

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Eighty-Eighth Edition- Nov. 14, 2004**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



**Haines Harbour**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca)

### **FOGGY MIDNIGHT**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

Roused from my restless slumber I arise,  
As is my wont, I glance toward the strand,  
No scene of peaceful grandeur do I spy,  
No sound of rippling waves upon the sand.  
The balcony is cold beneath my feet,  
The air contains an icy autumn chill,  
A muffled sound of traffic from the street,  
Then the blare of sirens, loud and shrill.

As I peer into darkness so complete,  
I cannot see where ocean touches sand.  
An eerie stillness falls upon the street,  
A heavy bank of fog enshrouds the land.  
Somewhere at sea a foghorn rips the gloom,  
The ghostly sound of tortured souls in flight.  
I turn and hurry back into my room,  
So grateful to be safe at home tonight.



Taken just north of Haines Junction, looking towards the Bear Creek valley.  
Photo courtesy Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj@shaw.ca](mailto:buzzy.cj@shaw.ca)

## **Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

### **Chapter 31**

In the spring of 1969 before breakup, I had a phone call from Dan McIvor of Pacific Western Airlines. He was the man that had brought us from California to Prince Rupert. He was now in charge of that company's Hercules operation flying freight all over the world on a charter basis. He wanted to know if I would be interested in being an operation manager in charge of one aircraft, its personnel and business. We would be living in Edmonton, Alberta. After talking it over with Jeanne and Ed MacPherson, I decided to go. Ed said he was sorry to see us leave as more money had gone into the head office from this base since we had been there than ever before. I called Dan and told him we would be in Edmonton in a couple of weeks.

I now had the skidoo with which I did not want to part. It was going to take up most of the space in the pick up so we shipped everything by rail and took the small breakable stuff in the car and wherever I could find room in the truck. We were sorry to leave in a way as we had met and enjoyed some good friends. The life was easy with no hassles and the flying had been fun. But the new job sounded like a good challenge so I was anxious to get at it.

In Edmonton we took a nice apartment on the tenth floor overlooking part of the city and the industrial airport where P.W.A. had their operation. All other major companies had moved to the new International Airport twenty miles from the city. P.W.A. had taken

over the terminal building for their schedule and charter operations so that is where I would be working.

They had three Hercules aircraft. Two were standard size and one was stretched. They are the largest freight plane in civilian use in the world and were designed for that one purpose as they had a large square cargo compartment and an upswept tail section with a big door which when opened would allow the loading of D-7 and D-8 caterpillars, oil field drilling rigs and housing. They could lift a twenty-five ton load. The four engines were turbo-power swinging huge four-bladed propellers. They had a cruising range of over three thousand miles. The crews for each airplane consisted of a Captain, first and second officers, a navigator and a loadmaster. All had seats in the cockpit, which was also large. It could hold three more people besides the crew. The cargo compartment had a roller floor and a strong winch at the forward end. A truck and lowboy backed up to the aircraft, the cable from the winch was attached to the load, and the whole thing taken aboard in one movement.

Dan gave me an office and filled me in on the duties of an operation manager. There was one to each aircraft and he went wherever it operated as a representative of the company. He had to arrange for all crew accommodations, meals, transport, loads, fuel, and trucks and drivers. He found a place on the airport to operate from that would not interfere with other traffic and made sure that where the loads were taken was set up to receive them. He made sure that fresh crews were available when the working crews' time was up which was eighty hours a month. He paid all the bills and never left a place with bills unpaid. He gave out crew advances whenever requested. In fact, he had to be a complete management system when away from Edmonton.

The airplanes flew around the clock and the theme was, "Keep them in the air as they don't make a nickel sitting on the ground". I could see immediately that sleep was something I used to do but would have to get out of the habit now.

My first job was to be out of Whitehorse moving a great amount of oil drilling equipment to Prudhoe Bay on the North Slope of Alaska. Whitehorse was the best place of all to break in, as I knew the airport, the city, the business people and where I could get help when needed. Three days before the Hercules was to be in Whitehorse I gathered up my gear, got a C.P. Air ticket and a check for ten thousand dollars from Dan made out to me and flew to Whitehorse.

The first thing to do was deposit the check and open a account at the bank. I kept two thousand dollars in my pocket as from here on everything was on the company and in cash. I selected the Travelodge Hotel as they could give me all the rooms I would need. They had a cafe, dining room and a bar. The next thing was a U-drive car for myself. I would need three when the aircraft arrived. I talked to the Airport manager. We chose a place on the ramp to put the freight and park the Hercules away from the other airport operations. I made arrangements with the airport fuel people to supply us with three thousand or more gallons of turbine fuel per trip around the clock. I got a big truck and

lowboy, three men as freight handlers and a forklift. The freight was piled up on the edge of the ramp and I was ready to go.

When the aircraft arrived it brought with it two flight crews, four engineers, one radio technician, some large boxes of spare parts, two spare tires and wheels and two long wide aluminum alloy pallets. The pallets really speeded up the loading procedure as a full airplane load could be put on one, which was on the lowboy and chained to it. The truck backed up to the loading ramp of the plane, the winch cable fastened to it and the whole load was pulled aboard over rollers built into the floor. The load master secured the pallet to the aircraft, closed the loading door and they were ready to go. It was unloaded at the other end and the empty brought back where the other pallet had been loaded while the aircraft was away.

Each crew did two consecutive trips. On arrival back from the first trip a hot meal in heated metal containers was waiting for them. They ate right in their seats except the loadmaster who had to supervise the loading. He ate after the aircraft was airborne again. We did not have such a thing as day and night shifts. The operation was continuous. At the end of two trips a fresh crew was ready to go. We had the turn-around down to thirty minutes from the time the engines stopped. Twenty to twenty-five tons were loaded, three thousand gallons of fuel pumped aboard, the crew fed and the engines started again. Dan told me later in Edmonton that that was the fastest turn-arounds they had ever had. I felt pretty good about that.

My time was really fractured as I met every flight and stayed until it was airborne. With the other things I had to do, sleep was broken up into a few hour segments. I would have a call, order at the desk but did not depend on it so bought an alarm clock that would awaken the dead. The engineers had a car so arranged their own work schedule. I was able to get along with the flight crews who, as a whole are very temperamental people, because I could speak their language and understand their problems. I had also had a lot of experience with heavy equipment and moving freight so I had no problems with the ground crews. The operation went smoothly and we were finished in two weeks. The Hercules returned to Edmonton and after a couple of days cleaning up my business I flew back with C.P. Air. I was in Edmonton for a week straightening out my accounts and reports, catching up on my sleep and generally taking things easy. Then I was off to Yellowknife, North West Territories on the Company scheduled flight, which went to Hay River, Yellowknife and Inuvik daily and used 737 jets.

