

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 124th Edition – August 21, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Robin

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

MY ROLE MODEL

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

When things get me down
And I'm feeling blue,
I stop and wonder
What you would do.

You wouldn't sit
Alone and mope,
Full of self pity

And losing hope.

You'd square your shoulders,
And move along,
Correcting the things,
That have gone wrong.

And then I know
What I should do,
Grin and bear it,
And follow you.

© 2000 Gus Barrett



Les Somertons dad Ernie with a Holt Mod. 30, 2-ton cat

Photo courtesy Les Somerton (Ernie Somerton photo)

Tim Kinvig was good enough to scan a number of Les' photos and has gained approval from the family to place them in the MocTel.

Les' father Ernie Somerton worked on the overland trail, at the very least 1926-28.

By 1935 Ernie is on the Dawson postal list as –

Somerton Ernest J H fireman city

Les Somertons dad Ernie with a Holt Mod. 30, 2-ton cat. That is the same type of cat that Norman Hartnell drove for Kimbel hauling logs. – Henry Breden

Thanks for the photo of the old two ton cat. I never saw one with a cab before. Phoned **Percy DeWolfe** last night and we had a good gas as we haven't seen one another since the mid 30's. - **Norm Hartnell** ladue1@shaw.ca

Note this reunion folks, that is **70 years**. – Sherron

Some Thoughts From an Old Sourdough Upon Returning to The Yukon After 40 Years

By Alastair Findlay GreenlochHouse@aol.com (In Scotland)

So much has changed in The Yukon since the 1960s when I spent several years in what can only be described as God's Country; and I was only partly steeled for the changes I saw. My natural romanticism made it impossible in my mind's eye to accept all the changes I saw and felt, and there were times when I wept almost uncontrollably at the loss of what had once been.

In the fall of 1966 my wife Isabell secured a post as a teacher in The Yukon so we drove from Vancouver in a 1954 Chevy that I bought for \$150. With a sleeping bag she made out of old army blankets, a very second-hand tent, and a rifle for all the wolves and bears that would be heading straight for us every night, we made our way north – destination Carcross. The journey was an adventure for a young Scottish immigrant couple just starting out, as all manner of dire warnings went unheeded while in the comfort of Vancouver. My aged Great-Uncle George came to our flat armed with temperature charts of The Yukon in a forlorn attempt to put us off, while his wife, my Aunt Anne, just sat in a corner muttering 'there's nothing up there – there's nothing there'.



We made it to Carcross however and discovered the delights of a wooden sidewalk, brushwood lazily rolling down the dusty 'streets' and, of course, Watson's Store. (Who really needs a Wal-Mart?). Our journey was not without incident though, having had to be towed across the border to Watson Lake for repairs.

The teachers' house was unfinished so we camped by Tagish Lake for about a week and many a gopher became a friend as they weren't long in sussing out soft touches! We became friends with an old lady who used to have the trading post at Tagish and were mesmerized by her tales of being strapped warmly onto a sled for the trips to Edmonton; and I remember thinking even then at the ripe old age of twenty-two how terribly 'civilised' everything had become.

But the Alaska Highway is no longer a magnificent ribbon of gravel and dust clinging to the contours so that you felt you were at one with the land; a road that felt that it and its tributaries was taking you with her deep into the heartland of the North. Now it



is a soulless ribbon of asphalt straining from one crest to the next; all gutted from the land - straightened, infilled and cut; lined with advertising boards; a piece of technology that seems divorced from the land it courses through; a mere connecting route for the Mighty USA. No longer an adventure – just another road. Even the Watson Lake signs have been aligned all prim and proper as if the way they were once placed

was an affront to the tidiness demanded by conformity.

Mining now seems to be a dirty word in The Yukon. (Have you forgotten what brought the Territory into being and into life?) And I was appalled to see signs that read “This Company Supports Placer Mining – Placer Mining Supports this Company” What an indictment! And why did you allow the great Anvil Mine to cease to be? If you use almost anything made by Man, from whence do you imagine its metals come?

