

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 112<sup>th</sup> Edition – May 8, 2005**

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

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



### **Lupins**

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann

### **MIGRATION**

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

In flocks so dense they hide the sun,  
They land in search of rest and feed.  
Northward on their annual run,  
That urge to propagate the breed.

Afloat like corks upon the blue,  
They sate themselves on herring roe,  
And then as one, as if on cue,  
On whirring wings they rise and go.

North, and farther north they wing,  
Their aim, the arctic nesting grounds,  
Their one objective, answering  
The desperate call that nature sounds.

They leave me with a sense of sorrow,  
I never like to see them go,  
But even more will come tomorrow,  
For many days they'll come, I know.

As days go by, their numbers wane,  
Until there's none when I look out,  
But in the fall they'll come again  
On their migration to the south.

And as I watch, a strange sensation  
Of peace and calm enshrouds my soul,  
I marvel at this great migration,  
The passing of the waterfowl.

© 2005 Gus Barrett



## **SOME OF MY WANDERINGS AROUND THE ARCTIC**

By Ron Butler [ron\\_but\\*shaw.ca](mailto:ron_but*shaw.ca)

I said a long time ago that I would send some pictures of my wanderings around the Arctic. Sorry to have been so tardy, but here are a few. Actually I had a few problems this winter all related to hockey. First, I pulled a knee ligament in November and was off the ice for six weeks, then in my third game back on Jan. 4, I got dumped and broke my right clavicle, then ended up in the hospital a week later with a pulmonary embolism as a result of lazing around feeling sorry for myself. Oh well, I am finally back to normal and am back playing hockey and feeling great.

During my 10 years with the Yukon Game Branch, as it was called in the 70's, I had the good fortune to spend a couple of years flying patrols along the Arctic coast. I spent anywhere from a couple of days to a month on each trip, staying at the DEW sight at Komakuk beach.

During one trip Bill Sinclair and I accompanied Dr. Ian Sterling out over the ice north of Herschel Island tagging polar bears.



March 1972 – Polar Bear Tagging – Ron Butler & Dr. Ian Stirling  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler

The first picture is of a big male that measured over 10 feet from nose to tail. He was tranquilized with a dart shot from our helicopter. The procedure is to land after the bear has gone down and Dr. Stirling then measured, weighed, and placed a tattoo in his lip and tags in his ears so he could be identified later. A pre molar tooth is extracted for aging and a blood sample taken.

All this was part of a polar bear study being conducted in the eastern arctic by Dr. Charles Jonkel and the west by Dr. Sterling. The date was, I think, about March 1972. Dr. Stirling is in the second photo and Bill Sinclair and Dr. Ian Stirling in the third. You can see our helicopter in the background.



Dr. Ian Stirling and Bill Sinclair  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler



Dr. Ian Sterling

The next set are of a caribou study being conducted by the Canadian Wildlife Service on the Porcupine caribou herd. When the herd left the calving grounds in mid summer to start the trek south to where they would spend the winter, they leave enmasse. I think there were about 120,000 that left the coastal plain. We caught up to them a couple of days later, to count and classify them.



60,000 of Porcupine Caribou Herd Migrating  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler

By that time half had split and moved into Alaska but we found the remaining 60,000 near the headwaters of the Babage River. The first photo is from about 5,000 feet and shows the entire mass of 60,000 animals moving across the tundra.



Migrating Caribou stopping to feed  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler

This is the way they often travel, in a solid mass and on the run. They would stop to feed, spreading out over the tundra oblivious to us.



Photo courtesy Ron Butler

We were on the ground, by this time, counting bulls, cows, yearlings and calves as they wandered by, often only feet away, as you can see in the third set of photos. In fact they were so close that I took my telephoto lens off my camera and used only my 50 mm lens for these pictures.



Photos courtesy Ron Butler



Wayne Towriss in the midst photographing the animals  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler

The second photo is Wayne Towriss, who was with the Territorial Government at the time and was with us to photograph the animals, standing in the middle of a large group of animals taking pictures. You can see the animals were not at all concerned about him in their midst. It was possible to get them to come right up to us by sitting on the ground and slowly waving a hand. They would, out of curiosity, come right up to us to see what that strange object was.



Dave Mossop with Bowhead Whale Skull  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler

The next two photos are of a bowhead whale skull that Dave Mossop and I found while out counting snow geese along the arctic coast. The first photo is Dave standing with the skull where we found it near the south west tip of Herschel Island. We managed to sling it with the helicopter to the DEW site, Komakuk Beach about 20 miles west where the RCMP otter later picked it up and flew it to Whitehorse. It is now on display in the McBride Museum.



Ron Butler with Bowhead Whale Skull  
Photo courtesy Ron Butler

Well, that is a start. Will put some more photos together for another installment later.

By the way, I thoroughly enjoyed Jeanne Harbottles escapades up the Canol.

