

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 129th Edition – September 25, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Whitehorse Rapids circa 1950

Photo taken by Harry Andrews and hand painted by his wife Muriel Andrews

Photo submitted by MaryAnn Kelleway (formerly Geddes)

THE WHITEHORSE RAPIDS

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

Have you seen the Whitehorse rapids in the days before the dam?

When the white-caps leapt like horses, wild and free.

Where the river pounds in anger at the rugged, ageless rocks

On its never ending journey to the sea.

The rapids where the legends tell of tragedy and fame,

In the golden days of Yukon and the rush.

Of the ribald shouts of victory as the bold stampede came,

And the sorrow as their puny boats were crushed.

Where the Mounties kept their vigil, as the multitude arrived,
Men and women filled with confidence and dreams.
Who fought the mighty rapids as doggedly they strived
To reach the Klondike and the nuggets in her streams.

Where we spent our evenings fishing in our youthful days of yore,
As the raging springtime freshets thundered by,
And we fought to hold our footing in the shallows by the shore,
When another fighting grayling takes the fly.

We were in awe of all its grandeur, and while standing there we strived
To understand its wild destructive forces.
Then the giant tractors rumbled in, construction crews arrived,
And they built the dam that tamed those raging horses.

Now the rapids are but a ripple, navigated without fear,
By Chechachos in their quest for Yukon lore.
But the sourdoughs remember those days of yesteryear,
And they see the rapids as they were before.

© 2005 Gus Barrett



Note G & P on the side of sleigh
Photo courtesy the late Les Somerton – Ernest Somerton Photo.
Dawson Trail - Circa. 1926 – 1928

The prime contractors for the Royal Mail and overland freight was **Greenfield and Pickering**. They had both cats and four horse teams overland as you would have seen

with McKinnon and Waters. The cats were superior as they pulled two sleighs at 5 miles per hour vs.: the horses pulling one sleigh at 3 miles per hour. In the off season after the river boats were off to when they had ice to cross the rivers, trucks were used between rivers and canoes at each crossing for an early start on the winter season. Were it not for that, transport to Mayo and Dawson would have been cut off for two months in the fall and likely two months in the spring. Read Pauline Lepage memories in Joyce Yardley's book "Riverboat Days" when she first came into the Yukon in 1926.

