

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 207th Edition – June 3rd, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Spring Snowmobiling at Skagway Summit

Photo courtesy Gary & Diane (Beisser) Pettifor gpettifor@northwestel.net

SPRING BREAK-UP

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

It was early spring in Dawson
With the daylight hours increasing,
From its winter-long hiatus from the land.
When the icy fist of winter
Was reluctantly releasing
It's grasp upon the very soul of man.

I watched the frozen river
As the townsfolk slowly gather,
On the shoreline with a great expectancy,
I was a green chechacho rookie,
At the far end of my tether.

For that winter had been long and harsh for me.

Then there came a mournful groaning.
From that deeply frozen river,
Down Moosehide way I heard a thunderous roar,
The ice had finally broken,
With a final death-like shiver,
I can see blue water rushing by the shore.

Suddenly the bleak and frozen land
Seems not so fierce at all,
Another spring, when nature's treasures grow.
I had been in isolation
Since the "freeze-up" in the fall,
Which meant that I was now a sourdough.

I've seen many springs and winters
Since the north and I did part.
In my memory many treasured moments cling.
But sometimes when I am dreaming,
There's still a yearning in my heart,
To be in Dawson when it's "break-up" in the spring.

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 31

NORTHERNERS – Part 3

Louis Brown, who was rescued by our truck driver, Jimmy Close, on the Dawson-Mayo road, had come to the Yukon in 1930, worked for the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation, then became a big game outfitter based near Mayo.

I first met Louis in 1946 when I was selling horses from a ranch at Robinson, south of Whitehorse and sold him 10 head of packhorses, then a year later when we moved to Dawson I started flying Louis Brown's hunting parties out of Mayo to his big game area north of there.

In the fall of 1948 I flew to Mayo to pick up four hunters and take them to a lake near the Bonnet Plume River where Louis was waiting with the horses.

When I landed on the river at Mayo and taxied up to the float plane dock I could see four

big fellows standing on the riverbank and one of them came down onto the dock to help me tie up the aircraft. The first thing I noticed about him was that his lips were blue and he immediately started to tell me that not only his lips were blue he was blue ALL OVER, and when he stuck out his tongue that was blue too even as far as I could see down his throat. He said that the condition had been caused by food he had eaten at the cafe at Mayo. He was really upset, said he had been to the lavatory and everything he had done was blue, and he said "I mean everything". I kept looking at him and couldn't believe that a person could literally turn blue inside and out.

When I came up on the bank one of the other fellows gave me a wink so I knew then that some sort of joke was going on. Blue Boy was telling me that he had had a piece of blueberry pie for supper and the cook had said that the blueberries came from a can and were the same berries that everyone else had eaten and it hadn't affected them, but the victim was determined that he was going to find that empty can and sue the canning company.

One of the fellows took me aside and told me that one of their party was a medical doctor who had brought along a blue dye used for medical checkups and he had put a good dollop in his friend's blueberry pie without him knowing it.

However, the man was making such a fuss about it the doctor was beginning to wonder just how good a practical joke it was, and told the cook to be sure the blueberry can, could not be found.

I soon loaded them and their luggage into the aircraft and flew them to Louis' camp at Pinguicula Lake 150 miles north of Mayo.

I often thought of the shock I got when looking down that man's throat and seeing nothing but blue and wondered if the doctor ever got up nerve to tell the man what had caused it. When I picked them up about a month later, they were all cheerful and had had a good hunt.

During the fall of 1950 Louis asked me to pick up a lady big game hunter who had come to Mayo from Olympia, Washington, fly her out to his camp at Fairchild Lake (I had named the lake after my new Fairchild 24). She was all ready to go, introduced herself as Dolores Clyne and during our conversation on the way in said she was the Governor of Washington's secretary. I introduced her to Louis and said I would pick her up at the end of the hunt which I did and she was most enthusiastic about her experience.

She came back the next year but didn't return to Washington at the end of the hunt, she had become Mrs. Louis Brown and took an active part in the big game hunting business.

