

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 180th Edition – October 29nd, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Near Blueberry

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

THE GREAT CHERRY HEIST

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

I'm thinking today of those years "round the Bay",
 In the thirties, when I was a lad,
 It was depression time and we hadn't a dime,
 For times, they were awfully bad.
 But boys will be boys, and without any toys
 It seemed only logic to me,
That the thing to be done, if we were to have fun,
 Was to go raid the big cherry tree.

Well, the best one we knew was a huge tree that grew,
In a garden just west of our lane.
We knew that each spring it was covered with Bings,
But 'twas guarded by aunt Sarah Jane.
Now aunt Sarah Jane, used a hickory cane,
(She was quite old and not very spry)
But many young swains still remember the pain,
Of that hickory stick on his thigh.

It was just after dark when we started our lark,
As we crept round her house to the tree,
All of us shinned up the trunk to a limb,
My two bosom buddies and me.
Then wherever we went, all the branches were bent,
With ripe cherries that hung down in bunches.
We were all pretty merry and ate enough cherries
For dinner, and half dozen lunches.

As we ate and we ate, it was getting quite late,
And it seemed we were losing our wits,
With bags full of loot, we were still eating fruit,
And playfully spitting out pits.
Then from just out of reach came a horrible screech,
And we leapt from our roost to the land.
Through the gloom we could see, fast approaching the tree,
Sarah Jane, with her cudgel in hand.

She was tastefully dressed in her gardening dress,
That she'd made from what scraps she could find,
With "Robin Hood pressed 'cross her ample size chest,
And "five Roses" across her behind.

Well, we scrambled to run but it wasn't much fun,
As Aunt Sarah kept swinging her cane.
Over time I've forgotten, the cherries we'd gotten,
But I'll always remember the pain.

Then we started to scoot with our ill-gotten loot
Down the lane where our wounds we could lick,
While aunt Sarah tried to keep up along-side,
Still wielding that hickory stick.
For days we made merry, while still eating cherries,
But we never went back there again.
Though our bottoms still burned, a good lesson was learned,
You don't mess with aunt Sarah Jane.

Many years have gone by since my buddies and I
Made that trip to the old cherry tree,
Aunt Sarah Jane passed from her garden at last,
But it seems only logic to me,
That if Heaven has kids, they will do as we did,
And go pester Aunt Sarah Jane,
And I'm sure she will smile to herself for a while,
Then she'll paddle their butts with her cane.

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 8

"HERE'S YOUR MANIFEST"

On another flight to Atlin, again with the Waco, I arrived with passengers and mail and intended to unload and pack up whatever had to go and be on my way. Our Atlin agent, Ross Peebler, told me there was a male passenger to go and he was the big fellow standing a short distance away with a policeman. He boarded the aircraft and we were on our way. He didn't respond to any of my attempts at conversation, he just kept twisting about, looking out one window and another and I thought he was beginning to look a little wild eyed. I was glad to set down at Carcross. I taxied up to the dock and had the aircraft unloaded, putting the cargo and mail onto the back of a pickup truck. The passenger and the Northern Airways crew got into the back of the truck for the half mile drive to the Carcross Post Office which was about 200 feet from the Nares River, a deep narrow stream which joins Bennett with Tagish Lake.

Without a sound, the passenger from Atlin leapt off the truck, raced to the river and jumped. With a strong wind blowing up Lake Bennett, the water was deep and muddy and though we all rushed to the river bank, we had to believe that he never surfaced. We got boats out to search for the body, staying out til dark, but it wasn't until the next day when the wind had died down and the river water cleared that we found the body.

Later I was told he had been a mental case and was being sent out for treatment at Vancouver but no one had considered his state serious enough to warrant an escort. All I could wonder about was supposing his fidgeting in the aircraft had erupted into violence? I doubt that anyone can pilot a small aircraft and restrain a strong, disturbed man at the same time.

The old bush aircraft were not designed for passengers, they were primarily cargo planes but in the north the only means people had to get out of the settlements and camps was by aircraft, everyone from newborn babies to 300 pound adults. To compound the loading

difficulty we rarely had proper docks or loading ramps. Most of the time I would taxi up to a beach and tie up to a tree.

This was the facility on a trip to Atlin. The agent said there was a lady passenger going out. Believe me she was lots of lady, at least 300 pounds of lady who could barely walk on level ground.

If there had been any other form of transportation I would never have considered taking her on board. My first thought was "Just how do we get her into the aircraft?" There were no sensible suggestions forthcoming from the agent and friends, so I had to come up with something. I moved the aircraft parallel to the beach and asked a couple of bystanders to get me two long, substantial planks. We ran the planks from the beach to the door of the aircraft, about five feet from being level with the ground. With the lady sitting on two bedrolls on the planks three of us slowly pulled, pushed and slid the bedrolls up to the door of the aircraft. Then, with a little squeezing and pushing we got her through the doorway. So she was on board. I spent the 45 minutes it took to fly to Carcross trying to figure out how I was going to avoid having a 300 pound co-pilot for the duration of my service in the Fairchild 71. When I docked at Carcross, the fellows and I held a conference and decided we would reverse the procedure we had used at Atlin - so we rigged up two planks, two bedrolls, some manpower and got her ashore without mishap.

It is one thing to know one has a large passenger, but it comes as a shock when an old friend is a first time passenger and there is barely room for the pilot to get in to his seat.

This was the case with Chester Henderson, the grandson of Bob Henderson, the man who actually made the original discovery of gold in the Klondike and set off the great Gold Rush of 1898. I used to visit Chester once in awhile at his cabin a few miles from Dawson City. He had the finest collection of guns and axes I have ever seen. He was also one of the best marksmen I have ever watched. He asked me to take him out to a favorite spot to hunt moose and that was when I discovered that a man whom I had considered to be about average weight and height was one tremendously big man. I wondered later if it was because Chester was so quiet, soft spoken, mild mannered person that one got the impression he was no more than an average size person until one shared a confined space with him such as the cockpit of a bush plane.

* * *

Usually cargo goes inside an aircraft but I remember bending the rules when I was servicing the drill rigs on Peel Plateau, 200 miles north of Dawson City. The cat trains had finished hauling and the operation was entirely dependent upon aircraft. There were no roads to the rigs, the cat trains moved the heavy loads over frozen muskeg during the winter months, but once the freight was in, that was the end of surface transportation, although there would be snow on the ground so that I could use skis for a few weeks during the spring.

