

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 102nd Edition – Feb. 20, 2005

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To use an e-mail address from the MocTel, replace the * with @.



Winter Scene in Whitehorse

Bob Hughes photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

RUDE AWAKENING

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

When I left my home in fifty one,
While still a callow youth,
I joined the Royal Mounted,
To maintain the right and truth.
They sent me off to training school
To prep for my career.
Gave me that scarlet tunic
That I was proud to wear.

For six long months they trained me
And taught me many skills,
Brass polishing, saluting,
And cleaning floors, and drills.
I learned the art of self defence
And how not to abuse it.
They taught me how to use a gun,
Then warned me not to use it.

I learned of all the brave young men
In the history of the Force,
McLeod, and Larson , Constantine,
And Samuel Steele, of course.

They told me of the backing
And support that I could seek.
While all I need commit to them
Was seven days per week.

When done, they put me on a plane,
And sent me way up north.
Where, some fifty years before
Sam Steele had sallied forth.
They dropped me off in Dawson,
Far from home and all alone,
Then left me with these parting words,
“Son, you’re on your own.”

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HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

Copyright belongs to Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, BC

QUILL OF HONOR

Les came to the table silent and surly in the morning. Whammy was trying to smooth things over, but when men have lived together and breathed down each other's necks for days on end the third party only makes the situation worse. I could have kicked Whammy. Chan and I could see eye to eye on most things but Whammy could get my Irish up pronto.

Tom, had the dog packs on when I finished the dishes. He and Chan were ready to take off and Whammy and I would bring up the rear as usual. Les was not in sight.

It was still drizzling and a low cloud scudded across the sky. We were high and above timber line. Only a few stubborn leaves clung to the buck brush, defying the tug of the wind.

The dogs trotted along with tails high and noses twitching. They had gone without any dinner but they were happy just being with us. Major would be twice his size again tonight, but the rice was already fermented and a little moisture couldn't hurt it.

Looking to the side of the road I noticed Les off to the right. He was walking with his head bent and looked miserable. He had thrown away a good jacket and all he was wearing was a khaki shirt and Eisenhower jacket. He looked neither left nor right, and I wondered what was going on in his mind.

My thoughts wandered to home and how I hoped I would see them all soon. The mud squished underneath my boots and the rain dripped off the end of my nose. Whammy was quiet for a change and I guess he, too, was thinking of home. Our packs were getting heavier as the time passed. My arm felt a foot longer with the 22 rifle hanging loosely in my hand. I looked at Whammy and asked him if he would tie it on my pack. The thought of taking my pack off and getting my back wet was appalling. I should have waited. As soon as he finished he asked me to ask Tom to stop. I knew he was tired and so was Chan. However, if we stopped every 15 minutes we would never make the hoped for eight miles. Whammy insisted that if we would just stay put we would be found and all would be rosy. I just kept walking and again silence closed around us.

Chan and T.O. were about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. I thought, how close yet so far. Here I was, a girl with four men, living inches apart in thousands of miles of wilderness. Loving, hating, eating, sleeping and breathing, always in sight of one or all, yet a million miles apart.

About noon the rain let up and the low clouds raised. We could see part of the country again. We had been going downhill for about an hour but were still above timberline. Low rolling hills and small clumps of balsam were spotted on the summit. It was cold and the wind blew constantly. Small creeks rushed across the road. Then the sky brightened with each step and the sun came out in a blaze of glory. You could feel the warmth and everyone stepped higher. I could see Whammy straighten a little and look happy.

Tom called a halt and we scrounged the barren ground for wood. Building a big fire we stretched lazily in the sun and slowly munched biscuits and sipped soup. Les joined us but kept silent and a little apart.

Whammy started on Tom again. Would he go after an airplane? They would pay any price; just get us out of here. Chan did not even mutter, he just listened and when Tom got up to start walking Chan followed. I thought if T.O. ever tells Whammy off he'll sulk for a week.

About the middle of the afternoon Chee Chee let out the darndest yelp. I just about leapt out of my boots and Whammy jumped about a foot. She was over a small rise in the terrain and we couldn't see her, but nobody could help hearing her. She kyied and yapped steadily. Her screech got louder and higher and I swore she was being killed. Tom took off on the dead run in the direction of the cries. Jeep, Sam and Major were stretched out behind him, packs just flying. We didn't follow and instead waited patiently to see what was wrong. "It must be a bear," Whammy said. I was hoping he was wrong. The last thing we needed was a mad grizzly running loose.

I could bear Tom yelling at the dogs and cussing a blue streak. When he came over the rise holding a big fat Porky I could have squeezed Chee Chee to death. Again she had saved the day. One look at the mutts and out came the pliers. They had quills coming out their ears and that is what all the cussing was about. Chee Chee proudly carried one quill

on the end of her nose. Tom had killed the porky with the axe handle. The interference was terrific. We would all have enough to eat tonight. A porky weighs about 20 pounds and is rolling fat, lots of power in the meat and good soup for the pups. Happy day.

Tom said that when he finally caught up to Chee Chee she was yapping at the nose of the porky and trying to herd it in our direction. Every time he turned his tail to her she was gone and right back at his nose. Her father was a bigger dog and he used to flip the porky on its back, but Chee Chee was too small for such a trick. We were real proud of this little black dog.

Spirits were a little higher. The sun was bright and the miles slowly passed. The sunset was fabulous and when I told Whammy how beautiful it was, he grunted. I thought to myself, he sure is missing a lot. We didn't have much but beauty and it was all around us.

Les had shot a few gophers and again I forgave him his attitude. What with the porky and the gophers everyone would have a full belly tonight.

Halfway down the mountain it was dark and Whammy started crying. He would fall and break a leg, what was the matter with Tom, why didn't he stop? I just couldn't stand it any longer and yelled for Tom. He waited until we caught up to him and listened to Whammy moaning his fears. When it was over he told Whammy he could not stop, there was darn little wood and we had to get dry. We couldn't camp out on a hummock soaking wet. The last thing he wanted was for anyone to catch pneumonia and we were going to keep going until we came to a shelter. What with that he started off. Poor Whammy. He just knew he wouldn't make it but he was too frightened to stay alone. He started mumbling about Tom's inhumanity to man and again he got my Irish up. I informed him in plain English that if it weren't for Tom he'd probably end up dead and he just might yet. So we walked silently, a million miles apart.

It wasn't long before we came to a shelter and believe me it looked like a castle. We tied the dogs at each end and rustled around for wood. There was darn little so we chopped some of the outer boards off the shelter. We had to cook, and we had to dry our clothes, so the shelter couldn't be spared.

We finished the sour rice. Ughhhh! Whammy and Chan didn't say "boo" when the porky was served. They hadn't been able to eat the last one but they were too hungry to be picky this time and ate with relish.

I was real happy to take the dogs a delicious fat soup and a handful of bones. They would have been as happy with water, just to have me talk to them and hug their lovely heads. They had worked so hard, the packs were getting lighter but their bellies were getting smaller.

Sitting around the warm shelter with full tummies, we all dreamt up what we would like most to eat. The menus were mouth watering. From then on FOOD was the main

topic of conversation. It would have been nice to have a cigarette to finish off the feast, but Whammy was still rolling tea and coffee fags.

