

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 346th Edition – November 13th, 2011

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Fish Lake, Sept. 2011

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Remembrance Day

Please wear a poppy, the Lady said,
And held one forth but I shook my head,
Then I stopped and watched as she offered them there,
And her face was old and lined with care,
But beneath the scars the years had made,
There remained a smile that refused to fade,

A boy came whistling down the Street,
Bouncing along on care free feet,
His smile was full of joy and fun.
Lady said he, may I have one,
When she'd pinned it on he turned to say,
Why do we wear a poppy today?

The Lady smiled in her wistful way,
And answered this is Remembrance Day,
And the poppy there is a symbol for,
The gallant men who died in the War,
And because they did you and I are free,
That's why we wear a poppy you see,

I had a boy about your size,
With golden hair and big blue eyes,
He loved to play and jump and shout,
Free as a bird he would race about,
As the year's went bye he learned and grew,
And became a man, as you will too,

He was fine and strong with boyish smile,
But he seemed with us such a little while,
When War broke out and he went away,
I still remember his face that day,
When he smiled at me and said goodbye,
I'll be back soon mum, please don't cry,

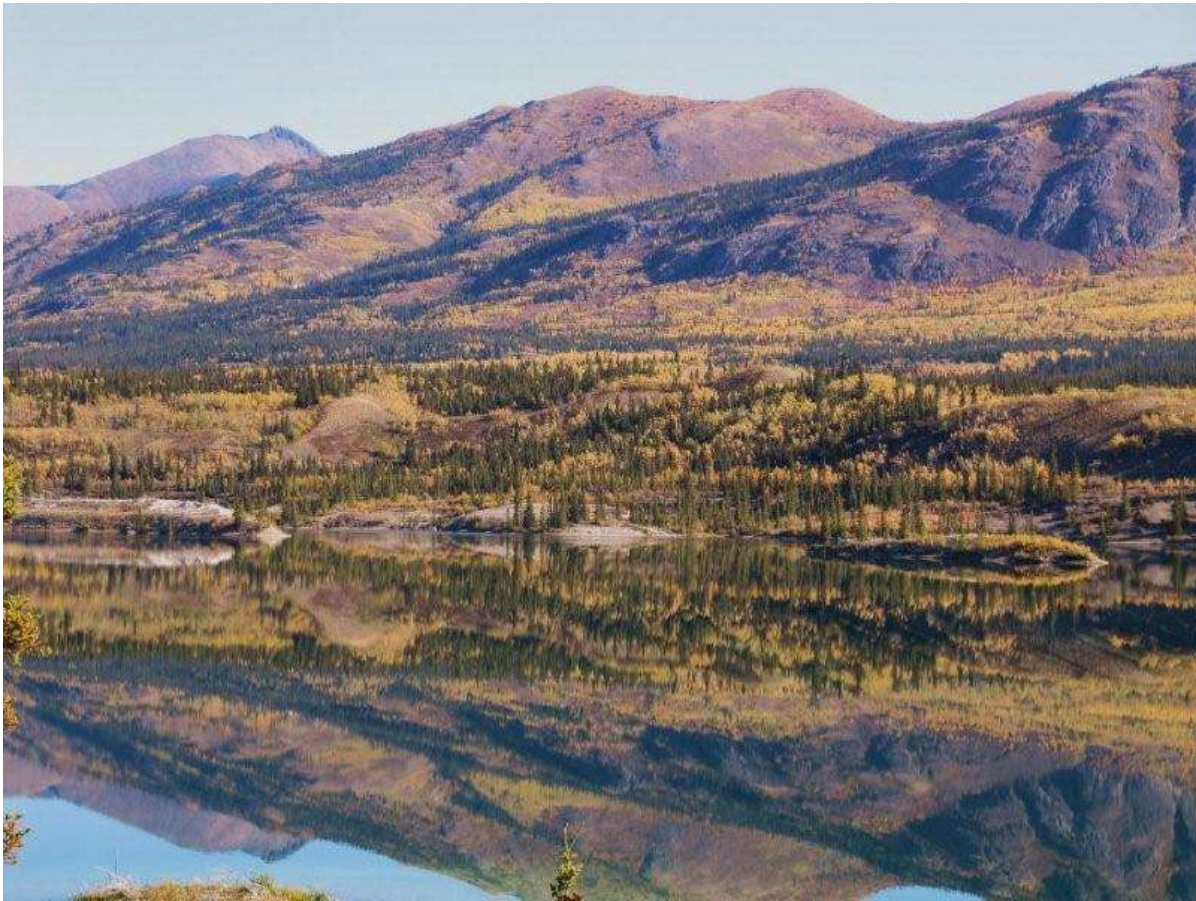
But the War went on and he had to stay,
And all I could do was wait and pray,
His letters told of the awful fight,
I can see it still in my dreams at night,
With the tanks and guns and the cruel barbed wire,
And the mines, bullets, bombs and fire,

