

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 186th Edition – December 17th, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Desadeash Ice

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

SKIPPER WALT'S SEAL HUNT

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

Old skipper Walt was a crafty old salt,
Who had fished all his life in the bay.
He was his own boss, whether profit or loss,
He survived, and he paid his own way.
His family, 'tis said, asked no help for their bread,
But depended for all on the Skipper,
Their menu was good, though a great deal of cod,
And in springtime they feasted on flippers.

For the skipper, you see, was a man of the sea,
From its riches he'd harvest his meals,
He gathered the rounders, and lobsters and flounders,
But, each spring he went hunting for seals.
Then Greenpeace came 'round, from far out of town.
Demanding an end to the hunt.
They claimed skipper Walt was directly at fault,
And insisted he anchor his punt.

Greenpeace said “we insist that environmentalist’s
Are the only ones well qualified,
To decide what all you Newfoundlanders should do,
You must put your customs aside.
You may not make a meal of a tender young seal,
They will now be illegal to shoot.
Because Brigit Bardot has been out on the floe,
And declared that all whitecoats are cute.

Though he’s not one to gloat, Walt stepped into his boat,
Steamed out to the ice-floe and stopped her.
But the man from Greenpeace who’d insisted he cease
Beat him out to the ice in his ‘copter.
He was hugging a seal, but he couldn’t conceal
His glee as, he shouted “I caught ‘em.”
Then the seal bared his teeth, knocked the man off his feet,
Bit a great chunk of flesh from his bottom.

Well, the cagy old skipper, took a chaw of his kipper,
And he said “now here’s how I feel”,
“I’ve enjoyed eating flippers since I was a nipper,
And I can only get flippers from seals.
So I’ll tell you up front, I’ll continue my hunt.
But to please you here’s what we’ll do “.
“If you still want to hug ‘em, wait ‘til after I slug ‘em,
That would make it much safer for you”.

The Greenpeace man sighed, then defeated he cried,
“You win, I’m declaring a pause.”
“If you’d relish a meal of that vicious old seal,
I will find a much loftier cause.
Then sick and in pain he stepped into his plane,
Put his mukluks and gauntlets and touque on.
He left the old skipper to savor his flippers,
And flew off to save wolves in the Yukon.

© 2006 Gus Barrett.

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 14 CANOL

The construction of the Alaska Highway, 1,520.7 miles of road through the wilderness in 8 months, 27 days was considered one of the great construction feats of the century and affected the whole northwest of the continent. Another construction project about the same time which was not so widely acclaimed for security reasons, but equally awesome logistically, was the construction of the Canol Pipeline ... 1600 miles of pipe laid over the wilderness from Norman Wells N.W.T. to Whitehorse, then north to Fairbanks at a cost of \$137 million and a total labour force of 3,000.

There had been oil wells north of the H.B.C. post of Fort Norman for years. Imperial Oil had capped wells at Norman Wells as early as 1925 but the region was accessible only by riverboat during the brief summer months and there appeared to be no economical means of transporting the oil. In the early 1930's the wells operated for a short time and provided fuel for the mines at Great Bear Lake. When the appetite for fuel of the thousands of vehicles and pieces of equipment used on the Alaska Highway and the demands of the Army base at Fairbanks became greater than the tankers up the coast, vulnerable to Japanese attack, could provide, the answer was to put a pipeline from Norman Wells to Whitehorse, refine the oil and pipe the product another 600 miles to Fairbanks. My involvement with the Canol project began in 1943 and consisted of flying surveyors between Whitehorse and Norman Wells, a distance of 450 miles. There was no proper map of the country, the only man to have walked the route and made a report was a government geologist, Joseph Keel, in 1917. The **Keel River** was named after him but had become known as **Gravel River**.

The first map I used was 50 miles to the inch and in many cases it was out by 50 miles. Fifty miles in the bush can make the difference between finding suitable route for road and a pipeline or not.

