

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 116<sup>th</sup> Edition – June 12, 2005**

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

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



**Canadian Geese and their goslings.**

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich@lohmann.ca](mailto:heinrich@lohmann.ca)

### **SURVIVAL**

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

Two mallards settled in the pond,  
Upon the golf course where I play.  
And over time, they built a nest  
From bits of down and new-mown hay.  
For days I watched as eagerly  
They toiled to make their home secure,  
Where they could raise their family,  
Deep in the reeds along the shore.

I did not see them for a while,  
At least not two of them together.  
But he was always standing watch,  
Upon the pond, despite the weather.  
Then one day, she reappeared,  
A mother now, and proud was she.  
Behind her, closely following,  
Twelve tiny ducks, her family.

I thought of all the predators,  
And for the little ones I feared.  
I watched each day while passing by,  
As, one by one, they disappeared.  
How sad, I thought, in such a place  
Where many creatures live and thrive,  
Such tiny beings have to face,  
The awesome struggle to survive.

The weeks went by and as they grew.  
Attrition rate was so appalling,  
That in the end a precious two  
Survived to fly to nature's calling.  
And when they flew to warmer climes,  
They left me feeling somewhat sad,  
Why do I let things get me down,  
When such an easy life I've had.

©2004 Gus Barrett



Father Quail raising the chicks on his own, only four remain. Mother was breakfast to a predator bird the other morning.

Photo courtesy Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

Here's another one for you. Finally got around to reading some of the last few MocTel issues that got through, and wanted to tell you to hang in there, the project is worthwhile and well worth the small sum you've asked for.

Later,  
Alf Bilton, Whitehorse

## **Porter Creek Catastrophe**

by Alf Bilton

Dino's wife had decreed that before he'd be freed to go on a hunt with the boys,  
She would see a clothes line strung trailer to pine: only then might he look to his toys.  
At right angles to what he had strung for his mutt so the dog'd have room to play,  
This line should contrive to run over the drive; an' clothes'd have right of way,  
So he strung the new line, but put it up high, so he'd always have inches to spare;  
Measured twice to be sure, a preventative cure, then commenced his own loadin' with care.

Fresh laundry appeared as his skeptical dear put her engineer's work to the test;  
There were shirts an' old jeans, with frillies between the socks, an' the shorts, an' the rest.  
She tried to be fair an' left a gap there, that his pickup was sure to fit through;  
Last rays of the sun saw their work was all done, an' that neither had more they could do.

A frosty pale dawn found him crossin' the lawn to the truck would need warmin' up;  
Then back to the house without wakin' his spouse to top off his favorite cup.  
Returnin' outside, fortified for the ride, he paused for a final survey  
Of his well-secured load, an' the way the sky glowed with the, promise that prophesies  
day.

With a satisfied grin he, up an' stepped in, then put the old heap into gear;  
He made for the street where, we were to meet, never dreamin' disaster was near.

The quad's handle bar was stuck up too far to go under the, line bearin' clothes:  
It snagged an' pulled tight, then started to fight, shocked from its quiet repose!  
One slumberin' pine was yanked by the line, so hard that the root was tore up;  
Like a drunk it fell hard, half across the next yard, a stick that was fetchin' a pup!  
Without time to kiyi, the dog was yanked high an' pinned by the neck to the fence,  
While the tree followed through an' was busted in two on encounter with that upagainst!  
The fence tottered twice, gave up lookin' nice, an' dissolved to free the poor dog!  
'Course at very first twang the, clothes pulley'd sang an, Adieu for clothes fleein' log.

One returned sock was found end of the block an', a shirt on a telephone pole;  
There were frillies an' jeans ev'rywhere in between an' some shorts, in a gopher hole.  
The truck had a dent, an' that handlebar bent, an' the sudden stop launched half a load;  
Dino stared straight ahead where that'd bin spread; at his chainsaw, out on the road.  
His dog, sad to say, just plain ran away, a speedy but traumatized wreck;  
Last seen goin' South with his dish in his mouth, an' a busted leash still on his neck.

We'd agreed that we'd meet at the end of the street just as soon as we could to the dawn;  
With trucks fully packed so all that we lacked, for the hunt, was us bein' gone.  
But when I got there, I halted to stare ... at the shambles were strewn up an' down  
The remains of Beech Street ... a disaster complete as if, bombers had raided our town!