While she enjoyed the life, I remember her telling (and writing in her book, titled "Trophy Trails") about some of her experiences which were out of the ordinary to put it mildly.

On one occasion while the party was camped at Carpenter Lake, 75 miles north of Mayo, one of the horses was injured and couldn't travel, so Dolores said she would stay at the camp for a few days to look after the horse while the rest of the party carried on with the hunt.

The night after Louis and the hunters left, Dolores was wakened by the loud whinnying of the horse and when she went to see what the trouble was, there was a big grizzly going

toward the horse. She didn't have a proper gun to shoot a grizzly and she tried to frighten the bear off by making noise. Instead the bear turned toward her and she escaped by climbing up the ladder on to the cache where the supplies were kept. The bear even tried to climb the ladder to reach her. Dolores spent the long, dark, cold night there while the bear prowled about below her.

She could hardly describe her relief at Louis' return the next day. Another year I flew three American doctors out to the camp at McQuesten Lake, 80 miles north of Mayo on the Wind River for a 30 day hunt with the pick up date set for October 5th, really getting late in the season in that country, a time of cold temperatures and snow storms.

I started out from Dawson on the 5th, the weather was so bad for flying that I had to land at three different lakes and wait for the weather to break and finally, just before dark I landed at McQuesten Lake.

It was a grim party waiting for me. They had been hunting about 30 miles north of McQuesten Lake and without warning one of the doctors had had a heart attack and died. They had a terrible trip getting back to McQuesten carrying the dead man, making their way through a snow storm which came down out of the mountains.

We loaded the corpse into the Beaver aircraft, put as much gear as there was room for and just enough room for Dolores and took off for Mayo. I've never seen anyone so thankful to get out of the bush as Dolores was when we landed at Mayo.

The Browns operated the big game hunting business for many years and due to Louis' expertise in the woods and mountains and Delores' attention to details theirs was a very successful venture.

At this point in the "Pack Dogs to Helicopters" I think I should stop placing it in the MocTel so the family still has a marketable product if they ever decide to reprint. There are quite a few more chapter's and many photos that were not published in the MocTel that would be of interest to Yukoners and non Yukoners alike.

I do wish to share with you a couple of images of the Callison family because we have seen and will likely see their names again.

Thank you very much to Joan (Callison) Rodschat, one of Pat's daughters who so kindly permitted sharing Yukon stories with you.

– Sherron



Mother and four sisters. 1935.

Immediate Family

*Father,
Fred Callison — b. 1884-d. 1962*

*Mother,
Dora Callison — b. 1878-d. 1945*

*Half Brother,
Dan Muth — b. 1901-d. 1975*

Lynch — b. 1908-

John — b. 1909-

Pat — b. 1910-

Norma — b. 1912-

Lash — b. 1914-

Doris — b. 1916-

Dennis and Daisy, twins — b. 1919-

Molly — b. 1924-

*Taken 1958. Back row, L. to R.: Lash, Pat, Dennis, Lynch, John.
Front row, L. to R.: Doris, Molly, Father (Fred Callison), Daisy, Norma.*



The End

YUKON ARCHIVES MAY RECEIVE UNIQUE FILM CLIPS

I was very interested in some of the Henry Breaden stories, particularly the one about the Yukon River trip when they took the Keno from Whitehorse to Dawson in the early '60's. I was stationed at the one man RCMP Detachment in Carmacks when that took place and I have some 8 mm movie footage of it while there. I have some footage taken from the Coalmine hill as it approached Carmacks where it overnigheted before going under the Carmacks Bridge.

There was very little room to make it so they had taken off the Wheel house and moved the wheel to the deck below for the trip. The smokestack was hinged and they were able to get under the bridge with little to spare. The unique thing about that was they had to back under the bridge with forward way on so as not to push the water under the boat which would have raised it had they gone under nose first with reverse way on. The movie footage clearly shows they had a fire hose pumping while the stack was down in case of fire but was not needed. The final shot is of the Keno sailing past the Detachment and around the corner on it's way to Dawson.