There was extensive oil drilling going on by many large oil companies all through the Canadian Arctic islands. All equipment for these operations had to be moved by Hercules aircraft. Yellowknife and Hay River were the jumping off places for the Arctic. Both had good modern airports and all the ground services necessary for the operation.

The round trip was about three thousand miles so the airplane was away a good part of the time. This gave me a chance to sleep. But it did not last very long as they gave me another Hercules and as there was no manager for it, I had to look after it, too. That was not too bad but then I got a third one. Now I had over fifty men to look after. With the

long flights, the eighty hours for the flight crew was lasting less than ten days so there was a constant change of personnel. A man could not go over his eighty hours so a replacement had to be available immediately when his time ran out, as the aircraft could not fly without a full crew. These people had to come from Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver or wherever their homes were. That is where they went at the end of the work period as they could have as many as twenty days off. A few of the pilots had come from the military but most had been bush pilots on smaller equipment so for Arctic flying they could not be beaten.

Many of the flights were off airways so they did not have the luxury of electronic aids. Therefore a navigator was an important member of the crew. Also, many of their landing fields had no aids for let down so it would have to be done visually and many times under terrible weather conditions. The Hercules was a very expensive airplane costing millions of dollars. Bending any part of it would cost a huge bill. Therefore the pilot had to be very cautious.

Going to bed and sleeping was out of the question. It was snooze a few hours here and a few hours there. Meals were never without phone calls, mostly long distance and the paging systems in the cafe and bars were forever blaring out, "*Mr. Harbottle, telephone*". I was up and would leave a nice meal. The waitresses were very nice and would put my meal in a warming oven but the second time around it never looked as appetizing. In the small towns the bars were the social centres where everyone gathered but not necessarily to drink, to talk business. I could not afford to drink or I would have been out like a light with the condition I was in.

After a month Dan gave Jeanne a ticket to Yellowknife. The first thing she did was to raise the roof. She could see the difference in me so I went to bed. She locked the room door and would let no one in. She had the switchboard stop the phone calls to the room and explained to everyone concerned what the problem was. After a long sleep I was so groggy I did not know whether I was better off than before but in a short while I was back in the circuit again.

The chief pilot for IFR operations arrived in Yellowknife one day and announced he wanted the stretched Hercules for pilot training the next day. I had a particular trip laid on which only that airplane could do. I tried to talk him into using one of the others, which I could sacrifice or wait until the day after but he had a little kingdom within the company and was used to getting his own way. He was the chief pilot and I was a lowly operations manager. I had been chief pilot many times in the past and I did not feel it was such a sanctimonious position. He was not going to bluff me! The longer we argued the louder we got. Many of the crews were standing around listening so neither one of us wanted to lose face by giving in. I got on the phone to Dan and explained the situation. He said to hang on. He would get Jack Moyer in Vancouver who was the top man next to the president, Bill Laideman. I had worked with both of those men when we were all in the small aircraft charter business years before.

After awhile the phone rang. It was Jack Moyer wanting to talk to the chief pilot. Eventually he handed the phone to me. Jack wanted to know what my problem was so I explained stressing the financial angle and what it would cost us if we did not make the trip. He finally said, "*Okay, you have got the airplane. Make the trip.*" I gave the phone back to the chief pilot and left. The trip went off as scheduled and he got the airplane the following day. That was the only argument I had with anyone while I was with P.W.A. The pilots, at times, had problems due to the nature of their work but by being able to talk in their language and understanding their problems, we easily ironed them out.

After being away from home six weeks I returned to Edmonton for a rest. For the first three days I literally just slept. If I got out of bed and sat in a chair I fell asleep. I could go to sleep eating. I never left the apartment.

A week later I went to the office and did my paper work. Dan liked to play golf so whenever he had a break we would go to his favourite club and play a round. I enjoyed that. Three weeks at home and I was on my way to Hay River to the same old grind.

I really enjoyed this job. It was high pressure but rewarding in that there were many problems to be solved and so far I had made all the right moves. But it was killing me. If I had had only one airplane or occasionally two, it would have been okay but three were just too much.

\* \* \* \* \*

While I had been in Edmonton, one Hercules had gone to a job out of Lima, Peru to an airstrip in the mountains. One morning it left Lima early and when it got to the strip, which was a dirt runway there was a very thin mist hanging over it. The pilot was making the landing and thought he was on the ground when in fact he was still six to ten feet in the air. He put the propellers in reverse pitch and applied braking power. The airplane literally fell out of the air hitting the ground so hard both wings fell off and the fuselage ran off into the bushes at the edge of the runway. No one was hurt but the plane was a write off. As the company was committed to three airplanes, they leased one from an American company in Alaska.

\* \* \* \* \*

In three weeks it was time for another rest. When I boarded the 737, which would take me to Edmonton, I sat in my seat and promptly went to sleep. The stewardess had to awaken me in Edmonton after all the other passengers had unloaded.

While I was home on holidays in early October 1969 I had a phone call from Gordon Barch in Calgary. Since we had worked together in Watson Lake in 1962, he and his wife Dawn had acquired an airline called Great Northern Airways, which flew out of Calgary and Whitehorse. They were having problems with the Whitehorse base. He wanted to know if I would be interested in managing it as they had the head office in Calgary where they lived and were too far from Whitehorse to keep effective control.

I talked it over with Jeanne and Dan. Jeanne was for it as she had had enough of living in an apartment alone. We saw each other only once in a great while. Also, she could see that the job was wearing me down to the point where my health could be affected.

Dan, on the other hand, was not happy as he was having trouble getting operation managers and did not want to lose one that he knew so well. But he finally gave me his blessings and wished me well. The man in charge of all P.W.A. operations out of Edmonton called me into his office and told me if I ever wanted a job again to give him a call. There would always be one for me. I appreciated that.

We packed up our gear and headed up the Alaska Highway.

(To be continued.)

## **SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON**

Written by

**REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL**

Story submitted courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes@telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net)

### **An unusual incident at a northern wedding.**

In the late 1940's an invitation was extended to me to participate at a wedding to be held at Atlin in northern British Columbia. This is a mining community one hundred miles south of Whitehorse, and a town where there had been no resident missionary for some years. The bride whose home was in Victoria B.C. was active as a public health nurse in this northern area. The groom was a member of a family which had maintained a general store in the town for many years. Both young people were so very popular that on the wedding day the stores and all the local activities closed down for the day so that every provision could be made to do honour to this young couple.

