

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 141st Edition – December 18, 2005**

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

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



Last winter before river froze.

Appropriate winter photo since the skiers were asking which wax to use on grass. The temperature is above zero and grass is green on Dec 17<sup>th</sup>.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca) (In Whitehorse)

### **A VISIT FROM SANTA.**

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

Tw'as the night before Christmas in Qualicum Beach,  
And I'm sitting alone with my bottle of screech,  
Ma has already been tucked into bed,  
While thoughts of a great grandchild danced in her head,  
I'm glad to be rid of the noise she was making,  
With all the good things she's been cooking and baking.  
I am thinking of all the good times yet to come,  
Just dozing, daydreaming and sipping my rum.

After sipping a few (half a dozen or more),  
There arose a great clatter from out by the shore.  
Just a little bit tipsy, I rose from my chair,  
And walked out on my deck to see what was there.  
When, out on the water, and just out of reach,  
Was a strange apparition approaching the beach.  
There was no sleigh or carriage, on runners or wheels,  
But an old dory towed by eight young harbour seals.

Then a little old man stumbled out of the boat,  
Where there's just enough water to leave it afloat,  
He was dressed in so'wester, and oilskins and boots,  
His great whiskers covering one single tooth.  
He laughed and he chuckled and bade me good night,  
I invited him in for a sip and a bite.  
His eyes they lit up like two red Christmas lights,  
At the moment that bottle came into his sight.

Distaining a glass he just downed a great slug,  
One swallow consumed about half of my jug.  
He chuckled, "I'm early, but I wanted to reach,  
All you old fogeys at Qualicum Beach."  
"There's no children round here, so I'm giving you warning,  
I won't have the time to stop by in the morning."  
"No gifts for you two, but to relieve the tension,  
I've brought you your cheques from the Canada Pension."

Then he sat and he told me what a joy it has been,  
And of all the great kids, over time, he has seen,  
And how it has hurt him, and caused him to grieve,  
When they grow out of childhood and no longer believe.  
I sympathized with him and poured him some more,  
He drank it and stumbled on his way to the door.  
So I rose from my chair and got into my coat,  
Took him down to the beach, helped him into his boat.

He was smiling and happy, and I really was glad,  
For the wonderful visit and chat that we'd had,  
We shook hands and he wished me good fortune and cheer,  
And he promised he'd come back again in a year.  
Then he hitched up his team and he nodded to me,  
While he lifted the anchor and sailed out to sea.  
With a tear in my eye, I sat down on a log,  
And watched as he soon disappeared in the fog.

Some time later I woke in my own rocking chair,  
And I could not believe that old Santa'd been there,  
Yet I know it was real and I'll tell you just why.  
The food was all eaten and my bottle was dry.  
When Ma was awakened and rose from her bunk,  
She would not believe me; she said I was drunk,  
Then she looked out the window and there on the deck,  
Was an envelope stuffed with our two pension cheques.



# The Island Yukoners

wish each and every one of you

**A Very Merry Christmas**

and may yours be the best for a

**Happy New Year**

**From the gang: Blanche, Stan, Henry, and of course the Poet, Gus! And we thank all of those who assisted us too lengthy to list, in our successful Picnic of 2005 and the Northernairs Band. Who would have thought of many of the original players from the 1950s?**

**We hope that you will join us next August, and until then, “Cheers!”, and have a good one!**



**Henry Breaden, Secretary.**



[hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

## **Christmas in Mayo prior to 1936**

Our Christmas usually started about December 20th or thereabouts. We had been practicing for the Christmas Concert since Halloween, and that ended school until the day after New Years. The concert consisted of skits, plays, drills and a lot of singing the old favourite Christmas Carols by all of the school students. It was rather a nerve wracking night, for would you remember your part or flub it? We used to perform that on the stage of the old Pioneer Hall, and of course our parents would be seated in the hall to see all of us little darlings do our thing! I remember Mrs. Miller for one, guiding us in the preparation, and it usually went off pretty well with the occasional coaching from she or our teacher, (Mr. McIntyre or Teacher to us). As there was also a band stand, the piano would be playing where necessary and all of the carols. If my recollection is right, I seem to remember Betty Taylor, (McLennan) on the piano. There were many ladies and men skilled on the piano in those days.

