

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 119th Edition – July 3, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Summer Mushroom

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

MIRACLES

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

When God designed the universe
'Twas fraught with danger, gloom and ills,
Too dark and cold to nurture life,
So He performed some miracles.

For warmth He made the blazing sun,
Then moon and stars to light the earth,
And later He created life,
And thus, the miracle of birth.

For beauty He made flowers and trees,
Little fawns and angels wings,
Rainbows after every storm,
And a myriad of birds that sing.

The brilliance of the setting sun,
That tells us when each day is gone,

And then, when we have rested well,
To wake us up He brings the dawn.

He gave us little humming birds,
And mighty eagles soaring high,
The right to love, the will to laugh,
The wonder of a baby's cry.

He gave us gentle butterflies,
And the power of great waterfalls.
The serenity of lily ponds,
And awesome snowcapped mountains, tall.

He filled the earth with living things,
In fields of green and crystal waters,
And then at last, He gave the world
His masterpiece, my three granddaughters.

©2005 Gus Barrett

Sweet Music

by Karen Shaw

"Hey! Where's that music coming from?" Sharon asked.

It was 1953 and we were seven years old. Sharon and I had spent the summer morning playing at Mayo's old sawmill. On our way home for lunch we were attracted to the sweet music floating out of the Old Pioneer Hall. We peeked through a crack in the aging door and observed a young man at the piano. A warm day, his suit jacket was folded over a near-by chair while he worked in his white shirt and tie. The man would play for a while then get up and walk around the piano, pausing for a few minutes then resume the music. It was glorious. I couldn't name any of the tunes. They weren't songs from the radio. To my young mind it sounded like movie background music.

We knew the Pioneer Hall was still used for concerts and the occasional dance but the movies had moved to the Anglican Church's parish hall. Because our dad, Archie Shaw, played at most of the dances, we thought we knew all the local musicians. We had never seen this man before.

"Do you think he is new to town?" I whispered.

"No, I think he is a ghost," came Sharon's hushed response. "Haven't you noticed? There are no lights."

She was right. Sunbeams shot through the holes in the walls to reveal a haze of dust. Although I wanted to stay and listen, a chill ran through me. I wanted to believe I was

hearing the music of angels.

Sharon and I raced for home.

"The place is haunted, I tell you!" Sharon told Mom as she dished up our lunch.

"Is that right?" Mom responded in a tone I'd rarely heard.

Was she mocking us? I couldn't tell if she believed us or was laughing at us. Maybe she knew something we didn't? She looked like she had a secret.

"The music was wonderful! It wasn't the regular dance music," I interjected.

"All that high-fa-lutin' music doesn't mean it wasn't a ghost," Sharon defended.

"Maybe you should play at the other end of town for the afternoon," Mom suggested when she cleared the table. "I want you home by five. Don't be late."

I was dumbstruck to return home and find the ghost at our supper table. As bold as ever, there he sat exchanging small talk with Dad.

What could we say? What did we expect? Sharon and I were frozen to the spot.

Mom was nonchalant as she introduced us to the guest. Our "ghost" turned out to be the piano-tuner who was making his annual rounds to Mayo. Today he had appointments at all the establishments with pianos; tomorrow, he'd go to the homes. Although he was staying at the hotel, he was delighted with home-cooked meals. Tonight, apparently, it was our turn. I guess Mom had a secret after all.

As I shook our guest's hand, I noticed it was firm and warm, not at all what I expected from a ghost.

"I hear I gave both you girls quite a fright this morning and you thought I was a ghost," he laughed. "There's an easy explanation as to why I didn't turn on the lights. I don't need them. I can play the piano in bright lights or in darkness. I'm blind."

In the same second I felt relief and foolishness. Of course, I told myself, that explains everything.

Although I enjoyed the meal and our guest's stories, I can't remember any other words he said. My family moved south the following summer and I never saw him again. I have often thought of that experience and the importance of investigating information instead of jumping to ridiculous conclusions. Because I couldn't remember his name, I could never ask about him.