I received a frantic message that a vital part of the drill rig, the Kelly bar, had been damaged, a replacement was being trucked to Dawson from Edmonton and I was to fly it in to the drill rig.

The Kelly bar turned out to be a 14 foot, 6 inch diameter, 650 pound piece of solid metal. There was no way the bar could fit into the Cessna or the Beaver, yet I knew that somehow or other it was going to be flown to Peel Plateau. I knew I could handle the weight, but to load it and still have the proper center of gravity was something else; C. of G. means the difference between an aircraft flying level or not at all.

I blocked up the tail so the aircraft was sitting level, then rolled the Kelly bar under the belly, placed it so that it was in the centre of the Cessna 180 with the front of the bar just behind the propeller, and blocked it up to where it was just touching the belly of the aircraft.

The Cessna was fitted with floats and the back float fittings were still on the aircraft, then I went to work with heavy wire. I put yards of wire back and forth between the roots of the ski legs in front to carry the front end of the Kelly bar, then made a wire hanger from the rear float fittings to hold the rear of the Kelly bar. When I got it all wired on we carefully lowered the tail of the aircraft. It looked pretty strange, this heavy metal bar strapped to the full length of the aircraft. I wasn't going to be able to test it in flight. It would have to be right the first time. Once I got airborne the aircraft handled well and the drill rig was back in operation soon after I landed on the Peel River strip.

* * *

I long ago decided I hated to have to choose between having drunks or dogs as passengers.

One hot summer day at Dawson City, I loaded a trapper and his five big sled dogs and we headed north over the Ogilvie Mountains. Because of the heat, there was a lot of turbulence and just as I had expected, one dog got sick and then it became a competition to see which dog could get sickest. After two hours of that I was sure glad to see the Blackstone River and get rid of my load I was late closing the flight plan on that flight, I had spent two extra hours cleaning out the aircraft before heading home.

During the summer of 1948 a Geological Survey party of 20 men from Ottawa arrived in Mayo, Yukon. They were going to take a packtrain out of Mayo to the Bonnet Plume River area, 150 miles north east of Mayo.

I was contracted to service their camp every two weeks using a float equipped Fairchild 24.

Like most summer survey parties the crews were made up of university students and for many, their first time in the North, consequently they were enthusiastic about everything during their few days they spent in Mayo before leaving for the bush.

What really got their attention was a real live Malamute dog and did they ever make a fuss over it. Granted it was a beautiful dog, but the restaurant owner didn't share their enthusiasm. He said the dog was a thief and always upsetting the garbage pails behind the cafe. Wherever he got his food he got the right diet because he weighed 100 pounds and had a nice glossy coat.

The young fellows wanted to know if he had an owner, but the restaurant owner said not that he knew of, so the fellows decided the dog would make a great mascot and would take him to the Bonnet Plume with them.

About 3 weeks later I landed at the camp with mail and supplies. I was flying my new

Fairchild 24, a beautiful aircraft of which I was proud and very careful how it was treated.

When I was ready to leave, the engineer in charge came up to me and said, "Will you take this ... dog back to Mayo. He's a professional bum and the only thing he does is eat, and most of that he steals. When we were coming in here with the packhorses we would look forward to reaching a small stream where we men and the horses could have a cold drink of water and that damned dog would run ahead and waller in the water and rile it up so we couldn't use it. No matter how well we feed him he gets into the cooktent at night and steals our grub.

"The final thing is one of the men shot a moose near the camp yesterday and we were looking forward to some fresh meat, and what does that beast do? He got at the carcass, messed it up; and look at him, he ate so much he can hardly walk. For Gawd's sake, get him out of here?"

I loaded him into the aircraft and took off. The air was hot and rough and I was about 20 minutes out and at 6,000 feet over the mountains when, you guessed it, the dog got sick all over that new carpeted cabin floor. I opened all the vents to get some fresh air and was thinking just how dumb I had been to ever consent to taking the mutt. About 30 minutes out of Mayo another stench came wafting from the cabin and when I looked back the dog was exploding simultaneously fore and aft right up the lovely upholstered wall.

The stench was just about unbearable, a person's stomach can only tolerate so much - I was beginning to wonder if I were going to be able to fly the aircraft to Mayo.

I landed on the river and taxied up to the dock where Jim Ballentine was waiting to help me to tie up. When I stepped down onto the float, the dog jumped down beside me - I tried to push him into the river but he just jumped back into the aircraft and I had to go back in after him and drag him out.

I've always considered Jim Ballentine one of my best friends since that day. He rolled up his sleeves and helped me clean out the aircraft. The expensive wool felt lining had been saturated and we couldn't get rid of the odour even after 2 hours of cleaning. Jim went up to the NC store and got a can of spray deodorant and I carried that around so that whenever the smell became noticeable, I would spray the cabin. Eventually the odour disappeared.

Bush pilots have such a glamorous occupation. And this one doesn't like dog passengers.

My other most unfavoured passengers concerns five construction workers going from Atlin to Telegraph Creek. When I was loading them and their luggage, I could see that they had been drinking. What I didn't know was that they were taking several bottles of booze with them.

For awhile I could hear them laughing above the noise of the engine then I heard loud shouts and I could feel the aircraft reacting to a shift in cargo - a fight was in progress. Damned idiots - I reached down between my feet and picked up the fire extinguisher and what I said wasn't "Tea, coffee or milk?" The commotion came to a dead stop; the rest of the flight was uneventful.

To be continued....



Pat with new Stinson Voyager and dog Mike. 1947



Our general store and roadhouse at Dease Lake.



These three Fairchilds I ferried to Canada from U.S.A. for Northern Airways.

I spotted the attached article in the Edmonton Journal, Country Asides, September 25, 2006. Cathie is not a Yukoner but thought this article interesting from a non-Yukoner's point of view. I have her permission and she sent me her electronic copy.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

Bear watching in the Yukon

By Cathie Bartlett

Driving along the tree-lined highway surrounded by snow-capped mountains just outside Haines Junction in Yukon Territory was a pleasant way to spend part of a sunny evening in late May. It was the mission behind our excursion that intrigued me.

We were looking for a bear.

