

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 232nd Edition – December 9th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Yukon River - Whitehorse - along the millennium trail.

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Somewhere South of Sixty

by Alf Bilton aelf60@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

Somewhere South of Sixty,
She's maybe fast asleep;
Or drivin' home through traffic
With promises to keep.

She's maybe at the movies,
Or in a laundromat;
Maybe watching t.v.
Or puttin' out the cat.

She's grown into a woman,
And busy as can be;
But somehow, my own daughter,
Is still a kid to me.



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Andover-Harvard Yukon Expedition 1948

Continued

Field Notes of Elmer Harp Jr. Dartmouth College

North to the Yukon Territory via the Alcan Highway in 1948

Tuesday 24 August 1948

Crisp cold morning but fine and bracing. Looks like snow is over for the time being and it seems like a clear day coming up. Sat around the brush camp for a while after breakfast writing notes.

Drove down Highway to Destruction Bay and 1085 to dig some profile holes, but at the former couldn't go below 12" because permafrost there.

Watched the first party of hunters come back from the Donjek a week early with their trophies, a couple of caribou, 2 sheep, and a moose. In aft went up to Duke Meadows and checked more profiles: no forest has ever had time to develop on the latest meadows and yet the thin silt layer which covers the gravel about 2" deep contains 1/2" lumps of charcoal from burnt over willow shrubs—and this size charcoal has been pointed up as evidence of forest cover on Kluane Silt by Fred. So the case for no forest on the looks better and better. Lovely afternoon, perfectly clear and the air still as if the wind were going to shift into another quarter, but every time a breeze came down out of the Duke it was mighty cold. Stopped off at Burwash on way in, borrowed 2-12 gauge pump guns from Archie, and went with Fred and Bill to stalk a flight of mallards that we had seen settling into the pond nearby. Got the signals crossed, however, and they all got away. Stopped to take some pictures of Burwash from across the cove on the way home.

Visited in evening by Mrs. Jimmie, Sophie Watt, and some other girl (married) whose name we don't know. In the course of the talk, got what may be a fairly accurate tanning procedure:

Flesh the hide.

Smoke it dry—about 2 hrs—usually use driftwood. Medium heat.

Soak it in water (brain water?) Yes—brain water: up to 1/2 of brains in 5 gal. water.

Fold up into small tight bundle and let stand damp and couple of hours. Scrape one side smooth.

Smoke it dry—about 2 hrs.

Then repeat 3,4,5.

As we sat in the brush camp the night was crystal clear, the waning moon rose, and it got colder by the minute. As soon as the sun dropped behind the forest the thermometer stood at 30°, and by the time we turned in around 10:30 it was 22°. Drained the truck radiator tonight!



Burwash Lodge at evening from across cove

Wednesday 25 August 1948

Beer 1.65

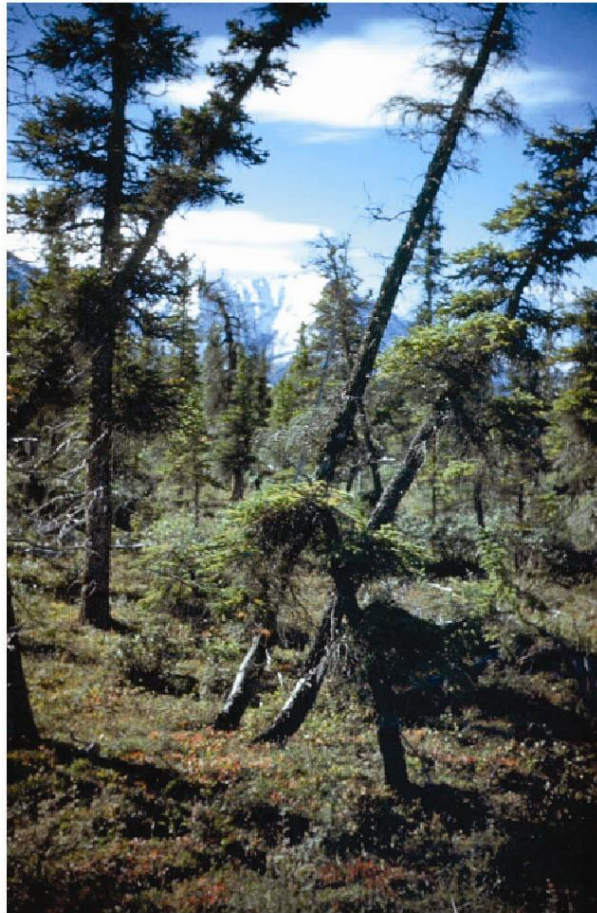
Up at 7 and a gorgeous crisp clear morning. The low for the night was 15° and the ground was frozen hard and frosted heavily. Went down onto the point to get some pictures after breakfast, then sat around in the brush camp. Air still very chill but the sun is warming.