Weldon Pinchin's article in April of this year, in MocTel 110, provided that tiny piece of

puzzle missing for fifty years. He wrote:

"The C.P. staff house was run by Nancy Hogg. Her son was blind and used to come to Whitehorse once a year to tune pianos (ours was one of them) I was always impressed with him doing his work. I spent many hours sitting on the front room floor watching him tune the piano."

Amazing, isn't it, that what may seem incidental to one person, is the exact information another person has long searched for.

Thank you, Mr. Pinchin, for solving the mystery. That incidental data was like sweet music to my ears.

Karen Shaw karen.shaw@ubc.ca (In White Rock)



Photo courtesy Henry Breaden

Here is an interesting photo of something that you would never have seen. Across the river from the White Pass depot were a couple of graves with stone carvings on them. This photo is one of them, and of course some idiot had to destroy it. Unfortunate that we have some people around like that, that cannot leave things alone. After all, it was lovingly placed there likely at quite an expense, and would be a shock to whoever had gone to that trouble. Too bad that things can't be left for future generations to enjoy, and the person placing it feel that they had done their best.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

HENRY TALKS TO LYN BLEILER ABOUT STEAMBOATS

Hi Sherron,

It is hard for me to realize that most folks today have never seen a steamboat on the river, the puffing and white smoke as it came up the river. It was such an every day occurrence for me being on them for nine years.

Lyn was asking about steamboats, Sternwheelers and Paddle Wheelers, but of course she would not have a chance to know the difference.

Another misconception was that she thought we hauled from Mayo to Whitehorse, where actually we hauled to Stewart on the Yukon River that was at the mouth of the Stewart River.

As you will see from my mail to Lyn where most of the transfers were done at Stewart. Only the last trip in the fall maybe we would head for Whitehorse when our summer's work was done on the Stewart. Usually that would be about the end of September, and I have seen us go up to Carmacks and load a barge with coal and head for Dawson. What we had to watch for was any ice coming from the Pelly River, and in the late fall if we made it above Fort Selkirk we had it made. Sometimes an early freeze would catch us and ice would start building on the stern and on the wheel. It meant tying up and all hands get back there with axes and live steam to get the ice cleared. What happened was from the additional weight of the ice the stern wheel would bury too deep in the water and you would start losing power.

Normal steaming we trimmed the boat so that the wheel on the Nasutlin would make 26 revolutions per minute. The Keno we trimmed so that it ran at 24 RPM. It did not matter where you were on the boat, we could tell the RPM we were running by counting the puffs from the stack in one minute and divide by four. If we were running over 24 on the Keno or 26 on the Nasutlin, we called it fanning water and you were losing power. If it was bad enough we used to shift the wood on board to get back to a proper trim and RPMs.

Well I have a meeting to go to, but thought you might like to read what most folks never see today.

Cheers, Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Hello Lyn,

The two runs, Mayo to Stewart and Stewart to Whitehorse were usually kept separate. When hauling ore, the Aksala being a bigger boat was usually used in early June hauling from Mayo to Stewart till the river level started to drop. Then the Keno usually took over that run. Quite often Capt. Morrison and the crew would run the Aksala till the Stewart River level dropped usually later in June and then change over to the Keno. If they were

lucky enough to get a river rise during the summer from rain storms upstream, they might get another trip with the Aksala.

The normal procedure was the boat to Mayo would haul the barge to Stewart and one of the Main River boats would pick it up at Stewart. If the Keno was being used, it was usual to have 100 tons of ore on the boat. If the schedules worked out with a Main River boat arriving at Stewart, the ore was hand trucked right across to the other boat at Stewart. The ore loaded barge was picked up by the boat heading for Whitehorse.

Usually we met or waited for a boat from Whitehorse that could be pushing a barge loaded for Mayo and a deck load for Mayo that could be perishables and general store freight. The deck freight would be hand trucked across to the Mayo bound boat and the ore back to the main river boat. This was ideal if it worked out, but more commonly the Mayo freight was trucked ashore and stored at Stewart under tarpaulins till our arrival. Then it meant that the ore on the boat had to be trucked ashore and the general freight trucked back on board the boat.