I overheard the balladeer Al Oster being described as *passé*, and thought later that his haunting and evocative ‘Buckets of Steel’ might be the closest Yukoners may now ever get to the lure of gold, being content now to live life vicariously by selling gold pans, nugget trinkets and the like. The whole of the western world seems in the grip of a corrosive Greenness and Political Correctness aided and abetted by the legal profession which has found a very rich seam indeed; but I harboured the hope that Yukoners might have held out against it as they once had and made their own lives in the way they wanted. (Some of you may remember The Great Whitehorse Parking Meter Fiasco of the late 60’s when the ‘authorities’ got a bloody nose. The City (pop. 6500) decided to put parking meters on Main Street, but few people bothered with them. They were either fed, ignored, or, in some cases, enterprising souls worked them loose with a 4x4 and chucked them into The Yukon River. I came armed with seventeen unpaid tickets when eventually hauled before the judge in what must have been his most crowded session ever. Wisely, he said he was doing nothing about it and more or less said it was up to the City Authorities to sort it out. Our cudgels were then taken up by Norm Chamberlist, a local hotel owner and something of a frustrated lawyer who eventually managed to take the whole business all the way to the Privy Council in London and won our case under the British North America Act of 1867. All in all a perfect example of how ‘authorities’ all over the world should be dealt with by those who believe that George Orwell’s ‘1984’ was a serious warning and not a handbook for local or national governments; as it seems that ‘public servants’ so easily and seamlessly slip into the role of public ‘masters’).

I came away this time with a memory of a few true characters, and fewer old timers, but more of a body of administrators all administering each other (and the few others left over) for all they were worth. It was as if the enclave of Whitehorse was being deliberately isolated from its history and its surrounding beauty and vastness by an army of bureaucrats hell-bent on creating a bland sameness with its southern counterparts, and who are forever dreaming up rules and regulations and bylaws to fix things which aren’t broken and has everything to do with ‘control’ of those ‘under’ them. And how in Heaven’s name can you require *so* many lawyers and a court building the size you have for a mere 30,000 people? It is undoubtedly a splendid piece of architecture, but more suited to a populace of a quarter million.

If mere Administration is subtracted from The Yukon of today, what else remains? Apart from those who clear and maintain the highway that links one part of the United States to another, what does anyone else in The Yukon *produce*? Tourism perhaps – but that is only a living for a tiny handful of people for a few months of the year. (And time will tell if your average tourist will want to sit in a bar where he can’t have a smoke). Did Robert Service see and fear all this when he wrote:

“They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with their preaching,
“They have soaked you in convention through and through;
“They have put you in a showcase; you’re a credit to their teaching -
“But can’t you hear the Wild? – it’s calling you.”

On the subject of tourism, may I make a comment for the debate on the perhaps-to-be-built bridge over The Yukon River at Dawson City? It seems to me that if tourists want to see The Yukon or Alaska they want to go home and talk of the adventure they had and of the places that comparatively few have visited. They want *differences* to the norm of stop-and-gawk tourism. They have already been deprived of the dust of the Alaska Highway; they have already been confronted with enough of the convention and political correctness they can find at home - so why deprive them of a ferry, or of that faintly weird sensation of driving across the ice above a fast-flowing river? It’s what they *want* to give that little extra edge to a trip to The North. Don’t build it! All that will happen is that someone who already has enough will become that little bit richer, and posterity will have just another bridge - to pass over, and forget.

It was good to come across a nice piece of irony though. In the latter part of the 1960s when I worked with General Enterprises as estimator and project manager, I oversaw the construction of Hougen’s building on Main Street. It was at that time built as a single department store, and sadly involved the demolition of one or two rather old traditional buildings which upset me a lot at the time. And today? Up go the ersatz fronts.

Perhaps the saddest experience of all came to me when I went to Carcross to see what had changed, (and I was happy to see that there at least very little had). But the school house we used to live in was different. As cheechakos in Carcross, Isabell, as one of the two teachers, received many little gifts of cakes and fruit which were left inside the porch as thoughtful gestures of welcome. The porch, (which we used as a deep-freeze for a moose I shot illegally out of season), is no longer there today – a canopy had replaced it. But, the main door now has two stout locks in contrast to being told we were being laughed at because we bothered to use the one flimsy lock at all. I found that sad, but it is alas almost a world-wide thing, and not restricted to sub-arctic villages.

You will have noticed that I refer to The Yukon as she used to be called, and not just Yukon which seems to be the title in universal use there today. It is such a bland word on its own and imposed as if to rid the mind of the Territory’s once turbulent, adventurous and dangerous times. It makes the place no different from Saskatchewan or Ontario or the others as it trips off the tongue. Imagine if suddenly there was to become The Saskatchewan? Would you not subconsciously hesitate and wonder why *The* Saskatchewan – and what was so special about it that warranted the epithet? That little word ‘The’ made The Yukon ring with what it was – separate, different, mysterious; or in Service’s words – “Lofty I stand from each sister Land, patient and wearily wise.....”