After the concert, Santa Claus came in and every one of us received an orange, which was hard to come by, and a gift. The gifts were not 10 cent junk, but gifts of value, and when I reminisce it must have cost quite a bit for up to 40 students. It did not end there, for every child of Mayo below school age received a gift too. I believed in that fellow with the red underwear I think until I was about 8 years. When Santa came in, it was whispered that under that red suit was our teacher, but I was not thoroughly convinced. By the next year I received my gift with a grin on my face and trying to figure out who it was! I say 1936, but this tradition carried on through my school years in Mayo.

Up to 1936 there were dances nightly in the village below Mayo, and there was an overland trail of about 2 miles that started over the Mayo River behind Mayo, and over to the where the Stewart River passed the village. There were musicians that provided the music for the dance and at one point Elders performed a traditional War Dance complete in traditional costume. It was really something to see the traditional heritage dances performed by them. It is unfortunate that the traditional costumes were lost in the flood of 1936, and you can never replace a heritage.

About starting with our Christmas concert was another tradition of house parties every night. I don't know how our parents stood it, for the parties circulated between homes, and there were parties circulating all over town. Many the night I went to sleep to my dad on the button accordion, Alf Burian on the guitar, Bob Sheardown on the violin and Tony Besner singing. By the end of December Alf had replaced some strings, poor Bob was down to about three strands of horse hair on his bow and Tony had lost his voice to a whisper. This drinking and music must have been hard on all of them, but it was topped off with the New Year Dance in the Pioneer Hall. Something rather unusual but may have originated on the prairies was that couples with babies could leave them in the lady's cloak room and check on them during the evening. It seemed to work well and ladies would check on others while they were there. No such things as baby sitters and you had your child right with you. A group I well remember was Mrs. Sullivan on the piano,

Claude Tidd on the trombone, Ed Kimbel on the banjo and Albert Pelland on the drums. We as children were allowed to sit on the balcony where we could listen to the music and watch the dancers below. By the time that midnight rolled around and all of them sang Auld Lang Syne in a circle dance, there was only one thing left and that was midnight supper on the stage. When that was over we were near ready to call it a night and head home. There was only New Years Day to enjoy and back to school on the 2nd of January.

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



### **Mayo Junction Road House - 1926**

Jimmy McKinnon, Kit Waters and Stewart & Jones at the Mayo Junction.

Photo courtesy of the late Les Somerton (Ernest Somerton photo)

Hi Sherron,

Though the theme should be familiar to any dad, I've been thinking of it more as Cowboy Poetry than northern. I submitted it to <http://www.cowboypoetry.com/> recently, but perhaps without sending it to you earlier.

I was driving home from work late last Xmas Eve, remembering what it used to be like setting out my daughter's gifts when we were both a lot younger. A song came on the radio suggesting that God must have been a cowboy, and my irreverent muse woke up.

[Alf abilton@polarcom.com](mailto:abilton@polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse)

## *The Lord's Own Prayer?*

by Alf Bilton

*It's a verbal tradition fer patience attrition, bequeathed any unwary dad  
Follows His way past light o' day ... an' has the same trouble He had.*

"Well, durn it, an' darn it, an' dang!" He 'claimed, "They's gotta be other ways  
Fer ta, conjunctify, all the pieces here an', not end up with strays!  
I've left-over ears fer the foxes here, an' not enough tails fer rats.  
... Last o' the wings is leathery things ... I reckon they's gonna git bats."

So, "Durn it, an' darn it, an' dang!" we pray, even those that say it's myth,  
When the world don't seem to conjunctify, or we're peeved with those we're with.  
It's the chant an' rant of a giftin' dad that shoulda bin long retired,  
Tamin' a box that blithely talks o' some, "User Assembly Required."

