

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 121st Edition – July 24, 2005**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



**Daisies – July 25, 2005**

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (In Ardrossan AB)

### **MIDNIGHT**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

Midnight was the ugliest dog  
I swear I ever saw.  
A present from the kids  
When they left home.  
His mother was a spaniel,  
But he never knew his pa,  
Who was a scruffy mutt  
That loved to roam.

He hated cats and strangers,  
And yet, and this is weird,  
Folks loved him for his  
Natural homeliness.  
Black, with rusty coloured eyebrows,  
And a Colonel Saunders beard.  
And a heart shaped white spot  
Centered on his chest.

His love for Blanche, his mistress  
Was an unencumbered love.  
Adoration in his eyes  
For all to see.  
He would welcome me with dinner,  
Or his snack, but otherwise,  
I knew he rarely spared  
A thought for me.

I think I know the reason for  
His feeling of disdain,  
And I am sure he's never  
Likely to forget.  
You see, to stop his roving,  
So at home he would remain,  
When he was young I  
Took him to the vet.

For fifteen years he ruled our home,  
And served his mistress well,  
And showered her with  
Love and tenderness,  
But at times when dogs were roaming  
Just one look and I could tell,  
That I had caused him  
Much anguish and stress.

Years went by and midnight aged,  
As all God's creatures do,  
His step grew slow and  
Aches and pains appeared  
Playing was no longer fun  
And suddenly we knew,  
This was the time, the  
Time we'd always feared.

This was the end for our old friend,  
And after much reflection,  
Back to the vet midnight  
And I were driven.  
I scratched his ears and petted him,  
As he waited that injection  
In his final wistful look  
I was forgiven.



**GC-ARM - Fairchild FC2W2**

Photo courtesy Norm Hartnell [ladue1\\*shaw.ca](mailto:ladue1*shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack)

When we were working with Wernecke's airplane GC - ARM we found it to be a Fairchild FC2W2. It was sold to Simmons in Carcross and Everett Wasson went with it. As time went on we found where it was traded as part payment to Grant McConachie in Edmonton as part payment for a Ford Trimotor. That was the last we heard, but I ran across it again in the history book of the book, Bush Pilot with a Briefcase the story of McConachie. The FC2W2 came to a fiery end in Juneau while taking off, and the story of Charlie Tweed, the pilot is as follows.

Some years later Charlie Tweed found out in the very worst way about sun-glare blindness. He was at the controls of the Fairchild FC2W2 float plane McConachie had acquired in trade for his original Ford tri-motor. He had just taken on a full cabin load of gasoline in small ten-gallon drums, and with his mechanic, Cece Pickell, aboard he was to fly from the harbor of Juneau, Alaska, to a mining camp just over the Yukon border. It was late afternoon, and the sun was blazing from a clear horizon as Tweed idled the engine, allowing the float-plane to weathercock into the wind.

As the Fairchild gathered speed and rose on to the step of the floats in its take-off run, the pilot was blinded by the glare of the sun across the water. But he was able to judge the take-off easily by looking through the side window. Then the crash! The fuselage of the Fairchild crumpled like a squashed toy. Raw gasoline sprayed from the ruptured wing tanks,

Floundering in the cold water, Cece Pickell took in the situation with one horrified glance. The Fairchild had rocketed head-on into one of the huge log pylons planted in the harbor for ship anchorage. Already flames had started to lap at the spewed gasoline

saturating the wreckage. Realizing that Tweed must be trapped in the cockpit, Pickell swam desperately to the nearest pontoon. He struggled onto the float, set his foot on the rung of the cockpit ladder and tugged violently at the cabin door. It was Jammed!

At that moment the gas drums inside the plane's cabin exploded. The percussion threw Pickell thirty feet through the air and back into the water. Dazed and hardly conscious, he was rescued by one of the tugs speeding to the scene.

Pickell's legs and lower body were seared with the flames and pocked with shrapnel of the explosion, but he recovered after three weeks in hospital. Tweed had died either in the crash or the explosion.

