

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 184th Edition – December 3rd, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



It's 40 below up here today.... minus 43 outside of my
bedroom window this morning at first light..
These **Pine Grosbeaks** don't seem to mind the cold....
mind you I feed them lots.

Photo courtesy Elizabeth Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

The Miner

By Robbie Benoit cordrush@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

The tourists are coming, they're coming in droves
They're coming with Nikons, and home video

They line up out front, by the little log shack
The new breed of cheechako's, at five bucks a crack

With small plastic pans, they'll "moil" for gold
Nuggets Here Guaranteed! By the big sign they're told

They slosh and they splash, in the freezing cold water
They don't care, it's a fever! It's contagious, they've got it

Are you a "real" miner? Is the first thing they ask
Why that beard would look great, in our home photographs

So the click of a shutter, and the shot they just took
Takes a piece of me home, in their big picture book

I'm stuck working here, though it's not my first season
Because the real mining's gone, and that's the main reason

That I'll stand like a fool, for their cameras I'll grin
It pays better than pogeey, with the tips they throw in

Then I spin some tall tales, tell of long frozen nights
About mushing down trails, under God's northern lights

How it drove me to madness, past sixty below
Mushing home in the moonlight, on the hard drifted snow

Then the spell really takes them, I've seen tears rim their eyes
Oh! for hardships endured, under cold northern skies

Then after a while, I pull out my glass jar
Full of precious gold nuggets, mostly bought in the bars

This one's from Dominion, that fat one's from Hunker
I'd have one from Bonanza, had that fella been drunker

But it's just an illusion, entertainment, you know
I'm just giving them memories, to take with them home

But then it's back to the bus, my spell broken at last
Cause their irritable guide, has heard it all in the past.

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 12

BROWN - MCDADE MINE

Every community in the Yukon has its share of prospectors - newcomers and old-timers alike, all have their fling at prospecting. It is a vast territory of 207,076 square miles and minerals have been found at random from border to border. Flying prospectors to remote spots of the Yukon and northern B.C. made up a good part of my flying time. The discovery and development of most of the mines involved transportation, packhorses in the early days, fixed wing aircraft later and the ultimate prospectors conveyance was the helicopter. The only exception was the Whitehorse Copper Mine which was within the city limits of Whitehorse.

The Brown-McDade Mine was a little unusual in that it was called a mine, yet it never was a good producer. The property was located in 1944, 35 miles west of Carmacks, a settlement on the Yukon River 100 miles north of Whitehorse.

It was discovered by **Afe Brown** who had lived in the Yukon since the early 1900's and **Dave McDade**, a long time resident whose Scottish accent was as broad as though he had arrived from his homeland last week.

On one trip, while the mine was being developed, I landed at the mine site and while there met Dave who was getting ready to walk the 35 miles back to Carmacks. Dave and his big dog were familiar figures - Dave loved that old dog and never put a bigger pack on the dog than he would carry himself. I asked Dave if he would like a lift back to Carmacks. He shook his head and most emphatically said, "No thanks." He had never been in an airplane and had no intentions of getting into one, besides he had to take his dog with him to Carmacks. I said, "Come on Dave, I can put your dog in the aircraft, you aren't afraid are you?" He gave me a long look and said, "I'm no afrraid of yourrr machine, Lad," and with that we loaded the dog in and I settled Dave in the seat behind the cockpit. It was something to watch his expressions as he looked down on the country he had walked over for decades. When he got out less than a half hour later he was grinning from ear to ear and from then on he was a convert to flying.

There were many claims staked in the Brown-McDade area and I did a lot of flying into there. At first I used floats, then the second year, 1945, the mining company put a strip in and I could use wheels. It was a 150 mile flight from the Northern Airways base at Carcross and I made many trips with supplies and parts for machinery.

Two trips I made into there stand out in my memory.

The winter of 1944-45 was an extremely cold one, the temperature during December had remained 40 below zero and colder for days on end. It was about December 15 when I got a message from the consulting engineer, Dr. Bill Smitheringale in Whitehorse saying he had a load to go into the Brown McDade Camp.

