

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 123rd Edition – August 7, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Sphinx Moth

(Also know as a Hummingbird clearwing Moth –
See http://www.birds-n-garden.com/hummingbird_moths.html or
<http://www.silkmoths.bizland.com/hthysbe.htm>)

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

LITTLE HOUSE ASTRIDE THE STREAM

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Memories will often cause a teardrop on my cheek,
 (I'm really quite a sentimental guy.)
Like a small-unpainted outhouse, that stood astride the creek,
 That I had to utilize in days gone by.
It was very sparsely furnished, just a bench seat with a hole.
 The roof sometimes let in the rain and fog,
A door with leather hinges and a loosely packaged roll
 Of paper from an Eaton's Catalogue.

In winter, I was full of dread, each time I had to go,
 But I'd struggle through the snowdrifts to the door.
In knee-high boots and breeches, it was not a cinch, you know,
 To complete this very necessary chore.
Snow blowing through the peephole turned to ice upon the floor.
 In the frigid air, the seat was hard and cold.
Golden moonlight filtered through the cracks around the door,
 And an icy gale blew upward through the hole.

But in summer, aah, in summer, in the balmy evening breeze,
With that battered door swung open to the air,
I could hear the breakers on the beach, and smell the salty sea,
And watch the little boats at anchor there.
I could sit alone and contemplate, contented and enthused,
About my future, and the things I hoped to do,
I could read the Eaton's catalogue, before its put to use,
Life was simple then and troubles were so few.

Now I repose in warmth and comfort, on a softly padded seat,
'Mid painted walls and gleaming porcelain,
In winter I'm in heaven and appreciate this treat,
But in summer time my thoughts drift back again.
And I think about that open door, it's perfect ocean views,
And I sometimes can't resist the urge to dream
Of those days I'd sit and contemplate, and read the shopping news,
In that little shack that stood astride the stream.

©2003 Gus Barrett



Apple Blossoms – Whitehorse – June 1, 2005
July 31st it is full of Apples.

Photo courtesy Carolyne Thompson cthompson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Attached is a picture of my apple tree in blossom here in Whitehorse. The picture was taken on June 1st, and today it is full if apples. My corn is six feet tall and full of tassels. If this is global warming, I like it!

Carolyne Thompson (Chaykowsky)

TRAVELLING BACK, VISITING FAMILY AND REMEMBERING THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Growing old can be a lonesome business. The older we get the fewer people there are to share old memories with. Of course, we can still bore the younger generation if we care to, with what *we* consider to be fascinating events in our past lives; sometimes (admittedly) embellished to the category of “tall tales” just to pique their interest somewhat; but that’s never as satisfying as actually sharing those “good old days” with someone who has actually been there and seen that.

I’m fortunate, however, to be married (second time around) to a man who was born just a year before me, and though we lived very different lives, or maybe because of that, (he comes from England) we share our early experiences and find them quite fascinating. It’s fun to travel together because we enjoy the same things. Helps a lot with that lonesome business.

Recently, my husband and I drove the Alaska Highway from Whitehorse back to our home in Nanaimo, after a visit with my daughter and son-in-law and their family, in the Carcross and Lake Lewes area. We took pictures of the 4 generations of women in our family who were born in the Yukon. All of them are still living there except me.

Top to bottom: myself, Norma, (my daughter) my granddaughter, Kris, and my gr. granddaughter, Brittni.



Joyce, Norma, Chris & Brittni
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley

Since the highway was built in 1942, I have probably driven over it both ways at least 35 times. I’ve seen many changes each time as it progressed from a dirt road, to chip seal,

and at last to pavement. I remember the clouds of dust that obscured the view whenever we passed another vehicle on the road. And the pot-holes and mud after a rain, and during road construction, when the water trucks would soak the surface to prepare it for the heavy equipment. What a joy it was to see the first yellow lines dividing the highway into two lanes, finally!

But it's the old roadhouses that I remember so fondly. They broke the monotony of the long hours in the car.

On this trip in particular; probably because I felt it would very likely be the last over this road; the old memories came flooding back, and I was surprised at the emotions that came welling up. The same lakes and mountains and towns – still there in the same places – but a lot of the buildings have been up-graded and modernized beyond my recognition. They were populated largely by strangers; none of whom had ever heard of the original owners. Of course it was unreasonable and stupid to expect anything different, but that didn't make it hurt any the less. It was as if those plucky old pioneers had never existed. The fact that they had toiled and sweated and broke land and cut trees, and endured all manner of hardships – lost to the world now. It seemed the newcomers could care less. The early warmth and fellowship and hospitality are hard to find on the highway anymore.