Hugh chewed over the soil profile situation in the light of yesterday's finds:

Visited in AM by John Osborne who was out on recent hunt with Jim Kennedy the millionaire oil man from Tulsa. Kennedy is epitome of the big-game hunting "sport" with no end of \$ and he capers around in a 10 gal. hat, cowboy boots, and a long-fringed buckskin jacket. He is making a collection of N.A.M. big game heads and came up here to complete it with a Stoneye sheep; the collection is supposed to go ultimately to the University of Oklahoma. Osborne is a registered guide who lives in Juneau and he is along this trip as a companion only.

Drove down to destruction Bay and nearby sections in afternoon scouting out further developmental soil profiles for the Kluane Silt series that Hugh is trying to establish. In evening walked up to Indian village with Bill and checked with Mrs. Bill Jimm (Copper Kitty Joe) on our moccasin orders. God knows if she's got it straight—I don't! Also

ordered two more pair from Jessie Joe for Jack and Geoff. Stopped and had a couple of beers on the way back and picked up Lucy who had been doing laundry at the Inn.



*Drunken Spruce forest at Mile 1181 Permafrost at 12"
on 3° slope*

Thursday 26 August 1948

Fine clear morning but still frosty—down to 25° last night. Fred left after breakfast for Whitehorse taking Gene Jacquot over with him, for purpose of transferring station wagon ownership to him.

During the morning I got some laundry out of the way while Hugh and Bill checked some nearby soil profiles. Later I finished reading and taking notes on Denny and Sticht's MS, and after lunch we sat around the brush camp chewing over the various pros and cons anent [concerning] the evolution of the soil profile in the Kluane Silt.

About 3 o'clock I heard a "Hello, Elmer!" and there was Moosejaw Viereck and Ed Miller, each with a good growth of beard, and a girl, who turned out to be Jaw's fiancée, Ellen Kingsbury. They were all en route Fairbanks in a couple of trucks loaded with electrical equipment for the pig-farmer (Kuntz?) in Alaska for whom Jaw worked before. They had been having all kinds of trouble along the road, with the trucks, the heavy load, waiting here and there for money to be wired ahead to them. This afternoon their army 6x6 had stalled down by French Paul's cabin and so they walked out (From Boston to Kluane in 59 days!).

Ellen met them in Edmonton after attending a summer geology session in Wyoming; she is an undergrad at Vassar, and she and Jaw plan to be married sometime next year after Jaw works in Alaska this winter—if he can get a job. Bill and I walked back in to Burwash with them to get the 6x6 started but we couldn't. So we went to get the other truck, a big GMC tractor and trailer, parked smack in front of the Inn. Found that the tractor had a flat on the right front so we proceeded to get that off and patch it, deciding in the meantime that perhaps the three had better stay the night with us.

(They apparently had some canned grub, but no money, and just enough gas to reach Fairbanks.) By the time we had the tire patched and ready to inflate, John had closed up the garage for the dinner hour (with the compressor in it), so we decided to all return to camp. Planned to put Ellen in Fred's tent for the night and offered Jaw and Ed the choice of the brush camp or splitting up in the tents with us, they choosing the former. After a delicious sheep dinner we went back in for another go at the 6x6; the tractor, unhitched and alone, wouldn't budge it forward or back, so we thought to hitch the trailer back onto it and try that combination for a tow. By then it was dark, and the trailer slipped on the slope and jammed up the hitch, thus effectively securing that operation for the night. Bought some beer to take back to camp afterward and shipped four bottles to George John outside the bar.



Moosejaw Viereck, Ellen Kingsbury, Ed Miller

At 9 PM the rest of the folks came in from camp and we crowded into the beer parlor with all and sundry residents of Burwash, including Indians et al, to see Jim Kennedy's colored movies of past big-game hunts in B.C. These were the epitome of egregiousness in home-made movies and a rather disgusting spectacle of whiskey bottles and handshakes over the body of one dead animal after another.