Another day had passed and still no plane. Chan once again expressed his concern. He knew his wife must be frantic and Whammy said he still thought Tom should go for a plane. Tom refused, and finally he told Whammy he was out of his mind. If he left them we would never see them again. Whammy had already insisted we were on the wrong road and he was close to panic. Tom had said he would get them to Norman Wells and he would, but by no means would he leave them. Nor would he leave me behind. If he did, they would talk me into leaving the road or doing something stupid and nobody would find us.

We waited for a comment from Les and the inevitable disagreement, but Les said nothing. Chan agreed with Tom. Saying that now the weather was better and we would see a plane in a few days, but we should keep walking. Whammy was defeated but he didn't take it lightly. I was the one that had to listen to him all day. I felt sorry for them in many ways. I had been green in the bush just a short time ago and nothing is so terrifying as the vastness, wildness and emptiness of the North.

So to bed, head to toe, but warm and sheltered.

HIT THE ROAD!

What a beautiful morning. The mist lay softly on the ground but the sun was shining brightly. We ate mush and saved the biscuits. One more breakfast and we would eat air.

Off again we went, one in front of the other, slowly down the mountain and then up the other side. The hills were steep but short. We were in the timber and it was cool. The road dried quickly and made walking easier. The dogs were hot. The sun was beating down on their packs and they lapped water from the puddles alongside the road.

With the sun shining the gophers were running in and out of the pipe and the dogs were happily sniffing each opening. I wished they were the size of a moose; it took so many to make a meal.

We came to an old camp at noon and busily investigated every nook and cranny looking for food. We found old cigarette butts and these we took the tobacco out of and Whammy rolled us a few diesel soaked smokes. They were awful but a change from tea.

We dreamed up a few more exotic dishes as we munched our dry biscuits. I couldn't stand looking at the dogs. They were stretched out nearby and never missed a mouthful. Chee Chee was off snuffling in the bush and filling up on berries. Wish she would come and take her buddies with her. More than once Tom had to stop me from giving them my food. I just couldn't stand it. If it weren't for the dogs we would have been far worse off.

They asked for so little and I didn't miss the little morsels I gave them. I swore if we ever got out of this mess they would never go hungry again, and until they died they never did.

The siesta over, we groaned to our feet and headed up the Canol Road. Les had gone on and we could hear him shooting in the distance, I only hoped he was getting gophers and not firing at the wind again. Tensions were high and nerves ragged. It wouldn't take much to send Tom into a rage now. He had carried the full responsibility since we lost the jeep and the cooperation had been anything but good.

Tom had spent many sleepless nights wondering what was best for us. He wanted to hunt but he didn't dare take the time. Chan was getting weaker, though he never said anything, and Whammy was making things difficult by crying and insisting that Tom go for a plane.

I was worried about Les. Tom had controlled himself to the point that if he blew he would think nothing of shooting the man. (I am not being dramatic.) The law of the bush was harsh. Life was only a superficial thing. Tom had been trained to kill and spent three years doing so. He would think nothing of shooting a man if it became a choice of saving the others. Les must have sensed this as he gave Tom a wide berth but he played on Whammy's fear.

The thoughts tumbled through my head and I could not shake the feeling of apprehension.

Chan had to rest more that day, he was so thin and pale. Whammy, in spite of his diet, was still packing considerable weight. It was the first afternoon we had all talked together while walking. Les was still in the distance and still shooting.

Whammy offered Tom \$1,000. to leave us and go for a plane. Chan also asked. He felt sure the plane would never find us and his wife would be out of her mind with worry. I often wondered why Whammy didn't worry about how his family would feel. Tom didn't answer them and only started up the road. Chan was disappointed but he held his peace. It was a gloomy afternoon. I knew Tom was doing what he thought best, if they would only trust him.

We came to another camp early in the evening and T O. decided to stay rather than walk again in the dark. Chan could use the rest and it would give us a breather.

While scrounging thru the camp I found a whole bag of dried fruit. I was sure we were saved. Happily I ran to the men with my find. We cut my only pair of extra pants into bags and divided them amongst us. Whammy had found a pair of snowshoes and bundles of bandage. He worked like a beaver bandaging his legs and said he would use the snowshoe as a crutch. He sent us into gales of laughter. What with bound up legs and a crooked crutch he made quite a sight.

Les came into the cookhouse and glared at Tom. He hadn't shot any gophers and was out of ammunition. Tom had taken his fill. He looked at Les with icy contempt. When he spoke it sent chills up my spine.

"Whammy, you have begged, cajoled, lied, cried and done all in your power to get me to Norman after an airplane. Once again I refuse, for \$1,000. or \$10,000. I told you I would get you to Norman and I will."

Now he looked at Les. "You," he said, "have stolen, cheated, lied and refused to help in any way and if you don't hit the road right now, I'll shoot you. Whammy, you can pay Les the thousand and just hope he gets to Norman and gets a plane. Jeanne," he continued, and I nearly choked, "give Les some biscuits. He's leaving."

"Well, Les," Chan said, *"it is your fault we are in this predicament and I suppose you should be the one to go."* Whammy didn't mention the \$1,000. If Les stayed he would get shot, so he had to go and that would kill two birds with one stone.

I handed Les the biscuits, and he took them and left. We were 91 miles from Norman. He said he would be there in two days. Later accounts of this story made Les a hero; the true story was never told.

Whammy started the light plant and the camp lit up for blocks. We were in the middle of nowhere. If we had food our comforts would have rivaled those of any city. The thought of a plane flying over and seeing this blaze of lights would probably put the pilot in a state of shock. We were hundreds of miles from airways and only birds ever flew here, especially at night.

Whammy was in high spirits. Someone was on the way for a plane. Again he claimed he didn't care what it cost; he wanted out of this no man's land. Chan felt better, too, but we knew it had come about the hard way. Tom wouldn't discuss the matter. He had done what any man would do under the circumstances. Whammy didn't care that he had been called anything but a man.

When Tom and I had picked a bed I asked him if he thought Les would make it. "Yes," he said. *"He can make 40 or more miles a day, and if he is lucky he may find an Indian close to the Mackenzie River. God knows, I wouldn't be able to keep from killing him if he stayed."* Tom knew more than I about Les. I trusted Tom and I would back him up under any circumstances. He could be hard as steel, but he was fair and loyal.

I tossed and turned, thinking of Les, our hungry dogs and the long days ahead. We would have our last breakfast in the morning. Only fruit and biscuits left. We hadn't seen a track of any kind since the loss of the jeep. It seemed fate was still running the show. If Tom left us to hunt Lord knows what Whammy would do, he was close to cracking up and I felt Tom was getting a little worried about the mental attitudes of the rest of us.

Ninety-one miles, at least another 11 days. If we weren't found and Les didn't make it to Norman Wells, what then? I just couldn't understand why someone hadn't looked for these men. The trip was only going to take five days and we had been gone 12.

(To be continued.)

Sourdough Rendezvous Festival - February 24th to February 27th 2005.

Check out this years schedule of events at – <http://www.yukonrendezvous.com/>

I don't see the events of the old days even mentioned. Like beard contest, flour packing, dog racing, snowmobile racing, parade, one dog pull, etc. Oh yes some are hidden away in the Main Street page.

Times have changed, now the event is a 'Festival' and it's largest event is an 'Air Show' and there are 'tub races' that strangely enough are sponsored by the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Society and run in the summer.