Henry Breaden

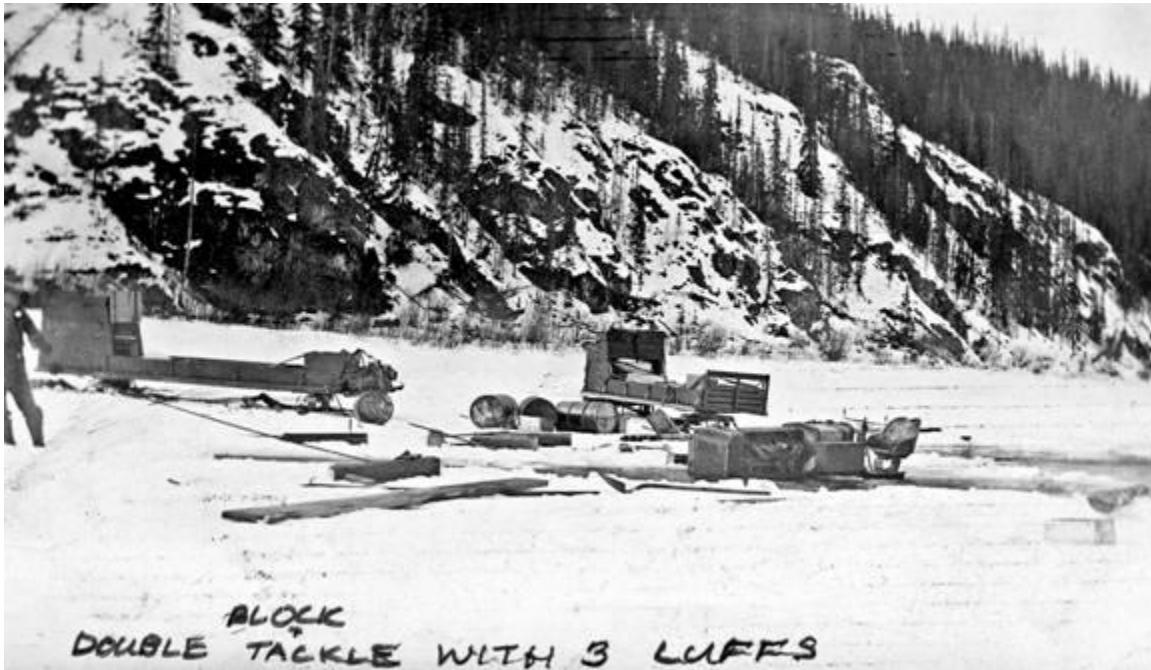


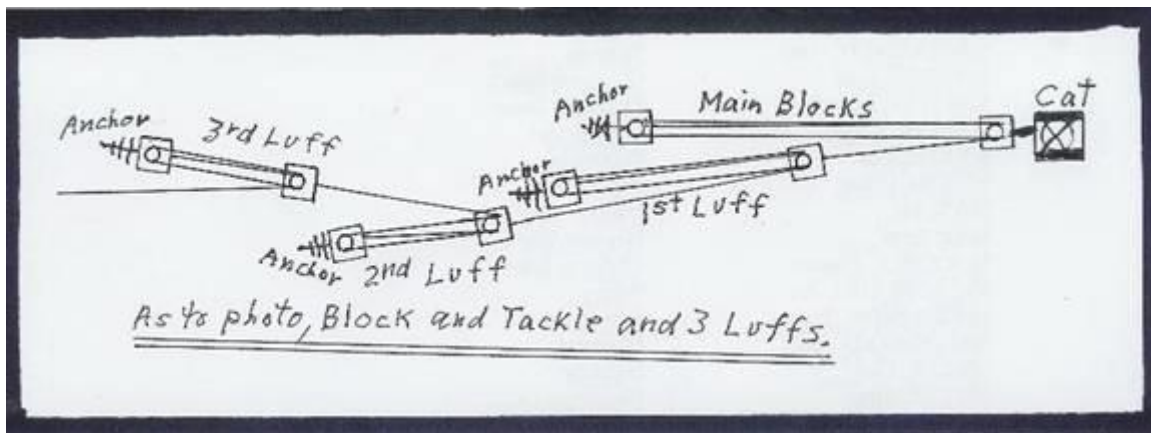
Photo courtesy the late Les Somerton – Ernest Somerton Photo.
Dawson Trail - Circa. 1926 – 1928

To anyone these days it would be confusing to say a double block and tackle with 3 luffs. The whole process was done by hand labour, with the whole crew (probably about 6 men) pulling on the "Hauling Line", and a very slow process. First let me explain the block and tackle; with likely a 3 sheave block at the load end and a 2 sheave block at the anchor end. The blocks are set 90 degrees to each other so that lines do not cross or bind and lose pulling power. The rope would be anchored for a start at the 2 sheave block at the anchor end. Then run through the load end block in one outside sheave and back again that gave you a double purchase. That means double what you could pull on a straight rope. Through one sheave in the anchor block and back through the other outside sheave in the load block. Back through the other outside sheave in the anchor block and through the centre sheave in the load block. The rope coming out of the 3 sheave becomes the hauling line. There were two sets of these hooked to the cat and the first

anchor, using heavy blocks and likely a 1 inch rope. It is possible that they used steel blocks and cable on the first blocks, but more likely rope.

Now let me explain the luffs? One luff is a smaller set of blocks anchored further back and is hooked on to the hauling line of the first set of blocks. I would expect 3/4 rope on the first luff. The second luff is hauling on the hauling line of the first luff, and I would expect 1/2 inch rope on this one. The third luff is pulling the hauling line of the second luff, and I would expect it threaded with 3/8 rope. So you end up with the 3rd luff hauling on the 2nd luff that is hauling the 1st luff that is hauling the main blocks. The 3rd luff would be the first to (bottom out), and at this point the hauling line of the 2nd luff is anchored while the 3rd is reset. If they only have one horse on the 3rd luff it makes it go much faster, and the main work would be resetting the luffs and main blocks as they bottom out. (Slow, but Rome wasn't built in a day!) If it were not for that process, the cat would still be sitting in the water.

