakfast not included. Buffet breakfast \$19.95 or order a la cart.

Reservations: 604-683-1234 Prices firm until Feb. 28, 2005. Ask for **Yukoners' rate**.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Just wanted to let you know we have changed our e-mail address. It is now

jpbesier@shaw.ca

Pat & Jean Besier

NEW ADDITIONS

We would like to join the Moccasin Telegraph, my name is Marlene Sparks - maiden name Baufeld, my husbands name is Bill Sparks, we were both born and raised in Whitehorse and still living here. I saw this at Phyllis's and have heard so many people talk about what they have read, it sounds very interesting and it is wonderful to hear about our friends and where they are. My e-mail address is:

grumpy@tagish.polarcom.com

Thank you

Marlene Sparks

Lloyd Barteaux closter@aptalaska.net now living at mile 42 Haines Highway.

Lloyd phoned and talked to my husband Bill. They used to work together many years ago at White Pass & Yukon Route. I am hoping Lloyd will send us a message once he gets comfortable with the computer. Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you do not set goals you will likely end up working for someone who does. – SJ

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) lornellis@shaw.ca

Hippie Salad

Ingredients:

1 bunch of broccoli

5 bacon strips

¼ cup raisins

¼ cup sunflower, pine, walnuts or nuts of your choice

Dressing:

½ cup mayonnaise

4 tbsp vinegar

4 tsp sugar

Cook bacon until crisp (must be crisp). Cut broccoli into bite-size pieces – stem and all. Place all salad ingredients in a large bowl and mix.

Mix dressing together and stir into salad ingredients. The salad is best made an hour or two before serving, but not overnight. If used the next day, the dressing will separate a little and needs re-stirring.

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