There was nothing unusual in the preparations for the marriage; there was nothing out of the ordinary during the wedding service. The bride's parents had travelled from Victoria to be present and at the appointed time a happy young lady was escorted into the church on her father's arm. The Religious service followed its normal pattern, and, as usual, the wedding party retired to the vestry to sign the customary documents.

The incident that presented itself as a disturbance occurred when the bridal party re-entered the church; to the accompaniment of the wedding march. The interruption was outside the building and seemed to be caused someone returning to town and driving down the street on a noisy caterpillar tractor. As the wedding party left the church for their cars the noise was still very evident, even though there was no sign of a vehicle in

movement on the road. Outside the building it soon became evident that the noise was not originating from a tractor but from a helicopter hovering above the entrance of the church. When the wedding party was busy in the vestry signing necessary documents the helicopter pilot received a pre-arranged signal at his base. Taking to the air he hovered low over the church to drop confetti on the happy couple from a very unusual direction. It was not a disturbing feature after all.

### **Something else out of the ordinary**

When heavy equipment is in operation twenty-four hours a day for months on end it is inevitable that there may be fatal accidents. For a time I had acted in an honorary capacity as an army chaplain until a regular chaplain was posted to the area. The limited facilities limited the chaplain to outdoor services until chapels were built at a later date. During this interim period I made the chaplain aware that if he needed a church building in the course of his duties the Old Log Church was available to him. As a consequence this chaplain would arrange with me for the use of the church for a military funeral and then "proceed on his own from that point on." On one occasion he brought with him another officer because he felt obliged to acquaint me with the peculiar situation that confronted him. A Jewish officer had been killed when the jeep he was driving rolled on him. This chaplain was obliged to be responsible for the committal of the body as there was no Jewish Chaplain available. The army service book provided three separate burial services - Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. The thought of this funeral took me back to my boyhood days when I had witnessed the arrival of a Jewish funeral at a synagogue. In giving consent to the use of the church building for the funeral I asked the chaplain if it was the custom on this continent for the casket to remain in the hearse outside the building, as I had observed in London. He did not know, but the officer who was with him exclaimed "Mr. Chappell, you are right. I am Jewish, but I had almost forgotten the fact you have mentioned". The prescribed form of the Jewish burial service was read by a Lutheran chaplain in an Anglican Church - with the casket remaining in an ambulance (in the absence of a hearse) outside the building. A necessary feature for the completion of a Jewish internment requires the Committal Prayer to be read in Hebrew by a Rabbi or the son of a rabbi. This seemed an insurmountable problem under the restricted circumstances until it was learned that the son of a rabbi was among the enlisted men in the area. This man was included as one of the pall-bearers. At the grave-side he enabled the service to be completed in the Jewish ritual by his recitation of the Committal Prayer as the casket was lowered into the ground. Later, the chaplain received a very appreciative letter from Lieut. Small's mother.

(To be continued)



Sunday School Mission – Anglican Church – Yukon Diocese  
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley [joyceyardley@shaw.ca](mailto:joyceyardley@shaw.ca)

Just wondered if anyone might be interested in this picture of the old “Mission Van”. Reverend Chappell was the minister who married Gordon and I in the Old Log Church in 1942.

Didn’t someone mention Miss Hellaby recently? She was known for her good works connected with the church, and I thought she may have had something to do with this Van, but I could be wrong.

On the back of the picture (from Mom’s album) it says “The Two Brownies” July 1950. I remember something of those two, but it’s very vague. Of course we would have been living at “10 Mile Ranch” in those days. I know “the two brownies” were missionaries, but don’t remember their names.

Love, Joyce

<http://members.shaw.ca/joyceyardley/>

Dear Sherron:

I thought if you could use this it would be fun to send a copy of our wedding guest book so people could go back 50 years with us.

Mayo is a small town and everybody was welcome. We got married at 8 in the evening so sandwiches and punch were served. The reception took place at our good friends place “Jean Boyle”.

It was so nice of Mr. and Mrs. Newsham to surprise us and come for our granddaughters wedding. Beryl Champion (nee McDiarmid) surprised us as well as she was my bridesmaid. Alex Wark was Dick’s best man, but sad to say he has passed on.

A few that were there 50 years ago came again; they were Jean Gordon and daughter Betty, and my brother Si and Ruth McIntyre (nee Batty), my school teacher in grade school.

Terry Vance and Alice Boyes were young nurses then and gave me a very nice wedding shower with the help of Judy Requa's. It was held in the old Y.O.O.P.s Hall.

The head of the list says Mom, Rose Zeniuk (Wood).

The 17<sup>th</sup> on the list is the great old time Johnny Vinegar, not his real name but the one everybody knew. He was from Italy and grew a beautiful garden and raspberries and made a good bottle of home brew or wine. I remember his gift was a copper bottom fry pan the style then.

So many good friends and memories. Cherrio Maggie [wallingham\\*klondiker.com](http://wallingham*klondiker.com)

## **Guests who signed the register at the Wedding of – Dick and Maggie Wallingham – August 14, 1954**

Mom	Gloria Blindheim
Clara Van Bibber	Jackie Douglas
Jean Boyle	Simon Zeniuk
Mary McDiarmid	Marion Zaccarelli
Jeanne Lussier	Ralph Zaccarelli
Ed Champion	J. Alex Wark
W. R. Gordon (Wilfred R. Gordon)	Ila Bonner
Jean Gordon	Frances McKamey
Athol Retallack	Mabel McIntyre
Tom Retallack	Ann Close
Jean McDiarmid	X P. J. Belliveau
Gail Gibson	Jean Hamilton
Web Gibson	G. Reynolds (George Reynolds)
Kay Blindheim	B. McDiarmid (Beryl McDiarmid)
J. Blindheim (John Blindheim)	Bob Carroll
Dunc McGeachy	Andy Anderson
X John Vinegar	E. Strom (Evert Strom)
Ruth McGeachy	Bill Dickson
Betty Gordon	John J. Van Bibber
Esther Fisher	John Hawthorne
Terry Gyuricza (Teresa)	Don E. Machan
Mary Lou Carroll	Tom Prangley
Alice Hryciw	Dave Stewart
Jim Boyes	Mr. & Mrs. Rear (Glen & Ella Rear)
J. M. MacKenzie (Jack MacKenzie)	(Mc???)
Beth Douglas	J. Holzapfel (John Holzapfel)
Babe Smith (Alice Smith)	J. Gaty (John Gaty)
Elizabeth Ewing	H. Hauga
Lorne Vance	S. Mosich (Steve Mosich)
Kippy Fisher	I. Kimbel (Isabel Kimbel)
J. McDiarmid (Jack McDiarmid)	R. MacDonald (Ruth MacDonald)
Harry Ewing	M. Morberg (Maizie Morberg)
Diane Ware	G. Dobson (Gordon Dobson)
Mary Jean Boyle	