The full realization of this came to me when we stopped at Johnson's Crossing. It was built by Bob and Elly Porsild in 1949, with the lumber on site from a US Army maintenance camp. Of course I knew the place had changed hands long ago; having passed from the first owners and builders, Bob and Elly Porsild, to their daughter, Ellen, and her husband in 1965. Ellen and Phil ran the business until 1992. But somehow I was totally unprepared for the fact that the old building had been torn down since the last time I'd been in the vicinity.

Not a trace of it left. I walked into this new, business-like, efficient café /gift shop, along with a sprinkling of tourists passing through the area, and poured myself a cup of coffee at the self-help counter, while Fred was fueling up the car. The girl at the cash register was quite busy, and two male chefs were at work in the kitchen. The pastries and mini-pizzas looked delicious in the glass show cases, but I could hardly swallow my coffee for a bit of a lump in my throat. I asked the girl when she had a spare moment if she had known any of the Porsild family who owned the place earlier. She had never even heard of the name, and didn't bother to ask about them.

By the time Fred came in, I was sitting there fighting back the tears and trying to keep a normal countenance. Of course he noticed immediately, but was too much of a gentleman to comment on my unreasonable reaction.

The old lodge was something to really look forward to when the Porsilds had it. The front entrance opened to a cozy living-room, with an old piano, lots of houseplants, and easy chairs, antiques, and pictures everywhere. It opened onto a dining room, with the kitchen to one side. You could usually hear Elly there, humming to herself or laughing with her daughter Ellen, who was waiting tables, among her other chores at that time. Friends and repeat customers were greeted with open arms; wonderful meals were prepared with loving care, and the cinnamon buns were renowned all over the Yukon and beyond. Many lodges tried to duplicate them, each one competing with the others, but never quite

obtaining the delicious, moist excellency of Elly's buns. She was a tiny little woman with a big heart, who ran her kitchen and family with great efficiency, while maintaining her sense of humour at all times. By contrast, her husband, Bob, was a giant of a man with penetrating blue eyes and a shock of white hair. He and my late husband had long animated discussions on the present world situation, whenever they got together. I don't think I ever saw him without a cigar. I remember pleasant sociable evenings when Bob played the guitar, Elly the piano, and everyone sat around in the living room singing together. They were great times...

Now back to the present!

I loved staying at Carcross at Norma and Cal's retirement home, just down the beach a bit from the house she was born in! While Fred was paddling the Yukon River, I walked the beach, every morning, then curled up on the patio with a good book. I swam in Lake Bennett, as I'd done so many times before. The house has large windows looking out over the lake, even in the master bedroom, and they haven't closed them off with drapes, so every morning I'd wake up to that gorgeous view. The first few days I ran out on the deck with my camera as soon as my eyes were open! Fred and I are going back there next June, if everything turns out as planned.

All for now,

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)



Lake Bennett, Carcross, Yukon
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley



Beach Scene

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley

**A MESSAGE FROM DENNIS EVE IN ENGLAND –
Dennis sought out and donated an important link in Yukon history to
Yukon Archives.**

Hello Sherron,

Have just written to Henry and will be mailing to him a couple of CD's with photographs of **Newton Webster** taken from my collection for his interest.

I may have already sent to you a copy of the attached fun trip, I wrote it a few years ago when living down in Middlesex, I thought it be of interest to you anyway as the WP & YR is rather topical at the moment.

I am so thrilled to be receiving so much wonderful material from MocTel these last few months, it is full credit to your readers and especially the regular contributors who work so hard in supporting you.

Take care Sherron, so pleased to see you have had a couple of 'awayday' breaks recently, please give my kind regards to Bill.

Best wishes,
Dennis Eve [Denmeve*aol.com](mailto:Denmeve@aol.com)

A Day out in London Town with Dennis – Tuesday the 25th August 1998.

Having had a very busy week-end conversing with my Canadian friends in the Yukon Territory, and in anticipation of my pleading guilty to a certain lacking of knowledge in relation to the environment and everyday routines of the “insiders”, I know now how an “outsider” feels , and that it is like a “duck out of water”.

To put this matter in order I decided to go up to London for the day to visit my friends in the city. I purchased my Can\$10 travelcard at the local station, which allowed me to travel anywhere in London, via trains or underground or buses for a complete day, as many trips as I wished to make for a period of 24hrs. This of course did not allow for the fact that it was a very hot day, and once I got to the city where I worked for 40 odd years, I was completely disorientated, as so many of the buildings that I knew had disappeared. So I had to make my way through all the tiny streets, that I used for shortcuts in the old days, to get around, mind you most of the old pubs were still there, I popped into two to say hello!, and they only sold lager and not bitter, so I said goodbye!. How times change.