A sheave is a steel wheel that has the round outer rim concave for the rope to run in. In the middle of the block is a steel pin as an axle for the sheaves. The first blocks to bottom out would be the 3rd luff, and it means when the two blocks come together and you can pull no more. When that happens, the hauling line of the 2nd luff would be tied to anchor it while the 3rd luff block and tackle was stretched out and tied into the hauling line of the 2nd luff to start its pull all over again. Each of the sets of blocks must have an anchor, and most common in that case would be to chop a neat hole in the ice in the direction of pull. Maybe a 4 foot length of 6 inch timber would have a cable tied to the middle and shoved down the hole totally. The timber will come to rest horizontal under the ice and only the cable up through the hole and the anchor block is tied into that. Most likely where they were working would be too far from a solid tree to use one as an anchor. I will send you a scan of the arrangement.



If you noted in Les's photo it said double block and tackle. In my sketch I showed a single block and tackle between the cat and the anchor. If I had drawn in the other set of blocks it could complicate the sketch too much to be seen by those not familiar. It would be parallel to the first blocks, and the first luff would be connected to the hauling lines of both blocks instead of a single as shown. But the principal would be the same. The

double blocks would assure more strength on the pull. Thought I would send this in case anyone was looking for the double block and tackle.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

CAT TRAIN PHOTO BRINGS ANOTHER MEMORY

In the early days I think there was more good natured deviltry in the workplace, and you never were sure when you might be the butt of a joke played on you. I guess it did overcome the hardships that our forefathers worked under. Now you would not dare play a joke on a person like I will explain.

The Holt Caterpillar Company came out with a Two Ton, Five Ton and Ten Ton Cats. The name Caterpillar evolved from the tracks that reminded them of caterpillars that crawled across the ground and over leaves. Eventually Holt became Caterpillar Tractor, the big yellow machines of today.

The Two Ton cats were used on the overland trail starting about 1923 by Greenfield and Pickering that replaced horses to a good extent. They were double the speed of horses, did not get tired and required less attention at the end of the day. During the summer when boats hauled the Royal Mail, they were serviced or overhauled as necessary and stored for the next winter. There were still teams used that were fed, watered and taken care of in the barns, and in each barn was a large water trough for that purpose. All his life my father never put his car in a garage; it was always in the barn.

Something that I think I mentioned before was the first winter of use. In Les Somerton's photo taken by his father, Ernie, of the cat gone through the ice shows what I was explaining. The steering gear of today is two vertical levers in front of the driver, but at that time it was a vertical post with a crossbar. On each end of the crossbar was about a 4 inch vertical handle used by pulling that side back towards the driver. When you look at the attached photo the steering can easily be seen. Much of the trail was across swamps of bunch grass, or Nigger Heads as it was known in those days. Until there was sufficient snow to fill in and compact to a decent trail, those spots had to be taken slowly. Because of the short track of the Two Tons, they were too rough both on driver and machine to run full throttle.

Starting the first winter, a specialist was brought in from Holt to teach these Northerners how to drive the Holt cats. It turned out that the specialist was only a real young fellow without bush experience. He was advised by the crew to take it slow over that bunch grass until it was compacted into a good trail, but he was the specialist. He was going to prove what these cats could do, and running full throttle at one point was thrown ahead of the seat and contacted the vertical steering in a tender place. At the end of that day he complained to my father that he was sore, and what should he do for it. Having nothing really for first aid, Dad told him to put some Vaseline on it. My Godfather, Billy Boyle hearing this said, "Vaseline is no good, you need Capsoline!", which he

supplied. (This is a mustard ointment) Dad said the last he saw of the young fellow was him high tailing it across the yard to the barn to get his posterior into that cooling trough. I bet that really bit, while many had a good chuckle. Note: After Don Morrison, Mary Jean Morrison of Mill Bay's father passed away; eventually Bill Boyle became her step father and lived out his later years at Mayo. Mary Jean's mother, Jean was a great friend of ours.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Sure doesn't look like the first day of autumn in our back yard. – Doug Bell (Sept. 22.05)
Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