When it was all over, Mrs. Jennings put on an awfully chewed up reel which, however,

had some good winter scenes of Burwash and the people in it. Archie presented Kennedy with two lovely sheep horn spoons made by Albert Isaac and Albert was there, having been especially brought across the lake for the occasion, beaming through his black horn-rimmed spectacles. (I wonder what their prescription is!) Then Jimmy Joe said he was going to do a dance for us, being half-tight, as were most all there, so we cleared to the back of the room. Jimmy wanted Sam to dance with him, but Sam who is very shy and who holds his beer better than the others, suddenly faded out of the room and left. Next Jimmy enticed Bill Jimm to join him: they took the floor, Jimmy gesturing with a broom, in lieu of a regular dancing ceremonial wand, and gave us part of Jimmy Johnson's potlatch dance (I later verified this with Bill Jimm). They stamped and gyrated about in regular Indian fashion, posturing, Jimmy singing out in a loud clear voice, although his lingo was unintelligible to us except for occasional interjections of "Jimmy Johnson".

Jimmy's actions and voice were clear, positive, and authoritative (as would seem to fit his position of shaman, which Gene says he is); Bill Jimm was somewhat befuddled by beer, and he shuffled about, weaving his hands in and out and gesturing with them in a very Oriental fashion.

Wish we could have seen more of this and delved into it for some explanation, but of course that was neither time nor place. As it was the climax for us, we left it then being 11 PM, and all strolled back out to camp. (Heard the next day that Kennedy, in regular swell fashion, had beer ladled out to the entire crowd at the entertainment's end.)

We sat around the fire awhile and had some coffee to warm us up; brilliantly clear and very cold night.

Had a sweet letter from Elaine and Jack in a peach of an envelope addressed by Jack. Turned in at 12:15 AM – some sort of a record for the summer.



Albert Isaac, Laughing George John, Bill Jimmie



On Duke Meadows looking south

To be continued

Fishway – 1959

A Yukon Nugget –
By Les McLaughlin

The Yukon River at about two thousand miles is one of the world's longest rivers. It is also one of the most important salmon breeding rivers. Each year Chinook or King salmon return to spawn in the river's tributaries such as Michie, Wolf and other creeks near Whitehorse. Once the eggs hatch and the fish grow, they begin an incredible journey.

When juvenile salmon head down the Yukon River in the spring, they face a frightening fate. First, many have to pass through Marsh Lake, home to hungry pike. Then in the river itself, grayling, gulls, and more pike feast on the young fish.

These natural hazards make the journey tough enough but the trip through or around the Whitehorse Hydro dam is daunting. The fish either go through the turbines over the spillway or through the fish ladder. It's a crapshoot. About 30 percent of the salmon don't make it. Those that survive the dam face a long and perilous trip down the entire length of the Yukon River.

Until 1959, the Yukon was free flowing from its headwaters to the Bering Sea. The salmon had a relatively easy time swimming upstream and through the Whitehorse Rapids to spawn. The same can be said for the journey back to the sea.

That changed when the Whitehorse dam was completed in 1959. To help the fish reach the spawning creeks, the Whitehorse fishway was built beside the dam. Water from the fishway attracts the fish to the ladder. Once entering the fishway, the salmon jump over partitions, which separate the steps that make up the ladder.

About halfway up, the fish enter a large chamber where their size and sex are recorded by fishway staff. A number of salmon are removed for use at the Whitehorse Rapids Fish Hatchery.

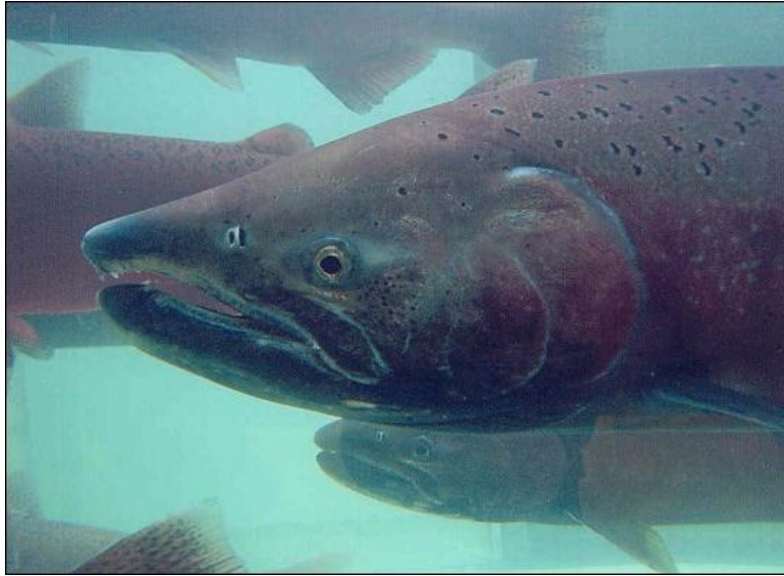
The rest are removed from the viewing tank with nets and placed in the upper section of the fishway to complete their climb over the dam. By the time the salmon reach the fishway, they are in pretty rough shape. They have spent three months swimming up the Yukon without eating. The fish are exhausted with just enough energy left to carve nests in the gravel and spawn. Then, they die. But the young will hatch to carry on the historic cycle.

