

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 276th Edition – February 1st, 2009

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Okay, pay attention, the reason I called this meeting
Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

PAUL & BETTY'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

By Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (Enroute to Mexico)

We left Whitehorse to drive to the Baja on Friday, Jan 9th, 2009...

So picture this... it's 32 below... the van is packed to the ceiling, you're clad in sorrels, floor length winter coat, arctic fleece neck warmer, layers underneath the coat, wool hat and mitts... you can see your breath in the vehicle, which has been running for half an hour, and we're heading to Mexico????!!!! I'm thinking I must be nuts... we're going to freeze to death before we get to Teslin....

But, by Teslin, there's some light in the sky, and the van has finally warmed up... I can take off my mitts... we're listening to CBC and Roc is saying "apparently it's supposed to warm up" but you can hear the doubt in his voice.. forecasts have been know to change.

In Teslin and it's warmed up to 24 (us Northerners leave out the minus when we've been talking cold for days/weeks) and I'm visualizing beaches...we eat our homemade meatloaf sandwiches and keep driving..



Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



Approaching Teslin... our first light

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



Not easy to find food this winter. Bison near Liard Hot Springs.
Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



Muncho Lake

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



We arrive Watson Lake at 3:15 ... made pretty good time really... and look for a gas station no gas... but I can actually hop out of the car without my coat to take a picture... someone yells from the building "we haven't had gas for two years"! OK, I say
Photos courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



The signposts are beautiful in the snow...



Watson Lake signpost forest.

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



Northern BC

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



Between Dawson Creek and Prince George
Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)



Between Dawson Creek and Prince George.
Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (enroute to Baja, Mexico)

RADAR NOT ALWAYS ACCURATE

I was working radar one night by the weigh scales in Whitehorse. I was near the scales, parked on the shoulder of the road and checking traffic coming from the area of the Kopper King. I had issued three speeding tickets and of course they all said they weren't speeding. The fourth vehicle I stopped was a lady who assured me she had just entered the highway by Yukon Freightlines and was absolutely not speeding. She was so adamant I asked her to go back up the highway and come through the radar again doing exactly the posted speed of 30 miles per hour. Again I got a reading of over 40 miles per hour. Having worked over 5,000 hours of radar I was pretty good at judging speeds and in paying careful attention to her approach the second time around, I was not convinced she was speeding. Perhaps there was electrical interference from the overhead power lines I don't know but I wasn't happy with the other three radar readings on which I wrote tickets. I did not write this lady a ticket but returned to the office and phoned the other three drivers who had received tickets. I told them I wasn't happy with the readings and if they brought their tickets to the office I would see that they were cancelled. I don't think a half hour passed and all three were at the office with tickets in hand. When they left me this time they were in a much better mood than the time before.

George Bliss [jrsports*sasktel.net](mailto:jrsports@sasktel.net) (In Regina)
Whitehorse Highway Patrol 1973-1978



This was photo taken around 1955 near the Whitehorse Rapids . From the left: Carol Clarke, Barbara Gibbon, Frances Law and Jane Wilson.

Photo courtesy Joy (Fraser) Denton [joydenton*hotmail.com](mailto:joydenton@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

Uffish Thoughts: Frozen Bushes and Missing Feet

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

January 12, 2009

The bushes around town have been dressed in their deep winter finest for the last week. By that I mean the crystalline shimmer of fine ice over every branch. At temperatures in the minus forty to fifty range it seems that every drop of moisture in the air needs to find something to cling to, and the shrubbery around Dawson provides that perch. Foliage all over town is heavy with the stuff. It's not as nice as the leaves in the spring and the summer, but it is nicer than the brown limbs of autumn and early winter, those "bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

There are other perches. The Masons have placed a fine netting over the top half of the Masonic Temple/Carnegie Library on Queen Street in order to keep the sparrows from covering every cornice with nests in the spring and summer. As attractive as a building covered with birds can be, the practice plays havoc with the paint and the faux-stone metal sheathing on the building. Normally the netting is practically invisible, but this winter it, too, has taken on a load of fine ice.