A MESSAGE FROM RON HILTZ

Hello Sherron, I have arrived safe and sound back in Nova Scotia. I wish to thank you two sincerely for the hospitality extended towards us during our visit. I shall treasure the visit and the opportunity to finally meet with you two and to visit the épée centre of the Moc-Tel was particularly, personally rewarding for all it stands for and how it reunites Yukoner's of the past. As Sandy and I conveyed to you during our visit, my vacation to the Yukon was enriched through the Moc-Tel. Yes the spell of the Yukon still lives with in me. And with a drought it is much stronger than ever.

P.S. Sherron it will take a little time but I will do my best to prepare a little contribution to the Moc-Tel.

Sincerely Yours Ronald D. Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

A MESSAGE FROM BILL WEIGAND

I liked reading Aksel Porsild's article "Growing up in Whitehorse -1943-45" Again bringing up old memories especially about the old US Army vehicles. So into the old photos and here are two of the vehicles he described and we were still driving in 1946. One would be the "Jeep he called the Peep" I think. The other is the Carry-all.

Also thought Gus Barrett's poem "Katrina's Children" very moving. Thanks Gus!
Sincerely, Bill Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston)



Al Tomlin - Army Fire Service - Whitehorse, 1947 - Winterized US Army Jeep
Photo courtesy Bill Weigand



Bill Weigand (seated) and Fred McLaughlin - Army Fire Service, NWHS-Whitehorse
Yukon - 1947 - (Winterized US army jeep) Photo courtesy Bill Weigand



A.M. Burghardt-Stan Walsh-?- Paul Trottier-Al Tomlin- Army Fire Service - NWHS-Dowell Area, Whitehorse, Yukon - Winter 1946-47. - US Army Carryall - Duty vehicle.
Photo courtesy Bill Weigand

OLD WHITEHORSE INN SIGN

This message from Joyce Yardley - to Rob Hopkins in reply to his request for information about the early Whitehorse Inn sign. – Sherron

A little late, I'm afraid, but just got around to reading the MocTel pertaining to the sign. My father, Eric Richards, sometime in the early 1930's probably, designed the (probably first) sign for the Whitehorse INN. It was a wooden white horse, rearing up, and I'm sure there must be pictures of it in the Archives there. There certainly weren't any neon lights on it in those days, although there COULD have been a few old fashioned light bulbs.

Hope you find this information helpful. My father worked for Taylor and Drury's store for 18 years (manager of the drygoods dept. and no relation to "T.C. Richards" the owner of the Inn. Lots more on my father, and Whitehorse in my upcoming book: "Yukon: Tears and Laughter" being published this fall.

All the best,
Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

The Moose Hunt

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

(I have tried but been unable to get in touch with the man featured in this little story, and it would be wrong to name him without permission. However, and just for the purpose of the tale, I shall refer to him as Dave Harder!)

The approaching deep-winter of 1966 was a bad time for Dave Harder to ‘get religion’.

And it wasn’t just any old conversion to a faith - but right into the Baptist version in the most sincere and intense way. Among other things, it meant giving up his job at the Caribou Hotel which involved handling the ‘demon drink’; and with a wife and three children to care for he had a problem; for there was no other work in Carcross at the time.

Food was his first burning necessity, so I was inveigled into helping him try to get a moose for the family’s sustenance.

For Dave it was a simple matter altogether; what with his experience of outfitting and his inherent toughness steeled in the hard school of rodeo before that; but for me it was a minor adventure and I was keen to go.

Being out of season we had to be a bit surreptitious, (although imagining how anything could be done in secret in Carcross leant more to hope than to realism). There were no Mounties in the village in those days during the winter though, as John, who manned the post in the summer, was on his Baffin Island tour that winter, (which I later heard involved visiting three villages by dog team on a thirteen hundred mile circuit. Do they make Mounties like that these days? I hope so.)