In 1983 and 1984, a salmon transplant program was started at the Whitehorse Fish Hatchery to increase the stocks. Each summer, about thirty percent of the fish swimming through the Whitehorse fish ladder are harvested and taken to the nearby hatchery.

There, the eggs are squeezed from the females while sperm is squeezed from the males.



The fish ladder where Whitehorse rapids flowed.



The Chinook Salmon (King Salmon)

The eggs are fertilized and hatched artificially in tanks. The following spring the young fish are released into the creeks upstream from Whitehorse. Artificial hatching of salmon eggs is needed to make up for the loss of a naturally hatched fry that are killed by the turbines of the power plant as they try to make their way downstream to the sea.

Still, not many salmon hatched or released upstream of the dam ever make it back to their Yukon home after spending their adult lives in the Pacific Ocean. Most will be eaten by other fish or taken at sea by commercial fishers. Some years, only 150 salmon return to the fishway

The biggest return since the dam was built was in 1996 when nearly three thousand salmon were counted. Biologists speculate that the large return was because the fish managed to escape the deep sea fishing boats by returning two weeks sooner than expected that year.

But there are always some salmon coming home to their Yukon creeks. So, if you live permanently in Whitehorse, be a tourist. Take a trip to the Whitehorse fish ladder and hatchery and see how man and nature are trying to get along.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin.

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougén marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)



Looks like the Tutshi

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan

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

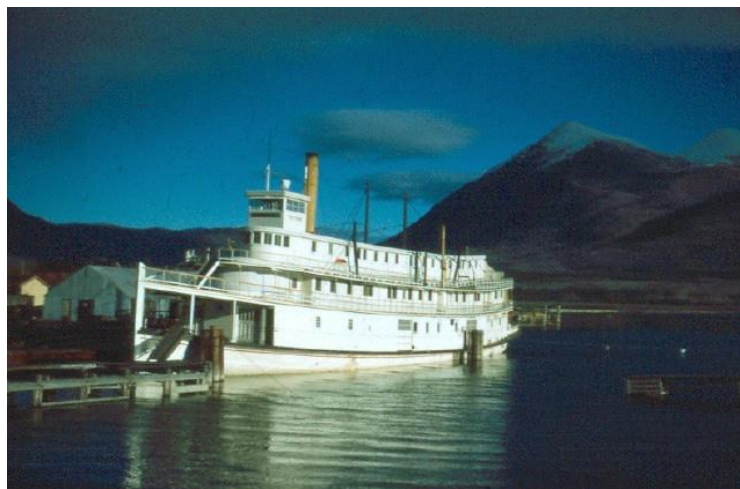
It is the Tutshi and it is tied up at Carcross. It appears that the Tutshi is tied up at the railway bridge and the "shed" may be on a barge beside the Tutshi. I have never seen a picture of the Tutshi tied up on that side of the river. I don't think that the picture is reversed but it may be. Anxiously awaiting any replies from Mom or Gert.

Ken Jones k29j32@shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

Certainly looks like the Tutshi to me but the picture is shown backwards, if it indeed is the Tutshi.

I am keeping very well, thanks. Still enjoying the Moc.Tel.

Millie Jones mjones@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Above photo mirror image - Sternwheeler Tutshi - Carcross

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan

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

You are so computer literate! Yes, it is the Tutshi and it is tied up at the pilings at the train bridge instead of at the dock. The warehouse in the background is on the dock so it is not on a barge. The pilings are still there but the decking from the train bridge is gone. It is a great picture. I am surprised how it is changed on the reverse image. Quite startling the difference. Mom and Gert will appreciate this image of the picture. I want to sign up for the Sherron Jones computer course!!!! .
Ken Jones k29j32@shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

I am sure it is the Tutshi now!
Millie Jones mjones@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Yukon River - 1944 – 45

Is this the dam at mile 898?

Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter (In Abbotsford BC)

This is indeed the Lewes River Dam at Mile 898, photo taken from the highway bridge. Dam was used for controlling flows in the upper Yukon, or Lewes as they called it then. It was especially useful in spring when they would suddenly release pent up water to help clear the ice out of Lake Laberge so the first boats could get down.

Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

Sherron is that the dam where the Taylor's use to be? There was Bob Taylor and his wife Liz that use to be in charge of it and they lived there. They used to be known as the "dam Taylors" they retired in Whitehorse on Hawkins Street. I imagine they are both gone by now. They were a lovely couple and well thought of. Henry worked with Bob at the Dam at one time. Liz was famous for her deep dish apple pie. I never did make it as good !
Have a good trip down to Yuma ...Alice

Alice Breaden ambreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

DOES ANYONE HAVE A COPY OF THIS TIME MAGAZINE ?

Some of us were talking the other day and someone mentioned about Donna and her picture being in Time magazine in a photo of prince Phillip and it reminded me about another photo that was **also in Time**. This was a few years back, around **1944/46** of two young fellows fishing in the river down by the old laundry just south of the ship yards and if I remember it was titled **Yukon Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn**. The two boys being myself and Dave Perchie.

If you know how I could go about getting a copy of it through the computer, let me know I'm not sure of the exact year or month. But I would think it would be **July or August** while school was out.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

A WINTER SAFARI – Special Edition

We really enjoyed the pictures of Elsa and Calumet. We were living in Calumet in the winter of '57 and were very active in the Calumet curling club. I don't remember any ladies from Dawson coming into camp at this time. However they might have done all their curling in Elsa. Also, I don't remember the three white houses they stayed in being empty in '57. So I'm not sure they have the year right. I don't think the pictures of Keno are necessarily right either. They might be pictures of Galkeno. Otherwise the pictures were great. Sure was lots of snow at that time.

Regards...Al Mitchell terry987*telus.net (In Blind Bay BC)

NOBODY DON'T MIND FOR HIM

MP Erik Nielsen's most solid supporters are the residents of Old Crow, the Yukon's most northern community. Out there the results of the election were recorded by The Star's correspondent Edith Josie who reports:

"Every one expect Mr. Nielsen every day but he still gone,

On March 30, when the skiers came back, on the same plane Liberal came to Old Crow before Nielsen, but nobody same don't mind for him.

"Mr. Philip Dacquemare put up Mr. Erik Nielsen's paper on every house and, after, the election day was on. April 8, every one vote for Mr. Erik. It is sure big day for us when we vote for

them. April 7, Chief Charlie Peter came into town and he was there on election day."

The result; Nielsen 64; Wilson 0; Wylie 5.

But over at Ross River the swing is just as strong the other way. There the returns read: Nielsen 8; Wilson 5; Wylie 39.



Eric Nielsen, M.P. for the Yukon, walks into Old Crow from the dock on the Porcupine River.

A WINTER SAFARI – Special Edition

I enjoyed the pictures of Emily's. The buildings that Emily wasn't sure about is/was YCGC's North Fork power plant facility. In the first picture the power house is on the far left. The hill on the right was where the penstocks came down from the ditch to power the turbines. The second picture was also at the same "camp". A friend from that time, Gary Powell, lived there. His father was in charge of the ditch system that gathered water from both the North and South fork of the Klondike.

Enjoy your Arizona winter and Seasons Greetings to you and Bill.

Cheers, Joe Redmond yukon43*telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)

Merry Christmas !

Just thought I'd tell you, that I always say Merry Christmas and write the same on all of my cards whether they say Happy Holidays, or whatever. I don't hear of other religious holidays referred to as only a "holiday." Christmas is Christmas and it should be called for what it is. Persons of other religions don't have to participate. It's their choice whether to join in or not. I don't say Ramadan shouldn't be called Ramadan or Hanukah called Hanukah.

If one thinks about it, if one says Merry Christmas to a non-believer, it's really a compliment to that person, don't you think?

As far as I know, there's no problem with the stores, here, but I'll keep an eye out just in case.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

A WINTER SAFARI – Special Edition

I have a feeling Emily Stilwell's bonspiel was in 1955 or 56 because Mom went and we heard stories of the Elsa bonspiel for years afterwards. Mom, Dad and Heather left Whitehorse in May 1956. I stayed just long enough to finish the school year.
Maribeth

Hi Maribeth

You are absolutely right. Harvey Burian noticed the license plates and looked them up online and found the white on green place was 1955 and good until March 31 1956. So when ever curlers curl in early 1956 would have been the correct time.

Sherron

Re: A WINTER SAFARI – Special Edition Photos

Just thought I would drop a note on the special of Emily's that my cousin had forwarded on to me.

The last two pictures of the North Fork Power Plant where I grew up. In the first picture our house is the one on the right behind the trees, I can just make it out. The big grey building at the end of the road is the power house.