From the safety of our vehicle, that is. Our hosts at Dalton Trail Lodge, owners Hardy and Trix Ruf and Thomas Staub, heard there had been two black bears and a grizzly bear foraging along the highway the last few evenings. So there we were, heading south on Highway 3 watching diligently for one of the four-legged beasts.

Actually I figured we had already had a good introduction to the natural delights of the beautiful terrain around Haines Junction in the Yukon. A bald eagle soared overhead as we pulled into the lodge, located just across from Kluane National Park. A few minutes later we spied a yellow-bellied sapsucker drumming on a poplar tree right outside the spanking-new cabin we were to stay in that night.

And on a stop in Kluane en route to the lodge something pink caught my eye. It turned out to be delicate blooms of alpine azalea on tightly curled stems hugging the ground. A cluster of blue forget-me-nots, an abundance of bright yellow cinquefoil and a line of three purple wild crocuses filled out the floral smorgasbord, which surprised me due to the late spring.

“Even if we don’t see a bear the scenery is nice,” my husband remarked as we stopped to watch a pair of young trumpeter swans on the shore of picturesque Dezadeash Lake.

“Well I guess we aren’t going to see a bear tonight,” he said several kilometres later and we agreed it was time to turn around and head back to the lodge.

Soon after I spotted something up ahead on my side of the vehicle.

“It’s pretty small,” I said dubiously.

“But definitely moving,” my husband replied, slowing so we could figure out what the little critter could be.

Long bristly quills and a waddling walk signified a porcupine heading into the bushes. We laughed... and then a few minutes later my husband saw what we were there for in the first place. A young black bear was rooting in the ditch for tender shoots. We stopped and got a few pictures.

After snacking a bit more Junior Bear decided to head for greener pastures, crossing the highway. She wasn’t interested in us; nonetheless I got right back into the vehicle (I had only stepped a few metres from the door but even that isn’t a good idea, according to *Bear Viewing along Yukon Highway*). He scampered off into the trees and we continued on to the lodge, where our fellow guests were interested to hear of our venture. The porcupine brought some chuckles but actually, it was the first time I had seen one of them up close in the wild, and we had already seen at least two if not three bears earlier in our Yukon experience.

Our fabulous Yukon experience I should say. Just two hours and 15 minutes direct from Edmonton to Whitehorse on Air North and there we were – in a rugged, exciting and historic part of Canada we had never seen before. Our fast-paced five-day

excursion included tours of Whitehorse and Dawson City for the short course in the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898, a memorable train ride to Skagway, Alaska via the White Pass & Yukon Route Railway plus fabulous cuisine and spectacular scenery everywhere. Only problem was that the trip was too short.

We especially wished we had more time at the lodge. The ice had just left the water and there we were, with access to more than 20 lakes and rivers containing 13 different species of fish – and not enough time to go out and cast a line. It was our last night in the Yukon and we had to head back early the next day to get our flight home to Edmonton.

Ah well... another reason to go back – and I hope that is sooner than later.

That night we enjoyed our hosts' hospitality and a good dinner in the dining room, a walk along the lakefront only 50 metres from our cabin door and of course our bear search. We met some of the other guests, many of whom travel on direct flights that come from Frankfurt to Whitehorse twice weekly, with the lodge meeting them for the two-hour drive to start their fishing adventure.

Egon Friedrich from North Rhein, Westphalia, Germany was back for another five weeks. The now-retired accountant learned of Dalton Trail Lodge from a fishing magazine. He's been at the lodge every year for over a decade, booking two weeks the first time, three the next and eventually five weeks at a stretch – "because it was really nice to fish here."

Lake and rainbow trout, pike, grayling and salmon are a few of the species to be fished. Guides take the anglers to the various lakes, some of which are fly-in or accessible only by all-terrain vehicles with outpost cabins and boats on site.

In business since 1987, the lodge has a 40-bed capacity. This year the owners opened the new four-room cabin we stayed in. We were the first guests to stay there. It was spacious, comfortable and warm, with a high-tech oil heater to ward off the overnight chill and blinds on all the numerous large windows to shut out the late-night sun.

About half the lodge's visitors hail from Europe; many from Germany and Switzerland, also the United Kingdom, Holland, France, Italy, as well as Japan, Australia and South Africa. North Americans account for about 30 per cent, with Torontonians showing up more frequently of late. This year's season runs from May 25 to Oct. 3.

Besides fishing, there are great hiking trails in Kluane, horseback riding opportunities and numerous other attractions including the Kathleen Lake Viewpoint (a UNESCO World Heritage Site) and the Chilkat River bald eagle sanctuary at nearby Haines, Alaska, where thousands of the magnificent birds gather each year.

If you go: Air North flies direct from Edmonton three times a week. The flight takes less than 2 ½ hours – friendly crew, good food that includes the airline's signature cheesecake and great coffee from Midnight Sun Coffee Roaster in Whitehorse. Dalton Trail Lodge is a two-hour drive from Whitehorse.

Note – OK so stepping outside the vehicle wasn't a good idea, even if I stayed close and got back in as soon as the critter headed across the road. Other than that, we did everything right, I realized when I found Yukon Environment's bear viewing guide online after we returned home.

“Seeing a bear can be a highlight of your northern journey,” YK Environment says and I agree.

Just keep these tips in mind.

- A driver’s first responsibility is for safety. If you or your passengers spot a bear, keep your eyes on the road and don’t stop if there is traffic behind you. If there is no other traffic near you, slow down and pull over where it is safe to do so. Don’t stop in the middle of the road or close to a hill or curve. Other drivers may not see you in time to avoid a collision.
- If a bear retreats or seems to ignore you, stay in your vehicle, take pictures, watch briefly and move on.
- **Never feed a bear. (It is dangerous and illegal to do so.)**
- If the bear approaches your vehicle, leave immediately – the bear may have been fed previously by people and could be dangerous.

More suggestions for happy and safe bear watching can be found in *Bear Viewing along Yukon Highways* and *Yukon’s Wildlife Viewing Guide*, available online or at Visitor Reception Centres and government offices.

Cheechako’s hunting

Courtesy Gordon Tubman and recorded by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer
mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Pete Kerluk and I were no strangers to hunting when we went north but we had never hunted caribou. We knew the Indians shot them in the water but we didn’t consider that very sporting so we went caribou hunting our way.