My first quest was to find Close Bros, a private merchant bank that I knew from old. My good friend **Don Frizzell** had told me that they financed the building of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad in 1899, and originally the City of Whitehorse was called Closeleigh in honour of the Close Bros.

That fired my imagination, so I was determined to pay them a visit them, well, after asking the most obvious people for help, without success. I decided to arrest a very tall member of the City of London Police, who kindly phoned his office for help, and gave me the correct address of the Bank and wished me luck. No wonder he wished me luck, he obviously had a sick sense of humour, I must have walked about four (very dry!) miles.

Yes !, there it was, Close Bros PLC, 12 Appold Street, London E.C.2., just behind Liverpool Street Station. A very nice lady welcomed me, offered me a kiss of life !, seriously, she was most helpful but sadly, the old records of this Bank were destroyed ten years ago .” But wait a moment”, she said with a gleam in her eye, I think I know where there is one copy of the “History of Close Bros P.L.C.”. Well folks, I now have that very last copy of that History.

It gives full details of the purchase by W.B.Close for \$10,000 to acquire from the government the right to build a railway from Skagway into the Yukon, and more. With this sort of luck at the moment, I must make sure to buy my Lottery tickets, for tomorrow’s draw.

Now where do I go next, yes, I will get the underground from Liverpool Street to the Bank Station, which is one stop, and call on my Bank Manager, for support. Then I was back to walkies, crossing Cheapside, walked past the Mansion House, to Cannon Street

and got on the underground to St.James's for walkies to **Canada House, in Trafalgar Square**. I walked through the Park on this beautiful sunny day, my poor feet, past all the "bodies", that were sunbathing, Horse Guards Parade, Admiralty Arch, and "Bingo", I was here.

My first quest was for any information on Book Titles that **Don Frizzell** had kindly given to me, sadly no luck, but a nice young lady , what is it about me !, was most helpful, and gave me a contact in Toronto, Chapters???, and The Double Book Shop, in Montreal. I also asked to visit the Library, but it has now been donated to the University of London. "But !" she says, with another gleam in her eye, I can arrange for you to have a special Pass, to visit the Library, as long as you are on a specific research programme.

Well, what can I say, I then asked for the address of the B.C.High Commission, and when writing it out for me, she advised me that it was mainly for business, well I was too shattered to visit them today, but would ring them some time in the future, just to have a chat !.

Coming out of Canada House, I noticed the Canadian Tourist Office across the road, so I thought well; perhaps they might have some literature on the Yukon, to cover up my ignorance. Bingo!, again, I have the Northwest Territories map, which gives all the routes, mileages, and obviously geographical locations, excellent. And to complete my fantastic "Canada Day Out", I got a copy of "Canada's YUKON 1998 VACATION GUIDE, which gives me a huge amount of information, including city maps, and lots of e-mails addresses, am I going to have fun.

Dennis Eve.
Newcastle upon Tyne.
England.

Writers notes July 2003.

Sadly the Canadian Tourist Office has disappeared; this trip meant so much to me as it was my introduction to the "Canadian Studies Library" which had been transferred from Canada House and deposited with the University of London Library which I frequented many times. It was I suppose my first introduction to the Yukon Territory.

The 'History of Close Bros PLC' has been deposited with the Yukon Archives.

Whitehorse was formerly called White Horse and before that Closeleigh.

STEAMBOATS

To: Murray Lundberg
Sent: July 13, 2005
Subject: Aksala

Hello Murray,

I was just back in the steamboat database that you sent me in Oct. 2003. I was very interested in the notation that the Aksala wheel was changed from 14 to 17 buckets in 1915. I can see the logic in that as an even number of buckets would create a harmonic resulting in vibration. The bucket entering the water would match with the one coming out. BC Ferries had a problem when they started using Mirrlees 16 cylinder diesels. They were using 4 blade props that synchronized with the engine creating harmonics and unacceptable vibration. A hawker Siddley engineer, Dave McGuinness, a friend of mine, suggested a 5 blade prop that eliminated the problem. You will find the specs of BC Ferries now all call for 5 blade props, and Dave chuckles about it.