Copyright © 2005 by Alf Bilton

## MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST

With Christmas just around the corner, it brings back memories, when we picked up Santa in McCrae. The White Pass Railroad provided about 20 cars - each one had space for about 30 or 40 children and 3 adults were supervising. What an excitement, when Santa came on the train and went thru all the coaches with goodies for the children. The belly stoves in each coach had fire in and we took turns, to warm the front at least. One year I remember, we were for about an hour in the Whitehorse station, as there seemed something wrong with the brakes. We all were sooo cold and left the train- Wonder, what happened that year to Santa?

Another memory- Santa landed in a helicopter on Main Street.

Merry Christmas to Every one and lots of MOC-TELS in the New Year.

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

**Here is a cute one.**

**Sign of the Times - Santa & Little Boy**

**Santa:** Well little boy - have you been good and what do you want for Christmas?

**Little Boy:** Didn't you get my email!!!

Hope you and Bill are having a great time, sitting in the sun and hopefully relaxing.

We had a skiff of snow here on Thursday and hopefully that is it for the winter :)

Have a very Happy Christmas and have an eggnog for all of us.

Luv, Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca) (In Victoria)

## **MOCTEL 140 PHOTOS**

I'm thinking the blue building is the old Stewart Crossing Lodge, and the white one is the Keno City Hotel....

Walter Gutowski [gutowski\\*klondiker.com](mailto:gutowski*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

*I think the following document is equivalent to a Christmas gift to many of you whose ancestors are mentioned here; thank you Maribeth for sharing your find in time for Christmas. – Sherron*

“The attached was discovered while my sister and I were searching family records for information on our greatgrandfather. Because it was on onion skin paper, it did not scan well so I had to copy the whole thing.” - Maribeth

## **SPEECH BY JOHN HOGGAN TO YUKON ORDER OF PIONEERS – (early 1960's)** Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml\\*shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml*shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

Speech by John William Hoggan to the Yukon Order of Pioneers, undated, copied from the original signed script. This speech would have been given after his return to Bear Creek and the Company (YCGC) in the early 60's, while he was the last Superintendent before the company ceased operations. The speech may seem to start and end abruptly because he would not have needed notes for the introduction and conclusion.

My grandfather was a self-educated man whose philosophy of punctuation and spelling did not always accord with accepted standards. I had to wrestle with Microsoft Word's propensity to correct both, in the interest of retaining the original text.

Maribeth Mainer

There are some impressive items in the early records of the Y.O.O.P. which it seems advisable to review once in a while. Of the first Lodge which was organized at Forty Mile in 1894 there were 80 charter members although membership at that time necessitated having been within the Yukon Watershed prior to December 31, 1888. The following year, 1895, a second Lodge was formed at Circle City with a charter membership of 52. That same year two additional Lodges were formed, one at Burch Creek and the other at Rampart. And on August 17<sup>th</sup>, 1896 when **George Carmac** (sic) staked Discovery on Bonanza the four Alaskan Lodges had a combined membership of

309. Some of the leading citizens of Dawson and of our mining camps in the early days had formerly been members of one or the other of the Alaskan Lodges. Among them were such well known men as **Charley Anderson, Clarence Barry, George Brimston, George Carmac, Will Geuvain, Max Lenderville, Dick Low, Stewart Menzies, Shiff Mitchell, Tom O'Brien, Ray Stewart**, and many others whose names I cannot recall at the moment. Each of these played a prominent part in the development of the Dawson area and of that famous group the only one remaining with us today is, I believe, **Will Geuvain**.

It follows naturally that our Order recognizes no boundary line between the Yukon Territory and Alaska and that qualification for membership merely calls for residence within the Yukon Watershed for a specified period prior to application or, of course, being the lineal male descendant (sic) of a pioneer.

The indomitable courage, the initiative and enterprise of those early pioneers who asked nothing from anyone, who blazed their own trails, packed their goods and chattels over them and pushed the frontier of civilization hundreds of miles back in the Arctic wilderness have been written indelibly into the tradition of our Order and the priceless heritage which they handed down to us will be recalled with pleasure.