It would all shimmer like a spider web in the sunshine, but there isn't a lot of that in Dawson at this time of year. A month from today, the light through the ice will be glorious; just now it skims the tops of the trees across the river and lights up the Moosehide Scar, but it doesn't actually hit the town.

Three weeks past the darkness of solstice the light is coming back. I saw just the sun past the Museum last Friday while giving our new Berton House writer-in-resident a quick tour of the town. It lasted only about 15 minutes, and was only visible from a certain angle on Fifth Avenue, but it was there.

The streets of Dawson were busy today. A tradesman described it to my wife as a traffic jam. After a near week of minus 50 or lower, a range of minus 25 to 30 felt positively balmy and people were out taking the air, shopping for groceries, shedding a layer of clothing in relief.

The most annoying feature of really cold weather is the amount of time you have to spend at either end of an expedition into the great outdoors. You really need to put on all that stuff, whether you work in layers or favour the big parka look. Snow pants are great, but you still have to be careful with your choice of boots. I have an ankle high pair of winter boots that I slip on most of the time. They keep my feet toasty, but I found last week that they don't keep the draft from going up my pant legs when I'm wearing snow pants. By the time I'd trudged to the post office my lower legs were chilly up to my knees.

The next day I dug out my old snowpacks. As much as I dislike walking in them, they filled the gap and blocked the chill.

It goes without saying (or should) that you need a scarf across your mouth and nose in this weather. There are two problems with that. The first is that your breath soon ices over your glasses and leaves you blinder than even the ice fog. I carry mine in a case in my pocket in case I need them for something.

The bigger problem is that all this face protection means you can't see your feet. You're probably not aware of your feet when you're not shrouded, but you see them with your peripheral vision all the time normally. This helps you avoid obstacles, compensate for uneven footing, and determine how far you have to lift or drop them when climbing or descending stairs.

In Dawson this nose peeking assists a person in getting up and down from the boardwalks to the street. When you don't have access to it, walking is that much more difficult.

For these and other reasons, it was nice to see the thermometers edge upwards today. It's funny how much nicer it seems at -29.



Last winter's cold snap was a bit later in the winter. There was more sunshine and on this day in early February the light on the trees in front of the RCMP detachment was glorious.

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

Uffish Thoughts: Slip Sliding Away, Slip Sliding Today

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

January 19, 2009

“Lord, it’s dangerous out there,” I said as I slid into the post office just after noon on Monday.

The look on the clerk’s face told me it was not an original observation.

They’d scattered salt several times that morning, she told me, and the post master had been out to shovel off the accumulation of frozen drizzle just about every hour.

I wasn’t surprised at the result. I’d made the mistake of shovelling the slush off our own boardwalks after I had slipped and cracked my head and upper back on Sunday night. If I had left it then the top layer would have frozen and I could have stomped down to material that was still snow to get some traction. Today there was only ice.

As things stood (an ironic figure of speech in this case) I had pretty much skated to the street from our verandah. Forget about the railings on the steps, or the top of the fence leading down the walk to the street. Both were shrouded in a thin layer of ice made slicker by the drizzle still coming down. There was no secure purchase to be had.

The same was true of our truck. I’d hoped to use it for some stability in walking up the very slight incline to the driver’s side door, but the only place I could get a grip was the handles on the canopy. That got me to where I could penetrate the crust on a small drift and walk to the truck door. Of course pulling on the latch to open the door actually pulled me into the side of the truck, but I managed to keep upright until I could grab something inside to anchor myself to.

The Tacoma was encased in ice so thoroughly that when I rolled down the windows to clear them nothing happened at first. I mean, the windows rolled down just fine, but the ice on them stayed put until gravity had its say, and then it all fell into the truck and onto the seats and into my lap.

For all that, it was safer to drive than it was to walk. I watched the walkers. They stayed off the iced boardwalks and on the street. You could see that the trucks had been out and had sanded the streets. In some places you could see the sand UNDER the ice, but there were still places where you could get traction.

Someone visiting the school said that the streets weren’t really that bad. It was getting to the streets that was likely to kill you.