Another note of interest was the damage to wheels and rudders at Hellsgate and Kirkman. Over the years before I came on the river they did a lot of work at Hellsgate as the channels were spread over the whole area. They sunk an old barge on the right side going down to cut off a side channel, and built a series of wing dams both sides to divert the river flow. When I came on the river there was only one channel on the right going up, fast water but all in one place. The other at Kirkman was not too far below where Kirkman Creek comes out. (Mother Malloy!) It was always troublesome for water was spread a good half mile across and no depth anywhere. In 1950 the main river boats were in trouble, and with the Nasutlin we picked up a 1½ yard Bucyrus Erie dragline shovel from Thistle Creek on the barge. After placing anchors I operated one 12 hour shift as I had the experience and Smokey Samuelson the other. Strange stuff, for there was a hard sediment crust of about 2 feet and clean gravel below. We dug a wide enough channel with a depth of 6 feet, but then the river started to work. On completion we sounded the channel and could not touch bottom with a 20 foot sounding pole. In 1960 when we took the Keno down, that channel was still there with plenty of water. These are some things that people don't know and are never recorded.
Cheers, Henry.

Thanks to Gus Barrett, we have an exact date of Bud Holbrook crash, July 22, 1950. (*Bud Holbrook was Blanche Barrett's father.*)

We arrived on site July 20th, set anchors and started the dragline operating late in the afternoon of July 20th. Smokey checked me out on the Bucyrus and we started work. We got another day of dragline and by radio on the 22nd notified that Bud was missing. So Smokey had to leave to go on the search. We were all hoping for the best, but it being a hot day I guess Bud could not get enough lift to get clear. I trained the First Mate, who was a down to earth fellow, and he did the daytime digging and I the night till it was done. By that time we had the news that Bud had not made it, too bad, and we felt bad for the family in Dawson.

I don't know if I told you that early one morning I hooked onto something, and being that the shovel had lots of power we broke one of the anchor lines. So I had one of the deckhands in the work boat with me while I spliced the cable. When cutting off the loose

strands I felt a sharp bite on my leg but did not pursue it. Finally I had a look by lifting my pants and there was blood all over the place. The deckhand took one look and passed out! So I had to get the workboat back to the Nasutlin and wake up the Chief Steward to put on a patch. What had happened was that a piece of steel had made about a 1/4 inch cut on an artery, and that is what caused the mess.

On that same job we were working during dark with the searchlight to give me light. One of the upper cables broke on the shovel boom, so I swung the boom in over the barge. John, one of our local crew said, "I fix him!" So after me assuring that he was not afraid he started to climb. In the dark about 10 feet from the tip I heard, "eeeeeeeeeeee!" I said, "What's wrong John?" He replied, "No likeum!" So I had the job of getting him down by putting my arms on the boom on each side of him till we got down where he could see. Then up the boom to do the job myself of threading a new cable through the upper sheaves. There were no dull days steamboating, and I enjoyed it all!

Henry.

GOOGLE MAPS

Harvey Burian has drawn to our attention that the web browser GOOGLE has a map viewing site. It is not only maps in the traditional sense but you can also click on HYBRID and see the area as seen from a satellite with the map overlaying the image. Or you can click on SATELITE and see just the aerial view.

Go to <http://maps.google.com/> and type in the input box where in North America you wish to see. I.e. Whitehorse Yukon

If you click your mouse key down and hold it down you can drag the map to move in any direction. It is much better than clicking on the arrows.

Henry has found that you can use the arrows on your keyboard and they work well.

Note from Harvey-

The Google Maps site is still in Beta (that means it is still being tested and improved upon). In case one day you go on and it doesn't appear or function because Google is working on the site.

KETTLE VALLEY RAILWAY

A friend recently took a ride on the Kettle Valley Railway steam train at Summerland BC and brought back a copy of their brochure which highlights some of the property along the railway in rural Summerland.

Item 4 a property at the end of Dale Meadow Road reads :

Sam McGee the character from Robert Service's "The Cremation of Sam McGee" arrived in Summerland in 1910 and left in 1912. His wife, Ruth Warnes had two sisters in Summerland. Developed orchard and provided road construction to Summerland.

A MESSAGE FROM JEAN TURNER IN EAGLE ALASKA

I loved the 122nd edition!

I've been meaning to mention this for a long time, but here it is:

Doug Bell's photos are absolutely masterful! Every one is a true work of art! Thanks for your work, Doug!

Jean Turner njturner*aptalaska.net
Eagle, AK

A MESSAGE FROM MARILYN CHASE IN NEW YORK

I just finished Dan Bereza's book "The Big Dipper Route" and loved it! I had no idea how frightening and wonderful flying in the north country was. I'm so glad you recommended it! Weather sure does play a huge factor in flying and safety.....but the views must be magnificent! We're suffering from extreme heat this summer and it's hard to get anything done. I'll wish it was back come next February! Take care.

Marilyn Chase cmchase1*verizon.net

P.S. Please say "hi" to Dan for me....he also sent a copy of his book to Bud Bodding (the pilot involved in the crash before my dad's crash)..I'm SURE Bud will love the book!
Thanks again for all your help!