With no Law around, and feeling pretty sure no one would report us anyhow, we nevertheless set off very early - but for exactly where I can now no longer remember. I do however remember driving for hours in the dark on the back of a ski-doo with a sled towed behind, way up into some valley above Nares Lake. I remember too the great cascades of snow from above as we ploughed our way through the snow-laden firs. (“Talk of your cold; through the parka’s fold....”)

We killed the engine at some point near where Dave thought we might have a bit of luck; and that wonderful, glorious “silence you most could hear” closed in and enveloped us like a cloak with that faint, almost ringing sound, that I have only ever experienced in The North.

Pretty soon we espied a small herd on the other side of the valley and headed down below the tree-line to come up on them from downwind. What was very unusual was that the rut still seemed to be on – or the bulls were just having a fight. At what seemed like a hell of a distance, Dave fired one shot. The kill was quick and clean.

We skinned and gutted her where she fell and made our way back to the ski-doo and then headed for home.

The journey back the next day was no less cold, and we had to stop twice to light a fire. Here I learned something from Dave which the following year maybe saved my life. To light a fire when there is nothing but snow on the ground and the spruce trees are

heavily laden - you have to get your hands on something tinder dry. And it was all around. Just under the lower bows of the ubiquitous firs are the tiny dead twigs from the early growth years which can be easily lit with a match.

We found our moose but minus the heart and liver which had been ‘purloined’ by a wolverine. (Bless its cotton socks – I hope its unexpected meal helped it face the long winter). The carcass was rock-hard and rung like a bell when we hit it, and stupidly we had forgotten to bring an axe of all things, and it proved impossible to cut it into sections for transport. Have you ever tried trying to tie a smooth, rounded, quarter-ton block of ice onto a narrow sled!!? We lost count of the number of times it slid out from under its moorings and I was sometimes nearly in tears with despair. (“It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: you may tax your brawn and brains...>...God! How I loathed that thing!”) At least we were warm with the effort of continually man-handling or struggling through the deep snow beside the ski-doo trying to keep it on!



We eventually made it back to Carcross and somehow lugged it down to the basement of the schoolteachers’ house. It took a day or two to thaw enough to butcher – but we had several hundred pounds of meat at the end of our efforts. Our portion we put in the porch being the only deep-freeze we had, and, suffice to say, I don’t care if I never eat moose again!

Our friend – Bruce Horning

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

I first met Bruce Horning and Rachel Madran on July 21, 1986. I wanted to introduce my future husband, Bryan to the Yukon. Bryan is a farm boy originally from Gull Lake, Saskatchewan. We had decided to get married in Whitehorse, date unknown, location unknown and guests unknown. The only people who knew of our plan to be married were my father, Doug who would be best man and Rose Card, my bridesmaid.

Rose made all the wedding arrangements and we had no idea what she was up to until July 20, the day before we were to be married. Her good friends, Bruce and Rachel were

owners/operators of the tour boat, the MV Schwatka that took tourists through Miles Canyon. Somehow Rose talked them into allowing us to be married on their boat.

It was a Saturday, normally a busy day for tourists right in the middle of summer. Bruce and Rachel cancelled their scheduled trip at 7:00 p.m. to allow us to be married on Schatwka Lake, on the boat and then they took us on their regularly scheduled route and back to the dock. My father disliked boats but Bruce put him at ease. Our minister, Red Hannah graciously came out of retirement to marry us. Vic, Rose Cards husband, surprised us by coming out of camp to join Bryan, myself, daughter Verena, Bruce, Rachel and another guest, unknown to us.

After the ceremony the pilots headed up the river, through the canyon and with a long sound of the horn under the suspension bridge announced the newly married couple. It was a dream come true thanks to the very kind couple, Bruce and Rachel.

It was a few years later while, again, visiting Whitehorse that we took another trip on the Schwatka to celebrate our anniversary. After the trip Bruce and Rachel invited us into their home for a coffee. I noticed Bryan's cup had the name of Shaunavon printed on it. It was then that Bruce told us he was from this small town, not far from Gull Lake. That's when Bryan realized he knew the name "Horning" and knew the family. The Saskatchewanites certainly had a lot of memories to catch up on.