## **MORE WHITEHORSE SPORTS 1926 – 1960**

Collected and submitted by Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

### **Whitehorse Hockey Team in Skagway, 1926**

*(1990-29-1-68, 87-118, John and Doris Newmarch Fonds, MacBride Museum)*



BACK : RCMP Officer Purdy, Allan Innes-Taylor, Sandy Yeulet, H.H. Cronkhite.  
FRONT : Jim Baxter and John Scott.

### **Y.P.A. Softball Team, 1947**

*([www.hougengroup.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1947](http://www.hougengroup.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1947))*



BACK : George Kolkind (coach), George Krautschneider, Bill Jeffries, Bob Parent, Jardine, Al Stewart, Garth Langford, ?

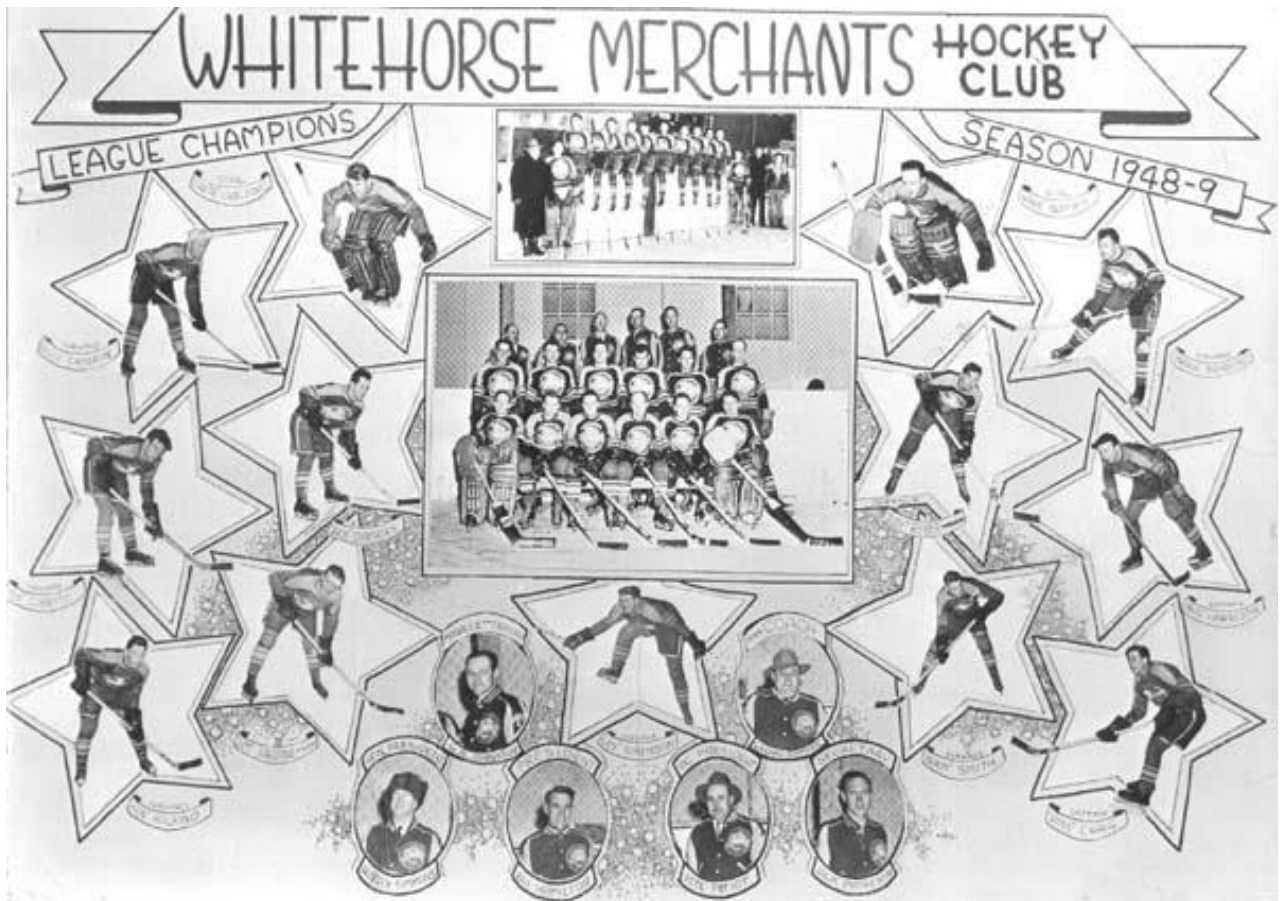
FRONT : Ken Kolkind, ?, Jack McIntosh, Tom McLaughlin, Scotty Munro, John Erickson.

*(photo & players' names courtesy of Rolf Hougen, a team member, behind the camera)*

Well Sherron I will do my best- Al Jardine and think the fellow next to him was a fellow named Al Stewart then Garth Langford - then I do not know and the fellow next to Ken Kolkind I do not remember. About four years ago many players from this team met at Bob Parents place in Vernon and we had our picture taken. When I find it will send it along was interesting time. Tom McLaughlin [betmcl@silk.net](mailto:betmcl@silk.net)

### **Whitehorse Merchants Hockey Club, 1948-49**

*([www.hougen.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1949](http://www.hougen.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1949) )*



LEFT : Bruce Cameron, Garth Langford, Ken Cobetto, Jack Chambers, Ken Kolkind, Jim Jardine.

RIGHT : Howie Blefen, Brick Bradford, Roy Reber, Bud Harrison, Norm Smith, Ross Craig.

CENTRE : Les Sorenson

OFFICERS : Aubrey Simmons, Johnnie Johnson, Bill Hamilton, Pete Petiot, Jack Matheson. COACH : Lloyd Camray

## LEGION Softball Team, 1960 Champions



*(photo & most names courtesy of Dan & Bonnie Vars)*

BACK: Woody Reid (coach), Dan Vars, Paul (teacher), Ralph Lortie, Leo MacDonald, Chuck Rear, Cliff Chambers, Don Stewart, Norm Tipton.