The first flight I made I was flying a Fairchild 71 - a 6 place aircraft and my passengers were surveyors Kent Fuller who was in charge, and his assistant, Gerry Murphy who were to mark out the best possible route for the pipeline.

The route between Whitehorse and Norman Wells crosses two mountain ranges, the Selwyn and the McKenzie, part of the Rocky Mountains. That first trip was pretty well by the seat of my pants flying. I got through the mountain pass at the head of the Ross River and started down the river which flows into the McKenzie River. I wasn't sure whether I was following the Gravel or the North Nahanni River. When I broke out over the McKenzie River I knew where I was - 30 miles south of Norman Wells. We stayed over at Norman Wells then worked our way back to Whitehorse checking possible routes. We flew many trips along the valleys, through passes of mountain ranges, over canyons, weighing the merits of one route over another for the pipeline, a road for servicing the pipeline and a telephone line.

Many times we couldn't get through due to weather and I would have to turn back. We always carried extra gasoline, camping equipment and plenty of food. On the whole 450 mile route there were only 2 places where accommodation was available, Ross River Post about 150 miles from Whitehorse and Sheldon Lake Trading Post another 75 miles past Ross River, then a distance of at least 250 miles between Sheldon Lake and Norman

Wells on the McKenzie where there was no sign of human life. So we often had to camp out when we couldn't get through the passes and the weather was bad, and it would have wasted time to have flown back to our starting point.

Even with all our gear it was no picnic making camp on the uncovered bank of a frozen river or lake where there was a suitable stretch to land the aircraft.

On one flight from Norman Wells to Whitehorse I got very close to the McMillan Pass, the height of land, above the timber line, no trees just the endless expanse of white. This was one more tricky place where, with nothing to mark the blanket of snow, coupled with a light blowing snow, one is in a "white out" and loses all reference to the ground and becomes confused about depth perception and orientation. One hears reports about crashes. . . " .. he flew right into the ground, or lake or hill" and non fliers wonder how it could happen. Pilots who have experienced a "white out" understand very well how it happened.

Anyway, it was getting late in the day and I flew into a whiteout so I turned around and went back about 20 miles down the Gravel River before I could find a place that looked good enough to land and where we could make camp.

The landing was normal, but when I turned off the engine I could distinctly hear the sound of running water underneath the aircraft. Without hesitation I started up the engine and taxied to another spot, turned off the engine and listened - silence; as only there can be silence in the north in winter. We got out and walked back to the place where we had first stopped. I had stopped on a shelf of ice about 3 feet above the water which was about 4 feet deep and fast running. It was obvious that the weight of the aircraft could have broken the ice shelf, plunging the aircraft into the stream and I would have lost my aircraft. The shelf had been formed when the River was high in the Fall, then the water level had dropped leaving the shelf of ice. We camped overnight and flew on to Whitehorse the next day.

While aircraft flying at low levels would allow the surveyors to designate the general route of the pipeline, there was a need for closer inspection of some particular stretches. This was in pre helicopter days, so it meant using packhorses for ground work. The surveyors decided it would require 100 head of horse to do the work and **Tommy Wild** from the Peace River country supplied the packhorses gear. As soon as the snow had gone, the horses were trucked over the Alaska Highway from Fort St. John to a place about 90 miles south and east of Whitehorse named Johnson's Crossing.

The hundred packhorses were divided into 3 groups, one to start on the south section and another group to start farther north to blaze the trail, and the other to mark the area which would require more attention. The packtrains never did get to Norman Wells; they made it to about 75 miles from there.

Besides the horses, tons and tons of oats and baled hay were trucked to Johnson's Crossing from where they were flown in to whatever spot the packtrain happened to be camped at that time.

Tom Wild flew with me on the hay run most of that summer. If the packtrain was camped at a lake I would land and unload the feed, but often they were camped where I couldn't land and I would fly over and Tom would push the bales and sacks out the door. Those horses must have had the most expensive meals ever known to horseflesh between the trucking and the flying. **Tom Wild** didn't do too badly either, the U.S. Army was paying him \$4.00 per day (and all expenses) per horse, so he got \$400.00 a day for 4 months, not a bad income in 1944.