We stayed in touch with Bruce and Rachel over the years and every time we visited Whitehorse we were treated to a trip on the Schwatka. They sold their interest in the tour boat and spent the winters in Mexico and the United States. How we looked forward to their cards and sometimes a short letter during the cold winter months.

It was July 21, 2004, our 19th wedding anniversary that we booked a trip on the Schwatka. The boat had just pulled away from the dock when I noticed a gentleman in the wheelhouse talking to Harry, the pilot. I wanted to mention to Harry that it was our anniversary and that 19 years ago to the minute we were married at this very spot. The gentleman sitting on the bench said he was the pilot then. It was Bruce! He had aged and no longer had dark hair so I barely recognized him. It was hugs and tears as we reminisced those long ago years. Bruce ordered glasses of wine and the three of us toasted the evening as we passed under the bridge. Below are the pictures I took of that evening. Unfortunately Rachel had decided to stay back at their RV that evening but we would catch up to her later.

On September 5, 2005 our dear friend, Bruce, passed away in his sleep. A note from Rachel reads: *"We are having a celebration of his life on the Schwatka this Sunday as he wished. On September 18, 2005 at 2:30 we will have a toast to him and hope maybe you all will too, or at least a prayer."*

Good-bye friend – we will miss you. May the waves in Miles Canyon lift you upon the backs of those magnificent white horses as you clutch to the pure manes of the angels

God has sent for you. May God help Rachel and family through this very difficult time.
We love you. – Bryan and Donna Clayson



Bruce Horning piloting the Schwatka, one last time
July 21, 2004



Bruce Horning, Donna and Bryan Clayson
July 21, 2004

A MESSAGE FROM DOROTHY SORENSON

Hi Sherron, Thanks for your hard work and efforts producing and continuing the MocTels. I have especially enjoyed the latest ones with the many photographs taken at the Van. Island gathering, a good party no doubt and many names familiar to me. The photographs of scenery and gardens are terrific but those babies and their sister in the latest MocTel are wonderful. Congratulations to the parents and especially Amy, producing babies of such good birthweights. I enjoy more from the prolific pen of Gus (how does he do it?), and Aksel Porsild's memories of U.S. "surplus" was interesting. Dumpster diving Yukon style!! His comments about the soldiers throwing baseball gloves to them reminded me of war-time England. I lived in a small agricultural village in Yorkshire and recall the convoys of American soldiers passing through the village tossing us kids gum. Since candies (sweets) were not available for years after the end of the war this was a treat, even if we were not used to chewing gum (still don't!). My younger sister and I were in awe of them. Their numbers included the first non-whites we had ever seen too. We were also interested to see the men we had to pass at the farmhouse when we went daily to collect our milk. They were Italian prisoners of war lined up waiting to go work in the fields, safer there than at the front lines but still away from their families. And still it goes on.

Best wishes, Dorothy Sorensen redshoes*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)



Mini Mayoite reunion – Sept 21, 2005 – Duncan BC
Henry and Alice Breaden, Karren & Bob Crowley, Harvey Burian
Photo courtesy Harvey Burian

Just got back from a great lunch with Henry & Alice Breaden and Bob & Karren Crowley at Bob's Restaurant in Duncan. The restaurant was similar to the Silver Inn and the Chateau Mayo Restaurants in Mayo so we felt very comfortable in the surroundings. We also had a great time remembering people and places from the past. Karren had some photos taken close to 50 years ago which included herself, her sister, Penny, Mary Jean Morrison, Lois Cole, Sheila Scambler, Margaret Scambler, Danny Jurovich and others. Henry had a 1937 aerial photo of Mayo and we had fun identifying some of the old buildings, many of which are no longer there.

I'm sure you will hear from Henry and Karren about our lunch too.

I'm enclosing a photo taken at the lunch. It was taken by my wife, Vera so she is not in the photo.