When I arrived at Whitehorse, Dr. Smitheringale was waiting and with him, was a man going to work at the camp, an engineer's wife, Mrs. Len White, and her six month old baby daughter. Smitheringale was suitably dressed for cold weather but the other man was dressed in ordinary street clothes. I wasn't too happy about Mrs. White neither who did have a heavy coat on, and the baby, going on a bush flight in minus 40 degree temperature. I hustled them aboard and took off - a 100 mile flight northwest to the mine property.

About 20 miles out I could see the thermometer on the wing strut was dropping fast. The higher I got the colder it got. The old aircraft we flew in those days were not properly cowled in for anything colder than about 40 below zero. We did fly in colder temperatures but we knew perfectly well we were taking chances.

I got out about 50 miles and I was flying about 1,000 feet above ground, trying to keep out of the cold layer of air, when the engine started to shake. I had experienced that before and was sure the oil was beginning to congeal in the lines. If it congeals the pump can't force the oil through the lines, builds up pressure until it ruptures the line and the aircraft engine no longer functions. I had no choice. I had to make a landing right now. As luck would have it, there was a lake almost beneath me, so I went in. When the aircraft came to a halt I kept the engine running, noting that the thermometer on the wing strut registered almost -50°F.

I did everything I could think of to make the engine run warmer. I leaned the mixture until the engine was backfiring, and ran the engine at almost full throttle. When the engine temperature started to rise a little and I got it smoothed out I took off. It was just too cold to be flying that aircraft and I was worried about the baby, her mother, and the man in his light street clothes, if we couldn't stay in the air.

I flew as low as possible and ran the engine at almost full power, I leaned the mixture as much as possible, I did everything I had ever learned to make that engine run warmer. Where I landed was about a mile from the camp. It was down to - 50 and we unloaded as fast as we could. Dr. Smitheringale put the baby inside his parka next to his chest and started for the camp. Mrs. White followed him and the man followed her. The trail was well packed and it wouldn't take them long to reach camp, but I'll bet they were really cold before they reached there.

I got started as quickly as I could and flew back to Carcross noticing that the higher I climbed the colder the temperature, usually the temperature warms at a higher altitude. It meant that a high cold air mass was moving in - a dense one and would take some time before it settled down.

I flew just over the tree tops all the way back to Carcross. That night the temperature dropped even more and no aircraft flew out of Carcross or Whitehorse for the next week. The temperatures fell and stayed between -60 to -65 every day and at Snag, 200 miles north- west of Whitehorse the official reading was 82 below zero.

During that week I kept thinking of what could have happened if I hadn't been able to keep the aircraft engine going and we had been stranded. . .

* * *

Another flight which wasn't exactly routine was around the first of April and I was flying a ski equipped Fairchild 71. I took off from Carcross with a heavy load of supplies for the camp. The weather was good and all looked normal until I got within 10 miles of the camp. My engine started to miss then to backfire through the carburetor and within a few minutes I had lost at least half my power and I was heading for Mother Earth and there wasn't a thing I could do about it. Not too far ahead was a lake I was sure I could reach but the surface was covered with frozen snow drifts, it looked like a still shot of the ocean. Landing on that stuff was like landing on rocks, but I was going down at a good clip and was going to land on those drifts. The most I could hope for was that the undercarriage wouldn't be torn off on impact. I hit the first ridge, then the next and bumped from one after another until I came to a stop and - Glory Be - the undercarriage held. Battered but unbroken.

The next thing was to find out what caused me to get into this predicament. My first guess was that I had an exhaust valve closed. I looked around the engine and sure enough I saw one rocker box that was discoloured. I took it apart and found that one of the adjustment bolts for the valve had broken off under the locknut. I could adjust it back to where it belonged but without the locknut it wouldn't stay there. I set it in the proper position and marked it, then took the rocker arm off. I set out for camp - 6 miles away where I knew there was a welder and got him to spot weld it so it would never move, carried it back the 6 miles to the aircraft and installed it.

When I started up, the engine ran okay. Then I hunted around until I found a place on the lake where there weren't so many snowdrifts and managed to get off, landed at camp all in one piece for which, all things considered, I was very thankful.

To be continued

Can anyone identify anyone in the following two photos?