The steaming time from Mayo to Stewart could vary according to water stage, but a good average would be 18 hours from Mayo to Stewart. I have seen it done in 15 hours with a good water stage, but also 24 hours if the water was extremely low. It would be nice to say it would be done in so many hours, but this was not so. Compare the steamboats to the early airplanes where fellows like Wasson flew by the seat of their pants! The Main River Boats would take maybe three days to push an ore loaded barge from Stewart to Whitehorse, but here again are many variables. It depended what mail stops were made en-route or was there heavy freight from Dawson to be off-loaded at some location like Thistle Creek. The stage of water at Kirkman Creek could easily tie things up for two days, or what was the weather on Lake Laberge?

So you can see, Lyn that there were no hard and fast rules or schedules. During any water stages any of us could give you an estimate of how long the trip would take and be fairly close. But even an extreme change in weather could affect water levels especially on the Stewart River. We all used that word, "About!" but I think the only safe one was that you would arrive when you came around the last bend!

Lyn, we will have a look at terminology of these river monsters. The first wheels used were in salt water where a wheel was mounted on both sides of the boat. This was fine and was very convenient for handling. A vessel could be turned near in its own length by running one wheel ahead and the one on the other side astern. As you would be aware, you can do this with a rowboat. These were called Paddle Wheelers, and you would be aware that Turners' in Eagle will have their new paddle wheeler on the Yukon River from Eagle this summer. But paddle wheelers had their down side when it came to rivers as they chewed up their wheels on the beach and were very hard to make a landing unless a wharf in the river allowed them to land easily. This is where the Stern Wheeler came into its own where the wheel was tucked in behind the boat out of harm's way. At the turn of the 20th century where there were about 160 boats registered on the Yukon River, I don't think you would find one Paddle Wheeler. Then to further confuse things, when referring

to the Yukon River boats that were all sternwheelers, Al Oster wrote his song, "Paddle Wheelers" that really did not help the situation. It blended into the song better and more understandable to the average land lubber!

In other terminology of describing the river boats, you will sometimes see S.S. that means Steam Ship. On the other hand you also may see M.S. that means Motor Ship referring to ones like the Loon, Neecheah or other motor driven boats. But the more common was Str. which meant Steamer and used such as Str. Keno. These were usually called Steamboats when referring to them in general, but Str. when referring to a particular one. So Lyn, I hope this clears some of the mud for you? We are both doing well if I could just get a few more hours in a day I would have it beat. Cheers,

Henry

Thanks Henry.

I have a couple of questions, did you actually relocate the wood on the steamboat when you were adjusting the 'trim', and is 'water stage' the same as 'water level' or is there more criteria to 'water stage'.

Gosh Henry the Yukon has a gold mine of information in you.

Sherron

Yes if we were stern heavy and dragging, wood was moved ahead on the freight deck to get the Revolutions of the wheel up to the mid 20s. On the other hand, if we were fanning water and above revolutions we would move some wood back on the main deck to settle the stern a bit lower in the water. More usual wood was stored amidships so that the trim was not affected that much by boiler use. During steaming the deck crew of 6 men had a wood watch of 2 hours on and 10 hours off. During those hours, with a hand truck they wheeled wood from storage amidships up to the boiler at about 1/4 cord per load where the fireman was stoking the boiler. The Nasutlin used 1/2 cord per hour while steaming upstream, and the Keno usually 5/8 of a cord per hour. Going downstream they used about 1/8 of a cord less as they were not fighting the river current. (Sherron, I will clarify that word "amidships". It means the middle of the boat). We usually used the term midships that was a shortened version.