The second picture the building on the left is the cook house, the middle one up the hill is the bunk house and the one on the left was living quarters for whomever. Dad said that when he started out at North Fork that is where he stayed, then when he got the foreman's job he moved to the house where I grew up.

I have enjoyed Emily's specials very much. It is great to see pictures of the way it was. I was too little to remember the different buildings or maybe I just didn't pay attention at that age.

Hope you are having better weather then we are it is suppose to go to minus 40 tonight.

Pat Webster pwebster*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

DECEMBER 2nd 2007 IN COOMBS



Snow - December 2, 2007 Coombs BC

Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller*shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

"Yeah Right" Bill Jones! I'm enjoying my Moc Tel #231 and you send a picture of the homestead in Arizona. Rub it in! Palm Trees, Nice skies, everything clean and "tiddley". I can feel the temperature being just right in the evening twilight.

Well here's what we here in Coombs on Vancouver Island are up against today!

WISH YOU WERE HERE!

Which reminds me remember the post cards that were around a while back that said "wish you were here" and there would be a guy in his boat with a fish in it bigger than the boat. I wonder if anyone has a copy of one. (lol).

Harry and Elaine Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca Coombs B.C.



More Snow - December 2, 2007 Coombs BC
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

Thanks for the good laugh Harry ! – Sherron

Re: RCMP/Watson House in MocTel 231

The above article in MocTel 231 brought back a lot of good memories for me. I married Edythe Caddy in Whitehorse in June 1953 and many times in the following years Edie would relate all the kindness' Mrs. Watson had shown to her whilst she was growing up. Lorraine was one of her best friends .I heard many stories about the wonderful birthday parties which Mrs. Watson put on for Lorraine.

When we moved to Vancouver in 1955, Edie duly paraded me one Sunday afternoon to meet Mr. and Mrs. Watson at their lovely home in McKenzie Heights in Vancouver - it

was such a pleasure to meet them and Mrs. Watson told Edie on the qt that she approved of her husband!!!

Edie and I visited Harold and Lorraine several times when they lived in Seattle and Harold was working in the Accounting Dept. at Boeing. Sadly Lorraine died, quite young and I have often wondered what happened to Harold and the two children.

Richard 'Dick' Sladden dsladden@telus.net (In Vancouver)

I certainly remember Edie, she was in the same class at school as my sister Wilda. There's also a picture in an earlier copy of MocTel of that class, with her, my sister Wilda, Lorraine, Betty Patterson, Gloria Cyr, Ruth Chambers, Margaret Murry and I forget who else at the moment.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley Joyce@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

I contacted Carol (Squirechuk) Kowal to get Gert (Rose) Squirechuk's comments – Sherron

I asked mom and all she remembers of them is Lorraine's husband's name which was Harold Damon. Lorraine was the daughter of Bruce and Edna Watson. Bruce was Mathew Watson's brother. She didn't know them that well.

Take care. Carol (Squirechuk) Kowal caroica@telus.net (In Lethbridge AB)

Yes I can confirm that Bruce was definitely a brother of Mathews, not sure if he was the older of the two though. Bobby, of course was Mathew's son, and the one that took over the store in Carcross [Mathew Watson's General Store] after his father retired. Bobby was married to Nellie (can't remember her maiden name, though).

Joyce Yardley Joyce@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Re: CPA in MocTel 231

Since you are doing CPA stuff.

I was the "Relief Agent Yukon" in 1950 to 1952 and worked out of the CPA Staff House in Whitehorse pictured in your last publication. I worked all the stations in the Yukon and Northern B.C., Dawson City, Mayo, Whitehorse, Watson Lake, Fort Nelson and Fort St. John etc.

Stan Baron was the Agent in Whitehorse a Gus Lundberg was the Yukon Manager. Some of the Clerks working in Whitehorse then were Jamie Mutch, Tom McLaughlin, Bob Russell. Phil Iverson was the Captain on base and died in the crash of a DC4 in Shemya on the way to Japan. Min Hogland was the Staff House Manager and Mom to all us young bachelors under her care. The co-pilots who flew with Pappy Iverson would be on station for a couple of months at a time in training. The stewardesses worked the same way and would be with us for a couple of months. (The young bachelors kind of liked having the stewardesses around, although Min was very protective of all concerned. In the early fifties all CPA aircraft working out of Whitehorse were DC3s. (One of which is on a pedestal at the airport and acts as a weathervane.)