There's a poet once said, of mice and of men, that, "Our carefulest plans go awry!"  
Truer words never spoke a philosophical bloke. It's enough to make a cowboy cry.

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So, where did it come from? Another story so close to the truth that names have been changed to protect the health and well-being of the more or less innocent author. Porter Creek is a suburb of Whitehorse, in the Yukon Territory.

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Alf Bilton [abilton@polarcom.com](mailto:abilton@polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **Fishing in Haines, Alaska**

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

My first trip to Haines, Alaska was 1954 and found it to be a cute small town with the old Chilkoot barracks around the bay. The only campground at the time was among the trees just going into Haines, but we met many fine campers. About 10 years later we met one of them again in a B.C. campground when we were returning north. They had about 7 daughters who were named after southern states, and I remember Virginia was one of them. They were just building the road from Haines up to Chilkoot Lake and later a very nice campground. From then to the early 1970s we made the odd trip from Whitehorse, but then it became a vacation spot for us. Our son, Roy and daughter, Lura became professional spinning reel anglers, and brought in many salmon during the summer runs.

My first year of fishing Northern Coho, known in Haines as Silvers, was a trip with Walter Fransen in 1972. Wally was buying my camper as I had a motor home that I was rebuilding. We had a fun filled three days at the bridge across the Chilkoot River. Our catch was Coho and Chums that ran from 12 to 18 pounds, and many laughs in between. Some of the ladies would snag what we called "Floppies" which were spawned out pink salmon, half dead and drifting in the river. We kidded them that it would be real tender, and you could see the look on their face, "If I could only get rid of this thing!" But there was real sportsmanship too, for a lad that we called, "The Hat" because he wore a black flat rimmed hat. A lady hooked a 12 pound Silver with 4 pound test line that she could not handle, and 'the Hat' coached her through the rapids below us. It took about 3/4 mile downstream, but he was able to net her salmon for her. Now there was one happy lady,

and just on 4 pound line. Good thing that she had plenty of line on her reel and she was able to play the salmon along with his coaching. The chums were a butter coloured flesh, not as bright as Cohoes, but an excellent salmon for smoking. They were resented and called "Dogs" because of their teeth, but in early Yukon they were caught in late fall and smoked for dog feed for the winter. The earlier run of Springs called locally "Kings" were used for people food and were very bright orange-red in flesh colour.

That first year fishing Coho at Haines, the third day from where we were camped we could see Harvey Pelland and his partner Hammy coming up from their motel in Haines in the dark. At that moment it felt like someone ran into the camper, but it was wind that hit. Harvey and Hammy came in for a coffee, but when Wally and I tried fishing at the bridge the wind was just too much. So we moved up to below the Chilkoot campground where Harvey and Hammy were fishing. There was just nothing doing, and as we could hear trees coming down decided to go into Haines. At times on the road there were trees across, but small enough that we could go over them with the truck. When we got to what we called the Oil Dock point there were 10 foot green rollers coming in and high wind. I did not like putting the camper crosswise in the wind, so I drove off the pavement on the left slope of the road to compensate for 1/4 mile. We gassed up and headed for Whitehorse, but we heard many stories out of Haines. After we left it got worse and many places in Haines lost their roof shingles. Our tech from the plant, Harry Jensen was in the campground, and when a tree crushed a Canadian trailer he got out. Good thing he had a chainsaw, but it still took him 2 hours to cut his way the 10 miles to Haines. We had a rough trip back from wind, even on the Alaska Highway. One moment you would be in the right lane, and a puff of wind and in the left so we just had to take it slower. But it was still a weekend of good sportsmanship and a lot of fun.

In 1973 I had a Zodiac Grand Raid 14 foot inflatable boat, and we fished salt water for King salmon, Sockeye, Halibut, Cod and crabs. Surprisingly it was Lura that taught me how to clean a crab for the pot "quick as a wink!" I think she had learned it from one of the local folks.

I was able to rent a freezer in Haines to store our catch until we returned home. To keep the fish frozen while travelling, we put them on the floor of the motor home and covered them with sleeping bags.

When the weather turned bad we would move to Chilkoot Lake and fish the upper lake for Sockeye, and Dolly Varden at the outlet of the lake. The Zodiac was a very safe boat and excellent in rough water, and I had wheels that I could attach for moving or transporting short distances. It would be 10 miles from salt water to Chilkoot Lake, and was a real curiosity at the lake for the tourists, as most of them had never seen one.