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)



**Eagles Nest**

Photographer unknown – sent in by Norm Paulson [backrdhaven@shaw.ca](mailto:backrdhaven@shaw.ca) (In Courtenay)



Madam Editor

Just enjoy what you are doing. Everyone else does. You are a big hit at the nursing home, and my group keeps getting larger.

Mom is not doing too well but held her up in bed so she could see the picture of dad in the Caddy group and the one of her and Martha Cameron. She said it was fine for me to go thru her album and will when I get back and will try to figure out the printer/scanner whatever. Hi to hubby and love to you Donna (Cowling, Needham) Mclean  
[dj\\_mclean@shaw.ca](mailto:dj_mclean@shaw.ca) (In Kelowna)

### Where Is It Now ? ? ? ?

Documents submitted by Donna (Needham) McLean [dj\\_mclean@shaw.ca](mailto:dj_mclean@shaw.ca) (In Kelowna)



## Skookum Jim's Nugget Watch Chain

### A Coup for MacBride

One of the Yukon's most famous gold rush artifacts, Skookum Jim's gold nugget watch chain, was given to the MacBride Museum Tuesday.

The present owner Jack Needham said the chain, which has a diamond in it, was part of Skookum Jim's estate which was sold by the territorial government around 1915. The money went to a fund administered by the Anglican Church.

It was bought by Gordon Lee who displayed it in his store window for many years. When Mr. and Mrs. Needham bought into the Keybird Store part of the agreement was that the watch chain would go to a museum if the store was sold.

"In the summertime every second or third day someone would try to buy the watch chain. But it was never for sale," said Mr. Needham.

"The highest bid came from a multi-millionaire Texan. I was in the back of the store when one of the ladies came back and told me there was a very insistent man wanting to see the boss about buying the chain.

"He offered one thousand then two, three, four and finally said he would pay five thousand dollars for the chain. I told him it was not for sale and was never going out of the Yukon.

"Then he said: 'Well that's a hell of a lot of money to me.' I replied 'Sir, that may be a hell of a lot of

money to you but to me it's bugger all'," said Mr. Needham.

He said the cigar fell out of the Texan's mouth and he quickly left the store. The chain actually went out of the Yukon once.

"It was shown to the Queen during the fifties. I figured if I didn't let it go everyone would think I was against the monarchy," said Mr. Needham.

The watch chain consists of about three or four ounces of gold even at today's gold price its monetary value is not really all that great. But its uniqueness and the fact that it was owned by a very respected man make it important said Mr. Needham.

He said the chain was almost stolen once when the window it was displayed in was broken and everything else around it was taken. Since Mr. Needham sold the store three years ago it has been in storage with the local RCMP.

He has been corresponding with Mrs. Lee following Mr. Lee's death a short while ago and it was up to Mr. Needham to give it to the museum at his convenience.

Laurent Cyr, president of the Yukon Historical Society, said on accepting the chain he was glad to see it remain in the Yukon: "So many of our historical artifacts have left."

He is not sure where it will be displayed in the museum but it will be under cover.

## LINKS TO WHITE PASS RAIL HISTORY

<http://www.whitepassrailroad.com/history/index.html>

<http://www.whitepassrailroad.com/history/civil.html>

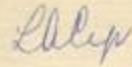
<http://www.whitepassrailroad.com/history/gold.html>

# YUKON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BOX 4037, WHITEHORSE, Y.T.

October 9th, 1973

Received from J. W. Needham a case containing the Skookum Jim Gold  
Nugget Chain.



L. A. Cyr,  
President Yukon  
Historical Society

THE MACBRIDE MUSEUM, 1st AVENUE BETWEEN STEELE AND WOOD STREETS

## “THE BOOK”

Just realized that some of you might like to order a book, of Gus' Poetry, for pick-up at the Island Picnic. If so drop Gus Barrett a line now so that he can be sure to have some on hand; and ask him to bring one for you to the picnic. His e-address is [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

## LOIS'S TRAIN TRIP TO SKAGWAY – 1981



**Camp Skagway – 1899** (taken in 1981)

Note AB on the face, **Arctic Brotherhood Hall.**

Photo courtesy Lois Trembley [granny9t@shaw.ca](mailto:granny9t@shaw.ca) (In Cedar BC)

I got lucky!!!! I wrote to the Alaska Tourism Bureau (to inquire about the history of the Arctic Brotherhood Hall) and this is what they sent me.