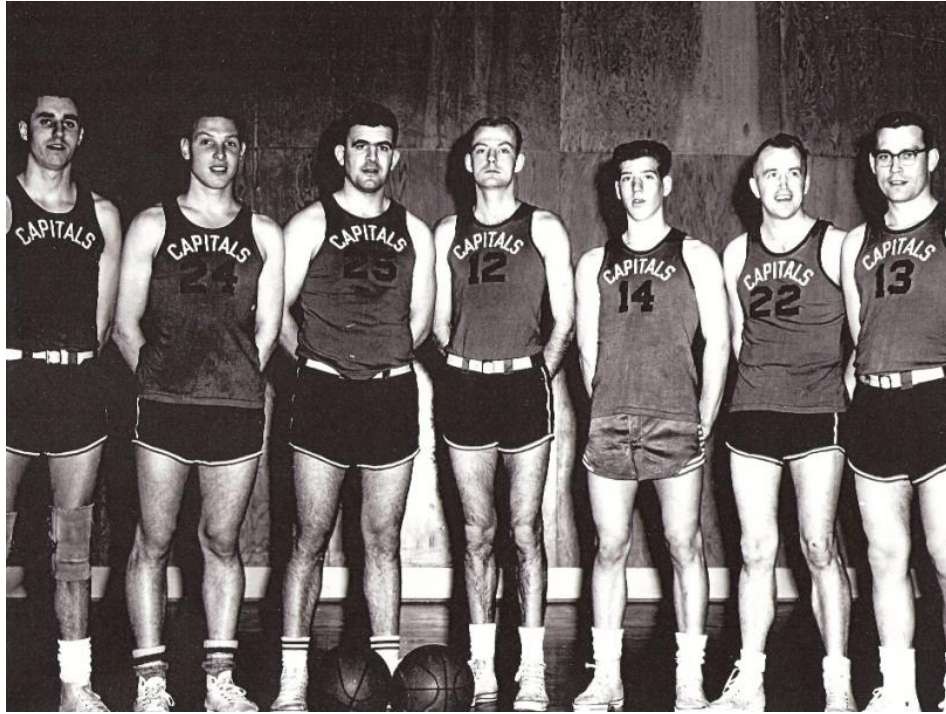


1969 - Fastball - Summer Games - Halifax

Back Row: ? - ? - Rocky Hebert - ? - Chuck Rear - Bill Kerr - Daryl Gallan - ? - Al Adams

Front Row: Bobby Veale - Ed ? - ? - Dave Coach - ? - ?

Photo courtesy Daryl Gallan concon_69@hotmail.com (In Sechelt)



Capital Hotel – Basketball - 1959-60

Gordon Reid - Daryl Gallan - Ralph 'Buzz' Hudson - Peter ? - Ed Bleakley - Jack 'Doc' Hibberd - ?

Photo courtesy Daryl Gallan concon_69@hotmail.com (In Sechelt)



They're walking on the river now;
I hope they don't fall in.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

I'd used the picture for the front page of the Sun, and had some space to fill on the back, so I decided to write an extended caption for it. I wrote the first line as a sentence and realized it had a rhythm to it, so I decided to see what else came out if I tried to finish it.

Riverwalkers
by Dan Davidson

They're walking on the river now;
I hope they don't fall in.
The temperature is much too cool
to take a little swim.

It's only been two weeks now
since they pulled the ferry out,
and less since all that floating ice
ceased to move about.

There's even been a truck or two,
much to my surprise,
bumping o'er the surface
of that barely frozen ice.

The folk who live there find it safe;
they seem to know the trick.
But you won't see me on that ice
until it's six feet thick.

I'll cross it then to visit friends
an 'cause I think I oughtta.
In my mind I know it's safe
on rock hard frozen water.

But even then it feels so strange;
it sets my heart a-quiver.
It feels so weird to walk or drive
where once there was a river.