Ron Butler



Herman Peterson's home built aircraft taxied to the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse by Bob Cameron.  
Photo courtesy Vince Federoff

## **Museum takes possession of veteran bush pilot's aircraft**

By Bob Cameron [yukoncamerons@klondiker.com](mailto:yukoncamerons@klondiker.com)

Built in Atlin, B.C., in the early 1960s, CF-RKN, now at the Yukon Transportation Museum, was one of the first homebuilts to be constructed in the remote reaches of northwestern Canada.

Lovingly crafted by veteran bush pilot Herman Peterson, the Smith DSA-1 "Miniplane" first flew on July 15, 1967.

As both a pilot and licenced aircraft maintenance engineer, Herman had learned his craft well during the war years, flying thousands of hours out of Carcross, in the Northern Airways Waco and Fairchild aircraft on the Canol and Alcan projects.

In 1950, he and his wife, Doris, moved to Atlin and started their own air charter service. During the latter years of operating their own air service, they decided to build the sporty little Miniplane, putting to work Herman's welding and mechanical skills, and Doris' abilities at fitting and sewing the fabric.

Herman christened the tiny airplane "Suzy", his lifelong pet name for Doris. For over 30 years, the little bi-plane was a familiar sight in the sky over Atlin, as Herman and a few of his friends, by "invitation only", raced up a total of 191 hours and 50 minutes in the nimble little craft.

In 2003, Herman and Doris Peterson decided they would donate "Suzy" to the transportation museum, where she proudly shows off the spirit and ingenuity of two of our aviation pioneers.

This item was submitted (*to the Whitehorse Star*) by Bob Cameron, a Whitehorse-based aviation historian.

*Thank you to Linnea Castagner for sending this story to the MocTel. Thank you to Bob Cameron for writing it and obtaining a copy of the photo from Vince Federoff at the Whitehorse Star. Thank you to Vince for sharing the photo. It takes the cooperation of so many people for us to enjoy these bits of Yukon history.*

*This story made me think of Gordon 'Tubby' Tubman telling the story of Herman Peterson coming in to his workplace, (Northern Commercial) in Whitehorse and ordering an airplane. The first airplane he had ever sold. I phoned Gordon to establish when that may have been and learned that NC was the Aeronca dealer and that Moe Grant was working for him at that time. Gordon said he left in 1955. - Sherron Jones*

## **Sinking of the Klondike #1, June 1936**

By Phyllis (LePage) Simpson [pingo@internorth.com](mailto:pingo@internorth.com)

My Mom & I were on our way from Whitehorse to join Dad at one of the five wood camps that he had between Lakeview and Yukon Crossing. We were joining him at Yukon Crossing and then would work our way upstream during the summer.

We had just finished breakfast and I was out on the deck hanging over the railing on the top deck--I was doing something I had been forbidden to do. I'd hang there on my tummy and my feet didn't touch the deck (I was only 6 years old) and watch the paddle wheel going around and around and would get dizzy. I remember one of the waiters was standing behind me with a dish towel in his hand, when all of a sudden he grabbed me and tossed me onto the deck, if not I would have been tossed overboard into the paddle wheel. I guess he saw that we were going to hit the bank. Then we hit the bank really hard. The pilot (I think he was just learning the job,) was going too fast to make the turn around the bend. The whistle started blowing and there was a lot of yelling going on. I remember Mom saying (after the accident) that when a lifeboat was put into the water they would sink and that was because they were clinker built and had dried out. She said Captain Coghlan said "Get the woman and the kid off--now" I remember being lowered into the lifeboat and water was coming in. I was some scared kid!! I sat on a ladies lap, I think it was my Dad's cousin, Mary Adami who was heading for Selkirk to join her husband, Oscar Adami. Mom and a nurse started bailing with their hands. (A lot of good that did). Two deck hands (and they had on life jackets, we didn't) jumped in with us and started rowing for shore. There was an island or a sand bar with trees on it between us and the river bank and they headed for it as they knew we would never reach the river bank. A few feet out from the island both men jumped out into the river and then I REALLY was scared and started to cry, I thought they were leaving us, but they weren't. They; grabbed the side of the lifeboat and gave a big heave propelling us forward onto the shore of the island. When we hit the shore the water inside the lifeboat slopped from inside over the side of the lifeboat into the river. Shows just how close we came to

sinking. I understand that some of the life boats with some men in it made it shore on the other side of the river and down stream from us. (They ALL leaked badly).

After helping us out of the lifeboat the boys emptied the boat and then dragged it around the island, dumped it again, then jumped in and rowed like crazy to the main shore, dumped it again, then got in and rowed along the river bank, would stop and dump it again. They did that until they caught up to the Klondike which had hung up on a bar. That was quite a distance from us and we didn't know what was going on. We were stranded from just after breakfast until--I think around 3 or 4 PM --no food with us and mosquitoes were eating us alive. All we had to eat was the bag of chocolate bars Mom had grabbed before getting into the lifeboat. Then it started to rain, it poured and we had no shelter so again we where soaked. We were rescued by--I think--it was the fuel agent or the telegraph person that came and rescued us. He took us down river to where the Klondike had hung up and the male passengers and the crew had set up a camp on the shore. They fed us canned pork and beans and bananas (boy was that good---and I always, till that time hated pork and beans). When night came Mom put me to bed and I will never forget the smell of damp wool blankets--not a pleasant smell--but I was fed and warm and the campfire was great. When we were stranded on the island we had no match's to make a fire--none of the ladies smoked. And who would think about matches at a time like that.