Thank God there is nothing the bureaucrats can do about 'The Great Alone' which will still be there long after they are gone having lived out their pointless existence in a land that never needed most of them in the first place, and to take their pensions – and run.

Copyright: July 2005
T. Alastair Findlay
Greenloch House
Souleseat
Stranraer DG9 8NY
Scotland
(Tel: 01776 820416) (email: GreenlochHouse@aol.com)

A MESSAGE FROM BARBARA MacDOUGALL IN PARIS (ON).

Dear Sherron, Thanks again for all your work compiling this newsletter. I get many different newsletters on various topics, but this is so rich in its scope. What got me thinking about this was the last Mockett on the subject of the dredges. It's not just dry history anymore, but the stories of real people who worked on them. There is so much valuable history that you're presenting. Joyce Yardley's story of the disappearing road houses had me misty-eyed as well. I know exactly how she felt. I still remember my first trip to the Yukon in 1982 and driving on one of the remaining bits of the old Alaska Highway that hadn't yet been chipsealed, how magical that was to me at the time tooting along in my old and faithful Toyota Landcruiser 4x4. All that glorious sucking, spraying mud. Tourists, eh?

Thanks bunches,
Barbara MacDougall barbaramacdougall@rogers.com (In Paris, Ontario)

A MESSAGE FROM JOYCE YARDLEY IN NANAIMO

Dear Alistair,

I was so thrilled to read your article in the "Explore North" website. Sherron Jones, of the newsletter "Moccasin Telegraph" sent it to me a few minutes ago. Yesterday I had sent her a little article of my own, about my recent trip to Carcross, expressing the same sentiments that you had felt on your visit to the Yukon. Reading your story, I felt as if you were inside my head, experiencing all the same thoughts that I had tried to convey in words. - not nearly as eloquently as you did, I might add, but it was so rewarding to hear that someone else had been affected by the changes the same way I had.

You might be interested to know the names of the former schoolteachers that taught during the 1940s – 1960s. The ones I remember best are as follows: Mary Clancy (now “Stewart” and still living, I believe, in New South Wales, Australia. Bob Christie; Margaret Salkeld (now Schmidt) living in Alberta, Gudrun Erickson (Sparling) taught in Carcross, I believe, for one year.

The first one-room school, where my daughter Norma took her grade 3, was located just across the road and a few lots west of the post office then. It was torn down later and the school was relocated in Herman Peterson’s former home (which he built himself and lived in before moving to Atlin, BC.) That is the building you’ve illustrated in your article. I had taught her grades 1 and 2 by correspondence from (10 Mile Ranch- 1949 and 1950.)

I was Postmistress in Carcross from 1955 to 1960. I have recorded the experiences of my family’s life in my book, which is described in my web page below.

I’ve attached the article I sent to MocTel (for the previous edition).

Cheers, Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

www.dataspan.ca



Sundown - Bennet Lake – Carcross – July 2005

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

PETE FOTH HONORED

Sherron: We had company today (August 16, 2005) and it was Tom Mickey from Whitehorse. Do you know him? Good guy..... He came for a very special reason, that being to honour Pete with an Honorary Life Membership in Yukon Lodge No. 45 of Dawson City, Yukon Territory, Canada.

Needless to say, Pete was ever so happy to receive this honour as he joined the Masonic Lodge April 12, 1956 and so that's just less than 50 years of faithful service.

Sorry the certificate isn't readable; the light wasn't in my favour.

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock)



Tom Mickey presenting certificate to Pete Foth
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth

WHITEHORSE INN SIGNS

I would like to ask the group if they have any thoughts or recollections about the old sign located at the Whitehorse Inn. Does anyone remember what was flashing on it or anything else related to its electrical display?

A group in town is resurrecting this sign and it will be put up behind the CIBC at 2nd and main.

If you have any info or know of any film footage of the sign, please pass that information along to me and I will pass it along to Danny Collins.