And now to continue in a lighter vein here are some home grown stories: One summer when **Pierre Berton**, who is now Managing Editor of MacLean's Magazine, was a student at high school he worked for the company. At that time we had an Engineer, **Jack Simpson**, who was fond of playing practical jokes. One morning on his way to the office he saw standing on the warehouse platform a big brawny gullible boy. **Simpson** was immediately interested and asked who he was and where he was going. It was **Pierre** on his way to work on the thawing plant of Dominion. **Simpson** told him he should be weighed, tagged and have a bill of lading. He weighed him, got a tag from the warehouseman and filled out the data: **Pierre Berton, Laborer, Age 16, Weight 175# Assigned to Dominion Thawing**. He pinned the tag to the lapel of Pierre's coat, made out a bill of lading and told him to stand in a prominent place on the warehouse platform and when **McCormick's** truck came along to hand the bill of lading to the driver and he would be taken to his destination. Fortunately a good Samaritan came along, took pity of the poor boy tagged like a bale of merchandise, told him that it was merely one of Simpson's bad jokes, to discard the tag and sit in a comfortable chair in the warehouse until transportation was available. Both Mr. Simpson and Pierre Berton have travelled far since that episode but the story is still told at Bear Creek when old timers are reminiscing.

Mr. Simpson played many practical jokes while he was with the company and did'nt (sic) even spare his wife. She, however, was his equal in that respect and on one occasion scored notably. Simpson and another employee of the engineering department had to make a journey into the wilds where it was impossible to take mechanical transport. They each packed a sleeping robe and sufficient provisions for the expedition. Simpson was fond of a nip of whisky and when preparing his pack included a bottle of that delectable liquid. He did'nt (sic) wish to be bothered with a corkscrew on his

journey so he pulled the cork and replaced it so that he could manipulate it with his fingers and put the bottle in the bed roll. He was absent from the house for a time and Mrs. Simpson got the bottle, emptied the contents into another container and replaced them with vinegar, which was almost exactly the same color and carefully put the bottle back in the position in which she had found it.

The first day out was a blisteringly hot one. Neither of the men were used to strenuous work and when evening came both of them were good and tired. Simpson decided to have a nip before getting supper or preparing the camp for the night. He pulled the cork, threw back his head, took a mighty swig and almost choked. For several minutes, he spat vinegar in all directions. What he said when he recovered his breath was plenty. He realized, however, that it was a case of the biter having been bitten and he never mentioned the episode. His companion, however, told the story and it has often been retold.

During the war a Dawson man went to work in Whitehorse. It was impossible to get accomodation (sic) for his wife and she remained in Dawson. Both were fond of blueberries and during the berry season the wife picked sufficient to fill a ten pound cracker tin. As many of you know the tin in such a container is wafer thin and weighs very little and for this reason she chose it. She wrapped it carefully and as a plane was leaving for Whitehorse the following day she took it to the post office in the morning, paid first class postage on it and told the Postmaster that she wished them to be delivered that day while the bloom was still on them. The Postmaster assured her that they would be. He placed the tin in the centre of a sack containing letters, told the one taking the mail to the airport of the berries and warned him to be careful of them. Unfortunately the warning was'nt (sic) passed along to Whitehorse. In the same mail there was a sack containing 500# of gold bricks. When the plane reached Whitehorse and a truck was parked to receive the mail the sacks containing the letters were thrown in first and followed by the one containing the gold which landed squarely on the tin of berries. The result was spectacular. Every envelope in the sack was saturated with a swiftly flowing stream of rich ripe blueberry juice and the one to which they were consigned received a well flattened tin.

For many years, as many of you know, **Percy DeWolfe** carried the mail from Dawson to Forty Mile. During the summer he used a launch and in the winter when the ice was safe a dog team. During the break-up in the Spring and the freeze-up in the Fall he packed it on his back and travelled along the shore ice. On one such occasion the going was heavy. He had broken through the ice and been in cold water up to his knees and worse several times. Somewhere about the half-way house he met **Bishop Stringer** walking from Forty Mile to Dawson. Hello Percy said the Bishop how is the trail. Percy said it was the damndest he had every known and for several minutes he swore fluently about it. Then he asked how it was ahead. It's just the same Percy said the Bishop and I endorse every word you have said.