Till at last the War was won,
And that's why we wear a poppy son,
The small boy turned as if to go,
Then said thanks Lady I'm glad to know,
That sure did sound like an awful fight,
But did your son come back all right,

A tear rolled down each faded cheek,
She shook her head but did not speak,
I slunk away in a sort of shame,
And if you were me you'd have done the same,
For our thanks in giving is oft delayed,
Though our freedom was bought and thousands paid,

And so when we see a poppy worn,
Let us reflect on the burden borne,
By those who gave their very all,
When asked to answer their Country's call,
That we at home in peace might live,
Then wear a poppy, remember and give.

LET'S NEVER FORGET WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE FOR US



Reflection - Lewes Lake – Sept 11, 2011

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

CAMP LIFE III: THE ARMY LINE

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

The Army telephone system, which was installed by the US Army during the construction, was a private circuit. It was maintained by CN Telegraphs and formed part of the pole line that ran from Edmonton to Fairbanks, carrying as well the NORAD military circuit (a coded, scrambled system), and local lines between settlements where there were any. The minimum load the poles carried was then two pairs, and in the early days of DND's involvement, this was the most common situation. The circuit was divided into three sectors coinciding with the Areas, and had semi-manual ringing.

There were no rotary dials; one held a button down which activated the ringer in each telephone. Each camp or crew had its own ring code: Brooks Brook was two longs, Watson was a long, a short and a long, and so on. A short ring was two seconds, a long four seconds. If you were anywhere between Coal River and Whitehorse and you wanted to access a camp in Southern Area, you held the ringer button down for eight seconds. This would open the circuit cut-off at Coal River and you would then use the ring codes for the Southern Area camps you were trying to get. If everything worked, and you held the button down for the right length of time, and there was someone to answer the phone, you would become connected.

One problem recurred: if the circuit was opened between Areas and no one answered a ring, often the circuit would stay open, and one Area would hear the other areas' rings (and

conversations, if you picked up the receiver). Of course this would cause much confusion since a camp in the South could and did have the same ring code as one in Central Area. When this happened, and too many receivers were picked up the signals got weaker, like any party line; the more open receivers the poorer the connection until one was straining to eavesdrop.

The Whitehorse operator responded to one long ring; to access a telephone in any Unit there you asked her for its three digit phone number, and she rang it for you. Initially, the operator could not "patch" in to the Whitehorse public telephone system; later this became possible, so that one could access a downtown civilian number from the Highway. It was operator screened, though, and had to be official DND business. If you wanted a camp in Northern Area, the Army operator would open the line north for you, and you'd ring the code of the camp desired. The system worked quite well, considering its shortcomings.

The Army line was a private one, and was, even for the era, a primitive system. It was down often, but usually not for long, and CN did a magnificent job of maintenance on their pole lines, which carried up to eight pairs of wires. The NORAD line was of course top priority, and if this circuit was interrupted for even a few minutes, penalties were incurred on the CN Telegraph Company. This meant that line crews could (and were) called out in any time of day, regardless of weather or any other consideration. The lines were seldom unserviceable for any significant length of time, ever.

The Army line was used by all maintenance camps every morning from about 7:30 until nine so that all the foremen within an Area could talk together as on conference call. This in fact they did: all the foremen were required to give weather and road and personnel status reports every morning just before eight o'clock. Prior to the Area clerk coming on the line, foremen chatted and gossiped among themselves, as well as setting up contacts between adjacent sections for the purpose of transporting various machines, tools, paperwork, and so on. When the clerk came on line, about 8:45, he co-ordinated the conference, recording the weather, road conditions, personnel deployments and any logistic requirement from each camp in turn.