Just outside the Post Office a young fellow from the KIAC School of Visual Arts handed me a cartoon for our local paper and then headed back to the college. He had better treads than his English instructor, so she hung onto his coat and slid along behind him up the block.

Someone else told me that they watched the snow plough driving up the street and that it 'was skidding in the direction of gravity.' This was while it wasn't trying to plough anything. Shortly after the same person told me the snow load came off the roof at the Visitors Information Centre on Front Street. Luckily no one was parked underneath the eaves.

The folks at the post office expect the roads will be too bad to allow the mail truck to get here tomorrow. That would figure, as the plane was unable to land here today. Maybe they could bundle everything into the SUVs in the Fulda convoy that's supposed to be driving here on Wednesday. Just getting to Dawson could be a brand new event in this year's Extreme Challenge.



Window Ice

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

MocTel 275

Hello Sherron, this is a short but warm Hello to the Sniders.

Congratulations to you, for the choice of becoming Mr. and Mrs. Yukon 2009. Certainly you have earned the honor.

You've no doubt had so many children-sitters through the years, you may scratch your heads to remember me. You first knew me through the effort I made to get a New Horizons' plan going in Dawson after a meeting in the Museum with the organizer, Thelma Scambler from Edmonton. I thought that the money being there from the Federal Government, Dawson could use it in the winters. Several Oldtimers encouraged me

although I would not be there then. And you were one. You asked me for dinner one noon--large slabs of moose meat, you having been out hunting successfully with a peculiar moose-call. Your young people all came home for that mid-day meal. I think you wanted to see both my reaction to your brood, and theirs to me. So, from that beginning, since you both had to attend a diocese meeting the coming August 1 weekend, you asked me if I'd stay with your young people including youngest Richard. I would stay, but go back to my apartment in MacDonald Lodge to sleep in the day. Worked out well with the shifts I had at that time. Your children were all so shy, just like their mother! all went well. I think the older boys had jobs after school, as well as paper-routes, and Grace took care of the youngest most of the time she was not at the first day of school. I think they sold pop at the show?

And yes, I knew Richard Martin well, quiet and kind old deacon.

Enjoy your challenging, interesting 2009 year as Mr. and Mrs. Yukon.

Good to read your daughter, Grace's, summary of your lives. You do look so comfortable in the picture, relaxed and happy. Now you better write your story!

Sincerely, Peg McComb-Watson pegwatson@hotmail.com (On Vancouver Island)

Photo of Hougen's Hockey Team in MocTel 275

The unidentified player in Les McLaughlin's hockey photo is Ken White. In 1958, Ken, poor chap, once tried to teach me to drive....It was during a typical, heavy winter in Whitehorse; and I was a rather flighty fifteen year old. As we headed up the road, me at the wheel of Ken's car, a truck (the size of a high-rise, as far as I was concerned!) approached from the opposite direction. I panicked, and veered into the snow bank at the roadside. No real harm done, except to the front of Ken's car....and something about a radiator....

Poor chap.

But a nice fellow, Ken.

Patricia Barker patlbarker@sympatico.ca (In Grimsby ON)

Hi Sherron, the players name is Ken White who now lives in Dawson Creek, BC. Another coincidence as I just read MT 275 this morning and Ken stopped in for coffee this afternoon on his way back to Dawson Creek, from visiting family near Edmonton. He officially identified himself from the photo.

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

I passed Dave Perks message on to Pat Barker so that she would know Dave was in touch with Ken White. Here is her reply.

We're in Alexandria, VA at the moment, taking an indirect route to our rental in Florida. Actually, towards the end of this week, shall be visiting another friend from Whitehorse days, formerly Pat Robertson, who's vacationing with her husband in the Destin area!

I have photos somewhere of Ken (and Pat and Jean Crowell) on the day of 'The Driving Lesson', so at some point (some how) I'll get them to you! Pat, Jean and I were very close friends, and whereas Jeanie and I have recently lost contact --we'll look after that, I know-- Pat and I 'found' each other again about five years ago, thanks to MT. Have subsequently visited back and forth and enjoy regular e-mail correspondence.