We shot one, out on the muskeg. Of course, walking to it and packing it out meant hopping from lump to lump in the muskeg. It wasn’t until we got to the carcass that we realized just how big a caribou is. (I was from Vancouver Island where deer are small and easily carried out, tied to a pole.) Our knives would not sever the spine. We did not know we needed an axe for that. About the time I decided to shoot through the spine to break it, we realized that we had an audience of Indians. They thought the shot through the spine was hilarious. In the end, we offered them the carcass, which they accepted, and we went home.

Another time, I went moose hunting with Arthur Anderson. He told me I made so much noise I would scare all the moose away. When he saw a moose across the valley, he hunkered down on his heels to wait. I tried to do the same but ended up on my butt. How long would we need to wait? Two to three days and the moose would come within range. I reminded Arthur that we did not have two to three days to wait.

CANOL ROAD TRIP

By Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Final leg of Joyce Yardley and Fred Horn's trip – August 2006.

More Keno

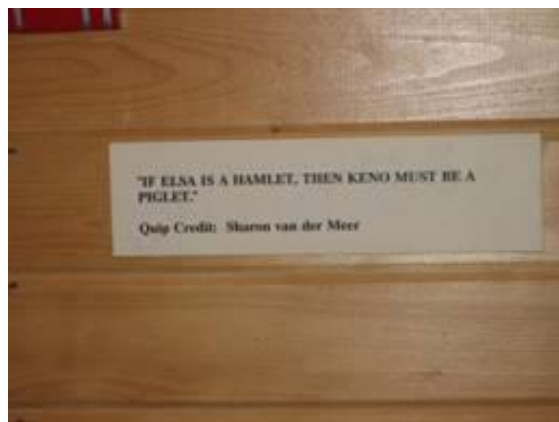


Snack Bar from the Mining Museum.



Keno City Mining Museum

Photo's courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)



“If Elsa is a Hamlet, then Keno must be a Piglet.”
Quip Credit: Sharon van der Meer



Keno City Mining Museum Exhibits
Photo's courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)





Just needs a little TLC !
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

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On Our Way Home



Prehistoric Conglomerate Rocks
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

All told a wonderful 4 day journey! - THE END

CONFIRMING DON CURRY'S FAMILY

Sherron, I emailed this first on October 2nd - the day Henry passed away but it didn't go through. I really wished I had more time to correspond with Henry Breaden. He seemed to be a great guy who still loved the north. The MocTel served him well.

From: aribal*telus.net [Don Curry]
Subject: confirming Don Curry's family
Date: October 2, 2006 6:15:15 PM MDT (CA)
To: sherron*shaw.ca [should have been sherronjones*shaw.ca]

I just thought I would confirm a few things about my family. My Dad says you are right, Cecile was very pretty (and still is) but he also wanted to remind everyone that he was pretty good looking too (and still is)! They had five kids. I am the oldest next to Marianne, (Levicki), Andrew in Alberta, then Robert in Tumbler Ridge, Theresa, (Lehman) in Tumbler Ridge and Charmaine (Blanchette) in Whitehorse.

In 1965, Grandma and Grandpa (Mary and Gilbert Rich) moved to Horsefly B.C. Their oldest son Ross lived in Williams Lake. Ross predeceased them in 1979. Grandpa died in 1985 at 91 and Grandma died in 1996. She was 96 years old. You are also right that she was a great cook. She could make the best meal out of just about anything. Lots of lonely sourdoughs along the creeks near Mayo Lake or Flat Creek felt better after dropping by at just the right time for a meal.

Bud lives in Sicamous (in case you don't know), with his son Buddy Jr.

Whenever I go back to Mayo I try to imagine homes and streets as they were when I was growing up.

Karen (North), I was wondering if your family house was on the dike by the old curling rink?

Yes we did live as Harvey said next to Mary Jean and Mrs. Boyle. The house we lived in is no longer there. Louie Kazinsky lived across from us but my Dad never worked for him. He worked for the Cole brothers hauling fuel in Keno and then in the early sixties he worked for Oliver Hutton. In 1964 he went to work for Keno Hill and ran the transport department; he retired from there. He was one of the last handful of men to turn out the lights as the mine closed its doors.

You are right; my great grandmother Cora Rich planted that first Saskatoon bush in Mayo. I don't know if the original one is still there but this summer I noticed that Saskatoon bushes loaded with ripe berries were everywhere. I guess that bush went forth and multiplied!

Henry Breaden, I remember my grandma (Mary Rich) used to take me with her when she occasionally went to Whitehorse. We would stay with your sister Vera and her husband Carl Miller. I remember I was in awe of their home. The house was so pretty, the grass was green and mown like a real lawn and the trees were beautiful.

I am sorry to hear about Don Machan. I hope he is on the mend. He was my principal in 1961. I also went to school with his two sons, Terry and Stuart.

Don Curry aribal@telus.net (In Elkford BC)

RE: DON CURRY'S NOTE

Just thought I would add my "two cents worth" in reply to Don Curry's note.

How nice to read your nice newsy reply to Sherron, Don. I enjoyed your recollection and memories of your Mayo days. I also loved your Dad's remark on how pretty your Mom still is, but especially enjoyed his remarks on his own good looks... only a man with a fabulous sense of humor would come back with a line like that! I would love to sit and reminisce with your parents once again.

Regarding the location of our house, you are absolutely correct. We did live just down from the curling rink and across from the old Pioneer Hall. That building was owned by Mr. Barker who was dad's boss at the time. He owned Yukon Telephone Co. in those days. Dad hired on with him in Vancouver in '54 and was sent to Whitehorse to work in the office there, but when he arrived in Whitehorse with our gang in tow, Mr. Barker informed dad that we would be living in Mayo. So off we went on a cold October morning with our little car packed to the hilt and a dad following us in a Telephone truck. I remember the day we drove into Mayo like it was yesterday. It was bitter cold with snow just starting to fall. As we crossed the last ferry at the Stewart Crossing, the ferry was pulled out for the winter due to ice forming on the river. About three years later Dad changed jobs and went to work with the Army as a radio operator which meant we had to move out of that house on the river. We bought the house at the end of the next street over which I never knew had a name. Harvey tells me it was named Congdon Street (help me here, Harvey I know I have it spelled wrong). Anyway Don, you might remember where the Wallingham's lived (Maggie & Dick), we lived right beside them on that street. When we transferred to Whitehorse in '59 we sold the house to Charlie & Marj Profit.