Also during the summer months I left a 4 man crew at a small lake in the headwaters of the **Gravel River** to check on certain sections of the proposed route. About a month later I went back with supplies for them. As I was tying up the aircraft I saw a fellow standing on the bank nearby with his arm in a sling and his hand wrapped in bandages. When I got up to him, so help me, there was a knife right through his hand. It had gone in one side and out the other, and was still embedded. I asked him what had happened and he said in a faint whisperly voice. "I ran it through my hand." I asked, "Couldn't you have pulled it out?" Just thinking about it was enough to turn one's stomach.

I turned to the man in charge, "Quick, get him into the aircraft and I'll take him straight to Whitehorse for attention."

I had the aircraft ready to go, looked back to see if he were alright and there he was calmly removing the bandage from his hand. When he got it all off there was nothing wrong with his hand. He had taken a big butcher knife, heated the blade so it could fit around this hand, to look as though the knife had gone through it.

Big joke! I was ready to throw him in the lake, sense of humour and all.



Our family. Carcross, Y.T. 1945



L. to R.: Bob Farrell (Ethel's cousin), Ethel, daughter Joan and Pat.



L. to R.: Junker A/C., Norseman, and twin DeHaviland Rapide.



A/C. tied up at Sheldon Lake during the Canol Project.

Pat standing on top gassing Fairchild 71. Mining engineer Franklin Price and wife standing.



To be continued....



This is my dog Mac he is Collie and Elkhound cross, what a combination this fellow was smart and easy to train. As you can see he wasn't about to be left behind either. He also rode on the roof of my car and truck until I got stopped for stunting. It worked well, no dog hair in the vehicle. These were taken March 1972 and August 1971 at Pine Valley Motel Mile 1147.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Submitted by Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

THINK OF OUR SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN THIS CHRISTMAS

A Different Christmas Poem

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.
My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.
Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.

The sparkling lights in the tree I believe,
Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.
My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.
In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,
So slumbered I, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know, Then the
sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.
My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
And I crept to the door just to see who was near.
Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,
Perhaps a Ranger, huddled here in the cold.
Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.
"What are you doing?" I asked without fear,
"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!
Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,
You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts...
To the window that danced with a warm fire's light
Then he sighed and he said "Its really all right,
I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night."
"It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,
That separates you from the darkest of times.
No one had to ask or beg or implore me,
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died in Europe on a day in December,"
Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers."
My dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam',
And now it is my turn and so, here I am.
I've not seen my own son in more than a while,
But my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile.

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,
The red and the white ... a Canadian flag.
I can live through the cold and the being alone,
Away from my family, my house and my home.
I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.
I can carry the weight of killing another,
Or lay down my life with my sister and brother...
Who stand at the front against any and all,
To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said, "harbor no fright,
Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."
"But isn't there something I can do, at the least,
"Give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?
It seems all too little for all that you've done,
For being away from your wife and your son."

Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget.
To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,
To stand your own watch, no matter how long.
For when we come home, either standing or dead,
To know you remember we fought and we bled.
Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,
That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."

Author unknown

WHITEHORSE DAM

Just thought I would send you more of dad's slides to see if there are any interesting memories [resulting from them]. Seems like the right time of year for these winter pictures. These are of the Whitehorse Dam, again late 50's to early 60's.

Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)



Whitehorse Dam

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)

Hope these photos will bring some memories from some of you. Would love to have your comments. – Sherron



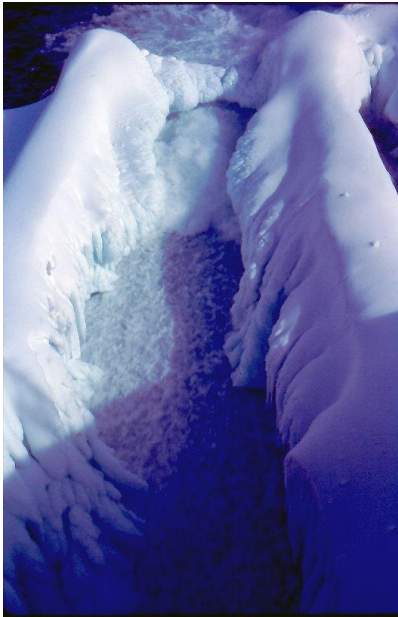
Whitehorse Dam – In Winter White

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)



Whitehorse Dam – Fish Ladder

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)



Whitehorse Dam - Spillway

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)

MOCTEL 185

I just loved the moose story and photographs...that is just wonderful....so neat....Thank you for sharing.. Hugs Gillian ..p.s. Edward and I also intend to attend the River Rock...Yukon Ball? well it isn't really a Ball any more is it we don't dance..but Hey we can have a Little fling with the one arm Bandits...Cheers Gillian

Gillian Campbell (Klondike Kate) gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

SHEEP MOUNTAIN

I like the photo of the sheep at Sheep Mountain (in Mockett 185) sent in by Moge Mogenson. It reminded me of a great adventure I had as a boy. In 1956, I went to Destruction Bay for a week or so with Doug Solonick and his parents, Johnny & Thelma?. We stayed at the home of some friends of theirs. The man worked for CNT.

Doug (15) and I (13) decided that we wanted to climb Sheep Mtn. So one morning we hitched a ride to the optimum point of attack, and began our ascent. We started to climb up the ridge to the right of this photo.



Photo of Sheep Mtn, July, 2001
Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie

As we approached the first outcrops of purplish rock, we came face-to-face with a herd of about 20 sheep. One of the big rams was watching us closely, and acting a bit aggressive. So we sat down for a while, and the sheep moved away. We continued our climb to the next rocky peak. The climb took us about 2 hours (as I recall). Our descent was quick and easy. We ran and jumped down the scree (debris) slope and, upon reaching the highway, we timed our descent at about half an hour.

We hitched a ride back to the Bay. It was a fine day, much like the one on which Maxine and I drove to Kluane in 2001.

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

G'day Sherron!

Been meaning to email you for some time now but being busy at work and really, a loss of words to describe my thoughts has been prevalent. It's just been such a crappy year for losing friends and loved ones; I guess I'm still a bit numb with my own issues. What a wonderfully interesting and entertaining character Henry Breaden is! It's my loss that I never took the chance to actually meet him, because there were plenty of opportunities to do so at the Yukoner picnics in Nanaimo. For me, one of his lasting legacies will be the way that he affected us all with his wit; wisdom and story telling that covered every subject from Paddlewheelers to Computers. My thoughts are with his family as they must now adjust to somewhat of a quieter room.

I hope you're having a great time in the Arizona sun! I was in San Francisco and San Diego about 3 weeks ago and it sure was nice and warm, especially as you progress inland! Of course coming back home to a Victoria snow storm and reading about the Yukon -40 below was pretty entertaining!

Do you remember and I'm sure you do, when you were getting the gears from a number of people for critiquing the costs etc for the new games centre in Whitehorse?! Well, here's a clipping that should give you a bit of satisfaction!

Cheers!

Jim Morrow [jimmorrow*telus.net](mailto:jimmorrow@telus.net) (In Victoria)

'We're getting in over our heads':

Whitehorse Star article - by Matthew Grant – Dec. 12, 2006

Councillor bucking the tide of Monday's budget speech, a city councillor says ballooning costs at the Canada Games Centre are the reason for the city's tax hikes and fee increases. In an interview this morning, Coun. Doug Graham said he disagrees with the city's budget speech that the cost of living increases are responsible for planned higher user fees and the five per cent tax boost facing city homeowners.

The reason for the increases, Graham said, is that there is more taxpayers' money needed to subsidize the operation of the Canada Games Centre.