I met the Pilot, Frank Slim and some of the other crew while there and probably met Henry Breaden but time has dimmed those details. I remember Frank Slim because I had heard about his reputation as a River Pilot and was privileged to meet him. I remember he was quite tall and slim.

I have often wondered if anyone in the Yukon Historical Society might be interested in the film clips. They are short because I was just about out of film and was determined to get the part going under the bridge.

Cheers,

Bill Craig mjcwsc@telus.net (In Chilliwack BC)

Hello Bill

May I type in your message and put it in the MocTel. It is really interesting. I hadn't realized you were in Carmacks as well as Whitehorse. I am sure Yukon Archives would be interested in getting a copy of your film of the Keno in the Carmacks area and going under the bridge. I seem to recall Henry saying there was a CBC crew with them and perhaps this is other film, but I do not know that. You may even have other footage of the area that they would be interested in preserving. They have mentioned they do not have a lot of material from the 50's and 60's yet. I guess too many are thinking it is not old enough yet to be of historical value but it certainly is. Isn't it amazing how fast that 50 years has passed.

Hope you will allow me to put your message in the MocTel. Please let me know one way or the other. Also I would be happy to contact Yukon Archives if you wish. Heather Jones has been my contact link.

Thank you Bill,
Sherron

Hi Sherron: Please feel free to do what you wish with my message. And yes I would appreciate it if you could contact Yukon Archives about my film. I am quite prepared to share it with them and I am sure they know how to deal with 8 mm film from the '60s. In fact I have been thinking of trying to find out how to convert it to CD format, perhaps they can help me do that and they could have all the footage they want. Will stay tuned.
Bill

Hi Heather (Jones)

I have attached some communication between myself and Bill Craig a former RCMP member in Yukon. He was in Carmacks when the Keno was being moved to Dawson and has some film that he is wondering if Yukon Archives may be interested in. He would like to know if you can advise on converting from 8mm to disc or perhaps you can do that and return him a copy - if so he says you can have as much as you want. I suspect he has other film from the area or even Yukon.

Hope all is well with you Heather. I miss our e-mail chats.

Sure is neat that Ken is able to work in Carcross this summer. If you see him, give him my best.

All the best to you too.
Sherron

Thanks for this Sherron. Again this is something that would go to our Accessions Archivist, Clara Rutherford and I have forwarded your message to her. She is currently away until June 11 and I am sure she will contact you directly upon her return. This too sounds like a very interesting collection! (She will also be in a better position to offer advice re: transferring film to disk). Thank you for making these wonderful contacts!

It has indeed been fun to share in Ken's enthusiasm in being here and working on the train! I was able to get down to Carcross and see the send off for the first passenger train last weekend.....it was a glorious day to boot which only added to the excitement of the day. I will see if I have any photos worthy of sending your way.

I too hope all is well with you, I do see that you are keeping busy and continue to do such good work with Moc Tel!

Best,
Heather Jones hjones*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Thank you for sending that article from Bill Craig. Bring's back some old memories, I remember Henry talking about what they had to do to prepare to go under the bridge at Carrmack's. Henry really enjoyed that last trip of the SS Keno with Captain Blakely and Pilot Frank Slim. And yes Sherron there was a C.B.C. crew on that trip.

Alice Breaden ambreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

EDWARD HADGKISS

Jane Gaffin wrote a book about a missing Yukon pilot, called "Edward Hadgkiss: Missing in Life" published in 1989. His plane crashed on a remote B.C. island called "Roderick Island" in 1969. A relative of Hadgkiss is planning to make a film of that story. I don't know if Jane is a subscriber to the MocTel, but if she is, perhaps she will tell you all about the project. The relative is his nephew, David Hadgkiss, and is called an "up and coming filmmaker based in Maple Ridge, B.C. There was a one page article on this story in the Whitehorse Star, Friday May 11th on page 14. I wonder if any readers know about the man, the story etc. to add to the research for the film???"

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Story of missing pilot may become a movie

Whitehorse Star, May 11, 2007

By TREVOR WALES

For the past 38 years, local author Jane Gaffin has thought someone should make a movie about Edward Hadgkiss.