In summer, the larger surface crews, especially in later years, when the camps were more sophisticated in terms of utilities, were also 'on line' during these morning discussions, and contributed their daily input to the Area office. The superintendent was usually on the line as well, often dominating the conversations that involved any operations out of the ordinary. Any and all topics relating to manpower, maintenance procedures or administration were discussed at these morning sessions, and they could become very animated as all tried to put their oar in to settle some operational problem or issue; most foremen looked forward to their morning ritual, especially in winter, when gossip and news travelled more slowly due to reduced traffic up and down the Trail.

Times were allotted to each department or unit involved in the highway, so that blocks of time, usually one hour long were assigned throughout the day, after the morning Area conferences and information exchanges by each Area. Thus, Service Corps (RCASC) perhaps had the 9:30 to ten slot, RCEME from ten to eleven, Project Section from 1:30 until 2 pm and so on. If a time slot was not being used, anyone could do so; emergencies were always allowed through, but if someone from another time slot was talking during your allotted period, you could bump them off, and this was done, amicably to both parties. The maintenance camps, then, always had the first time block, between 7:30 and nine, a half hour following the noon break, and the last hour of the day. Of course being a party line, everyone all up and down the system could listen in, so it was far from private. After hours the phone could be used for private calls, but, as noted earlier, the Army operators could seldom patch into commercial lines. Therefore anyone using the Army Line in the evening was restricted to numbers on the system.

As a personal note, in the summer of 1958 I called my wife-to-be several times a week from my Surface Crew camp, located at old Pump Station X ten miles south of Teslin. She was also working for DND as a secretary, and living in the Single Women's quarters in Camp Takhini; anything we said was heard by anyone picking up his or her receiver from Whitehorse to Coal River.

One camp foreman's wife was often on the line in the evenings, and one could hear her asides to her husband sometimes when she neglected to cover her mouthpiece. Once, when I was talking to my fiancée, I was sure I heard her faint voice. So after telling a fabricated story of some disaster or other that had happened that day in the nosy one's district, I finished with, "Isn't that right, Martha?"

There was a gasp and a click as Martha hung up the phone, and Joyce and I had a good laugh about it.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

ALAN INNES-TAYLOR

Alan Innes-Taylor was a real gentleman. And for me, as a young radio reporter in the '60s, he was an invaluable source of historical knowledge about the Yukon.

Whenever I wanted to know something about the river boats, or dog teams, or Mounties or wilderness survival, I turned to Innes-Taylor for the answers.

He was born in England in 1900 and emigrated, with his family, to the United States in 1906. A few years later, the family moved to Ontario. Young Alan served as a pilot with the Royal Flying Corps during World War I.

In 1919, at age 19, he moved to the Yukon and, in 1920, he joined the RCMP. He once told me that during his five-year stint with the Mounties, he never arrested anyone. Crime, he said, didn't happen very often.

In his late twenties he began a long association with Yukon River boats, first serving as a purser on the sternwheeler Whitehorse.

He once estimated that he had logged almost 26 thousand miles on Yukon river boats. He knew their captains well and often told funny stories about how various locations on the river got unofficial names, such as "Scatterass Bar." I'll let you use your imagination on that one.

In 1929, he worked with the Treadwell Yukon Mining Company at Keno. In 1930, Innes-Taylor's northern knowledge would serve him well, half a world away from the Yukon.

He was invited to be the dog driver on an American expedition to the South Pole led by Admiral Richard Byrd. It was a journey of exploration to a largely unknown land, on foot, by dog team and by aircraft, as Byrd would become the first to fly over the South Pole.

On a second expedition in 1933, Innes-Taylor was promoted to chief of field operations.

He spent the next two years in the Antarctic and became renowned for his knowledge of the little-known continent. When it was over, he was invited on lecture tours throughout North America.

During World War II, he worked for the United States War Shipping Administration and was commissioned as a Captain in the United States Army Air Corps stationed in Greenland, where he taught Arctic survival.