Yes the stage of water in a river refers to the water level at any given time. I am happy that you are interested in any info of this nature. Maybe it is time that I put on paper the early years when in bed at 2 or 3 in the morning I would hear a steamboat puffing. Of course I had to see it come in, so I would dress and go down to the White Pass warehouse and wharf even at that early hour, and usually there was somebody down there doing the same. When still about 1/2 mile downstream they used to blow three whistles when coming in, one long, one short and another long. A most favourite place to sit during the day was across from the galley when they came in. Usually an apple or orange was thrown over for us to enjoy. At other times we might be invited aboard for a piece of apple pie that was a real treat. We lived a very simple life during those years, and fresh fruit was a novelty as it was not always available. We had rhubarb for pies during the

summer from the garden, or different wild berries that were available for picking. But during winter the berry picking was pretty tough! Cheers,

Henry Breaden

Here is a photo of the Nasutlin going out of Mayo in 1949. You will notice that the barge is fully loaded with ore and the boat too right down to the red plimsoll line with about 85 tons. The photo is in a gif file so that it does not lose quality in the transfer and is 814 X 433 pixels. Normally I would send in a jpg file to compact it, but it could lose quality. I hope this is some use to you, but just don't have one of the Keno. When you were on these boats you usually did not take any pictures, and the only decent ones were taken from someone ashore. My cabin on the Nasutlin was directly below the back of the wheelhouse. The photo was taken by (*Henry's wife*) Alice (*Breaden*) when I was going out. To get turned to downstream during low water levels, it was normal to steam upstream past the Anglican Church and make a turn in the wider river at that point. We drifted the turn letting the current on the other side push the front of the barge downstream. In this photo of higher water levels it was more common to swing the boat and barge just downstream of the White Pass warehouse. You will notice that the smoke coming from the stack is black that means we are just starting ahead as you see by the wheel just starting to throw water. Once the exhaust steam from the engines reaches the stack it turns to white. There is much information in a photo if you know what is happening.

Henry Breaden

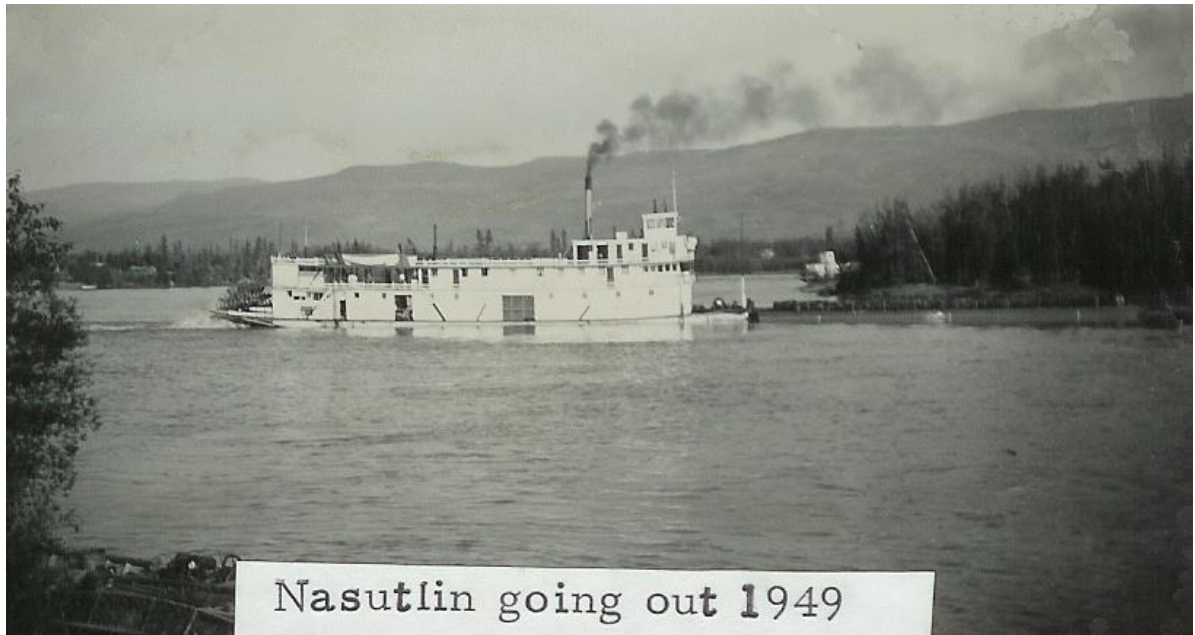


Photo courtesy Henry Breaden

(The Turner's in Eagle Alaska have co-built a side wheeler paddlewheeler. - Sherron)

VANGORDA

Reading the Moccasin Telegraph I came to the subject of Vic Foley, my interest was the area he was working. I am distressed as time and time again run into the name Vangorda that is not correct. Somewhere back in Yukon history somebody screwed it up and it is like trying to get the fat out of the fire after it is well cooked. I know that the school at Faro was named the Vangorda School, and Lorna Walmsley at Faro tried her best to get it changed. I don't know if she was successful, but if Yukon history is to be written true fact, all non-correct maps and data must be changed. Who was Vangorda? Where was he and what did he do?