I always thought it was the steamer Casca that picked us up that night, but Mom thought it was the steamer Whitehorse. Anyway which ever Steamboat it was picked us up around midnight and off we went downstream to our different destinations.

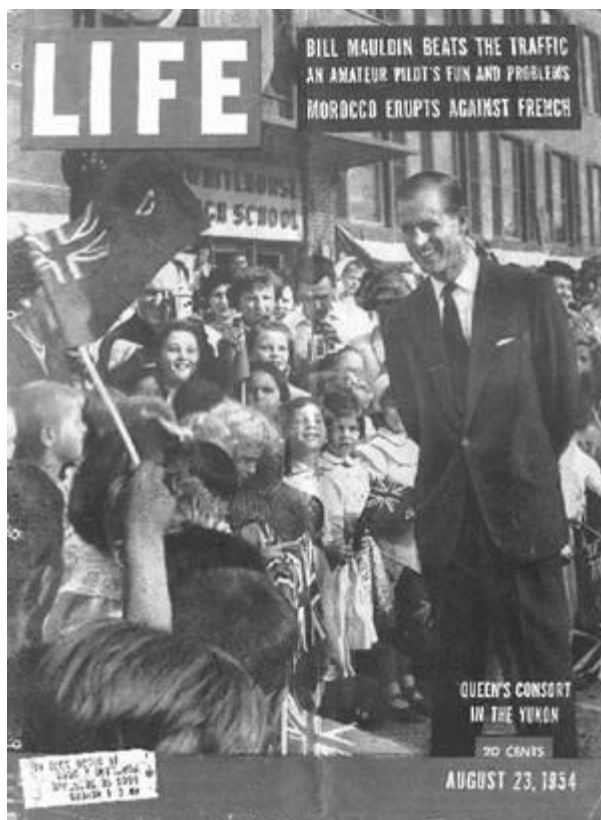
Dad was so happy to see us arrive safe and sound. Shortly after that the Steamer Casca ran into a boiler from another sunken steamboat (that was the Steamer Dawson that sank in 1926) in Rink Rapids. And my Dad gave me a job of sitting on the river bank and when I would see something floating by I would yell for him and out he would go with our small boat and haul what ever it was. We rescued a few bags of flour, a sleeping bag and I'm not sure what else or how much. But it kept me busy for a week or so. Then around the first of August Mom & I went back to Whitehorse where my sister was born.

I have been on two other Steamboat accidents and will send them on to you one of these days Sherron. It will take awhile as company is coming.

## **LIFE MAGAZINE 1954**

In the picture, Donna is clearly seen directly under the 'CH' in SCHOOL. She said that Mary Agnes Smith & possibly Maxine Fromme are in it, and that the blonde, curly-haired boy might be Ben Sheardown. I can't be sure about Maxine & Benny. I think that some of the native girls are from the Boss family.

Cheers. Ralph Lortie



### **Whitehorse people on front page of Life Magazine Aug 23, 1954**

Cover courtesy Donna Cowling (Needham) (Mclean)

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

Donna sent along, (snail mail), a copy of the magazine cover and numbered the children and named Maxine Fromme, Donna Cowling, Mary Agnes Smith, Mary Lou Foster, Benny Sheardown and Roselee Tizya. She is wondering if anyone else can recognize others.

She has identified Mary Agnes Smith as the clear face of a little girl under the flag and then under the camera held by a man. Also she has identified the clear faces of the two little girls next to the hip of the prince, Mary Lou Foster holding the flag and beyond her Roselee Tizya, with Benny Sheardown two to the left of them with curly blonde hair and holding a flag. As Ralph described, Donna is the clear face below the CH in the SCHOOL sign. Anne Dugas (now Chin) is on the right hand edge of the page.

- Sherron

## **MAD TRAPPER**

Hi Sherron. Your readers can go to this site:

<http://pwnhc.ca/exhibits/cbcexhibit/madtrapper.html> and hear a CBC Northern Service radio documentary about the Mad Trapper which was produced in 1973.

Regards, Les McLaughlin [leslorn@rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com)

## Growing Up on Hawkins Street

By Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

Photos in this section courtesy Ralph Lortie

Having lived in **two** homes on Hawkins St. in Whitehorse, I thought maybe some folks would like to see how the street changed over the years.