From 1950 to 1953, Alan was recalled to the United States Army as a Lieutenant Colonel and commanded the Military Air Transport Command Survival School in Idaho.

Such was his world stature in things northern, that he also trained international commercial airline flight crews of Air France, KLM and SAS in Arctic survival.

For Scandinavian Airlines he wrote the highly acclaimed survival manual “This is the Arctic.” He also introduced special survival gear such as exposure suits and multi-person sleeping bags.

After the 1960’s, he spent most of his time in the Yukon where he made important contributions in recording the Yukon’s history, while working to set up the Yukon Archives.

He also wrote and recorded a radio series called “The Rivers of the Yukon”, describing his fascinating trips to Yukon historic sites.

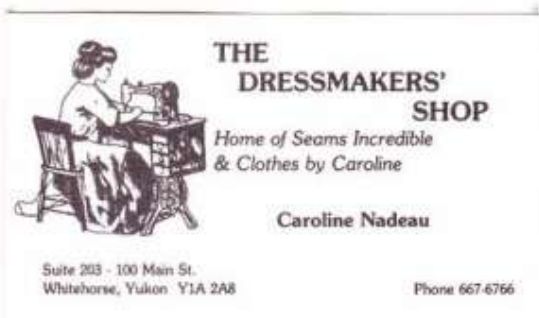
Yet, whenever I met or talked with Alan Innes-Taylor, he was modest about his incredible lifetime of achievements which earned him two American Congressional Medals for his work on the Byrd Antarctic expedition, a Carnegie life-saving medal, and a member of the Order of Canada.

For all his world travels, his home was the Yukon, where he died in 1983.
A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Allan Innes Taylor center – at the home of Rolf & Marg Hougen 1983.
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen

OLD BUSINESS CARDS – do they bring back memories to you? Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght@gmail.com (In Langley BC)



MOCTEL 345

Hi Sherron, I thought I would let you know a little bit, about one of the business cards Cake Creations was mine. I started it in early 1980. Fraceen left the Terr shortly after to move to some island. Pam Charman is still in Whitehorse, she started her own business shortly after. She did cakes as well, but they were mostly rolled fondant. I just did buttercream Icing. Wedding cakes almost every weekend in the summer. Wally was not that happy, not able to go camping, or whatever. I was going to start a store front operation, but just then Tim Hortons came to town and I could not compete with them price wise. I continued to do cakes out of the house right up till we left the Yukon in the spring of 1999. I sold all my pans to a bakery on 2nd Avenue.

Wally said to tell you he really enjoyed the part, about highway living. We lived in Beaver Creek 4 years from 1974 till 1978 then moved into Whitehorse. Wally could tell you a lot of stories to .I keep asking him ,buttttttttttttttttt.

Dianne Sutherland [w.dsutherland*yahoo.ca](mailto:w.dsutherland@yahoo.ca) (In Red Deer AB)

MOCTEL 344 & 345

Hi Sherron,

Karren Crowley's and Ted North's submissions to the MocTel (#344 & #345) about the Mayo telephone system brought back a couple of memories for me on this topic. With the North family looking after the telephone switchboard and there not being a great many calls particularly in the evening, it was not uncommon for the younger set in Mayo (including myself!) to engage in what today, I suppose, would be recognized as a "conference call". As I recall, someone would check to see which one of the North family was on the switchboard on a particular evening and if Karren or one of her sisters, Penny or Sonya, was on that night it would be suggested that others might be added to the call. By literally "plugging in" the lines to a few other homes where there were young people and "ringing" their call number, in no time there would be a half dozen or more of us connected and all chatting together on the phone. Since whoever was on the switchboard had control over those on the phone lines, as long as she did not fail to respond to an incoming call from outside the "conference", there was never any worry about tying up the lines in case of an emergency and we could enjoy our youthful conversations. I did wonder sometimes whether whoever was on the switchboard might get into trouble for letting us all on the phones at the same time but, hopefully, they did not!