The facts are that Van Bibber and Van Gorder, both of Dutch heritage came into the Yukon together. Together they trapped the upper Pelly and Macmillan River basins. I don't know if correctly the names should be two words or joined together with only one capital. Eventually Van Gorder took over as manager of the Taylor and Drury trading post and store at Ross River. The creek named after him in the Faro region became Vangorda by some clerk not knowing any better, in the same way as Braden Canyon on the Pelly named after my grandfather. So history here was written incorrect by someone not knowing the correct spelling of each. In the case of Van Gorder it was written Vangorda, and for my grandfather instead of Breaden it became Braden. Not too much difference in the sound, but how do you correct the spellings of some innocent clerk not knowing?

Ira Van Bibber established his home at Mica Creek with his wife he called, Short, just above the present Pelly bridge, and some of his family are still there. If some person today were to write Ira Vanbibba, they would likely be rightly shot, and if Ira were alive today he would likely do it himself! To have a true Yukon history we have to clean up some of the back roads where the errors have been made. The journey of a thousand miles starts with the first step.

Short was the pet name that Ira gave his wife as she was that, and you know Ira's height! You would have loved to interview Ira as he was not only knowledgeable, but had a great sense of southern humour. If you look at it this way, Van Gorder was in that area 60 years before any activity on the Anvil mining. The geographer making up the original maps where the creek was named after him knew no better. The original fouled name could have come from a person speaking real broad English like Lord Talmash, the remittance man at Selkirk. An 'er' would come out as 'a' in that speech. Have a look at YUKONERS True Tales of the Yukon by H. Gordon-Cooper published by Hancock House Publishers Ltd. Surrey. Where Ira was being interviewed he correctly used Van Gorder's name, and who better than the man that came into the country with Van Gorder. Do you have a copy of the book? So any name used would come from the maps that also had my grandfather's name spelled incorrectly.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

ALASKA HIGHWAY ART

Take a look at the following website:

<http://www.edmontonartgallery.com/exhibitions/current/Road.htm#top>

Donna Clayson

I noticed the name York Wilson on the site and sent the web address to Dorothy (Wilson) Graham. – Sherron

Hi Sherron

Nice of you to think of me, I was interested in the Alaska Highway bit, and remember being at the opening in Whitehorse, our dog managed a seat with the VIP's. In those days dogs were free to do what they pleased and they did.

The York Wilson mentioned is not my dad who spelled his name Yorke. York Wilson the artist was quite famous, Dad used to get a kick out of people mistaking him for the artist. I did some research into the artist, always wondering where the name came from, he was from England and there is quite a bit on the web about his art and life.

Incidentally there is a website for the 1901 census in BC that is from Victoria. I chanced on it the other day and found a page of Transportation Advertising from Apr.1, 1901 including a schedule for the WP & YR and other interesting items. Darned if I know what the web site is BUT another thing I learned is that Google has an advanced search and it is terrific. Just google it and then specify what you want and don't want, great improvement over 10,000 hits with the regular Google.

Dorothy (Wilson) Graham dorothyg@dccnet.com (In Delta)

YUKON MUSIC LEDGENDS PERFORM

Now on a different note - went to a FABULOUS concert at the Arts Centre (*In Whitehorse*) on Thurs. night (*June 23*) - featuring Yukon Legends. Was long time musicians from Gold Fever, the Canucks, Hank Karr & Co., Bob Charlie, Clint Carpentier, and Joyce Fuller with the Golden Girls. Was such a great great show. Former CBC Yukon radio reporter Les McLaughlin introduced the show. Now let's see if I remember the entire band, Hank Karr, Red Lewis, Ray Parks, Ed Isaac, Merv Bales, Gene Brown, Tom Barnaby and Wayne Smyth.