(For those who are not aware of who Marilyn is, her father Charles Gropstis was the pilot to Livingston Wernecke and whose plane went down on Salal Island off the coast of BC on October 21, 1941 while returning to California from Yukon. This story was told in a Special Edition of the MocTel called 'Death is a two sided Coin' – Aug 13 2003. This story was written by Bud Bodding who was on the island as a result of another downed plane when the second plane crashed. Marilyn was able to meet Gerald 'Bud' Bodding in Ketchikan during a cruise to Alaska in 2002 and received a written copy of the story first hand.

Marilyn's P.S. is as a result of me saying I would see Dan Bereza at the Island Yukoners' Picnic August 13th. As I understand it, Dan will be playing with his former band the Northernairs.)

A MESSAGE FROM DONNA DEWOLFE ON VANC. ISLAND

Dear Sherron Thank you for the Moccasin Telegraph. I print it off and read it to dad. He lives in Nanaimo at Lakeside Gardens and loves visitors if anyone is around that way. His phone number is 250-758-4275. We will also be at the Vancouver Island

Yukoner's picnic.

Dad will be turning 90 this November 1 and I will be having an open house around that time for anyone wishing to say hello.

Thanks again.

Donna DeWolfe donnadewolfe@hotmail.com

MARS – the Red Planet Hoax

It seems we were victims of a hoax. The message about Mars being close to earth on Aug 27th was true for 2003 and due to the magic of electronic mail the message is being circulated again in 2005.

This address regarding the hoax was submitted by Lois Trembley (In Cedar BC)

<http://www.hoax-slayer.com/mars-earth-close.html>

The closest pass in 2005 is Oct 29th and although close, it will not be a record breaker.

For further information see –

http://space.about.com/od/astronomynews/a/marsclose2005_2.htm

WHITE PASS RAIL PHOTOS

Sherron! Thanks for the best slide show we've ever seen. It's just fantastic... As you've probably guessed by now, I'm just getting to my e-mail now since arriving home from our Yukon trip. Even the music is lovely in this show. Isn't technology wonderful?

Will write very soon and tell you about the trip!

Love, Joyce and Fred joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

DREDGES

This Dredge special is great. Both my Husband Les and my Dad, Jim Hadley worked on the Dredges. My dad helped to build # 4 and also worked on dredge # 7 at Quartz Creek. My husband Les worked on #3 Bear Creek, #4 on Bonanza and #6 Granville.

I was sorry to hear about Les Somerton and George Howell.

We have been busy in Dawson all the berries are ripe and the Blueberries are exceptional this year so everyone is out picking.

There was a plaque dedication to the RCCS today at Fort Herchamer, where the original Telegraph Office was. There were a number of members of the Signalers Club from Alberta and BC in attendance. Next on the list is Discovery Days, and then our kids go

back to school on Tuesday after the Discovery Day weekend which is August 12th to the 15th.

That's all for this time.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

DO YOU RECOGNIZE A FAKE VS A GENUINE SMILE ?

This web address for BBC sent in by Dave Cooper dcooper*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/science/humanbody/mind/surveys/smiles/>



Mayo 1937

Image courtesy Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

In that photo from the air of Mayo 1937, look to the top right and you will see the original hospital out of town. There was a road off the end of 4th Avenue that followed straight and made a right turn to the hospital. Also a boardwalk raised about 4 feet on the left of the road as it was subject to flooding in the spring. We used to ride our bikes down that sidewalk. Follow the photo to near the top middle and you may wonder what that was? That was a wide section of the Mayo River, and look close to see three large rocks that would be about each 10 feet across. Just below them in that bend was where there was an eddy and terrific fishing for grayling. The fishing hole was only a very short distance from the road, and I got many good sized ones out of there. Following it across

to the left you can barely see the river for the trees, and can barely see where it widened out again. That was where the old slaughter house for Burns Meats was. The road to there was past our place on 2nd for about a block and then turned to the Mayo River. Continuing down 2nd from that corner was an old road, and another block was the old cabin that I found the cylindrical phonograph that turned the propeller on my airplane. Oh how I wish I had that phonograph now!

After the picnic I will get at the map and I think it is going to be an enjoyable exercise in reminiscing. - Henry.

Henry is planning to prepare a map of Mayo, noting the inhabitants that lived there in the 1930's.

ISLAND PICNIC SHAPING UP TO BE ONE TO REMEMBER

As of the time of mailing this edition there are already 110 pre-registered to attend the Island Yukoners Picnic at St Mary's Hall at Nanoose Bay on Aug 13th.