FRONT: Bill (Gufus) Pearl, 'Little Mitch' Mitchell, Scotty Munro, Ben Sheardown, Bill Jordan, ???.

*One name (Cliff Chambers) contributed by Dave Carter & John Erickson.*

## **NEWSHAMS SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MAYO**

By Harvey Burian [hburian\\*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net)

I attended the Newsham's Sunday school in Mayo and have kept in touch with them over the years since they left Mayo.

Gerald kindly sent a copy of his write-up of their trip directly to me as well.

The home referred to by Gerald and Don Machan where the Newshams held their Sunday School was originally occupied by the Mayo offices of Treadwell Yukon Company, Limited (the company of which Livingston Wernecke was General Superintendent) located on the North-West corner of Second Ave. and Congdon St. United Keno Hill Mines (UKHM) purchased the assets of Treadwell Yukon when it folded and so became the owner of this particular building as well. On Page 167 of "Gold and Galena" (the historical account of Mayo published by the Mayo Historical Society) we learn that the J.J. McCarthy, Dale and Betty Robertson and the Jack Foley families lived in the house over the years. (There is also a photo of the building taken in 1926.) This building was used temporarily as a school in Mayo during the time that the "new" panabode school was being built during the 1953-54 school year. When my folks and I returned following the 6 months "outside" (that I wrote about earlier), I attended Grade 3 in the Treadwell/UKHM building. It was sometime after the new

school was built and the building was available that the Newshams moved there and held Sunday School in that particular location.

Prior to their move to the Treadwell/UKHM house the Newshams held Sunday School and Children's Club in their home which was located further West on Second Ave., just down the street from the Treadwell/UKHM building next door to the George Andisons. I have some photos of the Newsham's Sunday School taken at this location around 1954-56. (The calendar on the wall in Photo #2 indicates April 1956. Photo #3 appears to be earlier, possibly 1954 or 1955.) These photos were originally slides taken by Gerald Newsham. A number of years ago he lent them to me and I had prints made and subsequently scanned them so I would have digital copies. He has given me permission to share them with the readers of the MocTel. The names following are those that Karen Shaw and I think we can remember. (Some of them may not be totally accurate.) Perhaps others will be able to help with the names of those that are no longer in my memory banks! (Karen Shaw had left Mayo by this time but did help spark my memory for some of the names.)



**Back Row (left):** \_\_\_\_\_, Greg Cole, Cynthia Miller, Brian Burton, Donna Miller, \_\_\_\_\_  
**Second Row:** Allan Miller, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Muriel Close (just half of her showing!)  
**Front Row:** Dwight Smith, Dean Cole, \_\_\_\_\_



**Back Row left:** Cynthia Miller (half hidden), Brian Burton, Donna Miller, \_\_\_\_\_, Benjamin Burton

**Second Row:** Allan Miller, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Joyce Hutton

**Front Row:** Harvey Burian, Dwight Smith, Dean Cole, \_\_\_\_\_, Muriel Close



**Back Row Left:** Sybil Bleiler, Jackie Douglas, Harvey Burian, Allan Miller, Janet Cripps, \_\_\_\_\_, Rose Mervyn, \_\_\_\_\_ (hidden)

**Second Row:** Barry McDonald, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Conwell Douglas, \_\_\_\_\_, Donna Miller, Muriel Barwise, \_\_\_\_\_, Linda McKamey, Helen Barwise

**Front Row:** \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Suzanne Ewing, Cynthia Miller, \_\_\_\_\_ (head turned), Brian Burton, Alan McDonald, Benny Burton, Brian McKamey

(Note: the green house in the background is the Treadwell Yukon/UKHM house where the Newshams later lived and held Sunday School.)

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

## JOHN HAINES

While going through some old books this morning I came across this old picture which had apparently been used as a bookmark. The little boy appears to be Johnny Haines of Dawson City, and the adult, I would think, is the late Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. The picture was taken around Front St., Dawson City, probably in the late 50's. I knew the Haines family well in Dawson and later Whitehorse but have not been in contact with any of them for many years. I thought maybe some of our members might know where John or any of the family is at present. The picture is a little beaten but they might want the picture as a souvenir. I will hang onto it and see if I hear from anyone.

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

*If anyone has contact with the Haines family, please put them in contact with Gus. – Sherron*



Johnny Haines and John Diefenbaker – Dawson – late 1950's

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett

*For more information on Canada's 13<sup>th</sup> Prime Minister go to*

<http://www.ggower.com/dief/>

## MOUNTAIN TRAILS

Daisy Callison Havdale-Welsh has a new book out called "Mountain Trails". A Prospecting Expedition from the Diary of a 16 year old girl – 1935.

I have obtained this message from Daisy's daughter Julia.

I am replying on behalf of my mom, Daisy. If anyone would like a copy of her book, as long as they are in Canada, they can send a \$25 money order to her at – 802-9th Street, Castlegar, BC V1N 2H4 and she can send it COD. We have discovered that there is no way to send a package COD outside the country. Thanks for your interest. Sincerely, Julia Havdale [jehavdale@shaw.ca](mailto:jehavdale@shaw.ca)



**Lest We Forget**

**PLEASE WEAR A POPPY**

by Don Crawford

"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's pinned in 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 the symbol for  
The gallant men who died in 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 years went by he learned and grew  
and became a man - as you will, too.

"He was fine and strong, with a boyish smile,  
But he'd 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, Mom, so 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 cruel barbed wire,  
And the mines and bullets, the bombs and fire.

"Till at last, 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 your son - did he come back all right?"

A tear rolled down each faded cheek;  
She shook her head, but didn't 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, if oft delayed,  
Thought 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!



**TO PUT THIS IN PERSPECTIVE  
BY REMEMBERING THE LIFE OF A YUKONER**

Sherron, I don't know if you're doing a Remembrance Day edition or not; but wondered if you'd be interested in putting some of my brother's poems in the MocTel. Here's what I have and I'll leave it up to you whether you'd like all, or only a part of this info. I have details of every bombing mission he was on. He was a "Rear Gunner."

My brother was killed in a raid on Lutzendorf March 15th 1945. He was in the 49th Squadron ; R252612 (A.G) Flight Sergeant Edward Gordon Coke Richards (brother Ted to me.)