Also, there was a drum duel between Red Lewis and Wayne Smyth that was so great and apparently they hadn't even practiced it!!!! They were both on their own sets of drums - just sooooo good!

There were only eight tickets not sold and the performers received a standing ovation. What a show!!!

Linnea Castagner castagners@whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)

WHITE PASS IN WHITE ROCK



White Pass Train

We went to visit my brother and wife in Crescent Beach last weekend to see his new fish pond. He had a surprise for me, as you can see.

Photo courtesy Melody Hughes jmhughes@telus.net (In Coquitlam)

VIC FOLEY IN TESLIN

Hi Sherron, I'm appending Jim Robb's column from the Whitehorse Star of last Friday. A great story, and confirmation that Foley worked in Teslin.

Coincidentally, on Wednesday I talked to Mr. Tubman, who also remembered this. He was an absolute delight to talk to. Still haven't heard from Fergie McLean, however.

The Keno museum sent me the excerpts from Dr. Aho's memoir which mention Foley and his dog, Lunchbucket. Meantime, John Brock sent me two great colour scans, one of which shows Vic and a dog I presume is Lunchbucket.

I also went ahead and ordered the NFB footage from the '20s. Extremely expensive, but I don't know where else I'm going to find action photos of Foley. I hope to pull video stills off of it to illustrate the biography.

Donna Clayson contacted Jim Robb and Edy Crum and received permission to use this story which Greg passed along. Credit also goes to the Whitehorse Star for allowing us to use the column under these conditions. – Sherron Jones, Moccasin Telegraph

"Remembering Vic Foley, a great friend," Whitehorse Star, Jun 17. 2005, p. 5

Many thanks to Edy Crum for the following interesting story about Vic Foley:

In 1955, my husband, Gordie Crum, and I closed our Teslin Motel and leased the Teslin Inn owned by Ray Hide.

It was very busy then as they were building the big bridge, Hudson Bay had fly boys there prospecting, highway crews, buses going through, the government workers at the air base and lots of tourists.

We had a big cocktail bar in the Inn so Vic Foley came down from Mayo to tend bar for us. He was a joy; always singing or chattering.

A close friend Vicki (Draginda) Smith tells me she remembers him always singing Yellow Bird. He loved the good oldies. Quite often, he would cook a huge pot of an Italian dish chicken and spaghetti. It was delicious.

Unfortunately, some time in 1956 (on a Sunday), the Inn burned down. Vic and Gordon were so tired Saturday night that they left the money in the till. It was later that we heard Vic's story about saving our money.

Having a key, he got into the bar and cleaned out all the money; then he must have passed out from smoke. He remembers seeing clouds floating above him. When he realized it was smoke and he had to get out, he crawled and skidded across the floor to the door. He could have died but that was Foley, a great friend and a wonderful man.

He must have gone to Watson Lake after that and worked at the Watson Lake Hotel, owned then by Lunds. I'm not certain about the date, but it must have been in 1957.

We had gone to Dawson Creek, B.C., for Christmas and were so looking forward to meeting the Gordon Brenners and Dragindas (Johnny was a fabulous violinist) for a big New Year's bash in Watson Lake.

Vic met us at the door of the hotel to tell us the ghastly news about John Draginda losing his arm from the propeller of his brother in-law's plane. Vic didn't want us to hear about it from strangers. Always the wise old man.

He apparently worked in the White Pass Hotel around 1960. I can't recall when he moved back to the coast. But I do know our lives were much richer from having known him.

DESK TOP PHOTOS

Just a note to let you know that a while ago I smartened up enough to save many of the great colour photos from MocTel as screen-savers. Hopefully others have done the same.

Dave Gairns dgairns@telus.net (In Castlegar)

FRANK & JOSIE TOURING YUKON

All is well with Frank & Josie.

Frank & Josie have taken their RV and are traveling up to Faro, then up the Dempster and then on to Dawson. They should be back in about 10 days.