What with entertainment, door prizes and carefully crafted name tags all of this on the Islanders' meager budget, you can't beat the deal. It is a no charge event, but donations are gratefully accepted. This is to cover the hall rental and other minor expenses.

Viv Stuart set the ball in motion with the donation of a couple of door prizes and anyone else who might like to bring one can let Henry Breaden know at hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Remember it is a bring your own lunch event. Tables and chairs will be provided indoors and locals are being encouraged to bring a chair just in case the numbers exceed the seats.

It sounds like several will start arriving at 10 a.m. with Henry arriving a little earlier to set up a table where he and Blanche Barrett can dispense name tags.

The Northernairs retirees are planning on playing some music for us too. It will be so nice to see them again and hear that familiar sound.

Henry sent along a copy of those who have said they intend to attend it is a wonderful collection of Yukoners past and present.

OBIT

I am feeling a little sad, I have learned this week that we have lost two of our MocTel group, **George Howell** and **Les Somerton**, so sad too that they left without telling all their stories.

We saw George at the Okanagan Yukoners Picnic in June and he reiterated that he would be sending along another story. He had sent us two before.

Then I followed up looking for Les Somerton because two the last two MocTel e-mails had been returned. I first contacted Tim Kinvig who I had previously asked to do some scanning of photos for Les, which he did and Les was going to write about them. Unfortunately his writing didn't make it to me.

When Tim couldn't locate Les I e-mailed Ruth McIntyre who had been a friend of Les' wife Marnie before she passed away about a year ago. Ruth called one of Les' daughters who was out but spoke to a grand daughter and found that Les had passed away about a month ago. They have not written an obituary yet.

So now I am just left with memories of these two men who I did e-mail fairly often. Les leaves me wondering what has happened to 'the damned cat' and who will call his daughters by the numbers he had assigned. When I first met him through Henry on MSN he soon said I must go, #4 has just stopped by. At that time he and his wife were living in Port Alberni, BC. They moved back to Whitehorse where another daughter is a nurse and they felt Marnie could get the best care.

When I asked about the number 4 he told me about leaving one of the children behind at a lodge up near Kluane Lake when they had made a bathroom stop and all loaded back in the car and continued their trip, it was quite some time when someone asked where one of the little ones was. They assigned numbers to each that day and all future trips included a numbered roll call. The numbers stuck with Les.

Sherron Jones



George Howell – June 2005

You may have heard that George Howell passed away this weekend at a reunion in Sask.
– Gladys Wilson

The service for George is being held at the Anglican Church in Shaunavon, Sask. at 2:00 PM on Wed. August 3, 2005. – Arden Meyer



Debbie Kelly taking a photo of Linda Adams and George Howell at the Okangan picnic June 2004 in Summerland.

Photo courtesy Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (In Neilburg SK)

George Edward Howell

George Edward Howell aged 68 years of Westbank, British Columbia died suddenly at Shaunavon, Saskatchewan on Saturday, July 30, 2005.

He was born in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan on August 3, 1936.

He was predeceased by infant sons Jeffrey Kenneth in 1957 and Michael George in 1959, his father Kenneth Alton in 1974, his beloved aunt Madge Durham in 1986 and his uncle Harry Durham in 1993.

George leaves to mourn his wife MaryLou, sons Tim (Jackie) of Whitehorse, Yukon, Patrick (Bonnie) of Whitehorse, Yukon, Scott (Kimmy) of Lethbridge, Alberta, daughter Lisa Hlushko of Kelowna, British Columbia, his mother Maude Howell of Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, grandchildren Crystal, Adam,



Donovan, Melissa, Alton, Daylee and Hayley, great granddaughter Paris, two sisters Leslie Goldstein (Herb) of Shaunavon, Saskatchewan and Barbara Morrison of Wingham, Ontario, as well as an extended family and a large

community of long term friends throughout the aviation industry. On top of all and not in the least, hundreds of cousins, nieces, nephews and once removed relatives, all of whom George knew closely and by name at a glance – cherished and loved by all.

Funeral Services

were held from All Saints Anglican Church in Shaunavon on Wednesday, August 3, 2005 at 2:00 p.m. with Reverend Jim Tait officiating. Binkley's Funeral Service of Shaunavon (www.Binkleys.com) was in charge of the arrangements.

More about George Howell

There are a couple links to him on Google that George has written messages.

<http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/vignettes.htm>

http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/persons/lockhart_ww.htm

George and I go back to the early 70's when he was flying for TNTA and lifted a riverboat from Parkin oil camp to the Water Survey cabin on the Peel River at the mouth of Canyon Creek.