The largest halibut we got was a 60 pound hooked by Roy, and he was sure he had hooked bottom. As Roy got older, Lura was usually my partner on the river and in the boat, and accounted for herself with many salmon for the larder. Alice kept the home fires burning as she found it too rough in the boat and was happier cooking or reading a

good book. It is no wonder that our children became ardent fishermen, and they still remember their years at Haines.

In October I used to go back over with a partner, quite often the Thanksgiving weekend and stay for about a week. The Northern Coho, were running at that time, and there were many regular fishermen from Whitehorse. Red Hunter and Roy Newton were partners, and Harvey Pelland had a special big rock that he used to fish from. Harvey's partner, Hammy would be nearby. If there was a salmon to be found, Harvey had it on his line. We used to be down there in the dark so as to be on the Chilkoot River at daybreak, and cross the river with a two man rubber raft that later became Roy's. Corky Repka was quite often my partner, and we had many laughs at things that happened during our week.

Harvey Pelland told a story about the fish weir that the American Fisheries Officers had for counting the salmon run. He really could not be trusted as he could look you in the eye and tell you a long story that was believable. They used to open the gate in the weir periodically and count the salmon going through. The location of the weir was about half way between salt water and Chilkoot Lake, and you were not allowed to fish 100 feet above and below the weir where signs were posted. One American tourist was complaining to Harvey about the weir stopping the salmon run, and Harvey's response was, "Well, to compensate they allow you to fish just below the weir after supper for a couple of hours." So armed with this knowledge the tourist was down there after supper for his stint. Harvey said, "Would you believe it that the Officers were in Haines and the weir gate closed till their next count." The 100 feet below the weir would be teeming with salmon trying to get upstream. He went on, "The tourist had a ball in there and in jig time had limited out, and was gone before the Officers returned from Haines!"

We used to fillet our salmon so that it did not take up too much space, and turn up the fridge to the top, making sure to take the eggs and other things out so that they didn't freeze. The fillets used to ice crystal but not totally frozen, just right. Rather than throwing the skins and bones into the river, we put them into the garbage can which proved disastrous! During the night I heard this banging and thought, "Oh, just a bear out there" which it was. But in the morning we found that the bear had eaten everything out of the can and decided that the can should give out some more. So he pounded the devil out of it, and in the process flattened it entirely. Zac the poor Warden in the park shook his head and said, "Now I have to make out a long report and explain why I need some new garbage cans!" So the decision was made to replace them with big rectangular steel containers with a lid and a hatch to put in garbage.

From then on, in the main campground we saw many of the containers upset in the morning and the contents pulled out. Another year Corky and I parked at the picnic spot as the campground was full. A pickup with a shell canopy on the back parked next to the garbage can, and during the night heard a noise. He rose up to look out the side window, and this big bear head was looking in at him. So he quietly laid down again and could hear the bear moving the container as it was on steel wheels. How the bear moved the container among the motor homes and campers without touching one is a mystery. Had it gone straight out there was a motor home on the lake shore, but he managed to turn it

twice and upset it in a vacant space between two motor homes. In the morning we could see the tracks of where he had maneuvered that container. What is amazing is their strength. I don't recall us having any bear trouble when we camped during summer, but I guess they came down to the lake in the fall for salmon.

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

I was surprised to hear that Roy Newton had gone down the trail. Red Hunter was his partner for many years fishing salmon each October on the Chilkoot River at Haines. There were about a dozen stalwart fellows that used to see each other when the Coho Salmon were running.

Henry.



Haines Fishing – Halibut – Alice, Roy & Lura Breaden – Abt. 1974  
Photo courtesy Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

I got that long lost photo of fishing in Haines. I left it at 5" x 6" and you can adjust it to what you wish. This is the 60 pound halibut mentioned in the story that Roy caught that morning, and the 15 pound besides a 10 pound. I think that time I had the exercise of running the boat only as I did not hook a thing. Roy's height was 49 inches and so was the halibut, one happy young fellow. Of course Lura was not going to let him get all the glory and got into the photo. In later years she made up for it in catching salmon herself.