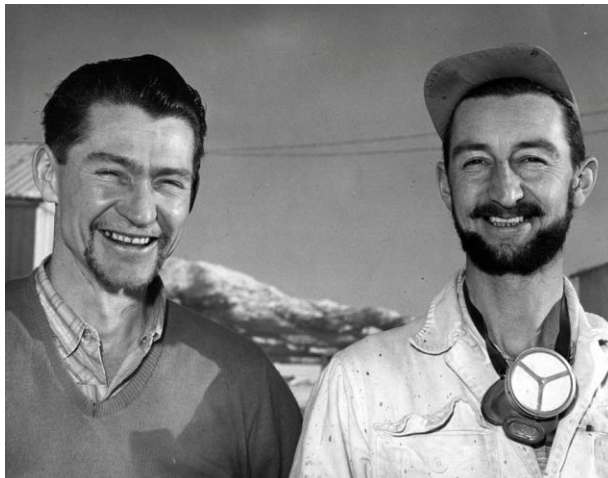
“The 12th Annual Yukon River Bathtub Race was created and is managed by the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Society, a non-profit event organizer in the Yukon Territory, Canada. Although modeled after many other Bathtub Races around the world, the Yukon has once again gone one step further! Known internationally as the longest & toughest Bathtub Race in the world, competitors race on the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson City, some 486 miles!! Why? For the sheer fun of it all! Race dates: August 15-17, 2003.”

It seems the site is set for 2005 events and have 2003 mentioned as the tub race date.

– Sherron

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS !!!!!



Beard growing Contestants - Al Oster & Slim Greer

Photo courtesy Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

Hope you had a good warm holiday. Attached are a couple of Sourdough Rendezvous songs I composed way back when. The picture attached is an indication of my beard growing abilities compared to Slim Greer. There is about 6 weeks worth of hair there. Not too impressive!! I was pretty wooly though compared to Rolf Hougen's display at that time. His beard was awful. "A little patch here and a little patch there" was almost an exaggeration. But we had fun cultivating and scratching the growth. We had all sorts of advice on what sort of ointment, or other material to put on our face in order to promote and enhance growth, but nothing would work. I don't know what Slim used, because his was a pretty decent display. I wonder do they still have a beard growing contest at Rendezvous time?? That used to be one of the highlights of that festival.

Al Oster

I think a lot of the younger men could confess to having difficulty growing a full beard. – Sherron

Thanks for getting back to me right away. I sent you the wrong song to go with the beard. After I tried to grow a beard and found out it didn't work for me I wrote a song called Cheechako's Beard which is what could have happened to me. I sent you "The Unfortunate Miner" which is also a song I wrote about a bearded wonder looking for a wife. The picture of Slim & I goes with the "Cheechako Beard" compo. You can also use the "Miner" song somewhere if you wish. That song was published in an Alaskan Book of Northern Songs, a copy of which is in the Yukon Archives with quite a complimentary statement by the publisher.

Slim & I used to work at the airbase together and the picture was taken outside the paint shop. The gadget hanging around his neck is a painting mask for protection against paint mist while spray painting. Slim is still kicking around healthy as a horse. We dropped in and visited him last year, and he asked for a copy of the picture I mailed to you, so I copied it on my scanner and sent him one. After the airbase closed Slim built the Indian Co-op store in Old Crow for me while I was Economic Development Officer for the Yukon Indian Affairs Department. He lives in Riverdale with Rene, who is not that well any more. We all get old.

You're welcome to use my letter of comments about Rolf and I growing a beard. I'm sure Rolf wouldn't mind the notoriety.

Cheers, Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

I suggested Al include the music and his copyright. I do hope his songs are still being played at Rendezvous time. – Sherron

Good suggestions. Thanks Sherron. Attached is an amended copy of "Cheechako's Beard" with the music chords and timing bars added. The song was recorded along with the "Sourdough Rendezvous" ditty in 1961 after the first trial run of the Rendezvous festival. Rolf Hougen suggested I write a theme song for the Rendezvous, hence both songs and the release of "Northland Ballads KRLP-02", which incidentally is no longer available commercially (the album with the Paddlewheeler stern section photo by James Quong) but can still be purchased, if you can find a copy in good condition, from a record auction mart in Chicago for about \$150.00. I don't even have a copy in my

personal collection. All I have is the old original master tape recording probably recorded in the CBC studios in Whitehorse.

You know when I stop to reminisce about the latter Yukon 1950's and throughout the 1960's the many pleasurable moments spent with Yukon musician friends and entertaining Yukoners during that period is a treasure worth more than gold. Many musicians, and those associated with music and entertainment, since then have passed on to a higher world but the memories to we, who are still here, is as though it was yesterday. MocTel is preserving some of that pioneer era from those of us who are still here. Thank you Sherron.

Al Oster

CHEECHAKO'S BEARD

Copyright © 1963 by Al Oster. Key of "C". 3/4 medium waltz. Recorded "Northland Ballads KRLP-02".

- (1) I /C came to the / Yukon not /G7 too long a /C go
They / called me a / greenhorn, a /G7 young Cheecha /C ko
They /F asked me, "Oh / stranger now /C what brings you / here?"
I /G7 said to them, / "I like this / northern from /C tier".
- (2) One /C day while out / strolling I /G7 walked through the /C town
/ I saw some / miners just /G7 standing a /C round
They /F looked at my / face, they /C laughed and they / jeered
Said /G7 one burly / miner, "Oh / son where's your /C beard?".
- (3) I /C looked at this / miner and /G7 all I could /C see
Were / two beady / black eyes a /G7 peering at /C me
I /F looked at his / face all /C covered with / hair
I /G7 said to him, "I'm / sorry I / thought you were a /C bear".
- (4) Well the /C next thing that / happened I /G7 don't quite re /C call
I / don't even re / member when I /G7 started to /C fall
There was /F Pluto and / Saturn, /C Venus and / Mars
And /G7 millions and / millions and / millions of /C stars.
- (5) I /C woke in the / morning and /G7 feeling so /C blue
/ I'm so un / happy oh /G7 what will I /C do
I /F looked in the / mirror and /C said as I / peered
"I /G7 know what to / do, I'll / grow me a /C beard".
- (6) Well /C I just quit / shaving I'd /G7 made up my /C mind
I'd / grow me a / beard the /G7 biggest you'd /C find
It /F itched and I / scratched and it /C drove me in / sane
But /G7 I just kept / growing that / beard all the /C same.
- (7) /C Then came the / day I went /G7 back into /C town
I / walked in the / bar and /G7 looked all a /C round
The /F miners they / laughed, they /C looked and they / stared
I /G7 know that my / beard was the / joke that they /C shared.

- (8) For /C months I had / nursed and /G7 cared for my /C beard
 There was / nothing on / earth that looked /G7 oh quite so /C weird
 A /F little patch / here and a /C little patch / there
 The / G7 trouble with / mine was / not enough /C hair.
- (9) And /C now it's all / over and /G7 needless to /C say
 Went / back to my / cabin that /G7 very same /C day
 I /F shaved off my / beard cause it /C just wouldn't / grow
 I /G7 guess I just / can't be a / true sour /C dough
 / G7 I'll go on / being a / young Cheecha /C ko
 /G7 I just can't / be, a / true Sour /C dough.

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SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS (Al Oster)

(Key of "C" * Moderately * Copyright © 1962 by Northland Music Co.)