"We're getting in over our heads," he told the Star.

"We're in this situation because of the multiplex; it's the whole picture. It's 100 per cent of the problem.

"I can see it easily being a 10 per cent tax increase next year if we don't do something."

During the budget speech, increasing labour costs, higher energy prices and the costs of materials were listed as some of the major contributing factors for the five per cent tax increase.

The city's operating budget went from a budgeted \$39.8 million in 2006 to an anticipated \$41.3 million in 2007.

"To maintain our current service levels, total labour costs are increasing by \$800,000,

higher energy prices will cost the city \$400,000 more, and the cost of materials and supplies is expected to increase by \$240,000," Mayor Bev Buckway said in her budget speech. Graham said he disagrees that labour, fuel and energy are the major contributing factors.

"It's simply not true. It's just not right," Graham said.

Fuel prices have actually dipped from their highs last year and labour cost increases occur regularly, he said.

"(Labour costs) are things we deal with all the time."

The major costs being incurred by the city, Graham said, are caused by the Games centre underperforming.

Coun. Dave Austin said this morning he believes it's a combination of a spiralling cost of living and the Games centre that are prompting the city to up taxes and raise user fees.

"There's no question that some of the costs we're incurring are from the Canada Games Centre, though I don't think that's the majority of it," he said.

Coun. Dave Stockdale agreed, saying a combination of higher labour and energy costs along with cost overruns at the Games centre made an increase in taxes and user fees a necessity.

"Everybody will point to the Games centre," Stockdale said.

"It did cost about \$700,000 more than we thought," he said.

Labour, fuel and the cost of materials, Stockdale added, were also a factor.

In the spring, council amended its operating budget by about \$700,000 to make up for lower than expected revenues and higher than expected expenditures at the multiplex.

This fall, the city signed a deal with the union representing the majority of city workers which calls for approximately \$1.2 million more in wages from 2006 to 2009.

City financial manager Ray Goruick said earlier this year that fuel costs for the city were getting steadily higher.

The cost of providing fuel for city buses, Goruick said as an example, went from \$160,000 in 2004 to an estimated \$220,000 in 2007.

Buckway said it was not only city ratepayers and service users who will be paying for the city's swelling budget.

Every department's manager, she said, was asked to trim his or her budgets and the parks department is also having a significant portion of its budget cut.

"If you note the 20 per cent population growth we've had in our city in the past few years, with that population growth comes extra service requirements," the mayor said. "Our operating budget has gone from \$39.6 to \$41.3 million, which is an increase of \$1.5 million.

"I know some residents will be unhappy with our budget. I know they'll feel there were additional services that they want that definitely won't be included. We've asked our managers to reduce the amount they have to work with by \$500,000," Buckway said.

"We've also made reductions in our parks department and our service to our parks."

The parks department will not be servicing as many parks as regularly, she said, and there will not be as many flowers planted nor beautification projects undertaken.

Buckway said while she feels some of the cost increases can be attributed to the Games centre, she believes citizens are getting value for their tax dollar.

"It's certainly a bigger facility than it was before. We've got a soccer facility up there, we've got a pool up there, we've got a flexihall up there. Just the size of the building,

we've got more staff to work with. We've had a big increase for our energy costs to the building," she said.

Asked if city residents could expect further tax increases, Buckway said she couldn't comment on the possibility at this time.

"That's not something that anyone can guarantee," she said.

Regular tax increases, she added, are something she favours.

"I prefer to see small tax increases on a regular basis rather than wait a long time and seeing huge increases.

"I think we've got a very fair budget here. If you look at the property taxes across western Canada, we come in at the lower end," she said.

* * * * *

Hi Sherron,

Yes you can use the article "We're getting in over our heads....".

Yukoners will pay for the Canada Games Centre for years to come. To think otherwise is pure folly.