The second memory I have of the Mayo telephone system is the coming of "dial phones". Though my dad was progressive in many ways, he decided he did not want to have a telephone put into our house until the "new" telephone exchange was installed by CN Telecommunications. (You might wonder how I then participated in the above "conference" calls. Fortunately, I had friends who did have phones in their homes! As I recall, it was not until about 1959 or 60 that "dial" phones came to Mayo and when my dad agreed to have a phone put into our home. Being a teenager at the time, I was quite eager to have access to a phone. The local CNT representative was Mel Mitchell and I remember well the day he came and installed our phone. I still remember our number - 2401. Initially, I don't think we even had the normal 3-digit prefix as I seem to remember we could only make local calls and still had to go through an operator for any long-distance calls. Later the prefix became 996 and we could then make direct-dialed calls to other parts of the Yukon and to "outside". If, memory serves, I think that initially the monthly charge was something between \$4 and \$5. There may have been an initial installation charge but, if there was, I don't remember the cost.

Thanks Karren and Ted for stirring up a few more memories of the past!

Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)

Hi Sherron

I loved the old pictures of Whitehorse during the 1950's. Especially the shot of the old Telephone building. I used to babysit the four Tuton boys in that building. (What a handful they were.)

Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

News of the 2012 Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet

Banquet April 14, 2012 may seem too far away but it's not.

Some very good reasons for thinking and acting soon:

1. We sold out last year! Early buzz suggests we may do so again, and earlier;
2. The block of suites set aside at the Vancouver Yukoners' rate was snapped up quickly last year, to the disappointment of some of our regulars;
3. The 2012 banquet will be the last for the really sweet deals on suites at the River Rock Casino Hotel. The suites are popular for comfort, sharing and entertaining; The Vancouver Yukoners' rates are still great; even better before Feb. 1, 2012.
4. We continue to consider your suggestions and are working on making the 84th banquet better than ever.

Consider buying your banquet ticket (\$58) early. Don't wait for April!

FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

Email: lornellis@shaw.ca

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

IN WHITEHORSE CONTACT GOODY SPARLING: 867 668-3958

Book your accommodation at the River Rock, Vancouver Yukoners' rate, as soon as you know how many folks and how many nights you want, preferably before Feb. 1. Make it a weekend April 13-15! Special rates available 3 days before and 3 after,

River Rock Casino/Resort

Address: 8811 River Rd, Richmond BC

Hotel reservations:

Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718

Ask for *Vancouver Yukoners'* rate

Check www.vancouver-yukoners.com for updates

Local company honoured at awards gala

The Hougen Group of Companies of Whitehorse was recognized during this month's 2011 Business for the Arts Award Gala in Toronto.

By Whitehorse Star on October 14, 2011



HOUGEN GROUP LAUDED – Left to right: Craig Hougen, his wife, Mary Jane Warshawski, his father, Rolf, and mother, Margaret, hold the Hougen Group of Companies' award at the Business for the Arts Gala Oct. 6 in Toronto. Photo by TOM SANDLER

The Hougen Group of Companies of Whitehorse was recognized during this month's 2011 Business for the Arts Award Gala in Toronto.

Every year, the Business for the Arts Awards Gala brings together Canada's foremost business and arts leaders.

The goal is to recognize extraordinary contributions made by individual business leaders and companies which have shown outstanding commitment to the arts in Canada.

More than 400 guests bought \$500 tickets to gather Oct. 6 to celebrate the following 2011 award winners:

John D. McKellar, C.M., Q.C., J.D. (The Edmund C. Bovey Award for lifetime achievement in arts leadership); Simon Foster (The Arnold Edinborough Award); and four Globe and Mail Business for the Arts Partnership Award winners: **Hougen Group of Companies** (Best

Entrepreneurial Partnership); Enbridge Inc. (Most Effective Corporate Program); Sun Life Financial (Most Innovative Marketing Sponsorship); and Bullas Travel Inc. (Small Business Partnership).

The Best Entrepreneurial Partnership recognizes a business that has taken an entrepreneurial approach to partnering with the arts and realized a challenging project or innovative goal.

The Hougen Group was nominated by the Yukon Arts Society for its idea to create an arts facility accessible to all arts groups and the community.

In July 2005, the society's Arts underground was founded.

The space, beneath the Hougen Centre, is dedicated to teaching, exploring and presenting visual arts and culture.

The Hougen Group donated the extensively renovated, former retail space and offered a 10-year lease with free rent and utilities.