Way to go and thank you again, Sherron!

Pat in very snowy Alexandria!

Patricia Barker patlbarker@sympatico.ca

Passed Pat's message on to Dave Perks, so he could pass it on to Ken and received this reply:

I will pass on this email to Ken. Unfortunately he is not on email so will make a copy and mail it to him. Ken his brother Brian & wife and Tina and I are planning to go to the Vancouver banquet. Will you guys be back in time for this event this year????

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

MocTel 275 CF-CPY Photo

Just reading MT275 - enjoyed seeing one of my favourite pictures, CF-CPY. For those of you who might enjoy using Google Earth, one of its features allows you to pinpoint all pivot mounted aircraft in the world. CF-CPY is featured at Whitehorse, naturally.

Earle Smith t16ru672@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

MocTel 275 inspires more memories

Hi Sherron. Here's a story I was prompted to write when seeing last issue's photo. I am also attaching an earlier hockey photo with some - but not all the names.

A picture is worth a thousand words. Maybe more. And a ton of memories. Looking at the picture of the Hougen's hockey team of 1958 provided in last week's MocTel by Rolf Hougen, brought back a flood of fond memories about our formative years in the isolated, vibrant city of Whitehorse, circa 1958. Entire Yukon population then----about twelve thousand. Whitehorse? About half that!

The photo was taken in the Whitehorse Civic Centre that was built in 1952 with the combined efforts of downtown businessmen, service clubs and solid work of citizens determined to give the growing town a sports complex to be proud of. The Civic Centre officially opened on February 18th, 1953 with a hockey game attended to overflowing in a chilly arena that held perhaps 500 hardy souls in unheated surroundings.

I don't know who played that first game, but the Whitehorse Star reported that Gordon Armstrong, the first mayor of the newly proclaimed "city" bought the first ticket. For the next six years, the Civic centre became my winter home away from home where hockey was king and nothing much else mattered including studies at the Whitehorse Elementary High School on Fourth Avenue which had opened in the fall of 1952.

I played for the Capitols, sponsored by Sam McClimon's Capitol Theatre, the Lions and the Kiwanis sponsored by hard-working members of the two service clubs, Hougen's Department store and finally to end my high school hockey career, for the Town Merchants when we won the Senior Men's championship in the spring of 1959.

The Civic Centre, located on Fourth across from the Elks Lodge, was the hub of activity summer and winter in Whitehorse. Hockey, public skating and figure skating dominated events in winter when ice time was definitely at a premium. Hockey practices were generally after ten at night when the games or skating had ended or early in the morning before school began. A lingering memory is how cold it was in the arena. The building was not insulated and hardly heated. After a year or so of operation, small electric reflector heaters were attached to the rafters to send heat waves down on spectators. They did precious little good at -25 F and at -30 the games were called off.

I wore glasses so I have a less than fond memory of them fogging up on cold nights especially after a furious round of play followed by a face off usually taken with the mists of fog-covered glasses. One year, a magical "potion in a bottle" arrived at the local drugstore; a miracle ointment that I could rub on my glasses. The salve would prevent the fog from forming on my Buddy Holly black framed glasses. It was a miracle all right, but I no longer had an excuse for losing a face-off. (I don't know if Buddy Holly played hockey but he sure influenced our eye wear even though we were more interested in hockey than in Peggy Sue.)

The dressing rooms at the Civic centre were not fancy but were "functional." Equipped with space heaters, they were the only location where fans could warm up. A year or so

after the Civic centre opened, a cement lock block structure was built in the front of the building to accommodate a concession booth and provide a lounge of sorts.

One of the driving forces behind the operation of the Civic centre was Jim Light. He later became a city alderman and passed away on September 21, 1970 at the age of 42. A month later, City council renamed the Civic centre the Jim Light Memorial arena. Attached is a photo of the Capitols hockey team probably taken during the 1954-55 season at the Civic centre. The background shows the lack of insulation in the walls.

Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa)



Capitols hockey team probably taken during the 1954-55 season at the Civic centre.

The background shows the lack of insulation in the walls.