Cheers, Joyce (Richards) Yardley [joyceyardley@shaw.ca](mailto:joyceyardley@shaw.ca)  
<http://members.shaw.ca/joyceyardley/>

Ted volunteered for the Air Force from Whitehorse, Yukon, where he grew up. I have the original telegram and letter from the Secretary of National Defence dated March 16<sup>th</sup> 1945, stating that he was reported missing on Active Service. - Joyce



Edward Gordon Coke 'Ted' Richards  
Photo courtesy Joyce (Richards) Yardley

Ted graduated from Course 66, Air Gunners, No.10 Bombing and Gunnery School. His poem "YOUR WINGS" was featured in the graduation dinner program.

### **Your Wings**

Your wings are a symbol of bravery, for the goal at last attained.  
They are part of the compensation for the knowledge you have gained.  
Just a bit of cloth on your tunic, pinned on at a Wings Parade;  
Not much in the way of glory, but it shows that you've been paid.

Do you feel your chest expanding, as if to hold that weight?  
It's a natural reaction – but those wings won't make you great.  
For the inner man is the master; that hidden hand of fate.  
When you're flying your course in the future, your inner soul is the mate.

Those wings are new, yet they're tried and true, and they'll stand a trial of fire.  
So it's up to you in your Air Force blue; leave nothing to desire.

Cover them with glory; leave a trail around the world.  
On every front where you have to hunt - make sure the flag's unfurled.

They are covered in tradition. Though our service isn't old,  
We back them with our hearts and life, and treasure them like gold.  
We'll help them live forever, we'll cover them with fame.  
Around the world they'll know us; we'll honour the Air Force name.

Those wings we have as aircrew will never know defeat,  
For they're worn by men who will not quit, until the job's complete.  
Carry your wings, you deserve them. And prove to the world you've the right  
To wear them high, in a cloudless sky; don't stop till you've won the fight.

The fight for right and freedom and the privilege of life.  
The fight that lasts forever, against aggression, greed and strife.  
Those wings that are pinned to your tunic are as useless as they're new;  
If you cannot stand and be a man – so the rest is up to you.

© Flt. Sgt. Ted Richards R. 252612

To: Mr. E. Richards  
From: R.C.A.F. Casualty Officer  
Date: September 18, 1945

Mr. E.E.C. Richards,  
848 Nootka Street,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Mr. Richards:

It is with deep regret that, in view of the lapse of time and the absence of any further information concerning your son, Flight Sergeant Edward Gordon Coke Richards, since he was reported missing the Air Ministry Overseas now proposes to take action to presume his death for official purposes.

When presumption of death action has been completed, you will receive official notification by registered letter.

May I extend to you and the members of your family my sincere sympathy in this time of great anxiety.

Yours sincerely,  
R.C.A.F. Casualty Officer,  
For Chief of the Air Staff.

## **CANADA TUNGSTEN MINE**

*I met Doris Lambert at the Okanagan Yukoners A.G.M., she was sitting with Jeanne Harbottle; they were acquaintances from Watson Lake. Doris explained they met when she was living in Watson Lake while her husband was project manager setting up what later became "Cantung". I told her I knew zero about the Canada Tungsten Mine and would she write a bit of a story for the Moccasin Telegraph.*

*I was delighted to receive this from Doris last Friday. She is not on e-mail but if anyone wishes to contact her via snail mail her address is- 420-3163 Richter Street, Kelowna, BC V1W 3R4 or phone 250-860-1677*

### **TUNGSTEN**

By Doris Lambert

Remember when we were in Watson Lake and at Canada Tungsten Mine? We were young and, it was an adventure.

I can only tell this from my own point of view and from stories I have heard.

A Swede named Hugh Berdell loved to roam the hills with his two dogs and prospect likely looking areas; and thus he came across a showing of copper, tungsten and gold in the Flat River Valley; a beautiful spot with mountains on either side. In 1960 world prices were favorable to set up to mine these minerals and Canada Tungsten Mining Corp. Ltd. was formed, "Cantung".

Access was the first priority as this pretty valley was about 200 miles from Watson Lake, Yukon. The river area was flat and suitable for a landing strip after rocks were cleared. Supplies and a caterpillar were flown in - - in pieces by Bud Harbottle in a DC3. Walt Forsberg was another pilot and a DC6 was leased from Max Ward.; and later an Anson and a Bristol were used to fly in equipment and people.

General Construction Co. headed by Merle Railton and crew started building the road from Watson Lake and a Cantung crew under Bill Peters started from the mine site. There were many problems with ice bridges and Bailey Bridges until John Drake, a British Army Captain (related to Sir Francis Drake) was able to help.

The mill was built, also offices, cook house, bunk houses, and about 20 family homes by 1962 and the mine was in operation. People involved at this time were Jack Crowhurst, P.Eng. Jack Hunter, gen. Supr., Roy Lambert, mine Manager, Walter Rody, Mill mgr.

Ore from the underground mine was hauled by Ken Kapler to be shipped from Skagway and general supplies were hauled on the return trip.

A sawmill was set up for timber for shoring in the mine. This was operated by Bud Stevens. A brown bear startled Bud one day. He wound up and hit the bear on the nose. The bear left but Bud had a broken hand; an interesting compensation report.

There was a natural hot spring on one side of the airstrip that was widened for general use. You might have to wait until the moose was finished using it.

A ski hill area was well used; as was an outdoor skating rink. A school for grades 1 to 8 was established. A nursing station was set up with a doctor visiting regularly. Reg Snellgrove with CIBC would come from Watson Lake each week. Reg later did banking in Trinidad. On Feb. 15, 1965 the Girl Guides raised the new Canadian flag on a chilly snowy day.

We left in 1965 and people that I remember living there at that time include Wilma & Ed Hoddinott, Ethel & Frank Jackson, Gertie & Gerry Newcomb, Mary & Stu McDonald, Anita & Jim Irwin, Jean & Jack Hunter, Kathy & Bill Beare, Shirley & Steve Mollison, Emily & Norm Merke, George Dyer, Watts, Lyons, & Smiths.

The mine carried on for a number of years with the addition of modular homes and houses; and was forced to close with the declining price of tungsten and copper. The mine reopened in Dec. 2001 with manager Tom Morrison and remained open for a couple of years.

A Tungsten Reunion was held in Kelowna in 1996; arranged by Jean (Croy) Conners and was well attended.

## **A MESSAGE FROM FRAN HAKONSON**

*I am enclosing this message so that all you those who contribute to the Moccasin Telegraph can see how their work is being appreciated. I have forwarded #86, the only one she had missed. (Nov 5, 2004) – Sherron*

Dear Sherron:

I had my computer upgraded and Norton's Anti Virus installed and it cut out your telegraph. As a result, I haven't had an issue since the 85th. Please tell me where I can download the recent copies.