Bill Maylor

Thanks for the copy of George Howell's obit. The photo of him looks just like I remember him, only, of course, as a much younger man. I hadn't realized that two of his sons still live in Whitehorse. I remember when one of them was born in Mayo in 1960.

My memories of George are that he was a very friendly man, not afraid to speak his mind, and very much involved in the community. Gerald Newsham reminded me that George took over as the volunteer Mayo Fire Chief when Gerald and Beulah left in 1962. If I remember correctly, he also played softball and was involved in curling.

My deepest sympathy to his wife MaryLou and to the family.

Harvey Burian

George also wrote a couple of memorable messages to the MocTel. The first message was to bring up the topic of the Haines Road Rescue; later to recount his memory of the incident. When asked what would happen if he didn't go out flying in the snowstorm and high winds – he was told 'they will die'.

He later wrote about flying girls to sites to build cabins on a summer project run by the Sias family. His humor and sentimental side showed up when he shared the names signed on the drawing the girls made for him that summer. One of those girls was Pat Duncan who went on to fame in Yukon.

George risked his own life in his duties while flying a helicopter in Yukon and he will be sadly missed. He was a fine man.

Sherron Jones

Les Somerton Obit still not available

Hello Sherron,

I have not seen Les for a very long time. I will phone his daughter tomorrow then send you an e-mail.

We have had busy summer, our oldest son and his family moved to Victoria last year and sold their home. Their three kids came back to Whitehorse to work and since we have space we have enjoyed their company. We also inherited their dog which we say is a lot like us in that she is old, hard of hearing and arthritic.

Gordon celebrated his 95th birthday in July and he is doing great. We went to a doctor about a month ago for a check up. When she found out that he was not on any medication she remarked that she never knew anyone 95 years old that was not on medication

The YTA celebrated its 50th anniversary in July, a very successful event. Some teachers came from far away places. The Wallingham`s daughter, Elaine was present and she has been teaching in Chile for the last 5 years. She left here July 28th so that she would be in Chile to start teaching August 1st.

The class that graduated in 1975 had its 30th year reunion in July also. I went to the meet and greet event and thoroughly enjoyed myself

I will get back to you soon.

Ruth McIntyre [rmac*polarcom.com](mailto:rmac@polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse)

Hello again,

I phoned Lee, daughter of Marnie and Les, she was not at home so I talked with her daughter. Les passed away a month ago. Nothing was put in the papers but they are working on an obituary which will soon be printed. As a result I have no dates.

I asked if it would be o.k. for you to mention this in the Moccasin Telegraph the answer was "yes" As soon as I get a date I will send it to you.

Love

Ruth

Hi Sherron,

I was very sad to hear that Les went down the trail, and we all lost a good friend. Les has always been a comic with his "Damn Cat" and the numbering of his girls. His mails were always full of good humour. I know that he took it real hard when Marnie passed away, and likely living by himself he just gave up and went to meet her. They had their 60th anniversary back a few years, so it is hard to say how many years they had. I had that all in my address book until they went up north and I created a new address and location for him. We have been friends since the 40s, and we used to love visiting them at Alberni. We hope that Les is happy being with Marnie again.

Henry Breaden

Yes, Sherron, it was sad to hear of Les Somerton`s passing. He, Henry, and I used to have some great conversations on MSN before he moved from Port Alberni, back to Whitehorse. I had never met him in person, although we both insisted we should, and would make a point of doing that someday.

I remember as a little girl in Whitehorse that there was a Somerton family, that my mother spoke of fondly - and I think that Les may have gone to school with my older

sisters and brothers in the Lambert St. School. His family probably had left the Yukon by the time I was school age. Anyway, his humour and personality certainly came through in the e-mails, and I enjoyed those reminiscences that we three shared about the old days in the Yukon. Another case of "don't put off things until it's too late," I'm afraid.
Cheers, Joyce Yardley

Yes, I did know Les Somerton. He and his wife Marni, who passed away a year or so ago, were good friends of my parents. I know his daughter Lee as well. I'm sorry to hear of Les' passing. He and I carried on some e-mail correspondence for a time and he was going to relay messages to my cousin, Marj Profeit. We never did make that happen. He knew my Burian uncles and aunts and had a lot of Yukon remembrances as well.
Thanks for letting me know.
Harvey Burian

ELLIOTT, William Keith born March 3, 1917 died at home on Tuesday, July 27, 2005. Will be missed by his wife, Grace and children David (Mary), Marjorie, Anne (Mike) Hussy and John; grandchildren Larry Elliott, Kealey Elliott, Kimberly Spoljaravic, Tina Healey and great grandchildren Kealy-Shae and Harrison. Keith spent 5 years in the Airforce and 23 years working for Canadian Department of Fisheries. No service by request. If desired, donations in his memory may be made to Trans Canada Trail for the Smithers or Yukon section at 43 Westminster Ave., N. Montreal West, QC H4X 1Y8
Keith, Grace and 4 children lived 5 years in Whitehorse.