My parents both passed away in '95 within six weeks of each other. You are probably closer in age to my younger brother and sister. Jim is in his late fifties and Holly the youngest is 55.

Bob and I hope to travel back up north next summer. I need to stand on Crocus Hill just one more time. Also want to travel the road to Keno and roam around that area a bit.

Hope you keep connecting with old friends through MocTel. You will find loads of fun sharing memories of our younger years with folks from the north. As you know we are a special breed. Take care, so nice to hear from you.

Karren Crowley (North) kbcrowley@telus.net Sidney BC

MORE MAYO FAMILY CONNECTIONS

I'm finally getting a few minutes to read and add my thoughts to Don Curry's and Karren (North) Crowley's observations of when they lived in Mayo.

Don, thanks for reminding us of your whole family. Yes, I will concede that your dad was a pretty handsome fellow and since I haven't seen him for many years, will take his (and your) word that he still is! I was sure you had more brothers and sisters besides Maryanne but for the life of me, couldn't remember their names. Probably some of them were born after I left Mayo, so perhaps that is why I can't remember them!

I had forgotten about your Uncles Ross and Bud (or Buddy as we called him) Rich. They were older than I but I certainly recall meeting your Uncle Buddy on many occasions.

I remember going with my parents to visit your Grandma and Grandpa Gilbert and Mary Rich when they lived at Flat Creek, just outside of Elsa. I remember what a good cook she was and how she used to always have cookies and cake to eat when we stopped by.

I'm sure you are aware of this this, but the readers of the MocTel may be interested to know that your grandmother was a sister to two other ladies I know a bit about who lived in the Mayo area for many years. Nora, who was married to William (Bill) Hare was one sister, and Ida Margaret, who was married to Archie Close was the other. (There were actually 3 other sisters and 1 brother in the John Ross family all born on Hunker Creek near Dawson City, Yukon.) I had the privilege of knowing Nora through my parents, and Ida personally as she lived in Mayo while I was growing up. The Hare family lived in Mayo during the 1930s and then moved to Dawson City and, I think, also lived in Whitehorse for a period. They used to come and visit my parents and so I got to know them as well. It was not until many years later that I learned that many of the early photographs that exist of the Elsa, Keno, Mayo area were taken by Bill Hare. The Hares eventually retired to Salmon Arm, BC and passed away there in the 1980s. The Close family remained in Mayo. Archie farmed and had teams of horses which he used to haul items from where the steamboats dropped them off on the riverbank to various locations around Mayo. As I recall, he had one of the last team of horses used for hauling in Mayo. I remember that when my dad operated a garage there, Archie asked him if he could repair a loose shoe on one of his horses. This would have been in the mid 1950s. Because dad had grown up on a farm in Alberta and had shoed (is that the right term?) many horses, he nailed the shoe back on to the horse, doing so without incident. Somewhere I have a photo of him with the horse after having repaired the loose shoe.

Thanks for stirring more memories, Don. You have a rich family heritage in the North and it's good to have you with us in this journey of reviving stories and memories of the Yukon.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

MORE REMINISCING MAYO FAMILIES

Harvey, Thanks for clearing up Lorne Ross's name for me....I was sure he was the person that married Jink's Popoff. She was also my teacher for that short time....all I remember was how much we liked her. She was missed greatly by all of us when she married Lorne. I think she was one of my favorite teachers along with Miss White (but that's another story).

I knew Sheila Proctor only briefly. Did she not have a sister named Maureen? If my memory is correct their father ran a mining outfit or logging up near Hunker Creek??? I know he had a radio telephone that we used to service through the telephone office. His call name was "Pine-tree"....that was back in the days of only being able to pick his calls up at night when the reception was clear. Getting back to his daughters, I think they went to school for a short time in Mayo, but were sent to the boarding school in Whitehorse and then "outside". I lost touch with them in the late '50's, so it's nice to see their names pop up again.

Karren (North) Crowley

I believe that Lorne's wife Jinks passed away a number of years ago from cancer. That is if I have the correct Lorne Ross.

Karren, Sheila (Proctor) Ross does have an older sister Maureen (Proctor) Okerstrom. I think both of them now live in the US, although for a while Sheila also had a home in Ontario and lived there during the summers. They are the daughters of Leo Proctor who was involved in mining, operated a couple of sawmills (one at Stewart Crossing and another in the McQuesten Valley) and who transported some oil well drilling equipment to the Peel Plateau in 1959-60 over a 300 mile plus winter trail he built called the Wind River Trail. The Proctors lived in Whitehorse and had a summer home at Black Lake, just off the Mayo-Elsa highway near the cut-off to the road over Lookout Mountain (officially, Mt. Haldane). My dad worked for a time for Leo and so we would go out to visit the Proctor family at Black Lake. I corresponded a couple of years ago with Sheila for a time and met Maureen and her husband, Norman, at one of the Vancouver Yukoners' Association dinners about three years ago. I can't remember if Maureen and Sheila actually attended school in Mayo. I think not but could be mistaken. I believe they did attend school in Whitehorse and it may be from there that you remember them. I know Maureen attended UBC about the same time I did, although we never made contact while there.

Take care.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

MESSAGE FROM BEVERLEY WHITEHOUSE

Sherron - Please convey my thanks to Doug Bell for the wonderful photographs of the fall colours. It reminds me of my trip 'home' to the Yukon in 1993. I drove from Vancouver beginning on September 3rd and from Cache Creek on the hills were golden (Just like Doug's pictures today). Myself and my 80 year old friend Elizabeth took six days to make the trip and it was great. Elizabeth knew every flower and tree so I learned a lot on that trip about the greenery (or yellowery) on the Alaska Highway. I still want to do the highway in a car or truck again some day. (I have done it in a Greyhound bus too many times to count since 1993 but they go through the 'good' parts in the dark).

The picture of the burning boats also brings back memories. One of the souvenir postcard books put out after the fire contains a picture of my Dad (Wilf Whitehouse) taking pictures of the scene, so is special to me. I also had, at one time, a poster of the boats before they were burned. My mother (May Whitehouse) went all over town trying to find it for me and finally got it at the small Whitehorse Chamber office/store that used to be located in the Travelodge (now the Westmark Whitehorse). That was the day the boats burned so real significance there. That poster and the one that was produced of the burning boats were on my wall for several years.