"I'd always thought that his story was a great story and it would make a wonderful movie, a real adventure story, but it's just never happened," Gaffin said in an interview earlier this week.

It was a good enough story that Gaffin spent five years of her life writing a book about it. Edward Hadgkiss: Missing in Life was originally published in 1989, 20 years after Hadgkiss disappeared in a plane crash on remote Roderick Island in British Columbia. Gaffin was a close personal friend of Hadgkiss, and the story has lingered on in her mind. Now, after 38 years, she might finally get her wish to see Hadgkiss immortalized on the silver screen.

On April 23, Gaffin was contacted by David Hadgkiss, Edward's nephew. David is an up-and-coming filmmaker based in Maple Ridge, B.C., and he's recently been busy researching the life of his missing uncle.

"It was a story I grew up with," David told the Star this week. "I was always hearing about my uncle and his adventures.

"My dad took me to the movies lots when I was younger, and it was after I saw Top Gun

when I was nine that I said to my dad, ‘Someone should make a movie about your brother Ed, and Tom Cruise should play him.’”

Twenty-one years later, David is more aware of the realities of the film industry, and laughs when he thinks he’d be able to cast Cruise as his uncle.

But he’s excited for the opportunity to make a movie about Edward, and after numerous discussions with Gaffin over the phone, he’s determined to do just that.

Edward Hadgkiss moved to Whitehorse in the summer of 1965 from Maple Ridge, and it wasn’t until he arrived here that he became interested in planes. He worked odd jobs, started taking flying lessons, and eventually obtained his private licence.

He built up enough hours in flight time that he was able to get his commercial licence in February 1968.

It was later that year that Gaffin first met Edward. At the time, she was working as a reporter for the Star and was friends with then-publisher, Bob Erlam. It was at Erlam’s house that Gaffin met Edward.

He offered her a ride home, and it was the beginning of a great, if short-lived, friendship.

“He was like all boys with their toys, and later that week he stopped by my place and asked if I wanted to go for a night flight,” Gaffin said.

Edward took her for a ride in his Cessna 120, which ultimately inspired Gaffin to get her own pilot’s licence.

It was about a year later, on Nov. 10, 1969, that Edward went missing.

He was on a flight with 18-year-old Kathy Rheame when the two ran into trouble off the coast of British Columbia. In the midst of stormy weather, Edward was forced to land the Harvard Mark IV on Roderick Island.

“The plane was a trainer. It was built to crash,” Gaffin added. “It flipped over on its back when it landed, which probably protected them.”

Search crews later came across a note left in his logbook. Both Hadgkiss and Rheame had survived the crash without any major injuries. They had stayed with the plane for a week before they ran out of food, and it was at that point they left the wreckage.

Gaffin was working in Anchorage, Alaska, when she got the call that Edward was missing. The note steeped the disappearance in mystery, and soon became Canada’s most interesting missing persons case of the time, according to Gaffin.

“He reminded me of (the late billionaire) Howard Hughes without the money,” Gaffin laughed. “He had a mechanical mind, and was always improvising.”

His passion was trucks before he fell in love with planes. He’d spend a couple of hours sitting in the cockpit learning the manual by himself.

“I was a great friend of his, and the best person to write a book about him,” Gaffin said.

“And now his nephew is definitely the best person to make a movie about him.”

David plans that the movie will be more of a companion piece – while Gaffin’s book dealt largely with the disappearance of his uncle, David wants more to focus on Ed Hadgkiss on a person, and put together his personality.

“Ed believed in doing things your own way, in following your sense of adventure and following your dreams. He lived life to the fullest, and so I want it to be about his life.

“Jane’s book deals so thoroughly about his disappearance; I don’t feel that I need to do more about that. I want to make something inspiring. It’s not about the way someone dies, but the way someone lives their life.”

David already has an outline for a script, but still needs to interview some people. He said

it's a constant act of adding and subtracting things from the story.

"As something like this goes on and you become more involved with it, you realize how it starts to take shape, and it gives me fuel. It makes me realize that this is a good project to follow, and not just because it's a family story," David said.