### **302 Hawkins, 1948-51**

Life at 302 was quite primitive. We had no running water, so we had a water barrel in the kitchen and a ‘biffy’ for a toilet. The water truck and the “honey wagon” came by regularly. Since I don’t remember hauling in wood, I think we did have an oil space-heater in the living room and an oil stove in the kitchen. In spite of some discomfort, life was pretty good.



**1950 - Grant & I going skiing, probably heading across the river to the ski bowl back in the hills, where there were two ski jumps, built by the US Army, I think.**

Our little white house has had some face-lifts over the years, but still has the same basic form. The white house next door was the home of Gordon & Irma Wells and their daughter, Gwyneth. The log house beyond that was where the Steeves family lived – Eric and Grace and their kids, Carol & Johnny. Next up the street was Jack Cherry’s house. Across the street was a little log place where the Fraser family, with kids Donald & Joy, lived for some years before Annie Close moved in.



**Gwyneth Wells and her German Shepherd (4 mos.)**

This photo may have been sent to us after the Wells' left Whitehorse.

In the lot next to us, at the corner of Hawkins & Third Ave., was a garage owned by John McIsaac. The oil-soaked yard was full of parts of road-building equipment. Mr. McIsaac had put up a large truck or rail-car flatbed as a barrier between our lots.



**All dressed up - giving our Cocker Spaniel, Mike, a bath.  
McIsaac's garage behind, with the flat-bed attached.**

I have no recollection of the reason for wearing a tie that day.

In those days, the area to the south of Hawkins St. was open land.

The photo reminds me of a bad experience in this area. Grant had a few .22 bullets & he wanted to see if we could get one to fire. So we put a shell on a flat rock and, standing well off, threw stones at it. With rim-fire shells he knew this was possible. Sure enough, the bullet went off – and grazed Grant's neck. He had a hard time explaining the injury to Mom.



**Me and Grant, in our best clothes.**

This photo was taken out back of Ed Jacobs' garage, which was on the SE corner of 3rd Ave. and Hawkins. Grey Mountain is in the background.



**Visitors at 302 Hawkins**

**The man 2<sup>nd</sup> from left, and the lady 3<sup>rd</sup> from right, were my Uncle Laurent Lamoureux, and Aunt Grace, my dad's sister, from Edmonton. I don't remember the others.**

### **309 Hawkins, 1951-83**

We needed more rooms, so Dad bought this house from Clyde Wann, and we moved up the street. The house had no basement, only a small cellar to accommodate the wood furnace. We had no running water. In winter, the water truck came and filled the tank in the cellar. In summer, we filled it by running a garden hose across the street to Hugo & Bertha Seaholm's house, which had city water service.



**Originally, our house at 309 had a front sun-porch with a balcony over it.  
The balcony was accessible from the front bedroom.**

Notice the Civic Centre arena behind and the Indian Mission School across 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue. In those days, we used to play in the empty lot beside us. Before track meets, we'd set up a high-jump there, and practice for hours.

A problem arose with this front porch. City officials told Dad that the porch extended a few inches onto City property, and since the City was going to put in a concrete sidewalk along that side of the street, Dad would have to get the porch removed.



**Our house without the porch.  
That's Mom and Grant's Labrador, Sandy.**

By this time, a house had been built on the adjacent lot. As far as I know, there still is no sidewalk in front of our old house.

Sandy became well-loved by many folks in town. He went to all the ball games, and a lot of hockey games. Whenever he saw the fans going by to the ball park, Sandy would just head over there. He just loved people – and hotdogs too. At the start of a playoff game, a PA system was set up to announce batters. In came Sandy, and the announcer (was it Les McLaughlin, Terry Delaney, or Cal Waddington ?) said : **“Well, we can start the game now – Sandy Lortie is here”**. On cold winter nights, if Sandy had been sent outside, he’d head down 4<sup>th</sup> Ave. to the Taku bar to see everyone and get warm. He would just crawl under a table. Norm Becker would often call Dad, saying “Well, Leo, it’s closing time. Should I put Sandy out, or would you come and get him?” Dad would always go and pick him up.