Jackie Pierce [Publisher, Whitehorse Star]



Cactus – Yuma Arizona – March 2006

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7op*shaw.ca (In Yuma AZ)

ALPINE SKIING PHOTOS

Re the enquiry by Karen Hougen-Bell, one of the most important events in Yukon alpine skiing occurred in the late 1950s or very early 1960s on the modest hill at the Calumet Camp on Galena Hill, in the Keno Hill mining district. According to the legend, Al

Raines (who later married Nancy Greene and became coach of the Canadian women's alpine team) was taught to ski there by August and Olive Pociwuschek. August and Al worked for United Keno Hill Mines Ltd. Either of them would likely have photos taken there and can provide better details of the story. Al and Nancy own/operate the Sun Peaks ski area near Kamloops and should be easy to contact. If that doesn't work, I can track down others who can give details and produce photos of the hill. Cheers
Bob Cathro bobcat62@telus.net (In Chemainus)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Fred Aylwin Wood Carving
'Running In The Wind'

Photo courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Wishing everyone the best of the season and a Happy New Year.

[Click here: MY CHRISTMAS IS.. 'MERRY CHRISTMAS'](#)

YUKON BOOKS – NEW ARRIVALS

<http://www.yukonbooks.com/features/newarrivals/>

MACS FIREWEED BOOKS has some of our MocTel writers.

Joyce Yardley – 3 books – Yukon Riverboat Days, Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners,
Yukon Tears and Laughter

<http://www.macsbooks.ca/1141503/?STG=1101411065&q=Joyce+Yardley&q=h.ts&opt=au&tsf=y&nbid=0&sj=0&fe=0>

Gus Barrett – Poetry and Other Nonsense

<http://www.macsbooks.ca/1141503/?qs=Gus+Barrett&q=h.ts&opt=au&tsf=y&nbid=0&sj=0&fe=0>

Jerrine R Weigand – Knowing Miss Chen

<http://www.macsbooks.ca/1141503/?qs=Jerrine+R+Weigand&q=h.ts&opt=ti&tsf=y&nbid=0&sj=0&fe=0>

Danny Bereza - Big Dipper Route, The

<http://www.macsbooks.ca/1141503/?qs=Big+Dipper+Route&q=h.ts&opt=kw&tsf=y&nbid=0&sj=0&fe=0>

OBIT

Bell, John ‘Jack’ Albert: Died after a valiant effort in Summerland, BC at the age of 86 years. Survived by his loving brothers and sisters: William of Toronto, ON, Doris (Les) of Toronto, ON, Marion of Santa Paula, CA, Gordon of Kelowna, BC. Sadly predeceased by his wife Florence and brother Alan. Jack was born and raised in Toronto, ON. He was a pilot during WWII, serving with distinction in #6 Group along with his three brothers. After repatriation from England, Jack went to Whitehorse, Yukon. After 40 years working as a heavy duty mechanic throughout the Yukon Territory Jack retired to Summerland, BC. Service of Remembrance will be held on Monday, December 18th, 2006 at 11:00am from Summerland Legion Branch 22, 14205 Rosedale Ave, Summerland, BC Condolences may be directed to the family by e-mail summerlandfuneralhome@home.net.

ADDRESS CHANGE

Garry Kimpinski gmkimpinski@mac.com

MAIL RETURNED DUE TO E-MAIL ACCOUNT OVER QUOTA

If you are in personal or telephone contact with any of these people you may wish to let them know that their Moccasin Telegraphs are being returned to sender because their e-mail accounts are over quota. Some of these have been returned for many weeks now.