I mentioned Harvey Pelland as a real fisherman, and Albert Pelland of Mayo was his brother. Gail Pelland (Kimbel) of Prince George is married to Albert's son, so I guess we Yukoners stick together. I used to see Harvey every fall at Haines on the Chilkoot River fishing Coho. He was a real joker and not to be trusted as that American took his word, but the joke was on Harvey when the fellow limited out at the counting weir! " Ho! Ho! "

Henry Breaden (In Nanaimo)

## **RALPH LORTIE PHOTO**

Hi, Sherron. This old photo tells a story with a neat twist.

When my mother was in school in Edmonton, she used to go on trips to a beach at some lake, with a lot of other girls from school. One summer, she met and befriended Mabel Camroux. Then they finished school and went their own ways.

In about 1954, after we'd been in Whitehorse for 6 years, and after Whitehorse had become the capital, Herb Taylor and his family moved to Whitehorse. Mr. Taylor was, or became, the Territorial Secretary. One day, my mother saw Mrs. Taylor on the street, and thought she recognized her. She asked Mrs. Taylor if she was Mabel Camroux, whom indeed she was. They talked about their holidays at the beach.

Herb & Mabel Taylor were in Whitehorse for many years. They lived on 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave., just south of Hawkins St. Their son, Ken, was a friend in school and at UBC. Ken is well known to many MocTel subscribers. He lives in the Vancouver area and has had a career as a TV actor, Ken Camroux being his 'stage' name. I saw him in a few episodes of "The X Files".

I hope someone in touch with Ken will forward this photo to him.

Cheers. Ralph Lortie



Connie Taylor 'Mom' (left), Mabel Camroux (center)  
Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie

## **HERMAN & DORIS PETERSON REMEMBERED**

Hi Dick - Thanks so much for mailing the information package re. Herman's passing; eulogy and the Tribute to him dated Sept. 19th, 2003. What wonderful documentation and stories.

I want to make contact with Doris Peterson and Sherron Jones so I have cc'd this message to Sherron - who knows nothing about me.

Sherron - I am married to the daughter of one of the White Pass & Yukon Route's former President and CEO of the company where Dick worked under my wife's father. Recently he invited Carol and I out to dinner with Dick to celebrate our anniversary and Dick's return from New Zealand.

During dinner I mentioned to Dick that I was raised in Whitehorse for 8 years from 1951 to 1960 as my Dad was stationed there in the RCAF. As a result of this, I had the opportunity to meet Herman and his wife when I was 8 and had my first "Flight" with him in the new Cessna 180. I have pictures that I took - out the windscreen - while kneeling behind Herman and Johnny Moran - the Postmaster at the air base in Whitehorse who had taken me to Atlin to meet Herman as I was so interested in airplanes and flying.

The rear seat had been removed for freight so I got to do the kneeling!. I remember the very first right hand turn that Herman made after we took off from Atlin lake - the "earth" twisted - and the horizon shifted - which I had never seen before! I remember grabbing the hand hold or back of Herman's seat when the earth fell away.

Over the years I flew with Herman, stayed in their house, served mass at the little Catholic Church in Atlin, played the organ in the church as well during mass and flew all over doing the mail route on weekends etc. I have seen him take off from the gravel strip in the 180 and the beavers - on a dolly with pontoons on the aircraft - in the spring when he removed the skis and went back to floats. What a sight and what a pilot.

I recently saw 'Wings Over Canada' and they flew into Peterson Airfield in Atlin - so I was so happy that they had named the field after Herman and Doris.

I will dig up my slides and have them processed so that I can e-mail to you. You will see the sides of Herman's and Johnny Morans faces in the pictures taken directly out the centre of the windshield of the 180.

I have been involved in flying ever since - As Crew Chief - with Ormand Hayden Bailey and his Hawker Sea Fury - we also had a Zero Time T-33 bought off the RCAF out of Northwest Ind. in Edmonton, which we flew as "The Black Knight" at airshows until his death in Germany in the late 1970's at an airshow while flying a borrowed P51 Mustang (the elevator cable snapped coming out of a dive) as it's owner wanted to fly the

Sea Fury - so they traded aircraft. I have been a member of the Edmonton Soaring Club and the Vancouver Soaring Club also.

I will get you my pictures if you like and hope to stay in touch with both of you. I will also try to contact Doris - just to let her know that I will always remember her kindness and Herman's great love to her.