**Leo & Connie (Lortie)**



**Mom looking at her garden.  
Across the street is Jack Cherry's white house.**

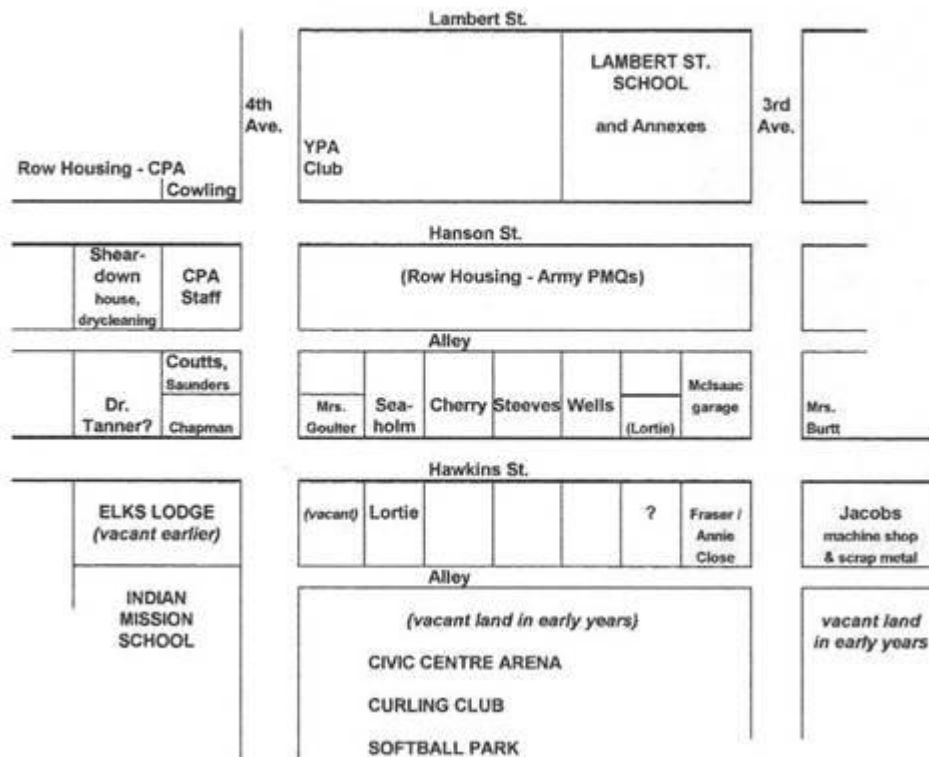


**Little brother, Raymond (Lortie), in the front yard.**

Across the street, we see the former Steeves' home, the old Wells' house, and our first house (with green porch). Just across 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave. is a little house where Mrs. Burt, my Grade 3 teacher, lived. I can't recall what occupies the lot where McIsaac's garage was. I'll have a look the next time I visit Hawkins Street.

A few months after Mom died in December '82, Dad sold 309 Hawkins, but it will always be home to me.

**Plan of our Immediate Neighbourhood (1948-61)**

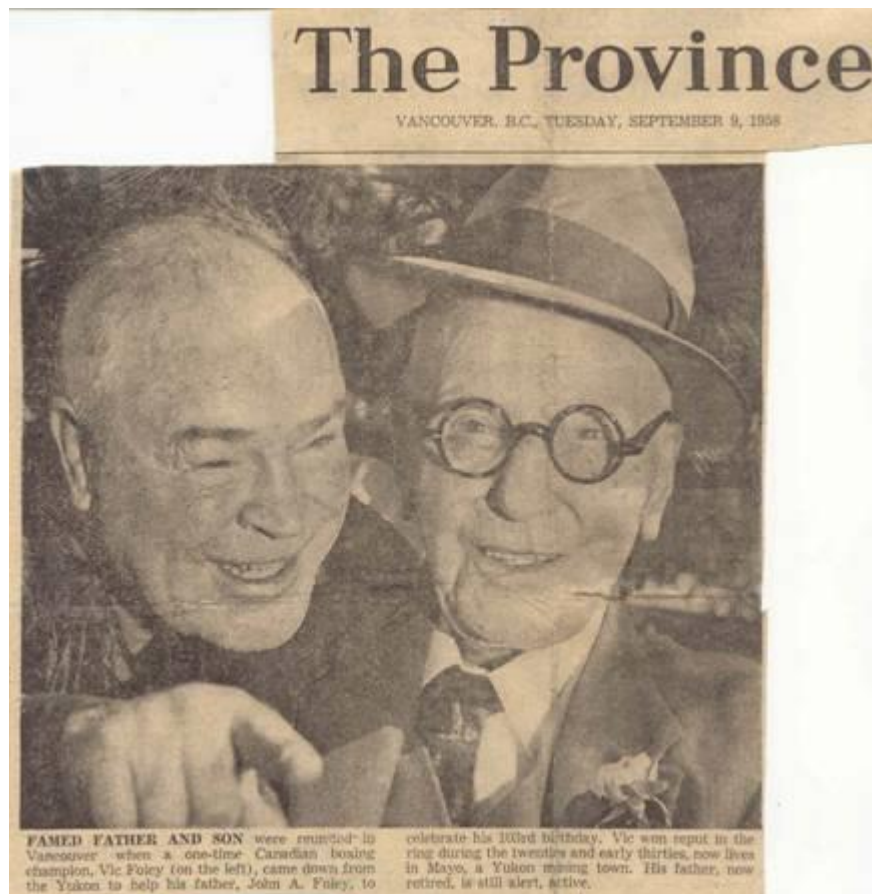


## A MESSAGE FROM BOB CATHRO

The Newspaper clipping from The Province of September 9, 1958, showing a photo of Vic Foley and his father, is being sent to you by Isabel Loveless, who lives across the street from us. As Isabel Airth, she went from Vancouver area to Whitehorse in 1940 and worked for the American contractors who built the Alaska Highway, marrying an RCMP officer, Walter Elmore, in 1944. After the war, they moved to Carmacks and bought the Taylor & Drury trading post, later selling it and doing the same thing in Mayo. They moved south in 1956 and she remarried after Walter died.