MESSAGE FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH IN DAWSON

Hello from the cold cold north. This past week has been cold. -40 to -45 and not much different during the day. But we do still have sunshine and clear blue skies. The poor vehicle doesn't really like this weather, but it hasn't let me down yet. With square tires we bump out to the highway and after about 1/2 mile the tires smooth out. The other day I

came home from work to find my door had been pushed open by the Dog and hadn't closed behind her. My house was very cold, don't know how long the door had been open. The plants were pretty well done for especially two orchids, which were getting ready to bloom, and a few other s not so tropical. I turned up the thermostat, which had been heating my daughter's apartment downstairs, turned on the oven of the stove, and sat bundled up in my jacket and other winter clothes for about 2 hours. Luckily the water didn't freeze, a couple bottles of wine, were slushy and their corks sitting on top of the bottles. Oh the joys of living in the cold North Land, but I really wouldn't live anywhere else. One other thing, the remote control for the TV was so cold it wouldn't work, even after I stuck it under my armpit. Now is that cold or is that cold????? They say that it is going to be warm by Wednesday, let's hope. Take care and don't get sun burned

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Lightning Strike West of Beaver Creek.
Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson

This picture is of a lightning strike just west of Beaver Creek. I was lucky enough to get to go flying with a forestry fellow looking for lightning strikes after a thunder and lightning storm. This was taken in the early eighties from a helicopter. The area we flew over had probably fifty of these spots in it and thank goodness none developed into a forest fire although one can still see a puff of smoke coming from this one.

Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)



LOOK WHAT WE GOT. Winter just started about ten minutes ago.
Wish we were there.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

FOND MILK MEMORY

Maribeth's milk stories brought back some of my own. We lived in Haines Junction 1970 - 1972, and my fond milk memory is Tri-Milk. It came in a litre milk carton with black and white stripes. We'd buy it by the case and freeze it. It was reconstituted with 2 parts water to one part 'milk', or (this was the part we liked) it could be used as cream on fruit - it was very thick. It was wonderful for hot chocolate, as you could put a dollop in your mug, mix in the powder to a paste and then add the hot water - very rich!

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

It's funny the things one remembers isn't it? I have, from time to time, lamented the loss of Tri-Milk - I really liked it, as you could probably tell! We've had about six inches of snow here, and still falling, which made my children very happy. No power and downed lines in some parts of town, and church this morning was cancelled for us and probably for others.

I had an e-mail about a high school reunion for my class (1978 - 30 years!!!!!!) that is in the works. I hope you don't mind, but I had suggested that if they gave me a blurb perhaps it could go in a future edition. At this point, they are trying to contact as many grads as possible. I also don't mind 'covering the event' if you like, as I think we'll be going up. We've been talking about driving up for a couple of years, and this would be a good excuse to do so. And when I suggested Alistair and Robbie could do the Chilkoot, which got them both excited as well.

Well, enjoy the warm weather! It gave me a shiver to think of -43 further up!

Lynne Macara

WEATHER KEEPS BROWNIE CONFINED TO BARRACKS

Hi Sherron: Are you lucky to be where you and Bill are. We have snow so deep on my deck, like you wouldn't believe it. It LOOKS lovely but we are all confined to barracks. It's coming down white, no sense in shoveling, it just keeps coming. The cars are slipping around on the street, so I missed church this a.m. I could hear Pete saying, ' don't go this morning,' so I didn't even though I was a Greeter. Ken isn't afraid to slip and slide, I am.

Hope you are enjoying the sunshine and warm weather. Thanks for another good Moc Tel. Hugs to both,
Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

PS November 30, 2006

Can't get out on our deck as the snow has drifted up onto the glass about 2 feet. BUT the water is dripping off my 'wind chimes', a good start to the Big Thaw. My little variegated Holly Bush seems to have lost its red berries, unfortunately. It took 3 years growth to finally show 10 berries, now they have disappeared. 300 gorgeous Poinsettias surrounding the fountain at the front entrance make it feel and look a little like Hawaii. Tomorrow is the big day for all to help decorate the monster tree while we listen to Colleen play the Flute and the residents enjoy their eggnog with a goodly dash of Rum.
Brownie



Pine Grosbeaks – Photo courtesy Elizabeth Sutton.

I believe today, November 25th was the coldest day we've had all winter. -43 at first light.

We have several bird feeders but the tray seems popular to all sorts of birds from Ravens right down to the little Chickadee. I put all my good scraps out there now that it's so cold. The smorgasbord today is cherry tomatoes, caribou roast, melon peels, peanut butter (chunky) and black sunflower seeds. I've also been known to put out old fruit cake, bacon grease, leftover chili and any meat or fish scraps. The birds seem to like it.

Today, I had a lot of these beautiful Pine Grosbeaks. They remind me of a parrot.