Cherio, Lois

### **ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD HALL 1899**

This building is the first hall built for the fraternal order of the Arctic Brotherhood, formed in February 1899 during the Klondike Gold Rush. It was erected between June and August 1899, and in 1900 the brothers of the fraternal orders added the façade of driftwood and sticks shaped into a mosaic of letters, gold pan and square patterns – a unique example of Victorian rustic architecture. The Brotherhood's membership declined as Skagway's economy waned after the boom of the Gold Rush. In July 1923 when President Warren G. Harding visited Skagway and stayed at the Pullen House, Harding became the last initiated member of Camp Skagway, Number 1, Arctic Brotherhood.

The A.B. Hall, as it is known today, is owned by the City of Skagway and has recently been rehabilitated. The citizens of Skagway wanted this architecturally and historically significant building preserved for future generations. It retains its unique original exterior appearance and interior changes allow new uses of the structure. AB Hall furnishings and memorabilia can be viewed at the Skagway Trail of '98 Museum located in the Historic District at 7<sup>th</sup> and Spring Street.



Lois posing in Skagway – 1981



Lois's mother in front of the Red Onion Saloon - 1981



White Pass Train Trip photo courtesy Lois Trembley – 1981



**White Pass Train Trip photo courtesy Lois Trembley - 1981**

## **WHITE PASS RAIL PHOTOS**

Sherron, I just received the WP rail photos and they are absolutely gorgeous; I will be saving these! I have never taken the train trip but hope to do so soon.

Margaret Underwood (In California)

Fantastic!

Thanks

Jim Thoreson (In Red Deer)

Thanks so much Sherron that was absolutely awesome. I will try and get you some new stuff as I am feeling a lot better now, take care keep up the good work.

Mogey Mogenson (In Cranbrook BC)

Please pass on a huge Thank You to the people who put this together, and the ones that passed it on to you.

It is spectacular, and brings back a lot of memories, though fleeting....such a shame that all the 32 years that I lived in Yukon, I only rode the train once, in 1964, to go get Santa Claus, and it was so cold. I remember the little pot belly stove was almost red hot, and it was still 40 below in the car.

At that time it was about 50 cents a mile to ride it to Skagway, one way, and then as a young person in my teens and early twenties, it was a dollar a mile.

Guess one has to be a tourist/visitor to go back and visit all the places that we never saw or took advantage of while we were there.

So thanks again, to everyone who put this together.

Warmest regards

Sandy Campbell (In Langley BC)

Thanks Sherron...That is very nice. My Mom came to visit us one winter in the Yukon and I took her home to Wyoming Via the Whitepass railroad. At that time it went from Whitehorse to Skagway...( I think it was the last year it ran for awhile) Was a lot of fun and sure brought back a lot of memories. Mom was thrilled with the trip as she had never done anything like that before. Half scared her to death though when the train entered the tunnel and it always made a big bang! Sounded as if it hit the mountain side. We had a good laugh after.

Cherio, Lois Trembley (In Cedar BC)

Thanks...

Herb Gaensbauer (In Peterborough ON)

Absolutely beautiful, especially the snowy photos. However did the photographer take such wonderful shots?

"There's a land where the mountains are nameless

And the rivers all run God knows where;

There are lives that are erring and aimless,

And deaths that just hang by a hair;

There are hardships that nobody reckons;

There are valleys unpeopled and still;

There's a land ----oh, it beckons and beckons,

And I want to go back ---- and I will."

(Robert Service)

I'll never forget my one and only trip on the WP Train from Carcross to Bennett. Pete was with Customs in 1965 stationed at Carcross during that summer relieving the permanent Custom's officer. He rode the train daily to Bennett and back. Our two girls were with me (age, 10 & 8). They were fascinated of course, but a little frightened going through the tunnel and around the bends. A wonderful trip, only wish we had done it again.