"It's not a story of guns and explosions and espionage, it's just a real-life adventure."

He hopes to have the first draft of the story done within the month and come up to Whitehorse this summer, to meet with Gaffin and her wealth of material.

"This isn't going to be a straight adaptation, but I wouldn't delegate Jane to the heap of research," David said.

"If Jane hadn't written this book, I would have a lot more work to do, and if I hadn't read this book, I don't think it would've sat in my head the way it has."

At the same time, Gaffin doesn't want to be involved in mapping out the movie. It's David's project, and she'll look things over, but it's ultimately in his hands.

"I don't want to influence whatever direction he wants to go on this. I'm here to provide material and feedback," she said.

David is currently finishing work on his first movie, an eight-minute film in which he wore all the hats. He wrote it, produced it, directed, edited, played all the instruments and mixed the soundtrack.

"It's been a great learning experience. I wanted to practice and learn, which you don't really get a chance to do in film because it's so cumbersome and labour-intensive. This was done with no crew, no budget, with just friends and family, and it was a really nice experience."

Following in the footsteps of his current project, he'd like to keep the project about his uncle as independent as possible, but also as big as possible.

"He who controls the money calls the shots," Hadgkiss laughed. "I don't want to give up control of the project."

Gaffin began working on the book in 1985, and it took five years to complete it.

"I already had a lot of stuff. I'd been collecting it over the years. I was the only person who knew the material inside out.

"These sorts of things come together. You have to be passionate to work on something like this. At a certain point, it takes over, like it's got a mind of its own."

David is eager to wrap work on his first film so he can begin work on the new project. It's a story that has affected many over the years, and he believes it's a story that many more should become familiar with through a new medium.

"The question you have to ask yourself when you're working on a project is: 'Would I enjoy this? Would I want to watch this?' And I think in this case, the answer is definitely, 'Yes.' "

SKAGWAY SUMMIT

Just thought I'd attach a couple of pictures of spring snowmobiling with our Arctic Cat 900s at the Skagway Summit.

Diane (Beisser) and Gary Pettifor gpettifor*northwestel.net (Marsh Lake, Yukon)



Photo courtesy Gary & Diane (Beisser) Pettifor gpettifor@northwestel.net



Photo courtesy Gary & Diane (Beisser) Pettifor gpettifor@northwestel.net



Photo courtesy Gary & Diane (Beisser) Pettifor gpettifor*northwestel.net

Dawson Celebrates Percy Henry's 80th Birthday

by Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

May 28, 2007

They fooled Percy Henry into dressing up and going to the Tr'ondëk Community Hall by telling him there was another special general assembly to attend, but the 80 year old former chief of the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in realized his error when the Hän Singers burst into a welcoming chant as he came through the front door into the crowded hall.

Mabel Henry later told the crowd that she'd been keeping this community gathering a secret from her husband for about two months, and that it hadn't been easy.

What it was, was a popular event. Chiefs and former chiefs from all over the territory came to pay respects to one of the surviving fathers of the Land Claims process.

After a fine meal there was a long round of speeches and a little bit of roasting, with tributes from Judy Gingell, Danny Joe, Andy Carville, Robert Hagar, Mark White, Ruth Massie, Alfred Charlie, James Allen, Mary-Jane Jim, Jimmy Johnny, Eddie Skookum, Mike Smith and several members of the extended Henry clan.

Following the speeches, granddaughter Randi Procee helped Percy work his way through a pile of presents, including a T-shirt that got a laugh from everyone, a black number bearing the legend "At my age, I've seen it all, done it all, heard it all. I just can't remember it all."



Percy Henry

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



Percy shares a moment with Mark White and Andy Carville
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Granddaughter Randi Procee helps Percy Henry deal with a small mountain of birthday presents.

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



Percy Henry leapt to his feet after the hall began singing “Happy Birthday” and began “directing” the chorus.