MOCTEL TEMPORARILY ON HOLD

Looks like I am having an extended stay in Quebec on the fires. Could you please put a hold on the Moc Tel for me until I let you know that I am back.
By the way having a wonderful time everyone is very cordial and there are lots of forests fires.
Cheers
Mike Bellamy airmail*telusplanet.net

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
Diagnostic code: smtp;550 5.1.1 unknown or illegal alias: jackndoreen@shaw.ca
HILDEBRAND, Jack & Doreen jackndoreen*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1963-79)
Nanaimo
Just talked to Doreen Hildebrand and they are no longer on the internet. But they will be at the picnic. - Henry

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <rockwell@telus.net>
ROCKWELL, Mickey & Jane rockwell@telus.net (In Whitehorse 1974-77) (250) 679-3027 Chase

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
Diagnostic code: smtp;550 5.1.1 unknown or illegal alias: lsinla03@shaw.ca
Lyn Spring ????

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <bmonahan@telus.net>
MONAHAN, Brian bmonahan@telus.net (In Whitehorse 1973 - ?) Wetaskiwin, AB

lsomerton@northwestel.net
(reason: 550 5.1.6 recipient no longer on server: lsomerton@northwestel.net)
Now deceased

<sdalziel@yknet.ca>:
Sorry. Although I'm listed as a best-preference MX or A for that host, it isn't in my control/locals file, so I don't treat it as local. (#5.4.6)
DALZIEL, Bryun & Shelley sdalziel@yknet.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We are now in Moose Jaw. No change in email address and you should already have the new mailing address, etc. If not let me know.

Stay Safe.
Ted Swenson toiler@shaw.ca

Just to let you know that I have a change of email address:
Jrodschat@shaw.ca Joan Rodschat

NEW ADDITIONS

I just heard about your web site from a neighbour; I am curious about the website, what you have to offer, and what hoops do I need to jump to get on your e-mail list if I become interested.

Much thanks

Walter Gutowski gutowski*klondiker.com

I am originally from Saskatchewan and moved to Whitehorse permanently in 1977 after spending three summers working around Yukon while going to University in Saskatoon. In 1979 I met and eventually married a local girl, Janet Coldwell (born and raised in Whitehorse). Her Dad and one brother still live here, and three brothers live in the Thompson-Okanagan area and one brother is in Prince George area. My family stayed in Saskatchewan (poor souls).

We have three kids (two from Janet's previous marriage) and one grandson. One boy is in Calgary, daughter is back in Whitehorse after a stint in Kelowna, and the youngest boy is "searching".

Walter Gutowski

Just received this, can you help this lady out ???

Dave Book was my computer man till he went to the U.N. for a year.

Thanks Weldon

Hello Weldon,

David Book gave me a website for a publication re: the Yukon. However, my computer went down and I have since lost it. I was hoping you could help me.

I was born in Dawson in the late 40s (the daughter of Kay and Ernie Schink). My grandfather, also Ernest, went to Dawson in 1896 and ran the general store and bakery for many years.

My Dad was a gold miner on Paradise Hill, Hunker Creek and Gold Bottom when I was growing up in Dawson.

Are there other Yukoners on Mayne? We could host our own reunion. I haven't been to the Yukoners Assn. on the mainland for many years, although I get the newsletter.

Regards,

Maureen (Schink) Buchholz moebuchholz*shaw.ca

Delighted to make contact with you, Sherron, and thanks so much for the photos of the dredges and the 1935 postal list.

I recognize many names of our neighbours in Dawson in the 50s. Just reading the list brought back a lot of memories of growing up in that wonderful town.

Again, thanks, and I look forward to receiving the Telegraph on line.

Warmest regards,
Maureen

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Integrity is telling myself the truth. And honesty is telling the truth to other people.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart lornellis*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Spinach Salad and Dressing

Use amount of ingredients according to number of people – more than enough dressing

Fresh spinach
Crumbled bacon or ham strips (can use bacon bits)
Bean sprouts
1 can water chestnuts
green onions
1 or 2 hard boiled eggs
celery – sliced in diagonal strips

Dressing:

Combine in jar and chill

1 cup oil
½ cup berry sugar or white (can be reduced)
¼ cup vinegar
1 tbsp worcestershire sauce
2 tsp salt
finely chopped medium onion
1/3 cup catchup

Pour over greens just before serving

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.

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 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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