Thanks, Rob Hopkins (Radio Rob – Tagish Radio) rhopkins*tagishtel.ca

MAYO WALKING TOUR

Found a website which shows the images of the pages of the Mayo Walking Tour. I found it really interesting to see all the names of the homes whose families we hear from through the Moccasin Telegraph, like the Burian House, the Breaden House, the Besner House (Fred Aylwin's mothers' family), etc. etc. Take a tour at this address – Sherron

<http://www.yukonheritage.com/publications-mayo.pdf>

Quite interesting Sherron,

But the history is so mixed up? There are old buildings that are no longer there, and there are new ones mixed between. The Breaden home should have shown the original log building, where the sketch of the one built in 1948 is a disgusting mess through neglect. The Mable McIntyre cabin was originally Sam Blackmore's, and if the write-up were to say such it could be interesting. Not a bad page, but it could be great with the proper information. I guess the present generation is doing their best, but help is available from us old duffers before we are gone.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

I have the actual booklet of the Mayo Walking Tour, so yes, I have seen it. While I believe all of the buildings depicted are still there (or were when the booklet was published in 2003), I also noticed that some of the info was incorrect, such as the Breaden House, as Henry has noted. Some of the houses have also been referred to by the name of some of the more recent occupants, rather than the original builders/owners. (e.g. the Mabel McIntyre Cabin - built by Sam Blackmore, Jean Boyle House - built by Frank Cantin, May Fairclough's House - built for Isabel Kimbel) Much of the information, however appears to be reasonably accurate and, I believe, does provide a guide to the

visitor who knows nothing of the history of Mayo, who might have lived in or built the houses/buildings, and a bit of background on the people who lived in them.

The info for the Burian house was very incorrect as it was originally written, however, because Lyn Bleiler knew the person putting the book together, she alerted me before it was published and I had the opportunity to completely re-write the little blurb on our house. It's too bad that some of the others, like you Henry, who could still have provided information were not also contacted. I did not see any of the other write-ups before they were published.

Henry, I would suggest that you write a correction to the Brearden house and send it to the YTG Cultural Services Branch. I notice the brochure does ask for further information or corrections but only gives a phone number - (867)667-3458. I'm sure if you called them you could get an address. When they publish new copies of the booklet I would think that they would gladly make any corrections brought to their attention.

My thought on all the historical information that is being produced about the Yukon is that those of us who are still around who either know the facts or can remember them need to give as much help as we can to those who are publishing the information so that it will be as accurate as possible. I'm sure the writers have good intentions but may not know who are, or where to contact, the appropriate people to get the correct information.

Anyway, thanks for alerting us to the website, Sherron. I had looked at it earlier but others may be interested in seeing it.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

Thanks for thinking of us. The "Mayo Walking Brochure" was delightful. I took a trip down memory lane once again, re-visiting all those homes and names from the past. It's been about forty-seven years since I lived there, but it still seems like home. Hope you have a safe trip over to the Island this weekend. See you at the picnic.

Karren Crowley kbcrowley*telus.net (In Sydney)

*Harvey Burian has made contact with someone in the Yukon Government department dealing with this Cultural project and who is welcoming any corrections or addition information any of the MocTel readers have to offer. Harvey is prepared to help you present the information to the government so that the next brochures produced can be improved versions. Contact Harvey at hburian*telus.net – Sherron*



**Norm & Sheila Becker Celebrate 50 years of Marriage
Congratulations Norm & Sheila**

Norman and Sheila Becker celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary at the home of Cal and Carol Scouten on Aug. 4th, 2005. Seen here with their son Norman Roy. It was a beautiful day spent with many friends - thanks to Cal and Carol. – Sheila Becker



Norm & Sheila Becker with son Norman Roy.
Photo courtesy Sheila Becker snbecker@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

VANCOUVER ISLAND PICNIC – Special Edition

These comments are shared with all of you who made the Special edition what it is by sharing your photos, stories and comments. It wouldn't be what it is without you

sharing. So thank you everyone – including those who worked so hard to make the picnic a memorable event, especially to those of you who made it memorable by just being there. - Sherron

Wow, you have done it once again.

What a great job.

Dad and I took several pictures as well, but they have to be developed, and then we have to find someone that can scan them for us.

I hope that by the next picnic, that I will have a digital camera as well.

Well, I am off to meet Ron Hiltz at the airport this morning. He has a four hour layover here at the Vancouver Airport, and then he flies up to Whitehorse. He will spend three weeks, touring and rekindling old memories, and revisiting old "haunts", then he will be here for 7 days. I have the honours of being his chauffeur, and host.

It is during that time that I hope to get him up to Vernon to see you and Bill.