As with everyone else that reads your issues. I enjoy them tremendously and hope you can keep getting enough information to keep publishing. One of these days I am going to send you a little more to add to the old news.

Keep up the fabulous work.

Regards,

Fran Hakonson [bfhakon\\*northwestel.net](mailto:bfhakon*northwestel.net)

## **WILL ROGERS AND WILEY POST VISIT DAWSON**

Dear Sherron, MocTel 87 is on my desk and has been read and digested in every detail, as I do with all issues. Each issue brings floods of memories, mostly happy ones, but too often sad ones when I read obituaries of old friends and people I've known. I'm always tempted to send you a few thoughts or comments on so many items.

This latest issue and mention of the Roger/Post visit to Dawson on 13 August 1935 revived a young boy's excitement and drove me to my photo albums to find pictures of that memorable day, 69 years and almost 3 months ago. Our neighbour, George Fulton, where we lived on Sixth Avenue, was very much an "Uncle" to me. He came to our door that 13th of August to ask me to come with him to see the famed Will Rogers and Wiley Post who were expected to arrive by float plane within the hour. A 6 1/2 year old doesn't know a lot but I had seen Will Rogers in movies at the old DAAA theatre, and heard about the flying fame of Wiley Post. Naturally, I enthusiastically accepted and shortly after we arrived at the river bank, a beautiful bright red and silver trimmed low winged airplane with huge pontoons appeared from the south, did a graceful left turn abreast of St. Mary's Hospital, gently settled on the waters of the Yukon, and powered to the shore line (about where the current Ferry landing is).



Will Rogers and Wiley Post visit to Dawson on 13 August 1935 in a lovely bright red/silver trim "no name" airplane that cruised into shore.

It crashed two days later in Barrow, Alaska.

Photos taken by Lionel's "uncle" and neighbour George Fulton

Photo courtesy Lionel C. Brasseur [lynbrass@sympatico.ca](mailto:lynbrass@sympatico.ca)

I've scanned the old photos, taken by George Fulton that day, and attach them hereto. Not great quality and I can tell you that they are now sepia prints rather than black & white. I love the picture of Will Rogers perched on the tip of the pontoon before stepping ashore, and I can still vividly see in my mind's eye that lovely bright red/silver trim "no name" airplane cruising into shore. Will Rogers is readily identifiable in the 3rd picture, and I can tell you that the man in the white shirt and suspenders with his back to the camera is

Wiley Post (note the strap around his head which held his eye-patch in place ... Wiley had lost an eye in an industrial accident in 1919 before he ever had his first flying lesson). I don't recall names or recognize the RCMP Officer (back to camera) and Constable, nor the lady and gent to the left ... John Gould may (?) ... in fact, he too may have been there that day. As poor as a young child's detailed memory can understandably be, that day in 1935 was a super thrill and is etched in my 'hardcore memory'. I suspect that the tragic demise of Rogers/Post in the crash at Barrow just 2 days later helped to cement those memories, as I well recall the grief it caused me.



Will Rogers talking to and RCMP officer, Wiley Post in brasers.  
Note strap across the back of his head held an eye patch for his eye.

He had lost his sight before taking up flying.

Photo courtesy Lionel C. Brasseur [lynbrass\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:lynbrass@sympatico.ca)

I'm sending these notes and pictures along especially for your interest as I sense you are interested and curious about anything and everything that has to do with our Yukon. Feel free to reproduce/use the photos if the quality allows.

Thank you for your phenomenal work and dedication to the production/distribution of the MocTel ... your seemingly limitless energies exude from every page. Sincerely, Lionel Brasseur [lynbrass\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:lynbrass@sympatico.ca)



Will Rogers visit to Dawson on 13 August 1935  
Standing on the pontoon of Wiley Post's airplane on the Yukon River.  
Photo courtesy Lionel C. Brasseur [lynbrass@sympatico.ca](mailto:lynbrass@sympatico.ca)

*Wow once again I am honoured and excited to receive this message and the photos. I hope you too will write to Lionel and thank him for sharing such a wonderful piece of history with you. – Sherron*

## **DAWSONITES WHERE ARE YOUR STORIES AND MEMORIES**

*I was reorganizing addresses in my computer and dropped Joan's address from the category where the MocTel is copied into and e-mail, so I wrote her to be sure I had the situation correct. – Sherron*

Hello Sherron.....Yes, my MocTel always comes in as an E-mail as I asked for it to do...thank you. I'm enjoying each edition....even though there are never many articles in it about former Dawson people whom I may have known or heard about. I guess articles about people from other parts of the Yukon are flocking into you much more often than any from ex-Dawsonites. I wish I had some stories from old Dawson to send to you, but I just can't think of anything that other people may be interested in hearing. My dad, Leo Poirier, was a avid camera buff during the years we lived there & I do have some 35mm slides here that he took of some of the river boats and St Mary's hospital and the devastating fire that consumed it and other scenes around the old town...but I can't get them off to you as I have no scanner. If I can think of a way to get them to you that won't cost me an arm & a leg, I will do so. Meanwhile...take care...keep up the good work with the MocTel, & again many thanks for all your time-consuming effort with it.  
Regards, Joan M. White [jomar31@shaw.ca](mailto:jomar31@shaw.ca)

## OBIT

### **Darrell Maki**

Darrell Ronald Maki March 10th, 1938 November 4th, 2004. \_ Darrell passed away peacefully in Saskatoon Saskatchewan. He is survived by his two sons, Brett (Kim) and Bart (Karen); and grandchildren, Brandon, Austin, Dustin, Taylor, Nathalie and Cassandra; his three sisters, Marlene (John Michalski), **Rena (Rueban Fendrick)** and Beverley Maki-Adair; and numerous nieces and nephews. Darrell was pre-deceased by his parents, Henry and Lillian; and his brother, John. Darrell was born in Wetaskiwin, Alberta where he attended school and enjoyed all sports particularly Football where he was one of the most valuable players for Wetaskiwin High School and Boxing where he achieved Golden Gloves Standing for the province of Alberta. In Darrell's later years he became an outstanding curler and won several awards for his successes at various Bonspiels put on through the A.C.T where he was President while living in Grande Prairie, Alberta. Darrell met and married Margaret in Vermilion, Alberta in 1962 and had their two sons in Grande Prairie in 1965 and 1967. Darrell's ability to sell became evident when he began selling farm machinery for Case and then International Harvester in Alberta, Manitoba, B.C. and then Saskatchewan where they settled. **In 1988 Darrell moved to Faro, Yukon to work with Curraugh Resources at the Faro Pit Mine in the Security Services Dept. Darrell remained in the Yukon being close to his sister Rena and long time friend Reuban Fendrick and their family who lived in Whitehorse. Darrell's love of the North and of the outdoors caused him to become a true Northerner. Darrell remained in the Yukon until health reasons forced him to leave in 1998** when he came back to Saskatoon to be closer to his two sons and their families. He remained in Saskatoon until his passing on November 4th, 2004.