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



Jeri Weigand, Sherron Jones & Bill Weigand
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Bill & Jeri visited Sunday afternoon. Great to talk about the past 40 years that we have known each other. Bill gave me a peak at some of their photos, many of the Bonanza Creek, Poverty Bar area. Jeri hopes to share a few stories about some of the old timers they met there.

Bill has a really cute story of how he acquired Poverty Bar. He had been visiting the Boutilier's to purchase gold for Murdoch's Gem Shop in Whitehorse. After doing their business they had proceeded to have some 'moose milk'. The Boutilier's mentioned they had decided to sell Poverty Bar - claims 13 and 14 below on Bonanza and had offered it to someone who wanted it but didn't want to pay their price. To which Bill asked how much, and when they said – Bill replied quite flamboyantly, that if they didn't buy it, he would.

A couple of weeks later he received a phone call at home which went something like this " Hello Bill, this is Harold." "Hi, Harold, what can I do for you."

"Can you send the check, please. The other fellow didn't buy the claims."

After Bill got off the phone he said to Jeri, well I guess you get an early birthday gift; we've bought 'Poverty Bar'.

I'm hoping Bill & Jeri will share some photos of their business at Poverty Bar which Jeri along with family and friends operated for 13 summers.

– Sherron

COLBOURNE PHOTOS

The photos of Jack and Ethel Colbourne brought back some memories. He and my father did mine on Paradise Hill for several years and operated Klondike Motors as well. I think they also were partners in a mine on Gold Run or Gold Bottom Creek. My dad's

last mining partner was Joe Lamontagne, they mined until about 1973 when my Dad retired.

I was born in Dawson in 1951 and lived there until 1956. My dad continued to mine for many years afterward and I spent a couple of summers in Dawson with him. I currently live in Calgary.

Allen Schink alschink@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

RETURNED MAIL

If anyone in Whitehorse is in touch with Shannon Simpson, please let her know that for weeks now the MocTels sent to her have been returned with this message.

The recipient's account is temporarily over the maximum allowed mailbox size.
<ssdennis@telus.net>



Is it a bird, is it a plane, or is just a flower?

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

NOTE FROM DONNA MCLEAN

Great edition as always.

Have some names to ask about - George Millen, pilot, Gordon Cameron pilot.

In the early days up home there was a wooden library in about where the museum now is. An older woman ran it and she realized my love of reading and gave me a key. Well I think I churned thru all the books. DJ Wodehouse, Wordsworth.. by passing only Shakespeare..... I cannot remember the ladies name...but think it may have been Porter.

Any help on this? Watching the yacht races from my deck...don't quite see the thrill of it but did sign up for sailing lessons.

Take care

Donna Mclean keebird*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

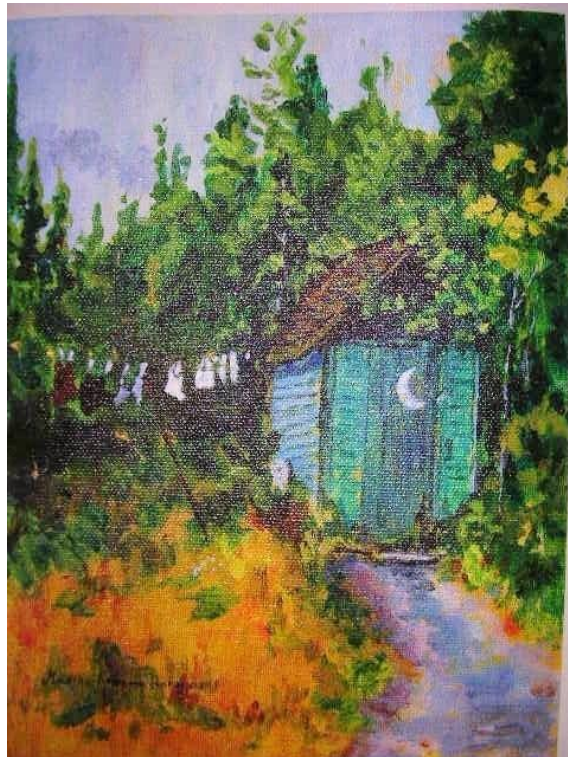
ARTISTIC TALENT

Here's another one of the Outhouse Series for MocTel, called The Sitting Place and it is acrylic on canvas.