Warmest Regards Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

Good morning, gosh the pictures of the picnic are great – lots of familiar faces to say the least. I had finally planned on going when I found Fay and those were actually going foot passengers and staying, I booked the ferry to go, then about 12:30 on Friday get a phone call from Foreign Affairs Protocol office in Ottawa. *(etc and couldn't leave until that was dealt with, so missed the picnic – Sherron)*

Cheers Gwen McFayden Gwen_McFadyen*yvr.ca (In Richmond)

What great pictures! Lots of pictures of former Dawsonites. All bring back memories. Having the Northernairs there must have been a great drawing card. Have they ever put out a CD or Tape? They play such good music. Looks like everyone had a memorable time. Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Great write-up and photos of the picnic. You sure didn't waste any time getting it all together. Bill took some great pictures. In part 2 the one with Trisha Timmermans and a ? is Jim May. He was with Yukon Electric and now lives on Madrona in Nanoose with his wife Betty.

Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca (In Parksville)

The Special is wonderful especially for we who weren't able to be present for the big Get-Together.

So glad so many Yukoners arrived and that the weather was so beautiful.
Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca (In White Rock)

I sent a copy of the Special Edition to Helena Green and Ian Parsons because they supplied material and are not receiving the MocTel. – Sherron

Wow Sherron

You're a treasure. That's a lot of work and I'm sure much appreciated by the sourdough community. Keep up the great work!

Hugs & Cheers

Helena Green (Parksville-Qualicum News)

Thx Sherron, fantastic job. You must devote hours to the computer.

Ian Parsons (In Courtenay)

LOST IS FOUND

Dear Sherron, Thanks to all for the concern over my 50 year old stool...Ha,ha...Anyway the lost has been found and they are keeping it for me at St.Mary's Hall until I can pick it up. But, another mystery is still in the air about the owner of the little grey cooler....Come on... would the cooler owner please stand up!!!

Thanks to all and have a great weekend...

See you all next year...Cherio, Lois Trembley granny9t*shaw.ca (In Cedar)

BILL & RUSTY HOME AGAIN

We just arrived back in Whitehorse at 5:30 pm. I was checking my emails and was pleased to read the Vancouver Island, Part 1 & 2. I have started to print them out for Bill to read, but it's getting late and we are tired from traveling.

When we left the Island, we caught the early morning ferry to Horseshoe Bay as everything was booked up. We had made reservations for coming over, but were not sure just when we would be going back. It was a nice day and a beautiful trip.

We drove all the way to Penticton where our daughter, Shelley and her husband Mike Biden live. We spent a few more days there as Bill had to go to the clinic in Kelowna for some treatments before we headed home to Whitehorse.

We sure had a wonderful time at the Yukoners Picnic. Words could never express how much we enjoyed getting together to play some music with some of our old Northernairs Dance Band musicians. It was wonderful to meet so many people that used to dance to

our music. I will write more later when I have seen the rest of the Mocassin Telegraph. It is always good to get home.

Bye for now. Rusty & Bill REID rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Thank you Rusty & Bill for going to all that effort to play at the picnic, we really appreciate the sentimental journey you took us on. – Sherron

I forgot to tell you in my last email that I won one of the door prizes and it was “THE WILDFIRE SEASON” by Andrew Pyper.

Bye for now. RUSTY

DOUG STORING SPECIAL EDITION

WHAT A STORY---so full of values!!! Donna has been blessed and I'm very appreciative that she shared her story.

Marilyn Chase cmchase1@verizon.net (In New York)

To: Donna Clayson

Subject: Another Relative - - Ex - Yukoner

Hi Donna I was just reading your story about Doug & Al Storing and as I got to the end of the story and saw the picture of my relatives. I knew Aunt Winnie and all of her Family as My mother is a sister of Winnie. So I am a cousin of yours.

I also use to live in Whitehorse from March 1954 until I joined the Navy in 1960.

My parents continued to live in Whitehorse or actually Porter Creek until 1962 and they then moved to Victoria B.C. My parents use to have property out near Porter Creek before it became known as Porter Creek. My father passed away in 1970 at the age of 53 and my mother passed away in Sept. 2002.

I do not know if you made it to the family reunion that Shannon Cherkowski put on a couple of years ago as my wife and I attended it and I met so many relatives I could not remember them all. But I know all of Winnies Children as we use to visit and play with them on their farm, Mainly Jonnie and Alex, Florence, Eva.

In the picture Winnie sure looks a lot like my mother. I had a good visit with Aunt Ada in Cottom Ontario Two years ago and then again at the Family reunion just outside of Sherwood Park. So it was kind of nice to find another relative, like you they just seem to come out of the wood work, by the way my name is Ron Olson and I live in Victoria, I have three Children and 11 grand Children.

I am now retired from the Federal Government. I got out of the Navy in 1973 and then

returned to work at the Navy Dockyard in Esquimalt in 1981. If there is anymore information you would like to know please ask and I will try to give you any answers that I know.