I copy any parts of the MT that I think she will be interested in and she enjoys them immensely. She still has a great memory and has a great story to tell. If you ask her to write her story when you reply to this I think she would do it. Needless to say, she doesn't have e-mail or a computer. She celebrated her 87<sup>th</sup> birthday last week.

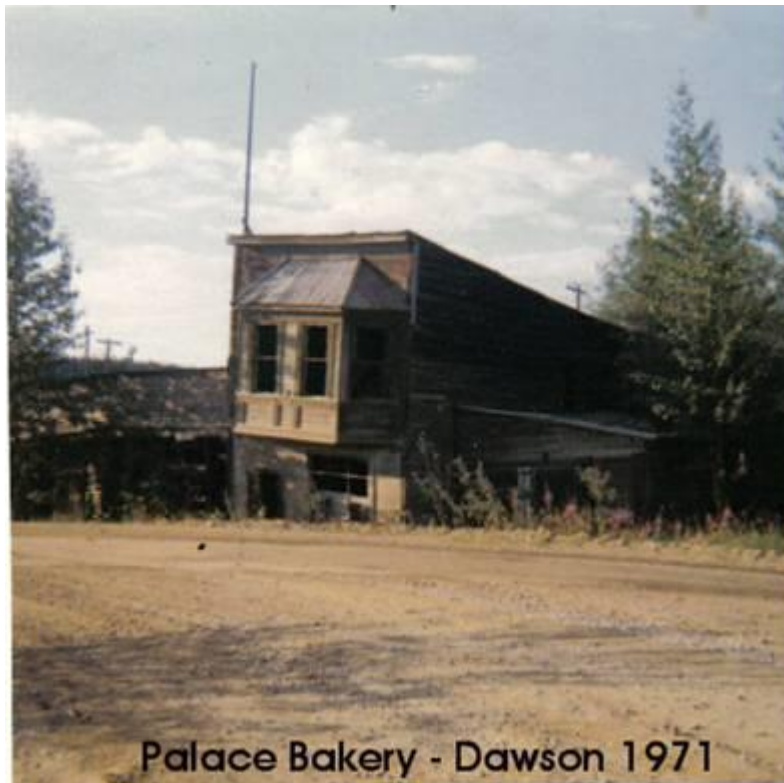
Cheers Bob Cathro [bobcat62@telus.net](mailto:bobcat62@telus.net)



## Palace Bakery – Dawson

Submitted by Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart (In Victoria)

[lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca)



This picture of the Palace Bakery was owned by my grandfather, Charles Burkhard who owned and operated the bakery from approximately 1903 and I believe into the late 1920s. I also have a picture of the bakery done by Jim Robb proudly hanging in my home given to me by my mother, Alice Lelievre. Charles was born in Nebraska and headed west and joined the stampede to Fairbanks, Alaska in the very early 1900's. The business provided the income for Charles and his wife Marie to raise 9 children – 8 girls and 1 boy. There are still 2 remaining siblings, my aunts Olive Cottle in Victoria and Bernice Schill in Maple Ridge. Recalling stories from my mother – it was the chore of her and her siblings to bring in wood for stoking in the ovens every day and evening. That was the last thing they did before going to bed was to add wood to the ovens to ensure everything was ready for baking in the morning. Also, every morning before heading off to school, the children had to trek downstairs and punch down the bread. According to my mother's story over the years she was the only one to have that job, but I am sure all had equal time! All the training must have paid off, as my mother always made bread right up to the day she moved into a retirement home. My grandfather would take the ashes from the ovens every day and they would be spread out on a tennis court that was built on the right side of the property as you faced the building. Another job for the family was to roll it out every day. I can recall many people over the years talking about learning to play tennis on those courts, including Murrell Fournier and Tich Watson.



Every morning Grandpa would peddle the bread around town on a 2-wheel go-cart. In later years he was an agent for the Great West Life Insurance Company. He died on November 11, 1945 and is interred in the Dawson Cemetery. As a note, the pallbearers at his funeral were a G. Martin, C.H. Chapman, H.W. Firth, L.A. Blouin, H. Hegstrom and M. Franich. Some of these family names will be recognized by Moc Tel readers.

**Quote from Dawson News – November 15, 1945**

*“A monument remains to his memory here in the Community Hall (now Gerties), which as all can see, still stands. If it had not been for this man, Dawson would be minus that fine structure. Several years ago the owners decided to sell or destroy it, and it was through the efforts of the late Charles F Burkhard that funds were raised by subscription and the fine hall saved for future use of the community”*

Credit for most of these facts goes to my cousin Ginny (Burkhard) Holl, as she has been very busy gathering information on our family tree. She has spent countless hours and we very much appreciate her efforts.