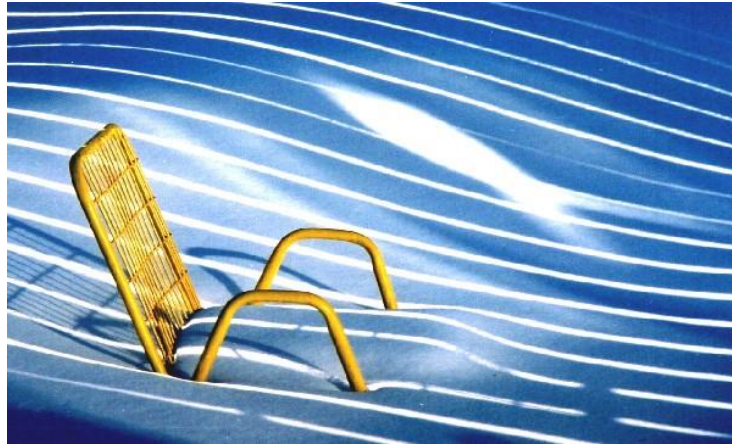
- (1) Well the /c northern sun is / shining bright
 A /f glistening in the /c snow
 And the / time has come,
 To / have some fun
 For the /d7 northern sour /g7 dough
 They're / c mushing in with their / husky dogs
 From /f many miles a /c round
 They /f sing a song,
 As they /c mush along
 There's a /g7 rendezvous in /c town.

Chorus

/f Sourdough and / Cheechako
 And / dancing girlies / too
 They'll / all be down,
 To / Whitehorse town
 At the /d7 Sourdough Rendez /g7 vous
 They'll /c all go wild
 In a / northern style
 Just /f like they used to /c do
 So /f hitch your sleigh
 Be /c on your way
 To the /g7 Sourdough Rendez /c vous.

- (2) They've /c packed their clothes in an / old kit bag
 They're /f off to town you /c see
 To / find a girl
 Who'll / dance and whirl
 And /d7 keep them compan /g7 y
 They'll /c take in all the / gambling games
 And /f court her all a /c round
 All /f night and day,
 They'll /c dance and play
 There's a /g7 rendezvous in /c town.

* * * * *



Picnic Chair in Snow – Optimistic Yukoner ! – Summer is coming !

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

This photo was used as a cover on a Demo CD a year or two ago. We've had as much or more snow this winter. - Doug

MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN

My apologies for my lack of contributions for the last month or six weeks. I have been looking after a friend's hobby farm while they basked in the sunshine in Hawaii. Taking care of 100 chickens, three cows, three cats and a dog kept me busy, and I did not have access to a computer, and no time to use one anyway. I should have gone to a sunny clime myself, but it was an interesting experience. For the rest of February and until March 15th., I will be busily occupied as Chairperson for the Property Assessment Review Panel,(PARP), hearing appeals of property assessments in School District #69 I have been a member of the Panel, or Court of Revision as it was formerly designated, for eleven or twelve years, and Chairperson for eight or nine years. Property assessments have skyrocketed this year, and increases range from 20% to 100% in a few cases. The increases are, by far, the most drastic we have seen during my tenure. I will become more active with MocTel after mid-March.

I am thoroughly enjoying Jeanne (Connoly) Harbottle's incredible experiences. What an amazing person she must be !

Is Weldon Pinchin Ted Pinchin's son. I knew Ted Pinchin when we lived in Whitehorse in 1955-56. If memory serves me correctly, we rented a house owned by Ted. I believe he operated a bakery, or a dairy products business, and I have a vague recollection that he lived in a sort of apartment building next door to the KeeBird Store on the main street. I had taken a years sabbatical from teaching, and worked at Porky's Menswear with Al Check and Dick Karset (the tailor), and the owner, Alec Arthur. Actually, Porky's was between the Pinchin building and the KeeBird.

Sherron, if you could E-Mail your address, I will send you a cheque. I'm sure that I have your snail mail address somewhere in the MocTel Newsletters but it might take me a week to locate it. Keep up the good work. You do all ex-pat Yukoners a great service. I am now in my 80th. year and as the years go by I appreciate my memories and recollections of the Yukon more and more. Mention of Hughie Peet and Johnny Friend (the beaded one), Vangie's store, the Ed Ericksons, Dalziels brings back happy memories of our stay at the Watson Lake RCAF Base in 1951 to 1953, and later at the Civilian Air Base from 1956 to 1958.

I hope that you keep on MocTelling for a long, long time. It's worth having a computer for the MocTel alone. I especially enjoy Gus Barrett's poems, and the wonderful photography at the beginning of each MocTel.

Sincerely , Don Machan demachan@telus.net See you at the Yukoner's Banquet. !

MESSAGE FROM NORMAN PAULSON

Thank you for the response to the recollections of Jeanne and Watson Lake. After the length of time that has transpired, memory can become hazy and hope I would not have offended Jeanne in any way in my recall of Watson Lake events.

I mentioned that Ruby & I were married in the Anglican Church, in Watson Lake. The gals at the Watson Lake Hotel 'mink ranch' as it was known locally, threw Johnny Friend in a tub of soapy water in preparation for his participation at the wedding ceremony. He was ceremoniously bathed, his hair and beard trimmed and he placed in some clean clothes. He then turned up at the church front door at the end of the ceremony, with a tractor and small flatbed trailer with chesterfield and chairs and drove the wedding party around W.L. (Aksel was my best man.) The tourists went mad with their movie cameras with us and Johnny with his Smith Brothers cough drops type beard.

We were told later that his bath tub was almost half full of carburetor and other engine parts, grease, etc., with an oil slick at least two inches thick.

The date was July 22nd, 1962.

Norm Paulson backrdhaven@shaw.ca

Jeanne does confirm she worked at the Watson Lake Hotel to help out Rita Ball from time to time. She also commented she recalled Johnny's pants to be shiny from the grime. She was very happy when I read the messages to her. – Sherron

MORE COMMENTS FOR JEANNE

“I can hardly wait until the next MocTel, this is better than the Lone Ranger on radio when I was a kid.” – Bill Maylor

“Tell Jeanne I am really enjoying her stories.” – Joyce Yardley

“Thanks for all the work you and Jeannie dedicate to this project.” - Al & Marion Ashby

Kluane Mountain Bluegrass Festival and Music Camp, June 2005

Submitted by Gary McRobb gdmcrobb*yknet.ca

Kluane Mountain Bluegrass Music Camp will be held 2 days (June 9-10) before the festival (June 10-12, 2005).

Location is St. Elias Convention Centre, Haines Junction, Yukon

The bluegrass music camp schedule is:

June 8 - evening of introductions jams and open mic stage

June 9 and 10, workshops - instruction from 9:30 -11:00 am, 1:00-2:00 pm, and 3:30-4:30 pm (3.5 hrs per day).

June 9, evening session 7:00-8:30 pm- harmony vocal workshop.

June 9, evening session continues 8:30-10:00 pm - instructor concert and open mic - jamming always welcome

All instructors have extensive teaching experience at bluegrass camps in Canada and US. Most have taught for 5-10 years at various camps. Their bios will be posted on the website www.kluanemountainbluegrassfest.com in February, 2005. Details about the Kluane Mountain Bluegrass Music Camp and registration forms will also be available on the website.

All classes will have been 6-10 students. Level of instruction will depend on student skills, but we are aiming for basic instruction (level 1 or 2) for our first year.