Ron Olson r0n-pr0*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Gee, Sherron, thanks for the quick e-mail back. Winnie was my dad's mother (my grandmother). She passed away 6 months before I found her children (my aunts and uncles). Her sister was Clara (Ron's mother). Both Ron and I attended the family reunion two summers ago but I didn't meet him and had no idea he was there. Ditto for him. Even though we were at the same family reunion our paths did not cross. Can you imagine Ron's surprise to read the article then get near the end and see the picture of his relatives? Small world.

Then of course there was Weldon Pinchin. He indicated he stayed in a log house outside of Ardrossan about 8 or 10 years ago and here it's the house Bryan built! I've never met Weldon.

I'm always excited meeting my father's extended family. More so because as I was growing up he so often wondered who he was, what his real name was and where his roots were. Mine and Ron's uncle Alex was here 2 weeks ago visiting (he's from Chase, B.C.) and Alex mentioned Winnie (his mother) often wondered what happened to her first born. They are all a wonderful family and have opened their arms to me. I'm just thrilled to have found another cousin. More so because I grew up with only my mother and father. We had very small family holiday dinners! Now I am finding so many relatives. Yes, I'm thrilled to pieces. The MocTel has been such a Godsend to me. Thanks Sherron for sticking with it.

Donna

DOUG STORING TRIBUTE

I have just finished the lovely, sad, happy and evocative story of Doug Storing who alas I never met.

It has been wonderful being a recipient of The Moccasin Telegraph for all of a week, and have read the three editions you kindly sent me! It's a double-edged sword though. You have to understand that I had been away from the Yukon for about 40 years (bar a visit last February), and being a ridiculously sentimental bloke had spent the intervening years vowing I would never return to a place where I was the happiest I have ever been and reliving my time there through devouring Robert Service, re-reading Pierre Berton's 'Klondike', and listening to Al Oster, Hank Karr et al.

Briefly mentioned in Donna's story was Wigwam Harry. I only ever saw him a few times (although of course I knew who he was). The tale goes that it was outside Tourist

Services where a lady had just dropped her bag of shopping. She was standing there staring and somewhat distraught at the burst bags of flour and the broken eggs when Wigwam Harry came up and put his hand on her shoulder and said - "It's all right girl - he would have died anyhow - his eyes were too close together". True? Who knows - but I like to think so.

Best regards,

Alastair Findlay GreenlochHouse@aol.com (In Scotland)

RETURNED TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron

I'm back. Quebec was wonderful, lots of fires, lots of flying and the people were wonderful. Spent most of the month at a wilderness lodge north of Maniwaki. I am taking a few days off now and then heading out again, where? I have no idea. Ya gotta love it.

Cheers

Mike Bellamy

CORRECTION TO ANGUS & I - SPECIAL EDITION

After I delivered a copy of Angus & I to Jeanne Harbottle she phoned to ask where I got the name Rose for her mother. I could only say it was from the scanned photo. I now realize looking at the photo that Jeanne's friend who scanned the photo had named it 'Mom - Rose' because mother is holding a rose. When asked what her mother's name was, Jeanne responded the same as mine.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

LILIAS FARLEY

Hi Sherron. I've been in touch with a young man named Chris Tanner, who has been trying to get information on Liliias Farley. Chris's wife is a relative of Liliias. He knows she was an artist and art teacher at WHS.

Chris has the burial record and the obituary record from the web, but hopes to learn more. Can you put a request for information in the MocTel?

I remember that she lived near 5th and Main St.

Cheers. Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

Ralph will accept any e-mails and pass them on to Chris Tanner.

Hi, Sherron. Chris Tanner has told me about this web site which lists Liliias Farley's house.
Cheers. Ralph

<http://www.yukonalaska.com/yhma/houses/house.htm>

Wow, I just did a quick look for the Farley House on this site and along the way I saw the Blaker House and listed. A neat site for those of us who find it interesting. Phil I expect this would be your grandparents house. – Sherron

OBITS

PETER SUDEYKO

I should have sent this into you a couple of months ago but seeing as I had just signed up as a Moccasin subscriber at Pete's passing I was not too sure how to go about it so here it is.

Pete was born in Sunland, Alberta on May 21, 1931. He ventured up to the Yukon at the age of 18 and never left. For many years he was employed by the Canadian army as an ambulance driver, staff car driver and eventually as a bus driver. In the late 50's began selling for the Fuller Brush as a salesman and eventually covered the whole Yukon for 28 years.