**Jack MacDonald** called at our office a short time ago and his visit reminded me of a story about his wife, who was a Dawson girl. The day following her graduation

from high school she started as an operator in the telephone exchange. Some time during the day I asked to be connected to our Granville office. She said “that line is on the blink today”. I said “on the what”. Oh she responded immediately “that line is’nt (sic) functioning today”.

**Jeff Bidlake** also called on his way to Dawson. Many years ago he was clerk in the office of the Utility Companies. His duties were to wait on the customers, make collections and listen to complaints, which at that time were many and varied. In those days Dawson had a half a dozen saloons running wide open and in consequence the Utility Companies, which dealt with practically every adult in the town, had many bad debts. It was the custom at the close of each year to transfer those we considered uncollectible from the current ledger to the bad debts ledger. The Income Tax Department allowed debts so handled to be classified as operating expense. In our office this bad debts ledger was commonly called the dead beats ledger. While Jeff was with us a citizen of Dawson went to Mayo which was booming at the time, taking his family with him. As he is known to many of us and I dont (sic) wish to identify him we shall call him Mr. Jones. He owed the Utility Companies about \$300.00 which he claimed he was unable to pay. Each month we mailed a bill with a strong note attached, but received no response whatever. At the close of the year, we transfered (sic) his account to the dead beats ledger. The matter was discussed in the office and Jeff was aware of the transaction. Shortly afterwards the man’s daughter, a bright young attractive girl, came to pay her father’s account in full. Jeff went to the counter and when he learned her errand said “Where do we keep the dead beats ledger which you transferred Mr. Jone’s (sic) account the other day. Naturally the girl was bitterly mortified on hearing her father, who was really an honorable man, labelled a dead beat and Jeff also felt badly when he realized the import of his question.

When **Mr. Ed. Holbrook** was operating the dredge on Sixty Mile the crew, who lived in Dawson during the winter, usually spent the nights visiting the different bars in the town and slept during the day. One winter I was boarding at the Arcade Café and quite often they would be having supper when I was having breakfast. On one occasion one of the group, who shared with Mr. Holbrook the winching of the boat, each working a twelve hour shift, broke the silence with “Everyone thinks that me and Ed. are the two best winchmen in the country”. There was no comment and in order to clinch the matter he added “And me and Ed. admit it”.