Here are the instructors names, instruments they teach, and bands they play with:

1. Bert Jensen, fiddle (Canadian Whitewater)
2. Gene Bretecher, banjo (Canadian Whitewater)
3. Jim Leduc, bass (Canadian Whitewater)
4. Chris Stevens, flatpicking guitar (Canadian Whitewater)
5. Bob Hamilton, mandolin (Hungry Hill, Undertakin' Daddies)
6. Marc Ladouceur, rhythm guitar (Down to the Wood)
7. Leah Larson, bluegrass vocals (Leah Larson Band)

Fee for the 2 day workshop is 180 dollars which includes lunch, snacks and beverages during the day. Students will be responsible for breakfasts, suppers and accommodation. Instructors will provide teaching materials as required.

Students will receive a 10% discount on the admission to the Kluane Mountain Bluegrass Festival, June 10, 11, 12, 2005 in Haines Junction.

If you wish to register, please contact Thane Philips at itsthane@hotmail.com. I like his address! Please tell him if you are a level 1 or 2 player.

3rd Annual Kluane Mountain Bluegrass Festival, June 10-12, 2005.

Showcase bands confirmed for the Kluane Mountain Bluegrass Festival include:

James King Band (Virginia, Rounder Recording Artist, 1992 IBMA emerging artist of the year, and member of Longview, IBMA artists of the year 1998, and song of the year 1998). Bob thinks he is the finest bluegrass male vocalist in the world! The word is James King is addicted to jamming with anyone, anytime, except when he is on stage. 5 piece band

Leah Larson Band (Washington and Oregon, exceptional female vocalist, bluegrass and old-time) - She was Bob's first choice for 2003 festival but she was unavailable. The band will knock your pick right out of your teeth. 5 piece band

Canadian Whitewater (highly entertaining and hot instrumentalists, crowd favorites at many bluegrass festivals in Canada). Highly rated for being great players, hugely entertaining and nice guys. 4 piece band

Down to the Wood (great 3 piece bluegrass band from Alberta returns to our festival). These guys are as good as bluegrass gets, and they are fabulous entertainers. They are also nice guys. They recommended Canadian Whitewater to us. Information about the festival will be available at our website www.kluanemountainbluegrassfest.com in February, with links to these bands' websites.

I will answer questions in the meantime.

Always working for bluegrass, Prez bob

THANK YOU JEANNE, GUS & HENRY

Just wanted to let Jeanne know how much we enjoyed her story. I am so amazed at the courage she and her husband had to travel in extreme conditions and not freeze with fright. A true pioneer! Indeed, a true piece of history. Gus's poems are also appreciated...we were especially entertained with his poem "Growing Old Together" and saved it to reread on our 50th anniversary (4 more years). Thankyou to Henry for his bits of history and help in getting the MocTels out while you were away. We really appreciate everybody's contributions! That's what makes the Yukon so special!

Carl & Marilyn Chase [cmchase1*verizon.net](mailto:cmchase1@verizon.net) (In New York State)

SCATTERASS BAR

Jim Robb has suggested that the **Moccasin Telegraph** is a good place to ask for information or stories about **Scatterass Bar**. He thinks some of your "old steamboat people/readers might be able to help, and I agree. Anyone out there who knows this one?

Regards, **Bev Buckway** balc*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse YT)

I asked for replies from a few that I thought might know. If anyone else has a story please let us hear it. – Sherron

That's a new one on me - but the sailor in the family (Henry) should be able to help - it looks like something that was started in a local bar and apparently died out - Sorry folks**Les Somerton** lsomerton*northwestel.net

PS - guess I can take this opportunity to say "**hi**" **Bev**

*I thought I may have heard the term from **Weldon Pinchin** but he phoned to say no it wasn't him. I also asked **John Gould** if he knew anything and his reply was no. – SJ*

Then came - - -

Yes, I can help, it was across from the Marwell Area. - Henry
I asked if it had something to do with the swimmers - Sherron
No it was the bar itself. - Henry.

Scatterass Bar

There was no comics involved in the name "Scatterass Bar" as it was factual to men on the steamboats. That was the gravel bar below Whitehorse and adjacent to the Marwell Area long before there ever was a Marwell Area. In latter May especially during the first trips of the river boats the level of the river was real low. The melting of the glaciers feeding the headwaters of the river did not start till later in June and peak about the 22nd of August. That was part of the reason for building the Marsh Lake Dam in 1923.

The other was to cause a greater flow to get rid of the ice in Lake Laberge and create sufficient water in Whitehorse to allow safe launching of the boats. Each of the gravel bars were named by the skippers of the boats according to what took place at that location. In the case of Scatterass bar, the channel was continuously changing as the gravel shifted especially during latter May when it was tricky to even get through. That caused it to be named Scatterass and had nothing to do with bare extremities! The channels from Whitehorse to Lake Laberge were extremely troublesome during that early stage of low water. Therefore, when BYN still owned the Steamer Thistle in the latter teens, it was used for pile driving and dredging out the channel especially at the sand flats at the head of the lake.

There were still problems at Scatterass Bar even in 1948. Carmacks coal was being tried in the Steamer Whitehorse, and in the first trip out of Whitehorse they did not have enough steam to navigate the bar and stuck. For a couple of days we could see the stack of the Whitehorse, and Emil Forest with the Loon had to haul wood down for them to create steam. The Whitehorse returned after getting off the bar and the grates in the boiler

were changed back to wood. It is the last time Carmacks coal was tried on the river, for the grade of coal was too low for that purpose.

The Marsh Lake Dam was beneficial in another way, for it raised the water level in the 30 mile from Lower Leberge to Hootalinqua where the river meets the Teslin River. In 1923 when the dam was first built, Adam Bernie lived at the dam location and oversaw any necessary work. During Adam's tenure, Robert Taylor who worked on railway section, used to work at the dam in the spring and eventually took over the responsibility. Robert Taylor better known as "Bob" was there for many years with his wife Liz. I worked under Bob in 1945 and found him great to work for. He is the one who sent me to the workshop for a gallon of Tartan paint! The food at the dam was second to none, for Liz was our cook, and we were her boys. During those years so as not to have confusion, as there were two main Taylor's in the area, they were known as the dam Taylors. Of course the other Taylor's were the store Taylor's. Bob and Liz were both great friends of ours till they went down the trail, and we still think of them with smiles.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

MORE INFORMATION ABOUT SCATTERASS BAR

Something that goes through my mind is the trouble that Scatterass Bar created to the Marwell Area after it came into being. There was a mobile home park near the river in the 1950s, and during freeze-up of the river it caused flooding of the area year after year. Finally all the trailers were moved from there due to the annual flooding. There were also a few homes built in the area that were troubled too. The Nelson home being one, and Annie Nelson who I went to school with in Mayo used to phone me at the plant when they were having problems. She said I was the only one that understood what was taking place. The City had built a dyke to try to eliminate it, but being such clean gravel without any silt, the water came in underground and flooded the area that at one time was the Marwell gravel pit. We were powerless to do anything to reduce the flooding, but it made Annie feel better that at least someone understood their problems.

I wrote a paper for the City of Whitehorse explaining what happens in the riverbed during freeze-up, and it was anchor ice that built on Scatterass Bar that raised the water and flooded the area. When the river temperature falls to critical usually in latter November, ice crystal is formed in the water and settles to the bottom. It sticks to anything whether it be gravel, rocks or any underwater debris gradually raising the water level. This especially takes place on underwater gravel bars or riffles. Only after sufficient ice cover is achieved upstream, does the river temperature rise to just above freezing. The bottom anchor ice gradually melts out, and that is why you always have a sloping river ice sheet from the shore down to the main ice sheet.