I thank you once again for all your work on the Moc Tel, I look forward each week to reading the stories and memories that people send in, it keeps my memory working, which is, I am told, a good thing !!!! I will be forwarding a cheque for the new CD in the near future (Is there going to be one available for just 2006 as I have the one for the previous years).

I am hoping to be in Yuma some time in February/March and will take along your phone number and give you a call.

Thanks again Sherron

Beverley Whitehouse pebnorth@yahoo.ca (In Whitehorse)

MocTel 179 – Comments from Donna Clayson

Sherron, I have just finished MocTel 179. The photos by Doug Bell are magnificent. I haven't seen fall colors in the north since I last lived there in the fall of 1987. I moved to Alberta July 1988. Those photos took my breath away; absolutely beautiful. Thanks to Doug for capturing the beauty of the fall season and sending them in. Wow.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan)

VANCOUVER YUKONERS ASSOCIATION CHANGES VENUE

Wanted to tell you the latest re **Vancouver Yukoners' Association**. We have SIGNED THE DEAL to move the venue for the **annual Banquet** to the **River Rock Casino Resort** in Richmond– date is **March 31st**. At least the new locale will be a hit with non Yukon spouses/partners!! Chuckle. And, at the very least, those who don't want to turn in at 10 pm, will also have alternate areas to gather. The rooms are really suites, with doors separating bedroom(s) from visiting area. Parking is free and if one rents a room, valet parking is free. I just hope the meal is as good as it reads. We are now debating chicken versus pork tenderloin! :)) Anyway, just wanted to keep you in the loop. The times are changing and we are hoping our renewed efforts will result in more attending.

Rooms are suites really, with French doors separating bedrooms from a visiting area complete with couch and chairs. Very nice feature. A suite with a king size bed is \$149 (plus 10% hotel tax and 6% GST)

A two bedroom suite (two king size beds) is \$209 plus related taxes. One must book by March 1st to get this special rate.

The \$99 rate people may have heard about is no longer in effect, it was part of an introductory campaign when the RR opened. Also cheap rates do not apply to weekends as that is obviously their busiest time. The rooms/suites are lovely – we did a tour to be sure!!

And one last note, if the ubiquitous chicken survives another round up against the pork tenderloin, vegetarians take note, we will make arrangements to satisfy your palette! We just hope the veggies on anyone's plate will be neither too soft nor too hard!! Chuckle. Thanks again for your time and effort. Take care Helen.

P.S. We would encourage interested parties to email us early in New Year if they want tickets et al. We are always under pressure to tell Banquet Captains how many guests we are expecting. Understandable. For more information please contact:

[hmunro*shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro@shaw.ca)

[cclarke*shaw.ca](mailto:cclarke@shaw.ca)

FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS RECIPES

I hate to think Christmas is just around the corner, but it is. Am going to check for a few recipes here that I have for Xmas - maybe a plea in the next Moc Tel would generate a few family favourites. – Vivian Stuart

So folks do you have a favourite to share? – Sherron

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LOST PRIZE – the rest of the story . . .

Another great edition.

Just thought I would let you know that Heinz and Katie [Eckervogt] also owned the Blue Mountain Cafe in Haines Junction for years. They were an institution in the Junction.

Their son was one of the first young men that I know of personally that went into the forces and succeeded. I believe he went in to the Air Force. Both Heinz and Katie were so proud when he got his orders to serve...he was about 18 or 19 at the time...I was stationed there that summer, in Haines Junction working at the Tourist Info Centre, Mother's Cozy Corner and filling in once in a while at the Mountainview Lodge.

The nugget that you speak of, I held it in my hand. It was the size of my palm, and though it had a couple little pieces of white quartz in it, it was solid gold....unfortunately the story is that it was cashed in and that same day, the motor went on one of the pieces of the equipment and all the profit they had made that year, was gone....so to speak.

The story of the nugget was circulated around the restaurant for a long time....

I understood that Heinz was doing a cleanup, and was walking down by the sluice box. He saw a "stone", and went to kick it out of the way, when he looked down and there was something different about it. So he washed it off in the sluice and low and behold, it was the nugget that Uncle Charlie had looked for all his life.

I never met Uncle Charlie, but he was well known at Dezadeash Lodge. I remember a few times that I was on my way down to Haines, Alaska, and it was almost a sacrilege to NOT stop at the lodge, I would stop in for a piece of the best pie outside of Mrs. Patterson's kitchen (Mother's Cozy Corner) and the best coffee outside of Maude Smith's campfire coffee.

I would overhear on occasion little bits of conversation in the likes of ..."Did you see Uncle Charlie? He was in today" or.." If you happen to be going out that way, take this pie out to Uncle Charlie". He was like a phantom Uncle, to everyone, and you felt blessed to have seen him, as he never stayed too long at the lodge. Like I said earlier, I never met the man, but I had heard about him.

Anyway, just thought I would let you in on that little tidbit.

Katie and Heinz are the nicest people one could meet, and they always were happy to spare you a cup of coffee if you were in need of a free cup....True Northern Hospitality. You always felt like you were at home in their place regardless if you were a local or a "tourist" passing through.

Thanks Sherron again for all your hard work and I wish you and Bill a safe journey to your nest in the south.

Warmest regards

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

TRANSPORTATION HALL OF FAME AWARDS

It's that time of year to start accepting nominations for the 2007 Transportation Hall of Fame awards. Could you please post on MocTel and advise everyone that the deadline to submit nominations for Person of the Year, Pioneer and the Order of Polaris (aviation award) is Dec. 31st 2006. All nominations can be sent directly to me electronically or by fax or mail.

Thanks so much Sherron!!

Terry-Lynn Vold
[Terry Vold@gov.yk.ca](mailto:Terry.Vold@gov.yk.ca)
Program and Research Officer
Road Safety
Transport Services W-17
Dept. of Highways and Public Works
Whitehorse, Yukon
Phone: (867) 667-8835
Fax: (867) 667-5799

AVIATION – SPECIAL BOOK OFFER

Hi Sherron, It has been quite a few months since we communicated. So this is to bring you up to date on my writing and publishing activities. After publishing "Air Route to the Klondike" in April 2006 I spent six weeks in northern B.C. all of the Yukon and south east Alaska giving slide shows and talks at each community that I had written about in this latest book. The response and turn out in each location was fantastic. I spoke at Watson Lake, (twice) Atlin, (twice) Skagway, Whitehorse, (twice) Dawson City, Haines Junction, (twice) Juneau, Wrangell, (twice) Prince Rupert, Stewart, Smithers and Fort St James. I met many many interesting people and the response and sales of this book were unprecedented.