Hosted by Seamus O'Regan, the evening included a gourmet dinner by 10Tation and performances by Juno Award-winning jazz singer Kellylee Evans, Cadence and Theatre20.

Business for the Arts is Canada's national association of business leaders who support the arts, with a mission to connect private sector funders and volunteers to arts and culture organizations in their community through our programs.

YUKON NEWS COVERAGE OF THE Arts Award Gala in Toronto

AT <http://www.yukon-news.com/business/25479/>

With Dr. Banting's and Dr. Best's discovery of insulin being celebrated, I think my story might fit. I hope some of your readers will find it encouraging.

Dave Brekke brekkedi@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

GLORIES, GIFTS AND GRACES

(achievements and successes, aptitudes and attitudes, luck-of-the-draw)

By Dave Brekke brekkedi@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

My Extended Life With Diabetes - Thanks to Canadian Researchers, Dr. Banting and Dr. Best

My life with diabetes started very early in my married life. Irene and I were married in August of 1960, and I started my first teaching job at Rimbey, Alberta, in September of that year. My job involved teaching physical education (P.E.) in grades six to nine, and three options, one of which was a grade eleven P.E. class. I was also very busy organizing house-leagues and coaching inter-school teams.

When we went home for Christmas break, Mom's first comment was, "David, you're sick!"

I said, "Yes, I have a cold."

Mom replied, "No, it must be more than a cold. I've never seen you look like this. You should see a doctor." Following that Christmas break, I was taking insulin, which wasn't easy for me.

Early in January, I was taking my own needles with a little spring loaded syringe injector that was a very big help to me. At that time, the dosage was very low. Accepting the fact that I had diabetes was very difficult for me. I was told that I was in denial, but I had reason to believe that I was not diabetic.

Because I was so active in P.E., warming up with every class, I kept having insulin reactions. Because of these reactions, my doctor told me to take a couple of units less of insulin and see what happened. After several weeks of this, I eventually was taking no insulin at all and was spilling no sugar for a couple of weeks. "I told you I wasn't diabetic."

Then it was spring exam week. P.E. classes were cancelled and the gym was filled with desks. I was very inactive and someone was always bringing cakes or cookies to share for "marking fuel." Because I was convinced that I was not diabetic and also because I had a sweet tooth, I was in paradise, eating at least my share, if not more.

Following exam week, I was not feeling very energetic, and so did not warm up with the classes. Late one morning, when I tried to focus on students who were warming up, I realized that I couldn't see them.

I ended up with what is called white blindness. I could see light; I just couldn't see what I was looking at. It was caused by sugar crystals in my eyes. After a couple days of hourly insulin injections in the hospital, I could see again, and was I ever so thankful! I was no longer in denial.

Following that episode, I needed considerably more insulin. Not liking needles, I was given a schedule of injections which involved taking one morning dose of three different speeds of insulin. It kept me relatively normal, but I was very brittle, going into reaction often. Although the reactions were hard on my body, they were so much harder on Irene and the kids.

For the first few years that I was on insulin, urine testing was used. Only professionals tested blood sugars. Urine testing was helpful in telling you if you had had high blood sugars in the past few hours, but not your present blood sugar. So, you could have a test showing high sugar and at the same time be half-stoned on insulin and in need of sugar. Eventually, people with diabetes could do their own blood-sugar tests—a real breakthrough. Dr. Peter Steele introduced me to that. It was a big help, but my brittleness made it necessary to do a lot of testing. I owe a great deal to Dr. Roger Mitchell as well, who listened to Irene about the stress on her life. He helped me to not

only gain better control over my own diabetes, but also how to better understand the effects of my insulin on those near me.

Diabetes has certainly been a limiting factor in my life, but not that much. I saw great value in outdoor and environmental education and wanted to do more, but I couldn't justify taking responsibility for a group on a camping trip. As I worked with very capable people, I could take part assisting other teachers, which I did when I could. I can do almost any recreational activity as long as I am careful with my blood sugars.

I've been very lucky with my diabetes, not having suffered any damage to my body that I'm aware of. I think the major factor that helped me was gaining an appreciation for fitness through Father Mouchet in Old Crow where I was school principal from 1966-68. I had never really thought of it before, but it makes so much sense to keep the pump strong and blood flowing to cells to keep cells living well.