Scatterass Bar is all under water, so that is why it built anchor ice all the way across and gradually causing flooding of the Marwell Area. After the river was frozen over, with the slight rising temperature of the water and the anchor ice cutting out, the problem of flooding eased until next year.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

FAMILY REUNION AT THE VANCOUVER YUKONERS BANQUET

Indeed, I will be mailing you a cheque (with pleasure) to offset the cost of your new equipment ... there is no way anyone or group of us could compensate you financially for all the time, effort, and dedication that you give to the publication of the MocTel. We did miss your absence but trust you did have a wonderful break and back home, well, happy, and refreshed. I do read the MocTel thoroughly from the moment my E-mail tells me it has arrived and enjoy so very much. Understandably, my vintage does not allow me to relate intimately to the 1950's forward years but I recognize the names and events of the younger generations and happenings that I had heard or read about. I am planning to attend the Yukoners' on 19 March in the company of my son, Wayne (from Toronto) ... and my sisters, Hy Seely and Tina Parsons, their spouses and off spring. A family reunion of a kind and keeping our fingers crossed that health will hold up and not interfere with our arrangements. I don't know if you and Bill intend to be there ... if so, I will surely make it a point to find and meet you, and thank you personally for your devotion to the cause.

Very sincerely, Lionel Brasseur lynbrass@sympatico.ca

THANKS JEANNE, YUKON AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Sorry to hear that you get little feedback from the membership. I hesitate to write again as I'm sure you know how much I appreciate the Moc Tel. I absolutely enjoyed everything that Jeanne has submitted. I got her book and keep it with my northern books and only my family or very close friends can borrow it as I will probably want to read it again and I definitely want to pass it on to my kids and grandkids hoping that they will enjoy it as I did and know a little more about this great land we call The Yukon. It ain't what it used to be with all the regulations they got now but the water is still clear, and the fishin' is great (and you can eat the fish). In a couple of years from now you will require a Power Boat Operators Certificate to run your boat on a lake or river, and we have *woodsmoke cops* checking your wood fires just to give you a couple of examples. All the dogooders in the world are up here and we still have kids going to school hungry, makes you wonder. Anyway, if my vote hasn't been counted yet, please tell Jeanne that her stories are the best yet and I hope there is more to come. The last story about Bob Thorpe was interesting as he was a good friend of ours. I can tell many stories about him. He used to board and room with me and my parents in Dawson Creek around 1952-3 or so. I was only 13 years old at the time he brought me to the Yukon in August of 1952 and that is the single reason that I am here, the trip made such an impression on me. He was driving for Loisselle Transport and we hauled a load into the Smith River Airport, then took a load from there to Whitehorse and went back with an army truck loaded on the trailer. Being raised on the prairies, I was some impressed with The Yukon and was determined to come back. It took 30 years but we came back on Jan 3, 1980 to work for White Pass and now we call it home. Dawson Creek was good and so was Vernon, but Whitehorse is home. The Yukon has been good to our family. Give me your address again and I will help your fund along.

BOB THORPE REMEMBERED

By Don Frizzell

Sure, you can put my note in if you like. Here are a couple short stories about Bob Thorpe that I can tell you. Most of my stories about him are really funny but private only for people who would know him. Jeanne does a good job of describing him in her article, so she had him figured out. I have been as far as the Tsischu (Tissue) River on the North Canol. It is only a few miles into the NWT. The bridge was gone at one end so we turned around there. It was great to read of her account from there on. I hope someday to get back up there and see more of the country.

My dad worked as a mechanic for Loiselle Transport in Dawson Creek and I was sweeping floors there etc after school. Bob drove truck for Loiselle and used to board and room with us and was like part of our family. In August of 52, Bob and I left Dawson Creek with a Loiselle Transport truck and lowboy trailer with a large dragline for the Army at the Smith River Airport. Trucks in those days didn't have that much power or brakes either for that matter, but Bob was considered one of the best and got most of the tough jobs. The old Alaska Highway was rough and dusty to say the least and August of 52 was hot. We were somewhere along the route and driving with the windows down and the breezy windows open and it was very hot inside the cab of the truck. I heard a smack on Bob's side of the cab and looked over in time to see a bee fall down the back of the seat into the cleavage at the back of Bob's pants. He was a big man, around 300 lbs and a real tough guy those days. Well, nothing happened so I forgot about it. A couple of hot dusty miles went by and all of a sudden, on come the brakes and Bob is hollering and jumping around in the seat trying to get the truck stopped. Next he is out in the middle of the road beside the truck, still jumping and hollering trying to get out of his pants. He can't get his pants over his big boots so there he stands in a t-shirt and shorts, pants down and swatting everything trying to get rid of the bee. I was laughing so hard at his antics and that just made him madder than hell. He finally recovered himself and we went off down the road. I couldn't get the picture out of my mind and every 5 miles or so would burst out laughing again, I just couldn't help it. Well he got pretty sore with me and all conversation was over, all I got was a glare after that. Finally I stopped laughing, but I can still see this picture today. Anyway, we reached the Smith River Airport and unloaded our load. We loaded an Army wrecker truck for Whitehorse and off we went again. We had at least one flat tire every day and I helped as best as I could as I was 13 at the time. We stopped at the old Silver Dollar Lodge out by Squanga Lake with more flats. Bob loosened the wheel nuts and I proceeded to remove the wheel, take the tire and tube apart and fix the flat. When I had it fixed, I hooked up a hose to the truck's air compressor and aired it up, and put it back on the rig. Bob would have to tighten the nuts as I didn't have enough weight on me then to do a good job. I went into the lodge and they had an old coca-cola cooler in there that had about 8 or 10 inches of water in it and kept the pop cool. Pop was 5 cents in Dawson Creek and 25 cents up there. Anyway, Bob says "Have a Beer - you worked hard". The owner says

"He can't have a beer, he is too young". All 300 lbs of Bob Thorpe stood up from his chair and says "He is old enough to take a wheel off the truck, fix the flat, and put it back on - He is old enough to have a beer". Pointing his finger at me he says in his usual gruff voice, "HAVE A BEER". So I had my first beer.

We made it into Whitehorse and I recall spending a couple of days wandering around town. We slept in a Quonset hut with several other men. I recall there were Quonset huts all over the place. I remember getting a shower at a barber shop somewhere on main street for \$5.00. A friend of Bob's took us in his car to Atlin for the day. The water was so clear that you could see rocks at the bottom in 15 feet or more.

We loaded up a different Army Truck on the lowboy and headed for home. The next day Bob pulled over to the side of the road alongside Muncho Lake and said he wanted to lie down for a while across both seats, so why didn't I go for a swim in the lake. I started to get out of the truck and he says to undress in the truck and jump off the fuel tank into the lake. It was really hot and sounded good to me. I dove off the side of the truck and the lake was so cold, I was out again in less than 3 seconds and hardly got wet. Now it was Bob's turn to laugh and he says "Ok, get in, we are even now." Our engine gave out at Trutch on the side of the road. Bob started taking parts off and determined that it was the blower (similar to a turbo charger). So it was the end of the line for me. Bob stayed with the truck until a new blower could be sent up to him and I caught a ride home with the next truck to come along. The entire trip took 14 days and we changed 14 flat tires. What impressed me most about The Yukon were the beautiful mountains, the clear streams and the fresh cool air first thing in the morning. I recall it like it happened yesterday.