Talk to you both soon. Regards, Martin Burr, Vancouver, BC 604-263-2948

Hi Sherron - Carol's father is Albert (Bert) Friesen. He is now 90 as of March 3/05 and lives by himself a few blocks from us in (Kerrisdale) Vancouver. Fred Smith of the White Pass & Yukon Route passed away about a month ago in Vancouver so the only management portion left is Bert Friesen and Dick Sladden. Carol's dad retired about 1972.

As for my story - that is only part of it - written in a hurry after reading what Dick had mailed to me last week about Herman. I used to take my accordion with me to Atlin, Teslin, Carcross etc. with Johnny Moran as my Big Brother of a sort as my dad worked shift work - in the "Squirrel Cage" up behind the PMQ's on top of a mountain, spying on the Russians radio transmissions during the cold war. So - he was not able to take me outdoors often to fish, hunt explore etc. I spent many hours playing my accordion along with Herman on his violin keeping up to me. Mr. Moran - who is buried in Whitehorse, passed away about 1960 or 61 when I was in grade 9 or 10 in Ottawa. I still have an unopened letter that I had mailed to him that was returned by the Post Master General saying that Johnny Moran had died and was buried in Whitehorse. He ran the Post Office on the RCAF base but was a civilian not in the RCAF. He was not married; however he was a relative to my mother. His mom was my grandmother's sister. She lived in the Kingston, Ont. area from what I remember.

We would travel on weekends up until a bad snowfall or super cold set in. In the summer we would go away for 2 or 3 days - depending on his time off from work at the P.O.

Herman used to let me take the yoke however my feet could not reach the rudder pedals. So - I would keep us level and Herman would keep us going in a straight line. One time when we arrived in Atlin he took me out to the 180 on floats and we jumped in. He had put wooden blocks on the right side rudder pedals so that I could really fly the plane myself. - That day an experience of doing it all by myself at about 9 years maybe 10 years old - I will never forget! Herman treated me like a son and I always thought of him as one of my other dads along with Johnny Moran.

I also delivered the Whitehorse Star to all the air force PMQ's for years. I think it came out every Thursday and when I started it was 5 cents a copy. When I finished (1960) it was 10 cents a copy. My father Carl Burr had a 5 piece band called the Stardusters. My dad and I both play the piano. They would play at the air force or army base sargents - officers mess parties, weddings, new years parties downtown etc. My mom (Marie) and

dad are both living in North Vancouver - still healthy and 85 years old this year. My dad took her to Hawaii on May 18/05 for her 85 birthday May 19/05 and came back a few days ago after a 3 week sail around the islands and then sailed to Vancouver,

You can use my stories and I will get out my slides and get some prints to you of what I have. I took them with my Dads 35 MM camera and have to find the right slide box then take into London Drugs for processing.

If you want any more detailed info on Bert Friesen or the Whitepass let me know. Please keep in touch and thanks for the reply tonight. I have cc's this to Dick Sladden - so he is in the ""loop"".

Martin Burr [marcar19@telus.net](mailto:marcar19@telus.net) (In Vancouver)

## **MORE POSITIVE COMMENTS**

I was so VERY happy to read all of the positive comments about the MocTel! They were all absolutely right on the money.

As a museum director, my thoughts every day concern preservation of valuable objects and generational memories, and telling their stories. The work you do is so very important in making those ties to the past. Too many times, sadly, I have communicated with families who have lost touch with their ancestors. We who deal with history have the power to prevent that. And what a joy it is to help reunite folks with their past.

Don't EVER give up! ..... but if you do need to do that, please make sure someone is there to take your place! You are doing great work, and thank you once again.

Jean Turner [njturner@aptalaska.net](mailto:njturner@aptalaska.net) (In Eagle, AK)

Well Sherron, from what I can tell, you won't be hanging up your writing and editing for a while. Good show.

I print off each copy and take it to mom's retirement/nursing home each time. Mom is Muriel Needham from the Kee Bird Stores. I started reading it to her some time ago and now have about seven to ten people who always want to know when I'm bringing it in. A lot of these folks have either been to the Yukon as tourist or have had children go there to work. We have a great little "do you know or did you ever" session afterwards. Thought you would like to know your efforts are being so appreciated by these seniors. Mom just loves it, and it puts her memory into high gear. Will try to get some reminisce from her for you.