Irene's vigilance and her nutritional and tasty cooking were also big factors, as well as people's general acceptance of me with my diabetes. I was always open about my diabetes and found people very helpful and understanding when I had problems with it.

Along with these gifts from Father Mouchet and Irene, I now have an insulin pump that has had such a great effect on my life. The pump has not only improved my blood sugar control, but has increased my confidence in speaking without having to worry nearly as much that I might go into an insulin reaction that limits brain functioning.

When I reached the milepost of 50 years living with diabetes, I received a medal; Irene applied for this medal from the Joslin Diabetes Center at Harvard in Boston, Massachusetts. The inscription reads: "TRIUMPH for MAN and MEDICINE / For 50 Courageous Years with Diabetes." However, I think the medal should have been presented to Irene, my caretaker for over 50 years. Many thanks to the Joslin Centre for their continuing work.

In the spring of 1961, I tried to increase my life insurance that luckily my dad had encouraged me to start shortly after we were married. I was refused the increase and told that my life expectancy was only ten years.

Glories, gifts, and graces—I have experienced so many over the years. These have guided me through more than 40 years beyond that 1961 expectation! I am indeed fortunate!

I have many thanks to Ruth Armson for her guidance and encouragement in writing this while in her seniors writing group, not planning to send it to Moc Tel.



Dave & Irene Brekke – 50th Wedding Anniversary
Photo courtesy Dave Brekke brekkedi@northwestel.net brekkedi@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse0

MOCTEL 345 - BASIL STUTTER

Hi Sherron

Dan Vars comments in MocTel 345 regarding the Obituary of BASIL STUDER caused me to wonder [as I have so often before] how marvellous is this little thread of connection between old Yukoners...that we call MocTel. There are few other areas of Canada that possess this “connection” with one another, so long after we are no longer resident there..

We are connected – sometimes in small, strange ways....and here’s a couple of examples:

1] I knew of Danny Vars when he was probably in his teens [1959]...though I don’t for a moment expect that he knew me.

You see, I was working as a clerk in the only Liquor Store in Whitehorse... and that was situated just below the Vars residence.

Dan’s father Al, was the Superintendent of Liquor Control for the Yukon and I would sometimes see and hear young Vars coming and going.

2] I knew Basil Studer - that same year [1959] because he was the RC priest that married Trudy DeWolfe to me, at the RCAF chapel in Hillcrest one grey, snowy and cold day - September 12th. Both Trudy and I were very much impressed with Fr. Basil Studer and his firm but gentle manner, throughout the wedding preparation. I did not ever meet him again but knew him immediately when years later reading, in an airline magazine, about this great citizen in Smithers BC.- where he was then Town Manager. I have often wondered whatever became of him since, so was delighted to read the details by Dan Vars.

Just a couple of the threads that connect us on Moctel. Best wishes as you keep up this labour of love, Sherron.

Ted and Trudy North tntnorth*telus.net (Nanaimo,BC)

Thought this was important enough to share with you. Forwarded to me by Dave Cooper.- Sherron

Turn Plastic back into the oil it came from.

Not surprised at this at all, just a case of Japanese ingenuity and perseverance.

What is more important would be the marketing and very low cost to make it mandatory to have one of these in every home. Better yet, find a way to stop packaging everything in plastic.

Sound is all in Japanese. Just read the subtitles and watch.

What a great discovery! Turning plastic containers, bottle caps, bags, all plastic waste BACK into usable oil (where it came from originally), back into gasoline, kerosene, Diesel, etc.

Leave it to the Japanese!

You have to see this. Check it out: <http://www.flixxy.com/convert-plastic-to-oil.htm>



Ornamental Cabbage [Kale]

You can eat it or look at it.

Photo Lloyd Kostiuck lloydkostiuck@gmail.com (In Watson Lake)

YUKON FLOWERS



Spring Flowers - Lupins

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Mayo Lake Wharf - Photo courtesy Warren Gammel of Fairbanks Alaska

OBIT

Helga Champion

September 15, 1920 – October 22, 2011

Helga Champion of Whitehorse, Yukon, passed away peacefully (after a short illness) with her family by her side on October 22, 2011 at the age of 91 years.