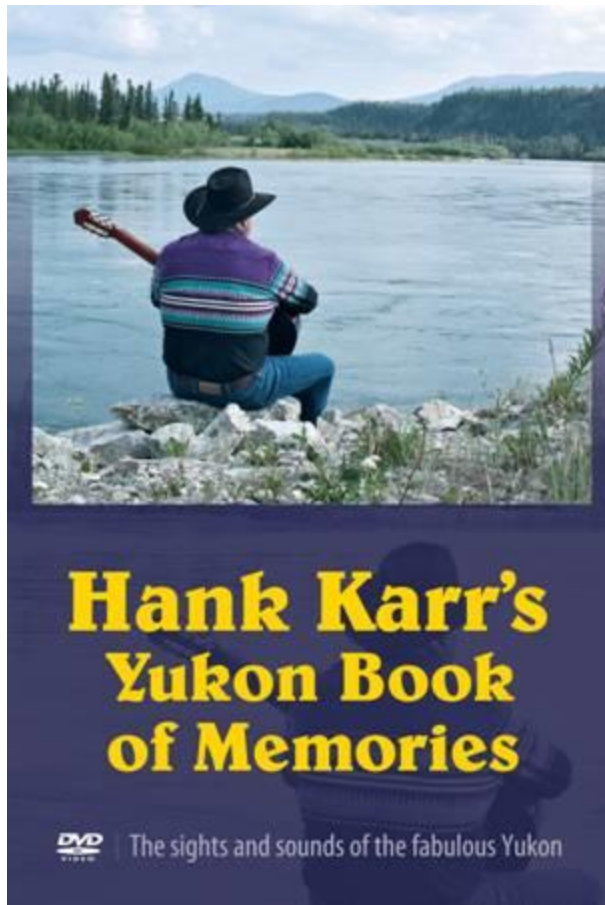
(signed) John W Hoggan

## **CHRISTMAS WISHES**

A very Merry Christmas and best wishes for a healthy happy 2006.—Melody Hughes

## **YUKONS GOLDEN GIRLS**

Take a look at Yukons’ Golden Girls at [www.yukonsgoldengirls.piczo.com](http://www.yukonsgoldengirls.piczo.com)



## **HANK KARR DVD**

Hank Karr and I (Karmac Music) have just released a DVD of his Yukon songs. The following is a description and attached is the cover.

"You've heard him sing those priceless Yukon songs on CD.

Now Hank Karr takes the music to a new level with 11 timeless Yukon classics on DVD.

The magnificent Yukon forms a stunning backdrop as Hank sings your favourites on camera including Paddlewheeler, After Yukon, My Book of Yukon Memories and other great Yukon story songs.

See riverboats ply the river, dredges digging for gold and visit the Yukon best loved locations in this one of a kind musical presentation.

Hank Karr's Yukon Book of Memories. A Christmas gift for all seasons."

If any of your readers want to get a copy, please contact Hank directly at:

Hank Karr

33 Pelly Road  
Whitehorse, Yukon  
Y1A 4L9

or email at: [hkarr\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hkarr*northwestel.net)

They are \$20.00 plus GST and shipping. Total \$25.00

Merry Christmas

Les McLaughlin [leslorn\\*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn*rogers.com) (In Ottawa)

*Les did you use moving film or still images to create the DVD? – Sherron*

Both, mostly video including segments of Hank singing all the songs on camera. Lots of scenery. Paddlewheel video, dredges.

Hank singing on location in Dawson, Robert Service cabin, Whitehorse, on the Schwatka, Emerald Lake, etc. All the great Yukon scenic spots.

It is a real video. Stills used on the historical songs like '98 Trail and Yukon Gold.

Les.

## **FUNNY RECIPE**

Greetings Sherron & Bill hope you are enjoying your stay in Arizona! It is a little frosty in Vic., but clear & sunny around 7 degrees and drops to -2 at night. Received this cookie recipe from a friend and just had to forward it on to you for a laugh! Enjoy your holiday and Art & I would like to wish you both a Merry Christmas.

Tina & Art Parsons [artinap\\*shaw.ca](mailto:artinap*shaw.ca) (In Victoria)

### **Christmas Cookie Recipe**

1 cup of water  
1 tsp baking soda  
1 cup of sugar  
1 tsp salt  
1 cup of brown sugar  
lemon juice  
4 large eggs  
1 cup nuts  
2 cups of dried fruit  
1 bottle Crown Royal Reserve (or Bailey's)

1. Sample the Crown to check quality.
2. Take a large bowl, check the Crown again, to be sure it is of the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink.
3. Turn on the electric mixer...Beat one cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl.
4. Add one teaspoon of sugar...Beat again.
5. At this point it's best to make sure the Crown is still OK, try another cup just in case.
6. Turn off the mixer thingy.
7. Break 2 leggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.
8. Pick the frigging fruit off floor...
9. Mix on the turner.
10. If the fried druit gets stuck in the beaterers just pry it loose with a dewscrifer.
11. Sample the Crown to check for tonsisticity.
12. Next, sift two cups of salt, or something. Who giveshz a sheet.
13. Check the Crown Royal.
14. Now shift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.
15. Add one table.
16. Add a spoon of ar, or somefink. Whatever you can find.

Greash the oven.

Turn the cake tin 360 degrees and try not to fall over.

Don't forget to beat off the turner.

Finally, throw the bowl through the window,

Finish the bottle of Crown Royal

Make sure to put the stove in the dishwasher.