Attached is a photo of the Mayo office from way back then. It was in the Chateau Mayo just down the street from the Northern Light Hotel which had the only restaurant in town.

Some time ago you published a short piece of mine that featured the CPA Office in Dawson City. My new wife Sheila and I were posted there in 1952 and had our first child Leslay there in 1953. She is a Sourdough bred and born there. And Proud Of It! Tommy MacLaughlin and his wife Betty took over the station from us in late 1953 when we moved to Edmonton. The North was a great adventure and we wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Tom Tait ttait@telus.net (In Coquitlam)



Canadian Pacific Airlines Office in Mayo
Photo courtesy Tom Tait ttait@telus.net (In Coquitlam)

A MESSAGE FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH in Dawson

Well the season is upon us and of course the cold weather arrived on December 1st. Today [Dec. 4th, 2007] it is -42, the forecast is for warmer weather but we just take what we get. Started the Christmas Season off with the YOOP celebrating their 113th Anniversary, with their annual Dinner on Dec 1st. They had a full house even tho' the weather was -30. Now all the Seasonal celebrations start. The Dawson Community Christmas Party is this weekend coming up, with the Museum, Parks Canada, City of Dawson and KVA spearheading the event. Church choir is getting ready for our Christmas Eve Service which is ecumenical, with all the churches taking part at the St. Paul's Anglican Church. Will be working on Christmas Day, cooking my last Christmas Dinner for the Seniors at McDonald Lodge as I am retiring as of Dec 31st. So I am wishing all MocTel subscribers a Very Merry Christmas and a great New Year in 2008.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

ALF BILTON'S POETRY – Grandma Palmer

We have been reading and enjoying the poetry by Alf Bilton.

He said much of his inspiration for his poems came from his Grandmother Palmer. This brought back memories to us as Granma Palmer is also Norm's Grandmother.

One of her stories told to me I always remember. She said her neighbours, many years ago were the James' family a nice family and a lovely son named Jessie.

When Jessie and brother arrived home from the war (or a roundup?) they found their mother had been killed and their sisters raped. Being told who was responsible they rode out and killed them and thus became outlaws. She always said, with her flashing eyes, the vigilantes were the bad guys and not those nice James boys. !

Jean Hartnell ladue1*shaw.ca (In Abbotsford BC)

Sherron, yes we are speaking of the same Grandma Palmer. Alf Bilton's mother was Norm's mothers' younger sister.

Yes it was Jessie James of the legend, according to Grandma Palmer.

Grandpa and Grandma Palmer had five girls and five boys. All the ones I met were great character; lots of fun and well worth knowing.

Hope you are enjoying all the sunny days in Arizona.

Jean Hartnell

F.H. COLLINS YEAR BOOK ? ?

A friend of mine is looking to purchase a 1969 F.H. Collins yearbook but would make do with a 67 or 68. Anyone responding could contact me.

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

VANCOUVER YUKONERS CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Went over to Vancouver yesterday to the Van. Yukoners Christmas Luncheon. As usual a very good time was had by all. A good lunch lots of excellent door prizes donated by members, and as usual, lots of stories and reminiscing. The head count was fifty one, including a good representation from the Island and (according to Bill Drury) 80 percent of all Yukoners living in Sechelt.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)



Some members who were at the I.S.R. gave us a repeat of a skit that they put on there.
Photo courtesy Lowell Blieler