As a final note, she was able to obtain the last will and testament of Charles and it showed that he owned 22 lots of property in Dawson and they ranged in value from \$25.00 to \$650.00. He also held a mortgage on a piece of property and at his death the amount due for principal and interest was \$108.89. How times have changed. On the other side of the books and at his death, there was \$56.00 owed to St Mary’s Hospital, \$50.00 to Dr Duncan and \$350.00 to Mr. Wark the Undertaker. Hard to even put those figures in perspective today.

In another article in The Whitehorse Star dated August 9, 2002 there is a letter from Ken Snider with information on the Palace Bakery. An interesting note that when the foundation was repaired and one of the walls had to be replaced they found "*lots of different clothes in the said wall for insulation*". I am sure after 9 children and all the hand-me downs, some if not all would have belonged to my mother and her sisters and brother.



Ruby & Norm Paulson (from Courtenay)  
Visiting the Jones' in Vernon - May 6, 2005

## OBITUARY

I did get to talk to Nora just a few minutes ago, and she informed me that there will be a Memorial (Funeral) for Graham on Sat. May 7 at 1 PM at St. Pauls United Church, 3131 Lakeshore in Kelowna. I will pass this on to Sherron and maybe she can get it out to the crowd.

Nora said he had been failing since Christmas, and had spent the last four months in hospital. It was his heart that gave out.

Graham was a long time Okanagan Yukoner , and was Treasurer of the Okanagan Yukoners for many years. He was also a Past President of the International Sourdough Reunion.

Larry Chalmers [aksala49\\*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

**TENCH, GRAHAM AMBROSE:** Passed away peacefully in the Kelowna General Hospital on May 2, 2005 at the age of 89 years. Graham was born in New Albany, New York on January 20, 1916. His family emigrated to Canada when he was six years old. He served in the Canadian Army, overseas from 1941-1945 and then after several years of training as an Industrial Electrician served in the Northwest Territories and Yukon as an operator and later as Superintendent of the Northern Canada Power Commission. He retired to Kelowna in 1974. Graham was always involved in community service and has been active in several fraternal organizations. He leaves to mourn, wife Nora; daughter Antonia Norberry and her mother; his brother Chester (Eva) and nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by wife Edith and sister Grace. A memorial service will be held on Saturday, May 7 at 1:00 PM in St. Pauls United Church, 3131 Lakeshore Road. If anyone

should wish to remember Graham, donations to BC Heart & Stroke Foundation, #201-1456 St. Paul Street, Kelowna, BC V1Y 2E6 would be appreciated. Condolences may be sent to the family by visiting [www.firstmemorialkelowna.com](http://www.firstmemorialkelowna.com)

## **GRAHAM TENCH**

Hi Sherron and Larry,

As far as I know, Dianne Pilloud who always kept track of Graham Tench is on a trip to Whitehorse. Her friend phoned with the news of Graham's passing and I suggested that she send you any info available. I know that Graham had a daughter with his first wife, and later married Edith, taking her to Snare Rapids. I have no idea where his daughter may be, but she may show up for Graham's funeral. They moved to Yellowknife in 1964 when control was shifted there for the two plants but no further info. I will give you only what I know of which is brief.

After serving in WW2 he worked for CPR railways as a technician, but as he was colour blind had problems. So he joined NCPC as operator at the Snare Rapids plant out of Yellowknife about the time it was commissioned in 1948. There was a transmission line from Snare to Yellowknife, a distance of 90 miles. I don't know when he took over Snare as superintendent, but assuming the latter 1950s; he had that position in 1964 when I first met him at Snare. During his years at Snare, the Snare Falls plant was built 10 miles downstream and the two plants connected. Graham took over Whitehorse in July 1966 and I worked under him on maintenance and later as Supt. at Mayo. With the expansion of Anvil I joined him as Assistant Supt. at Whitehorse in 1968. We had an excellent relationship until he retired Sept. 4th 1974 and he with his wife Edith headed for their new home in Kelowna.

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hello Sherron

Yes - I am very interested in joining the Moccasin Telegraph - I saw the ladies softball pictures on my friend Julianne Doyle's computer and it brought back a lot of memories.

My maiden name was Pam Thompson - arrived in Whitehorse in 1962 - married Jack Blackburn in 1965. We have three children - Lisa, John and Jeff and four grandsons that we enjoy the heck out of.

I have worked at a variety of places - Trans North, YTG, and most recently in our own business - we have had Yukon Service Supply for about 19 years now- and I worked there occasionally but have now retired. Jack and I have a great staff and are able to take a lot of time off for traveling in the last year or so.

I am very interested in seeing who is on the telegraph so can't wait to get some of your newsletters.

Thanks for your time.