My web site is www.maxinehorner.com

Thanks,

Maxine (Fromme) Horner



“The Sitting Place”

Photo courtesy Maxine (Fromme) Horner maxinehornerart@hotmail.com (In Vancouver)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Well, spring has been incredibly busy but I wanted to take a moment and send you a note. I am now done with school and finished my MBA off on the 7th of May. That

means that I won't be using this email address much longer and would ask you to change my email to: chris*chrismaylor.org

Also, I got married the 12th of May, so have a wife Mary who has never been to the Yukon. We will have to see if she is maybe up to Rendevous (grin).

Hope you are having a great time being back at home.

Chris Maylor

NEW ADDITIONS

I got your e-mail address from Cheryl Ann Guenther whom I have known since she was a small child. I lived in the Yukon from 1953-1967 after which I visited my parents many times until they too moved from the Yukon. I would like to receive your Moccasin Telegraph. My name is Della (Lawrence) Crookshanks and my e-mail address is delrobrd*telus.net. I understand there is no cost but if there is please let me know and what I have to do to be on your mailing list.

When I moved to the Yukon in 1953 we lived at Destruction Bay and a little while at Burwash. My Dad worked for the highways 1st with the army and then territorial government. I took my grade 5-8 at Beaver Creek. My high school years were in Whitehorse. I left for nurses training in 1967 in BC. I now live in Red Deer Alberta.

My parents moved back to Beaver Creek and then Teslin, where I visited until my Dad retired and they moved outside. My parents were Cliff and Bessie Lawrence and are both deceased. They were avid curlers as were the rest of my family especially my sister Margaret who went to the Tournament of Hearts as Yukon representative several times. My sister no longer lives in the Yukon and my brother Les did until just recently. Thanks for putting me on your list. As I was an army brat a lot of my friends were too and we have lost touch. Who knows maybe I'll find someone.

Della (Lawrence) Crookshanks

Glenda Bolt brought your Moccasin Telegraph to my attention and I would like to be included on your mailing list. I would also really like to order your disc with the first four years (2003-2006). Please let me know the preferred method of payment.
Keep up the good work!

Susan Parsons sue.parsons@gov.trondek.com
Collections Manager Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in
P.O. Box 599 Dawson City, YT Y0B 1G0
Phone 867-993-7144 Fax 867-993-6553

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Experience is the thing you have left when everything else is gone.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From the Yukon Nurses Society cookbook.

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Mock Duck

1 round steak
poultry stuffing

Make poultry stuffing. Pound steak to tenderize it. Spread stuffing on top of round steak. Roll steak into a ball and tie with a string. Place on wire rack in roasting pan and roast until steak is cooked.

Norma Larson

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic

Summerland Ornamental Gardens June 24, 2007. 11 am to 3 pm, Pot luck lunch at 12 noon. Be sure and bring your own eating utensils. (Knives, forks, plates etc.) And lots of food !!

International Sourdough Reunion

Will be held at the Ramada Inn in Penticton from September 19 to 23, 2007

Rooms are \$99 per couple flat rate.

For reservations call :

Toll Free 1-800-665-4966 Code word is: Sourdough 3474

ISR Registration is \$70.00

Registration limited to 175 People

Contact person is:

Larry Chalmers PO Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0

Phone: 250-498-6887 e-mail: aksala49@telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic – Saturday, Aug 11, 2007 at 11 AM at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay. Bring your own picnic lunch & beverage, utensils and join in meeting old friends and acquaintances in an informal setting, which allows lots of time for chatting.

Turn off from highway 19 is at the PetroCan Station which is Northwest Bay Rd. Go about 1.2kms to Powder Road, turn right turn about 1/2km to the church on the right. Signs will be up thanks to Stan Hegstrom.

New committee this year are Carol Pearce, Sharon Redmond, Fay Ash and Harriett Butterworth.

For further information contact Harriett Butterworth at harriett*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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