Back row L-R: Willie Nicholuson, Bobby Campbell, (?) Dougie Woods, Brian Hugo, Terry Warren, Gaston Choquette. Bud Harrison (coach)

Front row L-R - Ralph Lortie, Norman ?, Les McLaughlin, ?, ?, ?

Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa)

If you can help identify these boys- please let me know. Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca



1966 - A favourite summer outing would be a cruise from Carcross to Graham Inlet and Ben My Chree. Seen here is the Army Club owned "Turtle" and the Yukon Electrical Boat "Dorothea". Among those in the picture is Lloyd Ryder, Bob Cousins, Howie Brunless, Gordon Cameron , Bob Choate, Ken Baker.
Photo courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)



Iceberg - We were in Greenland in Aug '82 and passed this one - we were on the Canadian ice-breaker Pierre Radisson; one of the neatest we saw, and have seen.
Photo courtesy Doug Bell pogo41*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



How are you?

This beautiful guy ran into my window and I showed it to our Corgy, Nikita. She sniffed it all over, but not once did she try to harm it. It was still a bit dazed, which allowed me to get a lot of photos.

Norm Bastien hondahog*northwestel.net (In Haines Junction)



"HEALTH IS WEALTH" Love Edward and Gillian xox

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

ARTISTIC TALENT



29 New Street

Image courtesy Madeleine Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

Madeleine had shared some of her images about a year ago. She has not sent along several more – with this message:

The cards and giclees are in one of the galleries in Calgary and in another in Peace River, while the cards alone are in one of the Chapters locations in Calgary. - Madeleine

OBIT

Sherron - It is with regret that I reply to your message.

Roberta (Bobbi) Morgan passed Jan 7/09 after a final battle with cancer.

Sent from Bobbi Morgan e-mail address.

Hi Sherron

Following is the obituary of my sister-in-law that was in the Whitehorse paper.

With Loving Memories Roberta (Bobbi) Morgan November 13th to January 7th 2009.

Roberta (Bobbi) Morgan passed away on January 7th, 2009, after a battle with cancer.

Bobbi moved to Whitehorse with her parents and family in 1948 at the age of six. The rest of Bobbi's life was spent in the Yukon.

After she graduated Bobbi worked in private enterprise and the government. In June 1960 she married her husband Julian (Jules) and raised her family.

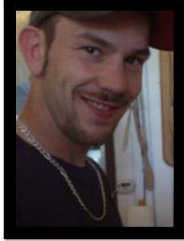
Bobbi spent many devoted hours as a volunteer at YWCA gift show on Main Street where the Bank of Montreal now stands. She also spent many years with the Yukon Council on Aging where she held the positions of Director, Recording Secretary, Vice President, President and Past President. For many years she compiled the quarterly senior publication of The Sourdough Chronicle. Bobbie was the author of two books 'Fall Prevention' published in English and French and 'Senior Safety and Security', which has also been made available to senior organizations in the Provinces and Territories. Bobbi had a strong passion for senior issues. She also served as Director and Secretary for the Elder Active Association. Bobbi is survived by her husband of 48 years, Jules; daughter, Lori; sons, Clinton and Shane; brothers, Vern and Jack; sisters, Pat and Vic; grandchildren, Jordan, Ashley, Steven, Kane and Jonathan.

Bobbie will be dearly missed.

A Memorial was held on Saturday January 24th 2009 at 2:00 pm at the Golden Age Centre on 4th Avenue

Sherron – I unfortunately have another obituary to add to the newsletter.
Cathleen Lyons

My nephew, **Shane McKenzie** died on 10 January 2009 in a motor vehicle accident. Shane was born and raised in the Yukon and many will remember him from his involvement in judo and wrestling. He represented the Yukon at the Canada Summer Games and Arctic Winter Games bringing home many medals. It is a very tragic year for Colleen, Shaunna and our family as we are still grieving the loss of Bryant when Shane died. It is so sad to see such a young person go when they had so much ahead of them. If anyone wishes to send their condolences, the mailing address is Box 231, Sangudo, AB T0E 2A0. Shane's friends set up a Facebook memorial for him also. Shaunna will be setting up a trust account for Shane's children at the Toronto-Dominion Bank in Whitehorse, when she returns home at the end of the week.