Photo courtesy Elizabeth Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

PINE GROSBEAKS

One of the larger members of its family, the Pine Grosbeak this large, robin-sized finch (approximately 8 to 10 inches in length) has an extremely wide distribution, occurring in northern forests in northern Europe, Russia, and North America. In North America, it occurs from northwest and central Alaska south through the Cascades and Rocky Mountains to Washington and British Columbia, across the Yukon and Northwest Territories through northern Manitoba to Ontario, Quebec, and Newfoundland, and south to northern Maine and New Hampshire. Pine Grosbeaks also occur in the higher altitudes in the Sierra Nevada, eastern Arizona, and northern New Mexico. Pine Grosbeak habitat includes the borders of open places in coniferous woods, pond and stream edges, and the edges of open fields and marshes. There, they build a bulky nest in a shrub or coniferous tree.

Pine Grosbeaks forage in trees, or they may come to the ground to forage for fallen seeds and fruit. They eat the buds of many trees, including maple, birch, apple, mountain ash, poplar, and willow. **Favorite foods** include the fruits of crabapple, bittersweet, barberry, and mountain ash, and the seeds of birch, pine, and spruce trees. In addition, they eat grass and weed seeds and various insects (which make up to 15 percent of their diet in summer). Outside of the breeding season, these grosbeaks are often found in flocks numbering up to 100 birds, which settle in one tree and feed on one food at length

Male with rosy-red head, chest and back, rest grey; **females with yellow-olive** where male has red.

GREAT ISSUE 183

183 is superb. I can't wait to take it to Dad on my next trip to Vernon; I am going to mail it tomorrow.

I am also going to take the Stellar's Jay section to an elderly birder here in Burnaby who has been hospital or house bound for the last month. He'll love it and his son will love having Hal get the stimulation he needs right now.

We are only supposed to get 2mm of snow today but I think we passed that in the last hour. I haven't had to tie up bushes for so long that I forgot to tie up my new one, which is not at this time even approaching a columnar shape. Live and learn.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Monday, November 27, 2006 1:09 PM

Look now and still coming down.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

ALF BILTON HONORED

Alf Bilton of Whitehorse is mentioned in the following release:

COWBOYPOETRY.COM NAMES LARIAT LAUREATE

SAN FRANCISCO-November 28, 2006-CowboyPoetry.com officially named its thirteenth Lariat Laureate today --and "8 Seconds"--winners in a global competition on the internet's premier Cowboy Poetry site. This popular folk form celebrates and honors ranching and rural life.

Brenda "Sam" DeLeeuw of Manti, Utah was recognized as Lariat Laureate for her poem, "Spring." DeLeeuw, married for twenty years to a sheep and cattle rancher, is a popular entertainer at Western gatherings. She describes herself, "She can run a squeeze chute, inoculate cows in the heat of the day and spend cold nights checking first time calving heifers by headlight. She can keep a calf warm on the floor of her truck or the floor of her kitchen, and keep the scour medicine in her fridge separate from the dressing she made for last night's supper."

DeLeeuw comments, "My heritage has been pioneers and early settlers and my early years of riding horses and being raised in a community where cattle supplied livelihoods. Time brings change and the 'backyard cattle raisers' are all but gone. The major beef producers are barely hanging on because of the economy and forced restrictions. This way of life must be preserved and written down, the stories told, whether humorous or serious. I want the memories of my youth and later years to be read by my family in the next generations and I do that through my cowboy poetry."

The "8 Seconds" finalists are **Alf Bilton of Whitehorse, Yukon**, Slim McNaught of New Underwood, South Dakota; Janalee Martin of Helmville, Montana; Gail T. Burton of Benton, Arkansas; G. M. Atwater of Gardnerville, Nevada; Muriel Zeller of California's Sierra Nevada foothills; Mike Moore of Sante Fe, Texas; and Diane Tribitt of Hillman, Minnesota.

CowboyPoetry.com is a project of the non-profit Center for Western and Cowboy Poetry. The site, updated daily, is a central resource for western and cowboy poetry and associated arts. It hosts thousands of classic and contemporary poems, and many features. April, 2007 marks the sixth annual Center-sponsored Cowboy Poetry Week, an event officially recognized by unanimous resolution of the United States Senate. As a part of that program, the Center's Rural Library Project distributes a contemporary Western art poster and an annual compilation CD, "The BAR-D Roundup," to libraries across the West.