Josie was going to take the Moccasin Telegraph looseleaf binder with the first forty episodes that I printed out for her. She thought it would keep her entertained during the trip and she could read some of the stories out to Frank.

Bye for now. RUSTY Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

ELLEN DAVIGNON VISITING MAYNE ISLAND

I've never been in touch with you before but between my brother, Aksel Porsild, and our friend Weldon, at Mayne Island, I've heard a lot about you and your internet magazine (?) and I know a lot of people at home in Whitehorse who never miss an issue. I think it's a great thing that you're doing to preserve Yukon (and other) history.

I'm currently at Mayne, visiting Weldon (who used to think up and plan all the scenarios for our games when we were kids - and still tries to, some 60 or more years later!) He gave me Jeanne Harbottle's *Angus* to read, which I did with great delight. I was just a kid when Jeanne and Tom used to use our place at Johnson's Crossing as a staging area for their trips up the Canol. She was a beautiful young woman, Tom was tall and blue-eyed and handsome, and we all thought they were the stuff Hollywood movies were made of. The last time I saw Jeanne was in the middle fifties, in the old Whitehorse Inn, wearing a gorgeous fur coat - it must have been a good year for trapping - and looking like a 'moome pitchur star,' as we used to say. I would appreciate it if you would pass on my best regards the next time you are in contact with her.

On an entirely different subject, I also wanted to say that the headstone that your company did for my mom and dad - Bob and Elly Porsild - was exactly the way I had envisioned it and we were all pleased as could be. Thank you.

Best wishes, Ellen Davignon (visiting pinchin@gulfislands.com) On Mayne Island



Eagle carving by Fred Aylwin
Photo courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

This was the latest project I mentioned to you on Saturday all I have to do now is mount it atop the wishing well in front yard
Fred



Here is one of finished product and mounted on wishing well in front yard.
Photo courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Wing span 3 ft. carved from pine.
Started with 1 pcs 4x4x 18 in. and 1 pcs 1x6x 10 ft, laminated then carved.
Ended up with this and a black garbage bag chuck full of chips and approx. 20 hours labour.

- Fred Aylwin

A MESSAGE FROM GUS BARRETT

Hope the Okanagan picnic was successful on the weekend. All well this end. Just about to head for the first tee. Got back to writing a little yesterday. Still quite happy with the way books are selling; into the third hundred now and still going well. Enjoyed "Angus and I" very much. Did Jeannie ever publish those stories?

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

(Gus sent along another poem for us and I have placed it in MocTel 121. The poem is called Midnight.)

MOCTEL FILTERED OUT ??

Let us say that somebody is receiving the Moc Tel or even my Help Pages? They want to get away from junk mail and are using Shaw as their ISP. Would not be surprised if Telus has the same thing.

Have a look at the page on: <http://www.shaw.ca/en-ca/ProductsServices/Internet/Email+Filter/HowtouseShawEmailFilter.htm> and you will see the first one where if the choice is to have junk mail deleted it will do the job. I know that I am considered as spam and so is the Moc Tel for we send out more than a few copies at one time. If that No. 1 is chosen, our mail will never be received. I know that it is trying to protect customers from spam, but it could shoot us in the foot!

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

OBIT

GRAHAM, George M. (Captain Canadian Coast Guard Services ret'd) Passed away in Victoria BC on June 26, 2005 at the age of 78. Predeceased by his mother Marjorie in 1940, father Richard in 1943, brother Frank in 1967 and sister **May MacKenzie** in 1989 he is survived by his loving wife Beverly, of 49 years celebrated June 9, 2005; sons Jim and Keith (Jean); daughters Marjorie and Muriel; grandchildren Christopher, Andrew, Adina (Ray) and Kelsea; great-granddaughter Abigail; **sister Margaret and brother Curly both of Whitehorse, Yukon, brother Chuck (Dorothy) of Merritt, BC** and countless nieces and nephews. George enjoyed 44 years in the Coast Guard serving on the West Coast and in the Arctic. Retirement years spent in Victoria with friends and family. His grandchildren were the light of his life. Special thanks to the Doctors, Nurses and staff of 6C North and RP1. Memorial service will be held in The Church of the Advent, 510 Mount View Avenue on Thursday, June 30, 2005 at 2:30 P.M. Donations may be made to the BC Heart and Stroke Foundation #107 1001 Cloverdale Avenue, V8X 4C9 or Victoria Hospice Society 1952 Bay Street, V8R 1J8. Condolences may be offered at www.sands-funeral.com 108070