In September of that year, Bob took me and my brother out to a hill at Mile 4. He bought a case of .22 shells and we had several boxes of bottles. He would throw the bottles up in the air and we tried unsuccessfully to hit them with the .22. Finally, in disgust, he says to me "Watch the bottle, what is it doing?" I said "the stupid thing goes up and comes back down". He says "It does not - It goes up and stops at the top and waits for you to shoot it". From there on, the success was much higher. We scrounged bottles all week long and he took us shooting most Sundays.

Bob bought a new 1952 Chev Belair and taught me to drive. We spent many evenings driving around until I mastered the clutch, shifting and braking etc. I was only 13 at the time, but it got me off to a good start.

Bob moved to Whitehorse shortly after that, and I saw him again briefly in 1960. We moved to Whitehorse in 1980 and I phoned him at Pelly Crossing shortly after arriving. He walked into the White Pass office one day, looks me up and down and says "Jesus Christ, you are as big as I am". Bob and I visited back and forth several times a year until he passed away a couple of years ago.

RIDE YUKON 2005

As always it is a good read, especially when family (sister Heather) have something included.

Please keep up the good work and I will keep looking for something to contribute. Looks like we will have to miss the Okanagan Yukoners this year as we will be in Whitehorse. There is a Motorcycle Run (Ride Yukon 2005) on the same weekend. Part of the event is the inaugural run of the newly refurbished White Pass engine No 69 from Carcross to Bennett. We will be riding the bike up to Whitehorse. Plan on taking 3 weeks so should be a good time.

Will keep in touch and look forward to the dates for the Vancouver Island event.

As ever, Ken Jones k29j32@shaw.ca

Check online and find details for the June 23 – 26, 2005 event,
<http://www.rideyukon.com/>

GEORGE & MARTHA BLACK AND CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Can anyone help with personal comments on either of these two subjects?

FLO WHYARD of Whitehorse is very interested in learning all she can about **GEORGE BLACK**, Yukon Council, Commissioner of the Yukon, legendary Yukon MP, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1930-1935, and Privy Councillor; and of course, beloved husband of **Martha Louise Black**.

Research is underway, but those personal anecdotes, both good and bad...will help enrich the proposed book....and she would appreciate anything you would be willing to share as soon as possible, as she isn't getting any younger! She is aware that George had his ups and downs and has unearthed some of the negative stuff....but really needs to fill in the gaps....anything is appreciated...if you can contribute but don't want to be mentioned, that is fine too. Please do one of the following, contribute your stories to one of the next few Moccasin Telegraphs or/and send anything you don't wish to share publicly to Kathy Jones- Gates at: kmgates@northwestel.net.

I have been assisting Flo in uncovering material on George Black and I know how to run a computer, which is why I am asking on Flo's behalf.

I am juggling my Carnegie Library work with lending a hand to Flo in this endeavour. Thanks to anyone who can help out.

ALSO: Anyone, who, at this late stage, would be interested in sharing any anecdotes about the Carnegie Library building in Dawson, I would love to hear from you. Those personal anecdotes are out there, but I only have one anecdote about the building to include in my research. Again, feel free to share in the Moccasin Telegraph. Credit will be given where due and, in advance, thanks for any help you can provide.

Kathy Jones-Gates kmgates@northwestel.net

IT SEEMS LIKELY MOST OF US CAN LEARN FROM THIS

Dear Sherron, Don't worry -- you're not sending stuff out unread into the ozone! What you're doing is very much appreciated, and while I'm sure there are some people out there who aren't aware of the work you're actually doing, those of us who do know are very, very appreciative.

On the other hand what about considering publishing twice a month or even once a month through the summer for example? I continually read how people ask to drop out because they don't have time to read their copies every week.

As far as the recurring problems with viruses (virii?), this is absolutely ridiculous that it's still going on! I have to say I am continually amazed by otherwise computer-savvy people who just don't seem to understand that they have to run their antivirus software several times a week, daily if they do a lot of work on the Net, it **MUST** run in the background, and they **MUST** get the updates, not only when prompted but also manually. People don't seem to understand that in order for the updates they just downloaded to take effect they **MUST** reboot. I know businesspeople who are still using ancient versions of Norton/whatever and refuse to accept, let alone understand, that something that's several years old can't possibly protect against new bugs.

If people don't understand how their antivirus software works, or how to get it to run automatically, ask for help!

Part of the problem, too, are people's old computers running Windows 95 or 98, sufficient for what they do (emailing, writing letters, etc.), but that probably have never been cleaned off and reformatted. I recently found out -- after using computers for almost 20 years I'm still learning things, too -- that **ALL** computers should have their hard drives wiped and programs reinstalled every year (after backing everything up first of course to a floppy!). If nothing else, this will get rid of any old and quarantined bugs lurking in the background or on floppies that repeatedly reinfect supposedly clean computers. The place I go to charges \$99 to wipe a hard drive, reinstall the operating system and reload my programs and files. Buying some more memory at the same time is also a good idea if you have a lot of the newer programs that suck up RAM while running.

Computers also need to be defragged periodically to close up gaps and consolidate files so that your computer will run more efficiently and faster.

I also don't begrudge you asking for \$20 from all of us to contribute towards your costs and time to put this newsletter together. As "they" say, the cheque is in the mail.

We discussed this before, but Jeanne Harbottle's story needs to be published. It's absolutely fascinating, not to mention well-written. What about approaching the publishers of other, similar books, who specialise in that type of story?

Thank you again, Sherron, for all the work you do, and Happy Valentine's Day!!

Barbara MacDougall barbaramacdougall@rogers.com (In Paris, Ontario)

I asked Barbara if she had any idea on how to prevent my experience of coming home from holidays and attempting to update the antivirus program and receiving the Trojans. (I was 27 days out of date after being away. I normally check for updates everyday.) I do run A.V.G. by Grisoft, but I didn't know I should re-boot after receiving the updates. Nor did I know that reformatting was recommended every year. (As I understand it, reformatting wipes out everything and without a boot disc your computer will not work again and also requires that every program be reinstalled; as well as all data.)— Sherron

Absolutely, go ahead and put the message in.

As for your computer, what antivirus program are you running? I use Norton 2005 by Symantec. McAfee and others are probably just as good, but I use Norton because Symantec seems to be the biggest company devoted to working round the clock busting viruses, Trojan horses, worms, etc., and posting fixes ASAP.

All I think you'll need to do when you get home is get online -- but before you open your email or open a web page -- then manually open the Norton/antivirus window and click on Live Update (or your equivalent). Download the updates and reboot. Then run Norton/your antivirus program. When that's finished, you should be ready to go. You don't need to have someone do anything in the meantime -- unless you're leaving your computer on the whole time you're away. Now, if you are leaving your computer on the whole time and you have digital cable Internet service, then I might recommend that you set it up to run Norton every day automatically. When you get home, before you open your email, launch Internet Explorer, etc., do what I suggested above.

Just remember that for Norton and Live Update to work you have to be connected to the Internet.

You say you have a new computer. What are you running on it? There are many programs that in and of themselves run just fine, but there are often conflicts with other programs. XP is notorious for that, especially with Adobe Acrobat for some bizarre reason, but it's not as bad as ME, which one of my clients uses. I've learned to ignore the crashes now that I know what causes them. However, I do have all my word processing programs on a one-minute auto-save! And I back up, though not as frequently as I should. You also need to be aware of any Service Packs and other updates that are offered for your operating system.