Shane Bryant McKenzie of Sangudo, AB passed away unexpectedly at the age of 31 on 10th of January 2009.

Shane leaves behind his loving mother Colleen McKenzie of Sangudo, AB, his children Mia (Christine) of Victoria, BC; Bryant (Jennifer) of New Brunswick; Alana, & Hayden (Nicole) Stony Plain, AB; sister Shaunna McKenzie (Donnie), nephew and niece Dustin and Reanna, all of Whitehorse, Yukon; several uncles, aunts and cousins who will cherish his memory.

Shane was predeceased by his father Bryant - December 05, 2008, grandparents, Grant & Lena McKenzie, Harry and Margaret Lyons; uncle Ernie and cousin Lou all of Red Deer, AB.

Shane was born and spent most of his life in the Yukon, though his last years were spent with his Mom and Dad in Alberta. Shane's ashes will be taken home to Tagish Lake, Yukon with his father's in the spring where their hearts always remained. Their happiest moments were with their family, pets, and many friends at the lake. Shane will be remembered best for his cocky smile, love of sports, numerous pranks, and 4X4ing in the Yukon wilderness. His family and friends will always remember his acts of kindness and support for those he loved the most. Most of all, Shane valued his children, soul mate, niece and nephew, Mom, Dad, sister Shaunna and dog Diesel. Shane (Shaner) will be greatly missed.

A memorial tree will be planted at Parkland Memorial Park on McKenzie Road, Red Deer, AB beside his fathers.

NEW ADDITIONS

We recently received information from Rolf Hougen about the Moccasin telegraph but had heard lots of info from Rudy and Janet Couture. We would like to sign up for this site - can you give us the info and sign us up.

We are Marie and Don Cox - moved to Watson Lake in August of 1963 and then to Whitehorse in October 1979.

Don was a partner for a while with Mike Kapler and Harold Simpson, then took over the Texaco Station for several years, after that he ran the sawmill in Watson Lake and in 1977 he and five others purchased the Northern Metallic Sales - all the other five dropped

off over a few years and Don was the owner - they had branched out to nine branches in Yukon and Northwest Territories. Don just sold Northern Metallic in 2007.

I worked at the Mining recorders office for some time in Watson Lake and then spent 10 years working at the Watson Lake Hospital.

We have two children, Karen and Susan and five grandchildren.

Our e-mail mariedon*northwestel.net

Thank you looking forward to reading and exchanging stories.

Marie and Don Cox (In Whitehorse)

I'd like to sign up for the Telegraph. I was the GM for CP Air based in YXY from 1985 to 1989. My 2 sons were born there.

Would you let me know the sign-up process?

Thanks

Warwick Beadle warwick30@gmail.com (In

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

MORGAN, Roberta 'Bobbie' (PARKIN) bjmorgan*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Try not to become a man of success but a man of value. - Albert Einstein

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Wrickety Uncle

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

2 cups oatmeal

¾ cup brown sugar

½ cup butter

Pinch of soda

Boil sugar, butter soda quickly. Add Oatmeal – spread in well greased pan 9 X 9”.

Bake @ 350 for 3-10 minutes. Cut in squares while warm.

May Berberich

Bloomington, Ontario

From a Whitehorse RCAF Womens' Auxiliary cookbook

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet 4 April 2009

Banquet tickets & code word for Air North special rate out of Whitehorse:

Vivian Stuart 250 383-1349 or lornellis@shaw.ca

Whitehorse folks may contact Gudrun Sparling.

Air North's special rate does **not** apply to online bookings.

Reservations for the River Rock Casino Hotel: **Very** clearly state you are with the **Vancouver** Yukoners; book before Mar. 3, i.e. at least a month in advance of the banquet. Book as early as you can to guarantee getting one of the rooms set aside until March 3. Outside of our reserved block, the hotel is fully booked for April 4.
604 247-8900 or 1-866-748-3718

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.

There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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