His retirement years found him constantly busy with the cabin at Tagish Lake, sharing good times with friends, and travelling outside to see his grandchildren. Pete was a lifetime member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers.

In October 1997, Pete suffered a major stroke and for almost eight years, with the loving support of his wife, Marlene, he bravely fought the card he had been dealt. He passed away peacefully on the morning of May 10, 2005 at Copper Ridge Place with Marlene at his side.

He is survived by his wife, Marlene Sudeyko; two sisters: Elizabeth (Steve); Lorraine (Ed); four children: Bob (Lois) of Thornhill, Ontario; Rick of Aylmer, Quebec; Alan (Lorene) of Tsawwassen, B.C; Barb (Serge) of Trenton, Ontario and five grandchildren: Ryan Leah, Lauren, Cecilia and Dominic.

Pete is buried in Grey Mountain cemetery in his beloved Yukon.

Hi Sherron, I will be sending your request to my niece Diana Veitch who will likely be able to comply with your request. Thanks very much for responding. Dorothy Wilson, my cousin, suggested that I send this to you for inclusion in your news letter. Since we

share a long time connection to the Yukon (from the early 1900's) I think it is fitting to let our friends know about her passing. Thanks, Sandra Donnelly lassinanti@hotmail.com

I am one of Estelle's grand-daughters. Here are the files as you requested. I would love to receive a copy of this issue of the newsletter if at all possible. Thank you for including this piece.

Sincerely,
Diana Veitch (Wilson) Diana@dynamicssites.net



**MARGARET ESTELLE WILSON
(CAMERON)**
August 03, 1906 – July 02, 2005

Estelle was born in Minnedosa, Manitoba. She attended the University of British Columbia and the Vancouver Normal School before venturing north to the Yukon in 1930 to teach in Whitehorse. She always laughed about the ad in the Edmonton paper which she responded to. 'Female teacher required for small school in Whitehorse, Yukon. No one over the age of 24 need apply.'

Estelle met and married David Wilson in 1933 and they became the parents of Keith in 1937 and Sandra in 1940. Estelle returned to teaching school in Carcross in 1945 for a brief period and then continued to teach almost continuously in Whitehorse, until the family left the Yukon to move to Alberta in 1959. Although they left the Yukon, both Dave and Estelle returned frequently. The years in the Yukon for both of them were filled with love, fun and wonderful life-long friends.

Estelle's teaching career continued in Edmonton and later in Gibsons B.C. and West Vancouver. When she retired, she and Dave built themselves their lovely retirement home at Davis Bay on the Sechelt Peninsula.

A major highlight each year would be the Yukoner's annual banquet in Vancouver. There she would meet and greet her many friends and former students. She thoroughly loved and looked forward to these events.

Estelle lived a wonderful life, surrounded by a loving family and good friends. She was active in many community projects. For the past four years she has been close to her daughter Sandra in Powell River and the two have spent many wonderful moments remembering her many adventures and her dear friends. Estelle passed away peacefully on July 02, 2005.

H. Allan Wall November 10 1941 - August 10 2005 It is with great sadness the family announces that the sudden death of H. Allan Wall occurred on Wednesday August 10th, 2005 at Royal University Hospital. Allan was predeceased by his parents Harry and Evelyn Wall and an infant brother William. He is survived by his loving wife Aldean, two sons H.Victor Wall of Winnipeg and William E. Wall of Prince George, four sisters; Darlene Ulrich of Edmonton, Frances (Wally) Anderson of Saskatoon, Betty (Ray) Junop of Asquith and Donna Fillion of Edmonton, as well as one Aunt Francis Wall of Flin Flon and numerous nieces, nephews and other relatives. Al was born in Saskatoon on November 10th 1941 where he took his schooling and spent his early years. He met Aldean here and they married three years later in 1963 making Saskatoon their home and starting a family. Al started driving for CP Express in 1961 and in 1970 joined the Saskatchewan Transportation Corporation as a bus driver where he remained until **1974 at which time Al and Aldean moved their family to Whitehorse, Yukon where Al resumed his trucking career later moving to Prince George in 1985** and then back to Saskatoon in 1989 where he drove for Kindersley Transport until ill health forced his retirement in 1991. Al was always a great outdoors person and sportsman. He was an avid fastball player and played with many teams over the years progressing from C Division play up to AA Division. He also enjoyed golfing, fishing, hunting, and camping, as well boating was a favorite family pastime especially teaching the boys and others to water ski. Al will be sadly missed and fondly remembered by his loving family and many friends. Funeral Services will take place at Saskatoon Funeral Home on Saturday August 13th, 2005 at 2:00 pm with interment at Woodlawn Cemetery. A reception will follow at the W.A.Edwards Family Centre. For those so wishing memorial donations made to the Saskatchewan Heart and Stroke Foundation would be appreciated by the family. Arrangements have been entrusted to SASKATOON FUNERAL HOME. Published in the Saskatoon StarPhoenix on 8/13/2005.