Shannon Simpson ssdennis@telus.net
Ted Harrison winart@shaw.ca
Walter & Cami Yarencio camiwalt@telus.net
Gail Kimbel gkimbel@telus.net
Stan Hegstrom stanvh@shaw.ca
Peter & Fran Newall newall@directway.com

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: squeaky@klondiker.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
SMYTH, Wayne squeaky@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse since 1971)

NEW ADDITIONS

My sister Cathy Lyons, was telling me about your website.
I am interested in joining.
Can you send me the details?
Thank you very much,
Marg Elliott

Here is a bit about myself.....Margaret (Netzel) Elliott

I was born in Pouce Coupe, B.C. and raised in the Yukon.
My earliest memories are of living in Swift River. My father (Hugh) worked on the maintenance of the Alaska Hiway and my mother Margaret "Peggy" (an RN) worked as the camp nurse. Both have passed away now.
There were four of us children, Duncan, Cathy, myself and Susan (she was born in the Yukon.)
We moved from Swift to Whitehorse, then to Dawson City and then to Keno.
I attended school in the Whitehorse elementary & Christ the King.
I attended St Mary's in Dawson City and I can't remember the name of the school in Elsa.
I left the Yukon in 1965 for Alberta to finish my education.
I am married with 2 grown daughters, who are married and now we have 5 grandchildren!
My husband is Bruce Elliott who was born & raised right here in Coronation, AB.
We have traveled back to the Yukon on several occasions over the years.
We hope to make another trip with our whole family when my husband and I finally retire.
My brother, Duncan Netzel, still resides in Whitehorse.
It has been a long time but I hope to be able to make contact with some of the people I knew - find out how & what they are doing.

Thank you very much.

Please let me know how I go about joining the Moccasin Telegraph group.

Regards,

Marg (Netzel) Elliott bmelliott*xplornet.com (In Coronation AB)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Motivation will almost always beat mere talent.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From *The O.E.S. COOKBOOK*, compiled by Pat Rogers and Zoe Cousins, assisted by Bea Marr and Trudy Wilcox, a combined project of Dawson Chapter #1 and Whitehorse Chapter #2, published at Whitehorse in the early 1950's.

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Oatmeal Muffins

1 cup quick cooking oats

1 cup buttermilk or sour milk

1 egg

1/2 cup brown sugar

1 cup flour

1/2 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon baking powder

1/2 teaspoon baking soda

1/2 cup melted shortening

Soak oatmeal in buttermilk one hour. Add egg and beat well. Add sugar and mix. Add flour sifted with salt, baking powder, and soda. Add cooled, melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin tins in a hot oven (400 F), 15 to 20 minutes.

Viola M. Tubman

This being Mom's recipe, I can take some liberties. I omit the salt and substitute vegetable oil, usually canola, for the melted shortening. A nice plain muffin, best eaten same day but freezes acceptably. Maribeth Mainer

DATES TO REMEMBER

Canada Winter Games, February 23 – March 10, 2007.

<http://www.2007canadagames.ca/>

2007 Yukon Quest, begins Saturday February 10th in Whitehorse.

<http://www.yukonquest.org/servlet/viewnewslist?null&resolution=1024&referer=>

Vancouver Yukoners Banquet

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.

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

Dear Sherron,

Hope this finds you and hubbie enjoying warm, sunny weather. Have to say, today is without rain, high winds and sleet, and that, as Martha Stewart would say, is a very good thing. Actually it is very mild today.

If you don't mind would like to add a few more details re Banquet at River Rock. If people want to make reservations:

Phone: 604 247 8900

Fax: 604 207 2641

Toll Free Phone: 1 866 748 3718

Address: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C. V6X 3P8

We ask that you remind reservation desk that you are a Yukoner subject to special rates (\$149 plus 16% tax for a single or \$209 plus 16% tax for a two bedroom suite). These rates are available for the whole weekend. For tickets, please send cheque (made out to Vancouver Yukoner's Association)

to: Mary MacDonald

Apt.309 - 5166 Halifax Street

Burnaby, B.C. V5B 2N6.

Tickets (\$55.00 per person) can be picked-up at the Yukoners' Banquet registration desk on the evening of March 31.

Thank you, once again, Sherron for keeping us all in touch. Sincere best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Helen Munro

For more information re email you can contact **Carol Clarke** at clclarke*shaw.ca or **Helen Munro** hmunro*shaw.ca

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

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