Some of the great gals who worked in the store over the years were Trudy Wilcox, Melba White, Nell Dennison, Maxine Frommes' mom I think, Helen Hudson, formerly from Sonny's deli, Marie Fisher/Morgan, Francis Rudkavitch and heaven knows who all else. Fly high and proud friend, hope to see you in Summerland.

Donna Cowling/Needham/Mclean [dj\\_mclean@shaw.ca](mailto:dj_mclean@shaw.ca) (In Kelowna)

We meant to send you off a letter of support last week, but due to other "duties" that got in the way, we never found the time to sit still. After reading MocTel 115 we are just delighted to see the true "Yukon Spirit" come shining through. Like so many of your readers we could do nothing but shake our heads in disgust. The hours that you so graciously give to us has always amazed your faithful readers. What ever you do, please don't give up. We know it only takes one negative person to upset the whole system, but only accept the "bouquets" coming your way. The MocTel has become such an important part of so many old Yukoners', for us to lose it now would be a shame. (As an old "Willie Nelson tune says.....we're all in your corner tonight").

Many hugs coming your way.

Karren & Bob Crowley [kbcrowley@telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (Sidney, BC)

Hi, Sherron. I meant to write to you last week after reading the awful letters re cost of Moccasin Telegraph!!! Just could not believe that! Was horrified! Anyway, was so pleased to read all the wonderful positive letters in this week's edition and certainly agree with them. They said it all!! \$20.00 a year is a nothing for a weekly edition of the Moccasin Telegraph for the enjoyment we all receive from all your dedicated work. Al and I are amongst the many who thank you for all your hard work. Keep up it up!!! We are always bragging about Moccasin Telegraph to everyone who hasn't seen it.

Linnea Castagner [castagners@whtvcable.com](mailto:castagners@whtvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **RE RALPH LORTIES YUKON ELECTRIC HOCKEY TEAM PHOTO**

Great photo from decades ago!! Unfortunately I do not recognize anyone. Nevertheless, the style and colour of the photo certainly brings back memories. While I did play some minor hockey in Whitehorse, like most of us kids, I don't ever recall having a photo taken of our team. I gave up hockey after age 12 only to take it up again at the University of Alaska in 1968 to 1971. I managed the team for about three years and played one semester. I was just too skinny to be any good to the team but they put up with me anyway. Lots of Whitehorse players on that team like Dan Lang, Ben Sheardown, Jim Perry, Bert Perry, Dave Carter, Ken Jones, Ray Taylor to mention a few.

Ken and I still play old-timers hockey here in Chilliwack although I did not play much last season as I broke my left fibula bone done by the ankle. I am hoping to go again this September. All in the name of fun and trying to stay in some semblance of physical shape.

I hope one day to stop by and see you and Bill again for a visit. You must have lots of visitors on a regular basis. Your beer bill must be something!! Don't worry, I don't drink too much.

All the best to you and MocTel.

Regards

Phil Blaker [pblaker@shaw.ca](mailto:pblaker@shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack)

## **MOE GRANT SPECIAL**

Hello Sherron, Catching up on reading the last several issues and sorry I didn't get a chance to contribute a few words to Moe Grants Tribute! It was great and it brought back a lot of memories to me as I worked with Moe at NC motors as a mechanic and lived next door to the Grants on Hanson Street in the early 50s. And I had the thrill of flying with Moe in his Tiger Moth. A great tribute to a great guy!

Thanks to you Sherron and Donna Clayson for bringing these wonderful stories and memories to all of us and keeping us all "connected".

After living in the Yukon for fifty years and meeting and knowing so many people the names often fade a bit, but then along comes another new issue of your MoeTel and always a surprise and reminder of folks we knew and some we didn't know but do now.

Thank you Sherron and Donna, keep this great project going for all of us, it is sincerely appreciated. Hope to see you sometime in July. Will be in touch.

Sincerely, Bill & Jeri Weigand [bweigand@shaw.ca](mailto:bweigand@shaw.ca) (In Richmond)

## **SETTING THE STORY STRAIGHT**

We have just returned from a weekend in Victoria. (*May 29th*) Yes, we took the bike this weekend. I think the bike needed to "stretch its legs" in preparation for the trip North next month.

Thanks for including us in the last MocTel. Just wanted to update you on the name of our group. It is T.H.E. Group and it stands for To Heaven Eventually (We Hope)! Our home church is St John's Anglican Church in Sardis (Chilliwack).