Many of the Lariat Laureate finalists share rural roots, and they speak to the importance of the preservation of an endangered way of life and its stories. In the face of challenges, there is often a celebration of the rewards of the lifestyle, its community, and its values. All of the poems have a sharp realism at their center, in recognition of both the work and rewards of ranching and rural life.

Alf Bilton hails from Whitehorse, Yukon, and his poem, "When Walls Forgot," pays tribute to the stories told by his grandmother. He writes about the importance of poetry in an era of urbanization "... preservation and transmission of such stories to new generations is becoming even more important. Those stories are the key to understanding a different way, the way of the pioneer, the individualist. It is the way of those who paradoxically strive for self-reliance while remaining ready to help others. It is the way symbolized by the cowboy."

Slim McNaught of New Underwood, South Dakota, grew up in the Badlands country on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in southwest South Dakota. His poem, "Cold Weather Feedin'," captures the effort and recompense of winter work. Slim comments that no matter what the time of year or the weather, "if you just watch a bunch of horses for a few minutes doin' what horses do, you will feel blest." etc.

More information about each of the poets and more poetry is available at **CowboyPoetry.com**.

NOTE TO EDITORS/Winning poems, bios, contact information for poets at:
<http://www.CowboyPoetry.com/winner.htm>

Margo Metegrano, Editor
CowboyPoetry.com
editor*cowboypoetry.com

YUKON COLDEST

Did you know that they deemed "Yukon" to be the coldest place on the planet earth last weekend???. We were colder than Siberia and Antarctica, if you can imagine?? It's really warmed up today..... we're at -24C this morning and that certainly is a welcome reprieve from 40 some below!!! Lots of snow today though.

Hope you and Bill are having an enjoyable winter thus far?

Take care
Terry Vold Terry-Lynn.Vold@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse) (Nov. 29, 2006)

Just to add to the scenario..... (the underlined words are links to the internet)

[The ExploreNorth Blog](#)

Explore the North with me, from the Yukon Territory and Alaska to the entire circumpolar world.

- [Blog](#)
- [About](#)

[Coldest Place on the Planet?](#)

November 27th, 2006

Apparently that's what some weather media Outside are saying. In Whitehorse it was only -40C this morning, which is bloody cold for November, but in January is no big deal. There was a term on the Environment Canada site this morning that I don't recall seeing before, though - "Fog Depositing Ice".

MAYO MEMORIES

Harvey your story on the picture from Margie in front of the old N.C. store triggered some very fond memories of growing up in Mayo. One is of the old store the sound of the big front door when you opened it the smell inside and the sound you made on the floor as you walked in. For some reason these memories are etched in my mind. Another is how kind and genuinely nice Margie Profeit was to all us kids all the time even when Danny and I were at our worst. We were also neighbors in Keno in the 50's. I have heard rumours Danny and I were real bad there. I met Margie in Whitehorse a few years ago and she is still the same just glows with affection. She is a special person. Harvey I pulled

out my 1961 Aurora and read it again. Everybody was so young. It was Don Machan's last year in Mayo. It sounded like he and family were moving to Fort St. John. His ambition was to teach by remote control. You were in grade 10, I was in grade 2 [two times]. You said your weakness was BEV. Who was Bev.? or is it too personal. What ever happened to Eddie Choptain? Do you have any of the old Aurora's? They are a blast to read now.

Talk to you later. Don Curry ariba1*telus.net (In Elkford BC)

REPLY TO MAYO MEMORIES

Hi Don and Sherron,

Don, I have memories of the old N.C. store as well. I remember the high ceilings and the dark oiled floors. The rows of canned and other goods. I worked at Taylor & Drury during high school so my memory of that store is more vivid. The Old N.C. store did have character, though. For a month I took piano lessons from Vi Ferguson, the wife of the RCMP corporal in charge of the Mayo detachment. (It was only for a month because the Fergusons moved away after that.) Since we did not have a piano the Chesters, who lived above the N.C. store at the time, allowed me to practice on their piano. I'm not sure how much practicing I did as I was enthralled by the view from the windows of their home above the store and spent a good deal of the time watching the world go by below. Can you remember Mr. Chester (can't remember his first name), Tom Retallick, Johnny Boyce who were some of the managers before Danny Jurovich built the new store?