Pam Blackburn [pam04\\*northwestel.net](mailto:pam04*northwestel.net)

Thanks Sherron for replying so soon. I have the correct spelling of your name and I have been trying to e-mail you since January. I came to the Yukon on 1954, met my husband Pete and married him in 1956. We have raised 3 sons and one daughter who are now scattered across Canada, 3 in Ontario and 1 in Vancouver area. Unfortunately, Pete suffered a major stroke in October 1994 which affected his right side and he also lost his speech. I looked after him for over 6 yrs at home and now he resides in a Continuing Care facility quite close to where I live.

Yes, Lynda Wray and I were in the same women's group, Beta Sigma Phi and I am still an active member.

Marlene Sudeyko [msudeyko\\*northwestel.net](mailto:msudeyko*northwestel.net)

## **REMOVED FROM LIST**

Recipient address: [jconner\\*telus.net](mailto:jconner*telus.net)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

CONNER, Jean (CROY) [jconner\\*telus.net](mailto:jconner*telus.net) (Lower Post 1953-62, Watson Lk 1962-69, Tungsten 1969-86) 861-1358 Kelowna

Sherron can you remove me from the mailing list please, as I am hardly ever home to read it. Thanks Doug Brown

BROWN, Doug & Pat [doug.pat\\*telus.net](mailto:doug.pat*telus.net) (In Whitehorse 1980-87) (250) 503-0263  
Vernon

Dear Sherron, Thank you for all your work and efforts in sending out the Moccasin Telegraph and we've enjoyed it but never seem to find time to read it anymore so could you please remove my name from the mailing list.

Thank you again.

Ray Desgagne [desgagne\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:desgagne*telusplanet.net)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*"Well done is better than well said" Benjamin Franklin*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

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

### **No Bake Frogs**

2 cups sugar

½ cup margarine  
½ cup milk  
dash salt  
½ tsp vanilla  
Bring above mixture to boil for 1 minute

Blend into mixture:  
1 cup coconut  
½ cup cocoa  
2 ¾ cup oatmeal  
Drop by spoonfuls on wax paper

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

The **OKANAGAN YUKONERS' PICNIC** will be held at the **Summerland Ornamental Gardens** this year between 11 am and 3 pm on **SUNDAY, JUNE 26<sup>th</sup>**.  
Lunch will be at NOON.

### ***How to get there:***

As you come *south on 97* south of Summerland (down the Hill) you will come to a reduced speed zone. Just past that on your right is the entrance to the *Experimental station*. For people coming *from the south*, there is a left turn lane at the *beginning* of the 70 k zone to turn onto the road that takes you to the gardens. Look for the signs that say YUKONERS' PICNIC Follow the road right up to the end. On your left you will see a covered picnic area with a small parking lot (5 or 6 cars), just past that is the main parking lot. We use the covered area for our picnic. We should have the Yukon flag out front to identify ourselves. The lunch will be a Pot luck, so bring enough food to share. You will also need some eating utensils (knives forks plates, etc.). There is water available, but you will have to bring your own beverage. We will be collecting \$3 per person as a donation to the Gardens again this year.

Larry Chalmers, Secretary (*and holding it all together guy. - Sherron*)  
[aksala49\\*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

**Bill Jones has had a couple of signs made up. They are a little less than 2ft by 3ft and will be posted on both sides of Highway 97 just before the turn off. They are a black and white sign reading YUKONERS PICNIC with a hand as an arrow which will point in the direction (away from the lake). Conveniently they fit in his black iron real-estate sign bases.**

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## **Vancouver Island Yukoners' Picnic - St. Mary's Aug. 13th 2005 - Nanoose**

The Yukoners' Picnic will be held at St. Mary's Hall in Nanoose, Sat. Aug. 13th, 2005. Bring your lunch with you along with utensils and any beverage. We hope that many will

join us and as it will start at 11:00 AM, how about coming early so that we can chat with old friends and not miss anyone! If the weather does happen to be adverse, there is the hall to keep dry and chat, so please come one and all Yukoners' and enjoy getting together.

For those travelling from Nanaimo, at AULDS ROAD you will see the Woodgrove Centre sign on the mall on your right. From the Woodgrove intersection on the #19 highway it is 11.6 KM to the turnoff at Northwest Bay Road where there is a signal light and a Petrocan Service Station, turn right. From north, it is 11.5 KM from the overpass of the highway from Parksville-Coombs to Northwest Bay Road, turn left. Proceed east on Northwest Bay road for 1.2 KM. Just beyond the tracks to the right is Powder Road that you turn onto and proceed ½ KM crossing another set of train tracks and you will see St. Mary's church hall to your right. Turn right into Rowland Road for the parking lot. Please set this day aside to get together with old friends that will be there.

Cheers, Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca) Secretary, Island Yukoners.

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The **73rd International Sourdough Reunion** will be held **September 26 - 30, 2005** at the Quality Inn 101-128 th St. Everett WA. For more information or registration forms contact Larry Chalmers @ P.O. Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0 or E-Mail at [aksala49@cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) By Phone at 250-498-6887 or Fax 250-498-6458. For hotel reservations call Toll free 1-800-256-8137.

## **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)

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

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