As a special offer to Moccasin readers until the end of 2006 I would like to offer a signed "**Air Route to the Klondike**" at almost 20% off the retail price or \$35.00 plus \$8.00 postage. This offer would include the other two books in the series "**North by**

Northwest" and "Pacific Airway" anybody interested could order by mail to Chris Weicht. 846 Joe Road, RR #26 Roberts Creek, B.C. V0N 2W6


I am hard at work on the next volume in this seven volume series "**Trans Canada Airway**" the aviation history of each community or location of depression built airfields between Lethbridge and Vancouver, many of which no longer exist. This book will likely be published soon after the new year, and I am planning a speaking tour of the area for the early summer of 2007.

In 2008 I plan on another Yukon aviation history book covering the aviation history of each community along the early route from Edmonton to the Yukon.

All the very best to you and the readers of the Moc Tel.

Chris Weicht cweicht@uniserve.com (In Roberts Creek, BC)

RE: TRIBUTE TO HENRY BREADEN

<p>A LIFE YOU CAN HANG YOUR HAT ON Never idle, but always keen, Adventures and experiences seldom seen. From steamships to land uncharted, Most of us hadn't even started. Beautiful and loving wife and children, Strong values and warmth instilled in them. So many stories a gift each one, You shared them with us just for fun. You opened your world to one and all, So vivid and bright, we'll always recall. Even though my heart weighs heavy today, I know you wish it not remain that way. So I'll remember you with laughter and fondness, I promise to carry your legacy well beyond us. I imagine you roaming freely among the Northern Lights, Discovering yet even more amazing new sights. Traveling over and over again along the rivers of gold, With so many new stories of your journeys to unfold. I promise that I'll pass your stories on, For then I know in our hearts and souls you'll forever live on. For these experiences that I have had, I take great pride in being able to call you Dad. So even though some say this is good bye, I know you're saving us our spots up on high. We'll all be better as life goes on, Because you made a life anyone would be Proud to hang their hat on.</p> <p>Lynn Breaden</p>	<p>Henry J. T. Breaden 1927-2006</p>  <p>Born in Whitehorse, Y.T. on December 7, 1927. He was a man who touched the hearts of many that were fortunate to know him. Loved and sadly missed by his wife Alice who was his soul mate and partner of 58 years; also by his sister, Vera Watkins; son Roy (Lynn), daughter Lura (Richard), grandsons: Kory and Kenton; all respective family and friends. We will greatly miss "Uncle Henry" a Yukoner through and through and "an example to follow" (quote from Harry Miller Sr.) "Adios Amigo-Salud!!"</p>
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Sherron here is the poem in Word. I hope this helps, Lynn Breaden

A Life You Can Hang Your Hat On

Never idle, but always keen,
Adventures and experiences seldom seen.
From steamships to land uncharted,
Most of us hadn't even started.
Beautiful and loving wife and children,
Strong values and warmth instilled in them.
So many stories a gift each one,
You shared them with us just for fun.
You opened your world to one and all,
So vivid and bright, we'll always recall.
Even though my heart weighs heavy today,
I know you wish it not remain that way.
So I'll remember you with laughter and fondness,
I promise to carry your legacy well beyond us.
I imagine you roaming freely among the Northern Lights,
Discovering yet even more amazing new sights.
Traveling over and over again along the rivers of gold,
With so many new stories of your journeys to unfold.
I promise that I'll pass your stories on,
For then I know that in our hearts and souls you'll forever live on.
For these experiences that I've had,
I take great pride in being able to call you Dad.
So even though some say this is goodbye,
I know you're saving us our spots up on high.
We'll all be better as life goes on,
Because you made a life anyone would be
Proud to hang their hat on.

Lynn Breaden

*This is the Eulogy written by Henry's son, **Roy Breaden**, for
Henry's Celebration of Life on Sunday, October 15, 2006.*

Henry's Legacy

One weekend in the early fall, it was time to do a clean-up on the yard. One of the chores was moving a pile of rocks. I, being a teenager, did not see the purpose of moving this pile, but dad insisted and I was put to task. Unknown to me, I was to learn a lesson that has stuck with me to this day. For within the rocks there were leaves some garbage

and a crisp \$100 bill. Dad always denied putting it there, however upon finding this I found the purpose of my lesson... there is value in all that you do, regardless of how unimportant it may seem at the time. This was a common thread I was to witness time and time again. As dad would say "Any job worth doing is worth doing well".

Husband, father, friend, they were jobs he did not take lightly and ones that he did well. He firmly believed that to truly deserve something you must earn it and earn it he did!!!!

December 07, 1927 Born under the sign of the archer- Sagittarius
Impulsive, Very candid, Generous, Idealistic, Imaginative, Philosopher, Lover of nature.
All traits of the Archer. Henry could have been the poster boy for Sagittarius.
He was.....

Impulsive- Always quick to laugh, tell a joke or story, to let a prank run its course- live for the moment.

Very Candid- You always knew where you stood with Henry.

Generous- There has been a saying in our family "Uncle Henry can fix it", and it was true, not only because he could, but as was his nature he always had time for someone in need. A great many have seen this.

Idealistic- the common thread, value in all that you do.

Imaginative- From an early age I learned that "Nothing is impossible; it just takes a little longer". My future had been cast. All obstacles can be overcome if you use your minds eye.

Philosopher- Deep thinking, spiritual, empathic. All is not as it seems, so do not judge someone until you have put yourself in their shoes; words that echo in my mind.

Lover of Nature- From my first moments with dad I was introduced to the world, fishing, camping, travel. Even my first birthday was spent on the road "Home".

Sagittarius, Husband, Father, Gramps, Mason, Friend... However we see Henry, he was a man who wore many hats and they all fit!!!

All our lives are richer for having known Henry and **We are his Legacy!!!**

* * *

Today, October 15th, we attended Henry Breaden's Celebration of Life. It was held in the Freemasons Hall in Nanaimo. For Fred it was a very interesting insight into the regalia and ritual of their services; beside the fact that he is very fond of Henry. We both are. And it was very obvious that his fellow Masons felt that way as well. He was so honored and respected.