BOWEN, Lori (nee Woolman) - Died suddenly **at her home in Whitehorse** August 07, 2005 in her forty-fifth year. Dearest wife of Ceri Bowen loving mother of James and Amanda Hart, Mark, Nathan and Sarah Wood. Dear grandmother of Isobel, Crystal and Ashley. Beloved daughter of Harold and Jacqueline Woolman. Loving sister of Sheldon Woolman, Kimberley Harrison and Michelle Story. Will sadly be missed by her aunts uncles and cousins. Burial services in Whitehorse Aug 16, 2005.

LES SOMERTON

Passed away in Whitehorse, June 12, 2005, where he has been cremated and ashes were to be spread in a designated place. Further information not available.

Farewell Les !

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please note that, effective 16 August 2005, my e-mail is changing to buckway*northwestel.net

Thanks,
Pam Buckway
The Churchmouse Media Services
L-4031-4th Avenue
Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 1G8
(867) 633-5455

Am moving so won't be at this address any longer. for the time being I was wondering if you could send my editions to twilight*atlin.net? When I get moved there I will get my own e-mail and let you know. Hope all is well.
Take care and thanks so much for all you've done for this wonderful news letter.
cheers, Sheree Newell

NEW ADDITIONS

Dear Sherron, How lovely to hear from you. Of course - I would love to join your group. What a wonderful idea you had to set it up.

I faintly remember your name - but very faintly, and cannot remember the context. Maybe it was something to do with parking tickets !!

If you don't mind, I would rather send you a slightly amended version of my article for your publication. If it is not too late just let me know and I'll send it to you tout suite.

Best regards,

Alastair & Isabell Findlay [GreenlochHouse*aol.com](mailto:GreenlochHouse@aol.com) (In Scotland)

After sending along a copy of the e-mail address list I received this reply. - Sherron

I happened to notice you are missing Steve Robertson's address. I don't know his home address, but he now owns the Yukon News, (which I also owned for a short period in 1969 when I bought it from Ken Shortt - with Jim Murdoch and Jim Horwood), so you could no doubt contact him there. I met him during my trip last February. He is the son of my old friend Dave Robertson whom I also met for a great reunion - a wonderful character. Hope this helps.

Alastair



Bill & Sherron Jones cabin at Marsh lake purchased from Jim Horwood in 1969.
Photo courtesy Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

When Alastair Findlay mentioned going into business with Jim Murdoch and Jim Horwood I recalled when we bought the Horwood cabin – he was selling to put the money into the newspaper business. - Sherron

Hi and greetings from Sidney BC. In a call from Curries last evening Tom told me about this very interesting web site and gave me your e mail address. As my husband and I spent many happy years living and working in Dawson do think that I would enjoy reading news of the Yukon. Will you please put me on in your address book?
Thanks in advance.

Evelyn Connelly evconn@shaw.ca (In Sidney)

My name is Rick Bowers and I lived in Whitehorse from 1949 until I joined the Navy and went to Royal Roads Military College in 1966. I was actually a resident until 1970 when I graduated from RMC in Kingston, Ontario. My mother, Ruby Bowers (now Woolgar) gave me your e-mail address which she got from an old newsletter. I would be interested in hearing news about/from former Yukoners of my vintage. Can you tell me how I go about joining the "Moccasin Telegraph".

My wife Connie and I live in Sydney Nova Scotia where we run a B&B (www3.ns.sympatico.ca/paradisefound/). <http://www3.ns.sympatico.ca/paradisefound/>

Cheers, Rick Bowers paradisefound@ns.sympatico.ca (In Sydney, NS)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Cucumber Salad

2 English style cucumbers, peeled and thinly sliced
2 medium onions, thinly sliced
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
½ tsp salt
2 tbsp white vinegar
½ tsp pepper
1 tsp sugar

Combine cukes and onions in bowl. Mix remaining ingredients Well. Pour over cukes and onions. Let stand for a couple of hours

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

Moccasin Telegraph

c/o Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon, BC V1B 1V8 - (250) 549-2736 (phone or fax)