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

As of today I would appreciate that for a short time you send my copy of the MocTel to my wife's email jenpaolera@hotmail.com . We have moved to the Okanagan (Osoyoos) and are not sure what we will be doing for internet service yet. Next year I will be able to get to the Okanagan Yukoners picnic. Hope to see you soon also because in August I will be coming through Vernon on my way to the Shuswap. Hope to see you soon. Mike Paolera.

Our New e-mail address is as follows:
bernier@yknet.ca This is in effect NOW!!
Don & Connie Bernier

NEW ADDITION

Lou & Sheila Foley lived in Whitehorse in 1996/97.

Our e-mail address is shown below.

We presently live on acreage near Hondo, Alberta on the Athabasca River between Lesser Slave Lake and the town of Athabasca.

Lou worked in Whitehorse, Yukon in 1996/1997 as Wildfire Manager for Dept. of Indian & Northern Development and recently returned as an independent panel member reviewing the 2004 Yukon Wildfires (Yukon Gov. News Release #05-171, June 23/2005).

When we lived in Whitehorse in 1996, we lived on Sandpiper Drive.

Myself, Sheila worked with the YTG in Whitehorse as one of the Senior Interviewers, conducting the many '**Government Surveys**' for the Yukon Territories.

We both loved the natural areas of the Yukon and enjoyed working with the Yukon people and still return for a holiday now and then.

Since moving back to Alberta, we have a Forestry Consulting business that keeps Lou extremely busy and I have my own internet business (www.auntyannesattic.ca) selling fine porcelain/china and collectables all over the world.

And of course, since we love the outdoors, we live on 70 acres along the Athabasca River, North of Edmonton near the beautiful Lesser Slave Lake area in Northern Alberta.

Sheila Foley

Aunty Anne's Attic/Lou Foley Consulting Ltd.

lfoley@telusplanet.net

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

You can take my name off your mailing list, maybe in the winter months I will sign up again, its to busy up here right now. Thanks for the stories. Walter Wallingham.
WALLINGHAM, Walter & Wendy wwallingham*northwestel.net (Mayo, Whitehorse, Carmacks, Pelly Crossing, Haines Junction 1959-

Myrtle Acton asked me at that picnic to take her name off the list as she is just too busy to read the MocTel.

ACTON, Myrtle formerly RAYMOND myrjac*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1954-76) 250-494-9542 Summerland

Please accept my sincere apology for not sending a note sooner. I must tell you I have enjoyed the telegraph so much the times I have been able to read it, however my job keeps me busy about 50 hours a week so have never been able to read as many as I would like. Please remove my name from your list of subscribers. Please know what a wonderful job you are doing. Keep up the good work. Maybe someday I will retire and I can resubscribe. Norma J. White
WHITE, Norma J. (BRADLEY) sasi*coldreams.com (White River Lodge, Yukon 1962 to 1987) Sandpoint, Idaho

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Today, give a stranger one of your smiles. It might be the only sunshine he sees all day.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Basic Recipe Sourdough Hotcakes

Recipe from Alaska Sourdough Cookbook
Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net

2 cups	Sourdough Starter
2 tbsp	Sugar
4 tbsp	Oil
1	Egg
½ tsp	Salt
1 scant tsp.	Soda, full teaspoon if starter is really sour

Into the Sourdough, add sugar, egg and oil. Mix well.
Dilute soda in 1 tbsp. of warm water.
Fold gently into Sourdough. Do not beat.
Sourdough will fill with bubbles and double in bulk.
Bake on hot griddle and serve on warm plates.

DATES TO REMEMBER

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.

Cheers, Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca Secretary, Island Yukoners.

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 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**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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