Just as a point of interest Maureen and I met in Whitehorse (not Carcross). She had been to a concert where the Rock group "The Collectors" was performing. We met later and "The Collectors" became the band "Chilliwack". I guess it was a premonition for us as we now live in Chilliwack.

As for our bios.....we will include it with our 'report' on our trip North.

Also, please do not get discouraged with some of the emails. As we spoke, you are doing a wonderful thing with the MocTel and there are many, young and old, who appreciate all your efforts. That goes for the support that Bill gives to you as well. We hope to see you at least once before the Vancouver Island get together. Please call on us if you need some help along the way. WE love what you do!!

Love Ken and Maureen [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32*shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack)

## **GUS'S BOOK RECEIVED**

Good morning Sherron: I received Gus' newly published book of poetry on Sunday, and it is a real treasure. I think Gus must have some of the literary genes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning coursing through his veins. I highly recommend it to all MocTellers. Sincerely, Don Machan [demachan\\*telus.net](mailto:demachan*telus.net) (In Qualicum)

P.S. I understand that it is selling like hotcakes, as the saying goes, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if it sold out in short order

## **GEORGE LANDRY**

Hi Sherron;

Sorry I did not get back to you about George Landry. We knew him well and used to socialize with them. The last I saw of Betty and the girls they were in Edmonton, which would be about 1973?

Harlan Moen runs a U Brew in Whitehorse. The last I heard of him.

Were you aware that George had a brother in Whitehorse?

Good luck.

Chuck Hankins [hankinscm\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hankinscm*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## **BISHOP OF YUKON 1932**

We had an order at work currently to replace an existing grave marker here in Pleasant Valley Cemetery in Vernon. The request came from Elizabeth Neilson. The headstone is for Arthur Henry Sovereign – Bishop of Yukon 1932 – Bishop of Athabasca 1933-1950 The years on the marker are 1881 – 1966 and the epitaph is – Be Not Afraid Only Believe

This information is a copy of that on a cement grave marker that is being replaced with a granite marker. - Sherron Jones

## PETE FOTH TURNS 93

We had a wonderful day, June 9/05 - Pete's 93<sup>rd</sup> Birthday. Everyone was so good to him; he said that he felt like a KING. We talked to both the girls and families and loads of cards and e-mails. He was very tired after dinner. The 7 waiters and waitresses sang beautifully to him, 'Happy Birthday' and carried a small decorated cake to our table with two lighted candles (93). He went to bed tonight, looking very contented! Brownie Foth



Brownie & Pete Foth – June 9, 2005

### **Pete's 93<sup>rd</sup> Birthday**

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca)

**MARS The Red Planet is about to be spectacular!** This month and next, Earth is catching up with Mars in an encounter that will culminate in the closest approach between the two planets in recorded history. The next time Mars may come this close is in 2287. Due to the way Jupiter's gravity tugs on Mars and perturbs its orbit, astronomers can only be certain that Mars has not come this close to Earth in the last 5,000 years, but it may be as long as 60,000 years before it happens again.

The encounter will culminate on August 27<sup>th</sup> when Mars comes to within 34,649,589 miles of Earth and will be (next to the moon) the brightest object in the night sky. It will attain a magnitude of -2.9 and will appear 25.11 arc seconds wide. At a modest 75-power magnification.

By August 27, Mars will look as large as the full moon to the naked eye.

Mars will be easy to spot. At the beginning of August it will rise in the east at 10 p.m. and reach its azimuth at about 3 a.m.

By the end of August when the two planets are closest, Mars will rise at nightfall and reach its highest point in the sky at 12:30a.m. That's pretty convenient to see something that no human being has seen in recorded history. So, mark your calendar at the beginning of August to see Mars grow progressively brighter and brighter throughout the month.

Share this with your children and grandchildren. NO ONE ALIVE TODAY WILL EVER SEE THIS AGAIN.