Brownie Foth (In White Rock BC)

This is a wonderful slide show!! Many thanks for sharing it!

I do not have a loooong history with Yukon, (11 yrs and hoping for many more) but I was involved in the cooking of the Sourdough Pancake Breakfast that was served to the hikers coming off the Chilkoot at Bennet Lake all summer of 1998, the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary, and got to know Bennett and the trains that arrived/departed there, very well.

What a pleasure to see these trains 'captured' on this slide show.

Fran Curran (In Whitehorse)

Thank you to whoever put the WPR slide show together. It was a delight. I had a peek when I got home from Vernon, last night.

Unlike most of the known universe, I have no nostalgia for steam engines. They terrified me. This was no small matter to a kid who lived in downtown Whitehorse, very close to the rail line and to the station. When the diesel engines arrived, I slipped down to the tracks by myself to touch one, just to prove to myself that it was the sideways blasts of steam that I hated, not trains themselves.

Maribeth Mainer (In Burnaby)

That was a great little show on the WP&YR. Made me a little homesick but not too much when I saw all that snow.

Gus Barrett (In Qualicum)

Through a friend in the Yukon, I have just received the Power Point file of the White Pass Train photos set to music. Unfortunately, I do not have Power Point on my computer, nor do I know Henry Breden.

As I would like to see the pictures, but am unable to contact Henry, could you refer me to a Power Point viewer?

Thanks and best wishes from South Carolina, USA,

Fritz Ludwig (In South Carolina)

Hello Fritz, Here is the Microsoft site address where you can download a copy.

<http://www.microsoft.com/downloads/details.aspx?FamilyID=428d5727-43ab-4f24-90b7-a94784af71a4&displaylang=en>

Hope you enjoy seeing the White Pass Rail photos.

Did you ever live in Yukon Fritz. Just curious. – Sherron Jones

Never in Yukon. Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and South Carolina, USA.

Fritz

Hello Sherron- Just today, I opened the pictures of the railroad and it surely brought back memories. Konrad and I came up on May 10th 1953 and they still had steam locomotives and not all passenger cars. The long train consisted of freight wagons and the last 3 cars were for passengers. Diesel locomotives came about 2 years later. We also still went over the wooden trestle bridge, which if I remember correctly, was later on replaced. I still have the little booklet they gave us, when we boarded. The pictures and sound is spectacular, I wonder, who took it.

Anne M. Domes [octavia13\\*northwestel.net](mailto:octavia13*northwestel.net) (In Faro)

## **RAILROAD MEMORIES**

Another little story about the train.

After arriving in 1953 via White Pass train from Skagway and having found the first winter-bearable, we decided to build and stay for a while. Our house was on the corner of Hoge and 3rd Ave and we could see and hear the train come by, every day. The Locomotive driver, I think his name was Okkie or similar, gave a big honk every time he went by. After SOME time, we finally moved in the house and one day, Okkie came to visit and we met. George and Irmgard came over and we had a lovely evening and knew our locomotive driver now. The next morning I noticed a pair of glasses left behind. So I called our friends- no they were not theirs, so they must be Okkies. When he came from Skagway, I waited on the side of the tracks and waved the glasses. The train was brought to the station and a little while later, the locomotive came alone, stopped in front of our house and Okkie picked up the glasses and brought the locomotive back to the station. It was so easy.

Another incident, which I thought was soooo Yukon. Allan and Margaret got married and went for the honeymoon to Skagway. Just as the train was to leave, the couple noticed, they forgot the ID at home. No problem, as they lived in a cabin on the rail road, the train just stopped, they picked up the ID's and on they went. What lovely memories.

Anne Domes [octavia13\\*northwestel.net](mailto:octavia13*northwestel.net) (In Faro)

## **The Saga of Socrates**

By D.J. Needham Mclean

Dedicated to mothers and yentas everywhere.

Before I Begin, allow me to explain about my Mother. Mother is a charming, intelligent, poised woman, who never ruffles, is never upset, and who has managed to raise three healthy children who show signs of only the usual idiosyncrasies.