CHERRY MISTMAS

## REMOVED FROM LIST

Recipient address: [breton2@telus.net](mailto:breton2@telus.net)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

SEYMOUR, Vince & Diana [breton2\\*telus.net](mailto:breton2*telus.net)

(In Whitehorse 1977-03) Breton AB

Recipient address: [kirsten@investment.com](mailto:kirsten@investment.com)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

SORENSEN, Kirsten

[kirsten\\*investment.com](mailto:kirsten*investment.com)

(In Whitehorse) Vancouver

Invalid recipient: '[doug@fundymud.com](mailto:doug@fundymud.com)'

LINZEY, Doug & Joanne

[doug\\*fundymud.com](mailto:doug*fundymud.com)

(In Whitehorse 1972 to 1982) 902 684-

0943 Hantsport, Nova Scotia

Recipient address: [dmcnevin@yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:dmcnevin@yt.sympatico.ca)  
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address  
McNIVEN, Deb [dmcnevin\\*yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:dmcnevin*yt.sympatico.ca) (In Whitehorse 1985-93, 97-)

Please unsubscribe.

Thanks

WOLOSHYNIUK, Bill & Lynne [lynnebill\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lynnebill*shaw.ca) (Bill in Whse 1978-90, Lynne 1982-90)  
Penticton

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

New email address [d2harder\\*dccnet.com](mailto:d2harder*dccnet.com)

This may be a duplication of an email, the first time I sent out the change some of the people didn't get the notice,

Have a Merry Christmas and may the New Year be the one you where looking for.

Warm regards Dave Harder

Hope you are having a good holiday and that you have a very Merry Christmas and a wonderful 2006.

I don't know if we informed you of our new email address. If so, just ignore this part of the message – [pandbdixon\\*shaw.ca](mailto:pandbdixon*shaw.ca)

Keep up the good work.

Barb Dixon

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hello Sherron: Have been advised by Helen Dobrowolsky to ask my name be added to your mail list for items of interest to the North. I have lived here since 1940 and my wife was born in Atlin. Our e-mail address is [jimdotsmialsek@klondiker.com](mailto:jimdotsmialsek@klondiker.com).

Thank You, Jim

Jim & Dorothy Smith

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Friends are like a beautiful garden. They require regular care.*

## RECIPES OF THE WEEK

Here's a recipe that looked so easy from Recipes.com. Since Christmas is just around the corner and we all have that left over turkey after the big meal here's an easy...almost looks healthy recipe to use some of that bird.

Debbie Nelson [celticme\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:celticme*sympatico.ca) (In Dundas, ON)

### Crunchy Turkey Salad

Fill pita bread or line plates with lettuce and place scoops of this crunchy apple, celery, walnut and turkey salad on top.

**Prep Time:** 15 Minutes

**Ready In:** 15 Minutes

**Yields:** 6 servings

### INGREDIENTS

1 cup cooked, cubed turkey meat  
2 celery, chopped  
2 tart apples, cored and cubed  
1/2 cup chopped walnuts  
1/4 cup sour cream  
1/4 cup mayonnaise  
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 tablespoon honey  
1 tablespoon prepared Dijon-style mustard  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
Ground black pepper to taste

### DIRECTIONS

In a large bowl, combine the turkey, celery, apples and walnuts. Prepare the dressing in a small bowl by whisking together the sour cream, mayonnaise, parsley, lemon juice, honey, mustard, salt and pepper. Pour over turkey mixture and toss to evenly coat. Refrigerate until chilled.

### AIR BUNS

Submitted by Moge Mogenson [elgolfo\\*shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo*shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

1/2 cup water, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 pkg yeast, mix and leave to bubble

Add

3 1/2 cups warm water

2 Tsp. vinegar

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup shortening

1 Tsp. salt

8-10 cups flour

Use enough flour to make handling easy and not stick to hands. The softer the better. Mix and let rise. Make into buns and let rise

1 hour, makes about 6 doz. Bake in medium oven 350-375 F. Brush tops with cold water to make crusty - about 5 min. before taking out of oven.

## **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**

### **Moccasin Telegraph**

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