There were crowds of people, Fred estimated at least 80. The family had put together an impressive presentation. They must have scanned all the old albums since he was a baby, and put it all to music. Then, one by one they stood up and spoke with great feeling about the many ways in which Henry had enriched their lives, with his wisdom, kindness, and sense of humour, and how much they were going to miss him. It was a real tear-jerker, but heart warming at the same time. We were presented with an amazing insight into the life of a wonderful man. I never realized before that Henry possessed a real love of

music, and that he played the guitar and organ very well, along with his capability in so many other fields. Everyone agreed that Henry believed that if a job was worth doing, *it was worth doing right!* - Submitted by Joyce Yardley

October 17, 2006

That was wonderful Donna, I feel like Henry read it too and said well done. Seems hard to believe he is really gone; It will take a long time for it to sink in. I still want to share news of family doing's etc. He was so much a part of our lives.

He would expect us to carry on and we will. Love hearing from you and so glad we got to meet you at Christmas time. Cheer's Alice Breden

October 17, 2006

Dear Sherron what a wonderful tribute of love. Well done and much appreciated by the Breden Family. Thank you all again, Alice Breden

Thanks again Donna for your help, and for all the work you did for this tribute. Sherron once again you did an impeccable job of putting this tribute together. The two of you have something to be really proud of. I'm sure Henry's, family appreciates all the work you have put into it, and will cherish it forever; as will all the other members of the Moc Tel. We are a lucky bunch of Yukoner's to have two like you at the head of our group. Excellent job girls, Henry would be honoured. Hugs Moge Mogenson

October 17, 2006

Hello Sherron and Donna

As we can see, we can get the word YUKON out of Thank You.

With much appreciation I would like to say Thank you so much to you both for putting this wonderful Tribute of Henry together. Including all the Yukon stories, pictures, poem's and tributes from so many wonderful people.

Sincerely

Pat Bakewell mayo-gal@telus.net

CONGRATULATIONS!!!! Sherron and Donna for putting the Tribute to Henry Breden together. It was wonderful to be able to share in all the contributions to the tribute and the way it was put together with stories, poems, pictures, etc., and the realization of what a gift the man really was and the legacy he left.

My thanks, Sheila Becker

ISLAND YUKONERS PICNIC

To: Moccasin Telegraph

Hi, I just wanted to thank you for the great get together in Aug it was so nice to meet old friends.

Thank you Pat and Merv Peel [pattipeel*shaw.ca](mailto:pattipeel@shaw.ca)

OBIT

Karen Elizabeth EVANS passed away on October 19, 2006, in hospital in White Rock, B.C. She was born Karen Elizabeth Farkvam and raised by her parents, Oscar and Rose Farkvam, as the second-youngest of six children in Terrace, B.C. She married Bob Evans in Whitehorse, Yukon and they began to raise their four children, Julie, Eddie, Steven and Kriena there. They later moved to Victoria and then to White Rock, B.C. Karen will continue to be lovingly remembered by her husband Robert "Bob" Evans, her children, Julie (Steve) Lang of St Petersburg Florida, Edward Evans of Bangkok, Thailand, Steven (Trudi) Evans, of Vancouver, B.C. and Kriena (Nick) Pelusi, of Anacortes, Washington, as well as her five grandchildren, Sarianna Lang, Kriena Lang, Tristana Pelusi, Kira Pelusi, and Aiden Evans. She is also lovingly remembered by her three brothers and two sisters, Selma (Allan) Kennedy, Lynn (Howard) Alaric, Sandy (Lina) Farkvam, Ted (Lil) Farkvam and Fred (Norma) Farkvam, and by her Brothers-in-law, Jim (Dianne) Evans and Tim Evans. She will be sadly missed by fifteen of her nieces and nephews, as well as many great-nieces and nephews, great-great nieces and nephews and close family friend, Teresa Laturnus. Karen was predeceased by her mother Rose Farkvam and her father Oscar Farkvam and by her mother-in-law Dot Evans and sister-in-law Julie Evans. Karen devoted her life to making a beautiful home for her family. Her husband, children and grandchildren meant the world to her. She loved to garden and arrange flowers. She was always decorating her home, crocheting and doing other crafts. She enjoyed walking on the beach, traveling, dancing and entertaining her many friends and family. A memorial service will be held at 2:00 p.m. on Wednesday, October 25, 2006, at Victory Memorial Park Funeral Chapel, 14831 - 28th Avenue, Surrey. Karen's battle with cancer is over, and she will be missed by all those who knew her. In Karen's memory, donations may be made to a charity of your choice.

Published in The Province on 10/24/2006.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have sold my house in Kaleden – put stuff into storage and am on my way to Fort St. John to visit with my daughter Sandra for a while. Will keep in touch.

Best Regards,

Joan Rodschat northerner.2@hotmail.com

Hi Sherron, please change the email address to mcfadyen*northwestel.net
Cheers and 88's Ron McFadyen

ARTISTIC TALENT



Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron; I would like to subscribe, as I mentioned it to Dad [Don Machan] and he said yes. He is doing okay, is battling along and slowly making progress. He has been on the spine ward for 2 weeks now and still on the respirator at nights, to allow him to rest. He was able to move the toes on his left foot, and also move the leg a little. Encouraging signs at this stage.

Thanks again,
Terry Machan machan_terry@hotmail.com

October 15, 2006

Attended the *Okanagan Yukoners AGM* in Kelowna today and had the following personal requests to be added to the Moccasin Telegraph mailing list. Several others will contact us by e-mail.

Colin & Joanne Yeulet jyeulet@telus.net (In Kootenays)
Vimy (Yeulet/Boyd) Cooper vimyc@internet.com (In Whitehorse)
Martha & Bill Kerr marthakerr@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

I am hoping that each of these new additions will send us a message and tell a little more about themselves. – Sherron Jones

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Lynne Macara lmacara@yahoo.com (In Campbell River)

Taffy Apple Dip

8 oz. cream cheese $\frac{3}{4}$ c brown sugar
1 T vanilla $\frac{1}{2}$ c chopped peanuts
6 apples, cut in wedges

In a small bowl, beat cream cheese, brown sugar and vanilla until smooth. Spread mixture on a small serving plate, top with nuts. Serve with apple wedges.

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

CONTACT INFORMATION for the winter
(Please mail donations to this address during the period Oct 15 to April 15)

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