I was raised in a log house, on a dirt street, in a small town in the Yukon Territory. During my youth, between the findings of my uncle Henry, who was a game warden of sorts, and my soft hearted father, who was a shop keeper, our back yard, at almost any time could contain: a baby moose, three Siberian Husky dogs, a caged wolverine, a covey of ravens, a gang of rapidly reproducing wild rabbits, two baby Dahl sheep, and seven nomadic cats, of whom three were perpetually pregnant.

We all loved animals.

Thus begins Socrates.

At the tender age of eighteen years, I left my Northern home, to spend three years in the Canadian Armed Forces, all of which were spent in a case of chronic homesickness. Then, suddenly, I was a civilian again, and preparing to return to my precious Yukon. After much deliberation, I decided not to buy each member of my family an individual

gift; I was going to bring them a pet! Not just another stray, but a unique pet towards which Mom could point with pride, and say...."Yes, my daughter had that flown home with her. She bought it in Montreal, and it is a ALL THE WAY FROM THE OUTSIDE!"

This is an expression that deserves and receives a great deal of respect in the isolated North. Thus it was, on a brisk, colorful September day that I returned to the Yukon and Socrates came with me. Once home, the family gathered in the living room to await the unveiling of my gift.

Upon its revelation, Mother fainted dead away, and Pop bit down so hard on the neck of his wine jug, he broke his upper plate. One little brother let nature and shock get the better of him. The one who was most appreciative was Petey, my ten year old brother, who wants to be a vet like Dr Kathy.

"Wowie, Sis, where did you get him? Isn't he sharp? Will he bite, and what's his name?"

Socrates, my baby python, uncurled part of his sixteen foot length reared up, looked around, and gave us what passes for a wink in the python world.

For a while, there was a good deal of tension in the house. Poor little Socrates was banished to the wood-shed, and I as a matter of principle, moved in with him.

Time passed and with the coming of winter, my Mother relented and rather than incur the wrath of the S.P.C.A., and let me catch pneumonia, we were allowed to return to home and hearth. Peace was declared and it was only disturbed on a few occasions. One day, Mom took her old washing machine from the hall closet, and upon removing the lid, found Socrates contentedly curled around the agitator, squeezing it fondly.

The next revival of the "to the zoo with that snake" movement came on a spring like Sunday morning, when Pop was out in the back yard, sitting in the biffy, and suffering terribly from a night of fun and games at the local Legion.

Sensing he was not alone, he opened his bleary eyes, and lo, there was Socrates, hanging from the rafter in front of Dad. Swinging back and forth, casting a very analytical eye on dear old Dad. On this occasion, Mother actually came out in favor of the python, as not only did Dad go on the wagon for a while; he actually made an appearance at church. Of course some of the local Mothers were none too happy that spring, to see their offspring playing with Soccie in our yard.

Socrates was now in fine fettle and full grown, being an impressive thirty three feet long with a forty-two inch girth. He was becoming a problem to feed, and his departure was becoming inevitable. The final straw came the day he wrapped himself around Stampede Wally's wooden leg, and in the process of giving it a little squeeze, shattered it to match-sticks. Amid tears and protests from the children, I bundled Soccie into my 56 Volkswagen for the 500 mile trip to the Fairbanks Alaska State Zoo.

Surprisingly, I had no trouble at the Customs office, and the zookeepers were most pleased to receive Socrates.

He still languishes in his huge cage there, with his roommate, Selda.

They have the prestige of being the only pair of pythons north of the 49th parallel. On the door of his cage is a bronze plaque, that reads:

“SOCRATES - Donated to the Alaska State Zoo in 1957, by his owner, Miss Donna Cowling, who raised him with loving care.”