Condolence E mails may be directed to his son at: [brett.maki@shaw.ca](mailto:brett.maki@shaw.ca)

All are welcome to a gathering of friends and family to be held on Monday, November 8th, 2004 at his previous place of residence being Scott-Forget Towers located at 2503 Louise Street, Saskatoon Saskatchewan at 11:00 a.m. in the Emerald Room. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the Heart and Stroke Foundation ( 279-3rd Ave. North Saskatoon, SK S7K 2H8). Arrangements entrusted to John Schachtel MOURNING GLORY FUNERAL SERVICES (978-5200). Published in the Saskatoon StarPhoenix on 11/6/2004.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi everyone just to let you know I have a new address [mhassen@northwestel.net](mailto:mhassen@northwestel.net)  
Minne Hassen

Hi Sherron I see by your latest edition of MocTel, you are having trouble sending anything to my brother, Ted North. He and his wife Trudy (deWolfe) have moved to Edmonton from Winnipeg. They moved the middle of October, but unfortunately their furniture (and computer) did not arrive with them. I talked with them this week, and they

where hoping to have a delivery by this weekend. They have been living with "camping gear" for the past few weeks, so as you can imagine, are anxious to be back to normal. I do have their new e-mail address that I will enclose, and I am sure they will contact you as soon as they are back on line. Sorry for the inconvenience and frustration that this delay has caused you.

You have brought so much joy into our computer, with your efforts to connect all of us. Once again thank you seems inadequate, but I will say it just the same. We eagerly open each new MocTel and find so much pleasure with all its contents. Till next time....

Old Yukon friend,  
Karren Crowley  
Ted & Trudy North's new e-mail address - [tntnorth\\*telus.net](mailto:tntnorth*telus.net)

Finally made contact with my brother Ted North. You can go ahead and post his new e-mail address. Unfortunately they won't have their furniture (& computer) delivered until next Sat. So they will be out of circulation for another little while. He will contact you as soon as he is set up, hopefully that won't be to long. Thanks for your patience.  
Karren

Our new e-mail address is [doug.dale\\*northwestel.net](mailto:doug.dale*northwestel.net)  
The old sympatico address will work until Dec 31 but you can change your address book now and you can reach us.  
Doug Phillips & Dale Stokes

Our E-Mail address has changed:  
[garndt\\*northwestel.net](mailto:garndt*northwestel.net)  
Gordon & Sharon Arndt

THANKS HENRY FOR YOUR NOTE. I HAD NOT BEEN RECEIVING ANYTHING FROM THE MOC TEL AND WONDERED WHY. ADDRESS IS: [marnic\\*consolidated.net](mailto:marnic*consolidated.net) TO CLARIFY IT IS M A R N I C THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW. HOW ABOUT SENDING ME YOUR COMPUTER HELP LETTERS ALSO? THANKS AGAIN. LORRAINE SCHROM

**This Message from MocTel 76**

HI SHERRON, MY E-MAIL ADDRESS HAS BEEN CHANGED TO: [marnic@consolidate.com](mailto:marnic@consolidate.com) . (This address was wrong and I just finally asked Henry to try the address in case my address was blocked. It turned out he knew who her sister was and contacted Joan White. So if any of you have an answer as to the whereabouts of Ronald and Richard McMillan please either contact Joan White at [jomar31\\*shaw.ca](mailto:jomar31*shaw.ca) or Lorraine Schrom at [marnic\\*consolidated.net](mailto:marnic*consolidated.net). – Sherron) MY SISTER JOAN AND I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE TWIN BROTHERS WHO WORKED ON THE

GOLD DREDGES IN DAWSON MANY YEARS AGO BUT SO FAR WE HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL. RONALD AND RICHARD MCMILLAN. I BELIEVE THEIR FATHER WAS A PROJECTIONIST AT ONE ON THE THEATERS IN VANCOUVER. IF ANYONE HAS ANY INFORMATION ON THESE TWO MEN I WOULD BE PLEASED TO HEAR FROM THEM. == THANKS FOR THE GOOD WORK ON MOC. TEL. LORRAINE SCHROM

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*To get out of a difficulty, one usually must go through it.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca)

### **Casserole Cabbage Rolls**

1 lb ground beef  
1 tbsp oil  
1 chopped onion  
1 tsp salt  
1/8 tsp pepper  
3 tbsp raw long grain rice  
1 – 10 oz can tomato soup  
1 soup can water  
3 cups coarsely chopped cabbage (packed)

Brown beef in oil, add onion, salt, pepper and rice.  
Mix well, sauté 2 – 3 mins. Add soup and water and mix.  
Put cabbage in greased dish. Pour meat mixture over cabbage.

Do not stir  
Bake covered 1 ½ hrs at 325. Can be cooked for shorter period of time if you don't want it too dry.

Serve with vegetables and salad

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Dear Sherron: Could you please post a notice in the Telegraph pertaining to the Vancouver Yukoners' Association Christmas Luncheon. Other than the Spring Banquet, this is our largest event of the year as many people make an extra effort to attend.

Vancouver Yukoners' Association  
Christmas Luncheon Meeting  
HOLIDAY INN DOWNTOWN  
1110 Howe Street, Vancouver, B.C.  
Thursday, Dec. 9th, 2004 beginning at 11:45AM

This is a pot luck affair and there is no charge for attending. We only ask that those coming bring some sandwiches, or sweets to be added to the table. Coffee and tea are provided by the hotel. The emphasis at this affair is visiting old friends, in other words, the business part of the meeting will be short.

Regards: Lowell Bleiler

Some of the longtime Yukoners may recognize that we are having our Christmas luncheon much earlier than usual, so it might be an idea to emphasize that Dec. 9 is the correct date. We certainly wouldn't want anyone turning up on the 19th.

Thanks again: Lowell [LynBleiler\\*aol.com](mailto:LynBleiler@aol.com)

## **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**. **I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now**. If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.  
– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)