I also remember you being together with Danny Profeit. I remember you as a young boy in school. And, yes I remember that you used to get into a bit of mischief now and then!

I do have my old AURORA's (our Mayo School annuals). I have the 1959 through 1963 editions and the 1971 and 1973 ones. Karren (North) Crowley has very kindly lent me her 1957 and 1958 editions to copy. I have scanned in the 1957 one but still have to do the 1958 edition.

Ah yes, Bev...my first girlfriend. Beverley Wilson was her name. I thought she was pretty nice. Her father worked for the Northern Canada Power Commission and they lived out at the hydro site about 5 miles from town. Bev and her sister Patricia attended Mayo school for, I think, two years or so. The Wilsons then moved to Whitehorse and lived in Riverdale for a number of years. I corresponded with Bev for a couple of years after they left Mayo and then lost touch. Her sister Pat did call me once while I was at UBC in Vancouver but due to a scheduling conflict I was unable to meet with her and did not hear from her again.

I don't know what happened to Eddy Choptain. His brother Wally, who was with CP Air moved to Whitehorse about 1960 or 1961 and lived there for a number of years. I lost track of him after that, and of Eddie after he moved away. According to the "Hatches, Matches and Snatches" section of the 1958 AURORA, "C.P.A [agent] Wally Choptain

married Angelica Hauck who has been nursing at the Mayo General Hospital on May 17 [1958]. A lovely reception was held in the Mayo Pioneer Hall."

I think Don Machan and his family moved to Hudson's Hope, BC after they left Mayo. I know the AURORA says they were going to Ft. St John, but I think that is incorrect, although the two are not that far apart. Perhaps Terry or Don can verify that.

Hey....thanks for more memories!

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



Snow at the Burian's in French Creek - Parksville Nov. 30, 2006
Photo courtesy Harvey Burian

Thought you might like to see how much snow we have here in French Creek. This photo of our home was taken this morning from our cul-de-sac (after I shovelled the driveway!) Yesterday we had blizzard like conditions. It was not terribly cold but it was windy and we had drifting. Note that most of the snow has been blown off our roof...a good thing!

Take care.
Harvey Burian

CHECKING UP ON ALICE BREADEN

Hi sherron, thanks for your e mail, yes it is very hard to realize a life without Henry. I still can't seem to realize it is all over. But I know it will take time. It was great while it lasted. Guess it is human nature to want more.

The family have wonderful memories of him to share with each other.

We got snow!!! Guess we complained too much about the rain! I have been lucky as I have a nice young lad that lives near me that loves to clean driveways. Today I just went out though and cleared enough of a trail for the post lady; I won't be taking the car out till it is all gone anyway. Keiko loves it and comes in with his paws all iced up with snow balls clinging to him and I put him in the bathroom sink and run warm water on him! It is pretty though and I was lucky the power didn't go off as it did for some people.

The canned Pacific milk must be a Yukon thing as I always keep a can in the fridge just in case too! Do you remember the tri milk? It came in a carton and you added two cartons of water with it? I remember when we use to drive out to Vancouver we would stop at Overwaitea in Dawson creek and buy a quart of fresh milk at a decent price and we would drink it all up as soon as we got in the car. What a treat! Enough reminiscing. Loads of love and hugs to you both. Alice

Alice Breaden ambreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Gillian hamming it up as Nurse at a recent event in Vancouver.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

LOVELY TO HEAR FROM YOU.....well re the Nurse....I was larking about re the full audience of soldiers.. because my brilliant Friend.. Ross did that..the back ground I mean..... but I was at the " Orpheum"on November 11th with Dal Richards and his 16 Piecelove that theatre.....so special..so many ghosts of long ago Entertainers..always a thrill for me.. even being back stage....

The song I sang was written for the First World War.. " Nurses" ..it is was called "The Rose of No Mans Land" and it is such a beautiful song.. very simple....touching

lyrics....and I dedicated it to all the Nurses all over the World..but especially in the war zone.....

The photo was taken at Watts Costumes....when I picked up the costume.....ROSS made it for me....and it is identical to the original Nurses out fit they wore all those Years ago..he did a lot of research for it...Lucky me.. to have such Great Friend... Ross Wright made it for me.....Rays Partner at Watts Costumes...