**Okotoks – Flood June 2005**

Photo courtesy Gordon Berberich [gord.and.em\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gord.and.em*shaw.ca)



**Okotoks – Flood June 2005**

Photo courtesy Gordon Berberich [gord.and.em\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gord.and.em*shaw.ca)

## **FAVORITE PLACES TO EAT**

Things have been busy here, but I didn't forget that you asked readers to send in great places to eat. Okotoks is finally drying out after 3 floods in 2 weeks. During the first flood, a call went out around 10 PM for volunteers to fill sand bags at the town shops. Within 20 minutes there were 500 people there filling sand bags. It was an awesome site to see and be a part of.

I am going to submit 2 places in Okotoks that you can sit and eat in.

1.) Pizzaberg Cafe located at #17 - 900 Village Lane, Southridge Mall. They have great pizza that is a little different than the usual and awesome Italian dishes.

2.) La P'tite Table located on North Railway Street across from the old Train Station. They have out of this world French food.

If you are looking for take out or delivery, Okotoks Pizza and Pasta, located at 116 Elizabeth Street. They have great pizza that is different and fantastic chicken wings and pasta.

I am behind in reading my MocTel's, but it is good to read about the gang that I went to FHC with and the U of A in Fairbanks. Some of those named lately, I played in the Midnight Sun Pipe Band with and in Fairbanks with the Bonnie Brae Highlanders. I was saddened to read that Roy Newton passed away as he was a good friend. His son Tony and I spent a lot of time together in Whitehorse.

Keep up the great work. Someday I will catch up on all the reading.  
Take care.

Gordon P. Berberich [gord.and.em\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gord.and.em*shaw.ca) (In Okotoks)

## **LIONEL BRASSEUR RECUPERATING**

Hyacinth 'Hy' (Brasseur) formerly Seeley phoned yesterday to ask about sending some photos and a poem, which she will send via snail mail. She mentioned that her brother Lionel, (who we had the pleasure of meeting at the Vancouver Yukoners Banquet this spring), had given the family quite a scare, so I sent of a note to Lionel and here is his reply. – Sherron

So very thoughtful, and typically "Sherron", to receive your message and good wishes for my quick return to better health. Indeed, I did experience a rather difficult time, mostly in the ICU for 2 1/2 weeks, very uncomfortable physically but especially despondent emotionally. Certainly my age can assume much of the responsibility but, as they say, if I had known I would live this long, I would have taken better care of myself. Surprised that sister Hy communicated the news to you. Even more surprised to learn that she has composed a poem and assembled some photos from our 2005 Banquet. I'll be anxiously watching for it in a future MocTel. Good for her, I say. Hy will be celebrating her Octo-

centennial on 31 Aug. Lucky girl to be travelling "home" with daughter Bev, to visit her son Rick and spend some time with our favourite people, Yukoners, and revisit some wonderful memories.

Not having had access to my computer these past few weeks, my MocTels were faithfully waiting for me and I am busily printing them off and preparing to relax and read. I do print every issue and never miss reading a single word even when many names and events have little meaning to me since so much water has trickled down our water ways since I left home in 1948. I remember Henry Breaden quite well of course and always enjoy his wealth of memories and experiences. I too worked the Steamers as a young fellow, starting on the Whitehorse in 1941 and destined to work the Tutshi for the summer. For the next 3 years, I worked the Whitehorse, Klondike, and the Keno starting out as a galley boy at the bottom end of the dumb waiter and working my way up to the main deck as pantry boy, waiter, and room steward. Kenny Hegstrom was my principal mate although his main ship was the Casca. The Bacons crewed other boats ... Mr. Bacon Sr. being renowned for his culinary skills, and Denis and Terry employed as I was. We exchanged greetings on many occasions as our ships passed each other, such wonderful memories.

It is obvious that I have a tendency to ramble once I get started so best I conclude by reverting to the purpose of this note. Thank you so much Sherron and Bill for your thoughts and good wishes and for the literary gems you consistently provide me. Best wishes and God bless. Lionel

Lionel Brasseur [lynbrass@sympatico.ca](mailto:lynbrass@sympatico.ca) (In Ottawa)



**Aurora - Antarctica - South Pole – July 2005**

I am including this photo because it is so rare that you would have the opportunity to see the Aurora at the South Pole.