Further musings:

Get your floppies and CDs scanned especially if people are swapping games and whatnot and going back and forth between public internet sites (libraries, schools, local cybercafes, workplace, friends' computers) and your home computer.

If a person can't figure out how to install an antivirus program, if they don't know how to run Live Update, if they don't know if their computer truly is clean (and don't forget to check all your floppies) take your hard drive into a computer shop (where they do repairs -- NOT Staples or Future Shop!!) and they'll run a fix/check it for you. AND WRITE DOWN what they tell you to do to prevent this in the future!! It might cost you \$20 to \$50 plus the inconvenience of dragging your hard drive around town, but so what? Surely that's still cheaper than losing everything on your computer AND infecting all your internet pals.

I suppose this shouldn't be said out loud, but that never stopped me -- and this really does need to be said. Quite frankly, I think this problem the MocTel subscribers are having is that people are embarrassed that they've "caught" a disease and that they've ended up infecting other people -- but they secretly hope that if they ignore the bug long enough it'll magically go away.

The problem gets compounded because they then carry on doing what they're doing because they think that if their computer still works then it can't be a very bad virus/worm/horse, right?

Then there are those who are just too cheap to pay someone to fix their problem once and for all, because they've convinced themselves -- again -- power of magic thinking -- if they ignore it long enough it'll just go away. Won't happen, guys!!!

I mean, this has been a topic of conversation for over a year now that I've been getting the MocTel. It hasn't gone away. So there's someone out there in MocTelLand with their head in the sand: Yo! We're talking to you! Take your computer in, get it wiped, reinstall your programs, get it updated while you're at it, clean your disks (or stop sharing them or go buy some new ones -- even disks eventually become corrupted, so that box you bought ten years ago has probably had the biscuit) and learn how to prevent this from happening again!

Good luck fixing things. A good computer tech is worth his or her weight in gold. The first time someone saves your computer and all your data you'll be convinced of that. Don't know anyone? Ask around. Get a recommendation from local businesspeople. They can't afford to be down even half a day, let alone lose their data. I drive 200+ km round trip to my guys in Toronto so if there's anyone in the GTA who wants a recommendation...

Bye for now,
Barbara McDougall barbaramacdougall@rogers.com

I do not believe that my problem came from anyone receiving the MocTel. I do believe it caught me at a vulnerable time when my anti virus was out of date, because I had been away, and hit as I was trying to update the protection.

Judging from the lack of information on the anti virus company websites when they hit me, I suspect they were new and unidentified and may not have been preventable. I have just looked now and see lots of mention of both now. They were NewDotNet and SpOrder. Both have fixes available now.

*Since I wrote the message above I have received three returned mail notices which are not from folks I have in my address book which means that someone who has my address in their book has become infected. I only mention this because the latest critter is a back door visitor and takes control of your computer information. If you are at all in doubt about whether or not you may be infected you would be wise to run the **free** "house call" from Trend and it will tell you if you have a problem and it will fix what it is able to. It is available at <http://housecall.trendmicro.com/> Go to where it says 'Scan your PC' then to "Scan now it's free" and click on that line. Choose "Canada" in the drop down box on the next page, and click on 'go'. Your security system may be prohibiting the program to proceed and you may have to click on a grey bar just below your upper task bar. Then it is just a matter of clicking on "My Computer" in the box on the same page and then clicking on 'SCAN". I just did mine and it is clean. – Sherron*

MOCTEL APPRECIATED

I want to share this with all the contributors – Thanks - Sherron

Just returned home and read the 100 edition of MocTel. One hundred editions of anything is no small feat and I congratulate you most sincerely for taking on such a demanding project and maintaining it faithfully for the enjoyment of so many readers. As a former newspaper editor, I know only too well the demands on producing any type of publication. Deadlines can be stressful and it's a tremendous amount of work and, at times, thankless and frustrating. I look forward to reading the Moccasin Telegraph. Although I was only associated with the Yukon for 10 years and lived there for seven of those, it was a most rewarding experience that will never be forgotten. MocTel reminds me what a privilege it was for me and my family to have enjoyed the Yukon spirit and the wonderful people that we met there. Thank you for all of that. Your \$20 is on the way.

Give my best regards to Bill and I WILL come this summer to play golf, drink a beer and 'remember when and who' with you both.

Best regards, Karl (& Helga) Crosby crosby*shaw.ca

OBIT

CLINAZ, Luciano Alessandro 'Lou' passed away peacefully Feb 14, 2005, in Vernon, BC, at the age of 66 years with his family by his side. Lou was born Nov 23, 1938 in Udine, Italy and emigrated to Whitehorse in 1957. There he met and married his wife Kathy of 44 years. Lou will be lovingly remembered by his wife Kathy, daughters Kelly

(John), Karen, sons Paul (Sherry), David, Clint. Grandchildren David, Amanda, Jesse and his best friend Aldie and numerous family and friends.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi! My new e-mail is now: joyceyardley@dataspan.ca and the website below is still under construction. Check it out and any feedback is welcome.

www.dataspan.ca

Be sure to visit Joyce's website above and peek around at her various topics including mining photos that can be enlarged by clicking on them. Among other things she has links to Yukon material. – Well done Joyce. – Sherron

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Sherron: Please take my name off your list.
Many thanks for your efforts--enjoyed the Moctel.
Don Willis

WILLIS, Donald evdon57@hotmail.com (In Clinton Creek, 197? -) White Rock

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Dreams come true for those who work while they dream.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Spaghetti with Lean Spicy Meat Sauce and Garlic Bread

Recipe from Life's On Fire Cooking for the Rushed, Sandi Richard
Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

6L	Water
450g	Ground Beef (90% lean)
1	Onion
½	Green pepper or 1 small
10	Mushrooms
2 Jars (700 mL ea)	Catelli Garden Select pasta sauce <i>Spicy Onion & Garlic</i>
350g	Spaghetti pasta
1	Baguette or French Loaf
2 tbs	Butter or Margarine
½ tsp	Garlic Powder
½ tsp	Parsley Flakes
1 tsp each	Olive Oil and Basil (optional)

Preheat oven to 350°F. Fill a large stove-top pot with water. Cover and bring to a boil. Brown meat at medium high in a large non-stick pot until meat is no longer red. Finely chop onion and green pepper. Add to meat as you chop and stir. Wash and slice mushrooms adding to pan as you slice. Add sauce to cooked meat and stir. Reduce heat and simmer for 15 minutes. Place pasta in boiling water and stir. Cook uncovered for 10 minutes. Slice bread lengthwise, lightly butter and sprinkle with garlic powder and parsley. Turn oven off and toss bread in, butter side up. You may reserve half the sauce, before you serve for the night you have lasagna. The sauce freezes beautifully.

Rinse pasta in a colander with hot water, return it to the pasta pot, and toss with a little olive oil and basil.

Serves 4-6

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet – March 19, 2005 – **Hyatt Regency** Vancouver.

Book by Feb 28, 2005 – Vancouver call Mary MacDonald 604-299-7533 or in Whitehorse call Gudrun Sparling at 668-3958. ([See full details in MocTel 100](#))

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer has just brought to my attention that the details given in MocTel 100 show Mary MacDonald's address as Vancouver but should read Burnaby. Lowell Blieler tells me they have inadvertently used the wrong address for two years. – Sherron

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