## **OBIT**

**David Jennings** 1942- 2005 The management and staff of Hunter Dickinson Inc. mourn the passing of their dear colleague David S. Jennings, B. Sc.(Geol), PhD. Dave was born and raised in Pennsylvania but after completing his PhD at McMaster University, he stayed in Canada working for Anaconda at Britannia, British Columbia, mapping and interpreting the geology of the region, and then continued with Cypress Anvil in Faro, Yukon. Subsequently, Dave worked with several exploration companies in the Vancouver mining community and from 1996 became a principal of Hunter Dickinson Inc. with the title of Director, Project Acquisitions. Dave was a brilliant and passionate geoscientist but even more importantly, an honest and good-hearted person whose advice and friendship were widely sought. A celebration of Dave's life and contributions to the mineral exploration industry will be held for all his friends and colleagues on Monday, June 13, 2005, 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. at the Cristal Room, The Metropolitan Hotel, 645 Howe Street, Vancouver, BC - Please RSVP to Shirley OSullivan ([shirleyo@hdgold.com](mailto:shirleyo@hdgold.com)) or by telephone at 604 684-6365. Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 6/4/2005.

**Ethel Irene Smithers** (nee Lewis) enjoyed 97 years of life, passing away on May 28, 2005. She was born in Plymouth, England on February 17, **1908**, although she always claimed she was manufactured in Canada. At the time, Richard and Fanny Lewis were living in **Whitehorse**. Deciding that was not a great place to give birth, Fanny was sent to England, returning when Ethel was six weeks old.

**ENDERTON Jeanne Hilda (nee LUYT)** Loving Mother, Wife and Friend Jeanne passed away quietly on Sunday, May 29, 2005 at the Kootenay Lake Hospital in Nelson, BC. Stewart, **Torri** and Brock were at her side. Jeanne was born in Eberts, Ontario and raised in Chatham. With the passing of her mother in 1954, Jeanne moved to Vancouver where she was employed with the Chrysler Corporation. Soon after arriving she and a friend opened a ladies and children's wear clothing store in Newton. Always adventurous, **she moved to Whitehorse in 1962, where she worked at Hougen's Department Store** and soon met and married **Stewart. Torri was born in Whitehorse in 1963** and Brock was born in Vancouver in 1965, just before the family moved to Nelson. Although she

moved from Vancouver in 1965, she maintained close ties with many people in Vancouver and visited them often. She will be lovingly remembered by the hundreds who had the fortune to know her and to share in her hospitality and joy of life. A memorial service was held on Saturday, June 4 in Nelson, BC.  
Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 6/9/2005.

## NEW ADDITIONS

Thanks Sherron - I would like to subscribe to the Moc. Tel. from you. When I get my photos found & copies, I will let you know. I am in the Real Estate business and busy on weekends. I am with The Sutton Group - West Coast Realty in Kerrisdale.  
Prior to going into Real Estate - I spent 39 years working in the Fluid Power Industry (Hydraulics, Pneumatics & Electronics) in BC & Alberta (11 yrs), as a Mechanical Engineering Technologist both in system design & outside sales.

Regards, Martin & Carol (Friesen) Burr, [marcar19@telus.net](mailto:marcar19@telus.net) Vancouver

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

<[nikanina@yknet.ca](mailto:nikanina@yknet.ca)>:

199.247.156.7 does not like recipient.

Remote host said: 550 Sorry, there is no mailbox for [nikanina@yknet.ca](mailto:nikanina@yknet.ca) here.

SMITH, Dave & Teresa [nikanina@yknet.ca](mailto:nikanina@yknet.ca) (In Carcross)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <[wjsomers@telus.net](mailto:wjsomers@telus.net)>

SOMERS, Wilf & Brigitte (Mesiatowski) [wjsomers@telus.net](mailto:wjsomers@telus.net) (Brigitte to Whitehorse 1966–98, Wilf 1987– 98) Cranbrook

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Take time to laugh, for it is the music of the soul.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca)

The ultimate comfort food in our family is **Welsh's Biscuits**. The recipe was contributed by Delia Firth and was also in the *original Dawson Star Cook Book*. I am told by my son's Welsh friend that, while delicious, these are really scones or Welsh biscuits, and

should properly be cooked on top of the stove or on a griddle. My kids reject any such ideas.

### **Welsh's Biscuits**

4 cups flour  
4 tsp. baking powder  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup shortening  
1 cup currants  
1 cup milk  
2 eggs  
1 tsp. salt

Mix dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Add currants, eggs, and milk. Roll 1/2 inch thick. Cut into size and shape desired. Bake in a quick oven (425 works for me).

These are best hot out of the oven but freeze well. A nice variation is to substitute 1/3 cup of corn meal for 1/3 of a cup of flour.

### **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.

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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.

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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

## **SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

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

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

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