I have a good friend in Christchurch New Zealand that I met doing genealogy research into my mothers maiden name EXTON. Claire Exton worked in an Extreme Outdoor Wear store in Christchurch and made friends with many of those in expeditions to the South Pole. Each year they send her unique photos and this is one I have never seen before. By the appearance of the American Flag in this photo it appears this site is that of "Operation Deepfreeze."

Harvey Burian has enlightened me that 'aurora' in the southern hemisphere is called "aurora australis" while those in the north as we know are called "aurora borealis". He also sent along this site address where you can find both.  
[http://eiger.physics.uiowa.edu/~vis/conjugate\\_aurora/](http://eiger.physics.uiowa.edu/~vis/conjugate_aurora/)

Looking at this photo and imagining being there reminds me of being at our cabin at Marsh Lake in the 1970's and setting up the ham radio and talking to someone on an expedition at the south pole. What a thrill that was.

Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## **ADDED BACK TO THE LIST**

Could you please change my Email address it is now [rrranch\\*northwestel.net](mailto:rrranch*northwestel.net)  
My name is Marie Twigge (Chouinard) Live in Tagish born in Whitehorse.  
My husbands name is Russ Rose has been in Tagish since 1963.  
Thanks Marie and Russ

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

I was given your email address by Gus Barrett and I am interested in receiving the emails that you send out for my father, Percy DeWolfe.  
Thank you.  
Donna DeWolfe [donnadewolfe\\*hotmail.com](mailto:donnadewolfe*hotmail.com) (In Nanaimo)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers, why not gather your own bouquet.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

This is absolutely delicious - a very old recipe of a German old fashioned crumb cake.  
Brownie Foth [lfoth\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth*shaw.ca) (In White Rock)

## **OLD FASHIONED CRUMB CAKE**

1 cup shortening

2 cups brown sugar  
3 cups pastry flour  
½ tsp. salt  
1 tsp. soda  
1 egg (beaten)  
1 cup sour milk  
½ cup chopped nuts

Method:

Heat oven to 375 degrees  
Grease 9 X 12 pan.  
Blend shortening and sugar  
Beat till fluffy  
Add salt and flour  
Cut in with pastry blender  
Reserve 1cup of mixture for topping. To rest of mixture, add soda, egg, sour milk Blend thoroughly. Pour in prepared pan. Combine 1 cup reserved crumb mixture with chopped nuts. Sprinkle over top and press down lightly Bake in moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

Delicious when served warm!

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

### **Vancouver Island Yukoners' Picnic - St. Mary's Aug. 13th 2005 - Nanoose**

The Yukoners' Picnic will be held at St. Mary's Hall in Nanoose, Sat. Aug. 13th, 2005. Bring your lunch with you along with utensils and any beverage. We hope that many will join us and as it will start at 11:00 AM, how about coming early so that we can chat with old friends and not miss anyone! If the weather does happen to be adverse, there is the hall to keep dry and chat, so please come one and all Yukoners' and enjoy getting together.

For those travelling from Nanaimo, at AULDS ROAD you will see the Woodgrove Centre sign on the mall on your right. From the Woodgrove intersection on the #19 highway it is 11.6 KM to the turnoff at Northwest Bay Road where there is a signal light and a Petrocan Service Station, turn right. From north, it is 11.5 KM from the overpass of the highway from Parksville-Coombs to Northwest Bay Road, turn left. Proceed east on Northwest Bay road for 1.2 KM. Just beyond the tracks to the right is Powder Road that you turn onto and proceed ½ KM crossing another set of train tracks and you will see St. Mary's church hall to your right. Turn right into Rowland Road for the parking lot. Please set this day aside to get together with old friends that will be there.

Cheers, Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca) Secretary, Island Yukoners.

The **73rd International Sourdough Reunion** will be held **September 26 - 30, 2005** at the Quality Inn 101-128 th St. Everett WA. For more information or registration forms contact Larry Chalmers @ P.O. Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0 or E-Mail at [aksala49\\*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) By Phone at 250-498-6887 or Fax 250-498-6458. For hotel reservations call Toll free 1-800-256-8137.

## **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**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

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