Very chilly here just took the boys out for a walk. Well....two blocks away I realized.. that it was too much for me.. Benjamin pulling one way and Desmond pulling the other ..and I was about to land on my..YOU KNOW WHAT.. !!!!...so I came home and let them go into the back Garden..so much fun they had playing and they are getting on so well....the odd growl from Benjamin... well lots of SNOW here and it is very cold.. so must get cracking and send all the Christmas Cards.....although we get a lot of.. Greeting through the E-mail....not really quite the same though is it.....Big Hugs.. Gillian ...



Here's an update. Another six inches or so last night, but sunny and much milder today. Scheduled for rain tomorrow. So, our "Winter" should be over shortly. Hopefully will be back to golf in a few days.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Parksville)

MAD TRAPPER RESURFACES ??

Pat King was surfing www.cbc.ca and sent you this CBC News story with the following comment: It's still alive. Take a look at the RELATED & EXTERNAL LINKS at the right side of this page.

Mad Trapper's exhumation surfaces a second time

An Alberta-based film company wants to dig up the body of Albert Johnson, the Mad

Trapper of Rat River, and solve one of the greatest mysteries of the North.

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This story, forwarded to you by patkingis@shaw.ca, appears on <http://www.cbc.ca> at the following URL:

<http://www.cbc.ca/canada/north/story/2006/11/29/mad-trapper.html>

Interesting story about the possibility of finally identifying the Mad Trapper using DNA. Check it out by going to the link above. I didn't like to copy it because of the copyright statement. - Sherron

ARTISTIC TALENT



Elongate Aphid-Fly

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

WHITEHORSE MUNICIPAL ELECTION

The municipal election was held on Thursday, October 19, 2006 and the following persons were elected:

Mayor:

Bev Buckway

Councillors:
Dave Austin
Doug Graham
Jeanine Myhre
Florence Roberts
Jan Stick
Dave Stockdale

The new council was to be sworn in at a special council meeting to be held at 7:30 p.m. on Monday, October 30, 2006.

REMOVED FROM LIST

Recipient address: protostar44@hotmail.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
SAUNDERS, Al protostar44@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse 1960's-1970's) Vancouver

Recipient address: jmagnuson@klondiker.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
MAGNUSON, Jennifer jmagnuson@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Recipient address: seesom130@hotmail.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
SEELY, Hy (BRASSEUR) seesom130@hotmail.com (Born Dawson, Lived in Whitehorse 1946-1980) Fraser Valley

I contacted Hy's sister Tina Parsons and learned that Hy has moved from a suite in her daughters home to a seniors facility and is very happy and very busy there. She is not planning on being on her computer. – Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Obstacles are those frightening things you see when you take your eyes off your goals.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Nutty Broccoli Slaw

Submitted by Karen Shaw kshaw@interchange.ubc.ca (In White Rock)

1 pkg chicken ramen noodles
1 pkg broccoli slaw mix (16 oz)
1 cup sliced green onions
1 1/2 cups broccoli florets

1 can olives, halved (green or black, your choice)
1 cup sunflower kernels, toasted
1/2 cup slivered almonds, toasted
1/2 cup sugar (or Splenda)
1/2 cup cider vinegar
1 to 1 1/2 cups (or less) olive or vegetable oil

Set aside the noodle seasoning package. Crumble noodles and place in a large bowl. Add the slaw mix, broccoli, onions, olives, sunflower kernels and almonds. In a jar with a tight fitting lid, combine the sugar, vinegar, oil and contents of the seasoning package. Shake well. Drizzle over salad and toss to coat.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Just want to let Yukoners know that the reduced room fee at the **River Rock Resort** (\$149.00 plus tax) is available for the whole weekend relative to our annual banquet March 31, 2007. Nice of them we think!!

They are actually now taking reservations for those of you who like to plan ahead. We are looking for a good turnout this year. Carol Clarke will be on the internet with more reminders as time draws nearer. Christmas first of course. In the meantime, pass the word. For more information re email you can contact **Carol Clarke** at clclarke*shaw.ca or **Helen Munro** hmunro*shaw.ca

Oh yes, tickets are still \$55.00 each. Remember - the Resort offers lots to do before and after our soiree.

Hope to see you all in March. Helen Munro

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

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