Helga was born on September 15, 1920 in Vogar, Manitoba to Jon and Ingunn Steinthorson. She grew up in Vogar and Winnipeg, Manitoba. Helga met and married Ches Champion in November, 1944. Ches soon after was shipped overseas during the Second World War and returned home in August, 1945. In 1947 they came up to the Yukon and lived in various maintenance camps and Yukon communities until 1957 when they settled in Whitehorse.

Helga was so very proud of her Icelandic heritage and one of the highlights of her life was when for her 80th birthday she was surprised with a family trip to Iceland.

Icelandic was her first language and her relatives were amazed at her use of the “proper” Icelandic language. Helga was a member of the Eastern Star, The Golden Age Society, and The Yukon Order of Pioneers. Helga leaves to cherish her memory, her son Greg (Eva); daughter Jillian; granddaughters Meghan (Alex) and Cara, and grandson Colin along with numerous relatives and a lifetime of good friends. She was pre-deceased by her husband Ches, son Brian and daughter Anne. Mom Loved with a love beyond telling. Missed with a grief beyond all tears
A Celebration of Life will be announced a later date. In lieu of Flowers, memorial donations may be made to The Heart and Stroke Foundation of BC and Yukon.

Ches Champion was Superintendent of Highways in the Yukon for many years.

Submitted by Joann Robertson joannr6@shaw.ca (In

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I notice that you are still using my old Northwestel address,
My new one is; lloydkostiuck@gmail.com

Best regards, Lloyd Kostiuck

I have a new email address northpeb@gmail.com my yahoo address has been compromised so had to change it.

Thanks a lot and keep up the good work

Beverley Whitehouse

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

When half of the people get the idea that they do not have to work because the other half is going to take care of them; and when the other half gets the idea that it does no good to work, because somebody else is going to get what they work for, that is the beginning of the end of any nation.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

I picked this recipe up at the Potato Museum in PEI when I was there in 2008. It is absolutely fabulous.

Sandy Campbell sandy.b.campbell@gmail.com (In Langley)

PEI Potato Chocolate Cake

(Ingredients for cake in a 9" x 13" pan. Just half the recipe and it works nicely in a 8" x 8" pan)

1 cup hot mashed potato – not seasoned
1 cup lukewarm water
2/3 cup margarine or butter
2 cups white sugar
1 tsp vanilla
4 eggs
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3/4 cocoa
2 1/4 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/8 tsp salt
3/4 cup semisweet chocolate chips (optional) Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.

Prepare the desired size of pan. (I like to line the pan with parchment paper)

Once the potatoes are boiled to tender consistency, drain all but 1 cup of the water. Set this aside, mash the potatoes, then add the water, and thoroughly beating it into a smooth paste.

Beat the margarine/butter and sugar together with an electric mixer until combined. Add the vanilla and beat for 2 minutes.

Add 2 eggs and beat until combined, then add the remaining eggs. Beat at medium speed until well blended.

In a separate bowl, sift together the flour, cocoa, baking powder, baking soda, and salt, stirring to combine all the dry ingredients together.

At low speed, combine one third of the dry ingredients, mixing well, then add one third of the potato mixture, mix well, and so on, till all the ingredients are blended. Now if desired, fold in the chocolate chips.

Pour into the pan of choice. A tube pan will take about 30 minutes to bake and a rectangular pan will take around 40 – 50 minutes. When the top springs back, or a toothpick is inserted into the middle of the cake and comes out clean, the cake is done.

Set on a cooling rack, and once cooled, sprinkled icing sugar over the top. Freezes well, and can last in an airtight container at room temperature for 3 days.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Island Christmas Lunch

Thursday, Dec 15, 2011 12:00 P.M. social and lunch to follow
(choice of 3 items, and price to be under \$20.00)

ABC Restaurant 6671 Mary Ellen Dr. Nanaimo, B.C.

Entertainment by Liam, grandson of Trudy and Ted North

Please RSVP by Dec 8th E-mail or phone:

Harriett harriett3*shaw.ca 250-751-1194

Sharon dawson1*shaw.ca 250-729-9773

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 of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones
483 - 5707 E 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona 85365 USA