A shot of the group attending the luncheon.
Photo courtesy Lowell Blieler



Santa came around early to provide door prizes.
Photo courtesy Lowell Blieler

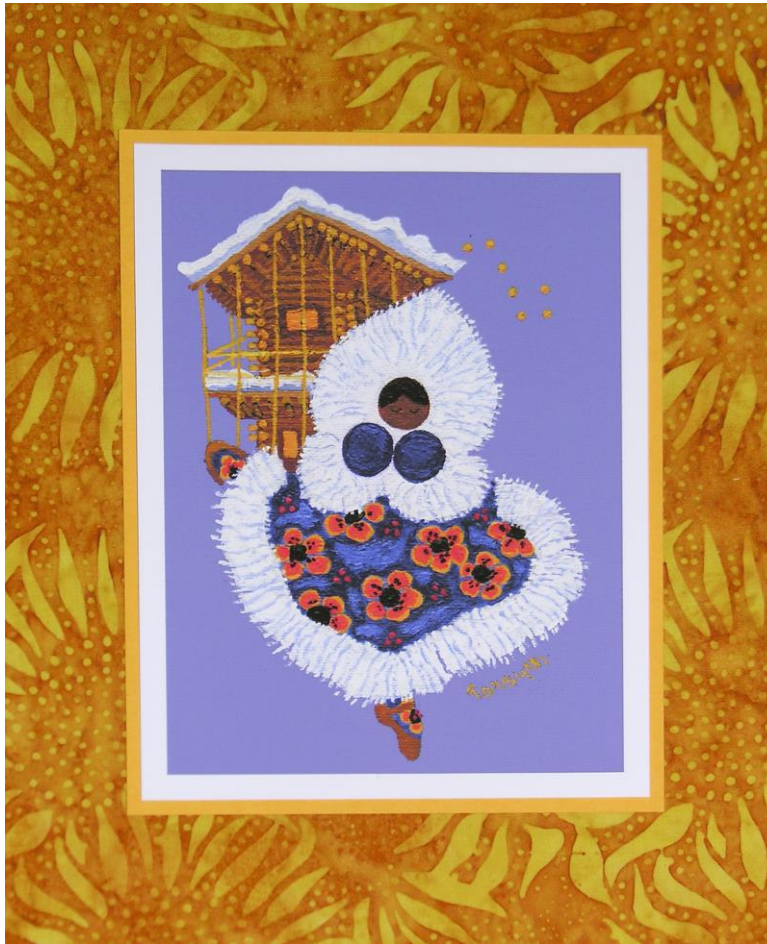
ZENN CARS – (Zero Emission No Noise)

Worth watching the video. – Sherron

[Http://zenncars.com/](http://zenncars.com/)

Built in Quebec Sold in the USA and SOON TO BE IN B.C.

ARTISTIC TALENT



Log Skyscraper

Image copyright Barb Forsyth blackbarb7@hotmail.com (In Victoria)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We have moved. Our new information is as follows:

Walter & Cami Yaremco (Former Miller Creek & Sixty Mile River)

5470 Fowler Road Victoria, B. C. V8Y 1Y3 1-250-658-0442 [cabundance4u*msn.com](mailto:abundance4u@msn.com)

Cami Yaremco

REMOVED FROM THE LIST – AWAY

Please do not send any mail for next couple of months; we will be away until end of Feb. 08.

Thank you,
Have a wonderful Christmas & a Blessed New Year.
Mike & Heather

McGEACHY, Mike & Heather (BERG) mhmcgeachy@northwestel.net (Mike grew up in Mayo, Heather in Dawson, 30 outside, now Tagish)

NEW ADDITIONS

A couple of friends sent us your #231 edition and we would like to be on your mailing list.

Ev & Bill Dawson - Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno; 1956-1964
e-mail: yhuree@sympatico.ca We live in Burlington, ON.

Regards **Bill Dawson**

I don't remember meeting Al. I was transferred to Mayo Det., **RCMP** in the early spring of 1958, before the ice-bridges went out and then replaced the member at Keno and was there until April 1959. During 58/59 ladies curling teams from Whitehorse where at Elsa for a bonspiel. My fiancée, **Ev Rath** was on a team skipped by **Marion Langevin**, (Joe's wife); they took one of the top prizes (maybe the top prize). In those years **Al Pike** was Gen. Mgr. of UKHM and **Red Taylor** was the surface boss I think.

Wonderful to make these new contacts, thanks very much.

Bill Dawson

Erna is one of Ev's sisters. Erna lives in Saskatoon now. Feel free to include any of that information. Love your service. Bill

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

My mother taught me about STAMINA. - "You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From First Presbyterian Ladies Aid book the Art of Cooking in Whitehorse.
Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Klondike Cheese Cake

1 lemon Jell-o
1 cup hot water
1 large pkg Philadelphia cream cheese
1 cup sugar
¼ tsp lemon extract
2 tsp vanilla extract
1 can Pacific milk
22 single graham wafers
1/3 cup white sugar
¼ cup butter

Chill milk in frig for 4 hours (leave in can). Melt lemon jell-o in cup of hot water, stir and cool till starting to set (in a small bowl).

Cream together the cream cheese, 1 cup of sugar, lemon and vanilla extract using a small bowl.

Whip milk until stiff (using big bowl) add Jell-o and cheese mix.

Combine 22 graham wafers crushed with 1/3 cup sugar and ¼ cup butter. Line bottom of cake pan with this (leaving a bit for top sprinkle) Pour Jell-O/cheese mix over crumbs and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Place in refrigerator. I use an oblong cake pan. The secret to the success of this recipe is to whip the milk before adding the Jell-o.

Jo Bailey

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

Winter Address –
483 – 5707 East 32nd St.
Yuma, Arizona 85365
Phone 928-341-0690