Take care.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

Only one thing could have made it nicer, and that would be to have you and Bill with us. We must have really enjoyed ourselves, for we used 2½ hours having lunch, sharing photos and books. When it comes to early Mayo chatting, Vera, Bob and Alice had their own subjects to enjoy themselves with. They were into South Vancouver, The Interurban train, North Vancouver and I think Ontario. At least it would not be boring for them while Harvey, Karren and I chatted about yesteryears in Mayo. Then another ½ hour outside with photos and a lot of reminiscing. We got back home about 4:45 PM and want to do it again!

That is a neat restaurant, plenty of parking and excellent food. You need a real good appetite to do justice to their servings. Reminds me of the GN Cafe in Mayo in the early days when Harvey's Mom was taking care of the tables at GN. One great day!

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Just a few words to add to the "stories" Henry & Harvey sent you today regarding our lunch meeting. We had planned a get-together while at the Yukoners' Picnic in Aug. It finally came about today as we all found time in our busy lives to stop and share an afternoon together. As both Henry & Harvey said, the day was perfect. Of course we could have stayed for hours chatting about our old town and people that made our town so special to us. I am sending the pictures to you that Harvey & Henry mentioned. The quality is very poor, so it's up to you if you want to use them. One picture has my brother Fred North in it, taken in their class room during the Christmas season. Both Harvey and I can't put names to the other students in the picture. Maybe some of MocTel

reader's know who they are. It would be interesting to see if anyone recognizes themselves. I think the teacher was Miss Benjamin but I may be wrong. Hope you and Bill are enjoying the start of our fall season. All the best to both of you.

Karren Crowley kbcrowley*telus.net (In Sidney)



Photo courtesy Karren Crowley

This picture was probably taken around '57. From Left to Right is Jack Kirkup, Lois Cole, Danny Jurovich, Penny North, MaryJean Morrison, Karren North. I think Danny was working at the Hydro then, he is one of our newest MocTel members, so maybe he will recognize himself and skip down memory lane with us. We were quite a "sporty" group and it was obviously the spring of the year with us wearing lighter clothing. What an innocent time of life that was!!

Karren (North) Crowley

More of Karren's photos in future MocTels. - Sherron

Dear Peg

by Alf Bilton

It's a wunnerful place thet I've come to, Dear,
It's a magical gold-givin' land;
An' I'm thinkin' on raisin' a fambily here,
So I'm writin', ta ask fer yer hand.

They is lakes up here ain't got any name,
'Cause there weren't enuff words ta go 'round;
They is rivers longer'n Judas's shame;
An' skeeters weighs over a pound!

Saw a pair o' black flies flyin' off with a horse,
Don't reckon we'll ever know whose;
We did try ta follow ta find out o' course,
But the bugs'd et all but the shoes.

I am sure gettin' fit now. I run ev'ry day,
An' kin leap any thin' on the trail.
Ran ta town yestiday. Met a bear on the way,
But he didn't beat me ta the mail!

Last winter, it seems, the sun itself froze,
Reckon that's why them months was so black.
Did I mention, now, I've only six toes,
An' my nose's got some color back?

Now, it may have just been, that the mail went astray,
Ev'ry time that the Klondiker tried;
But there's some around here, who believe to this day,
That his Peggy just, never replied.

Copyright © May 2005 by Alf Bilton

MOC TEL 128

You have posted another winner! Really enjoyed Gus's poem that is so timely and the one of Aksel that was extremely well written. I could understand every paragraph, and it brought back many memories. The whole thing was interesting, and a point I noticed was something you and I have discussed. That was Del Van Gorder school in Faro that Jackie Hinde had in her bio. Maybe Lorna Walmsley was years ago, (remember Van Gorda?) successful in her venture to have the school named correctly?

Henry Breaden

Henry has written more that includes the explanation of use of Del Van Gorder's name and it will be in the next MocTel. – Sherron

To: Aksel Porsild

I thoroughly enjoyed your 'Growing up in Whitehorse' article...which brought back a lot of memories....

I was in Whitehorse from '46 to '49, where I went to High School...most of the 'good pickings' were over by then.

Your interest in and knowledge of the Army vehicles struck a chord. Also names like 'Canol Road' and 'McCrae'.

Let's have another story!

Herb Gaensbauer

To: Gus Barrett

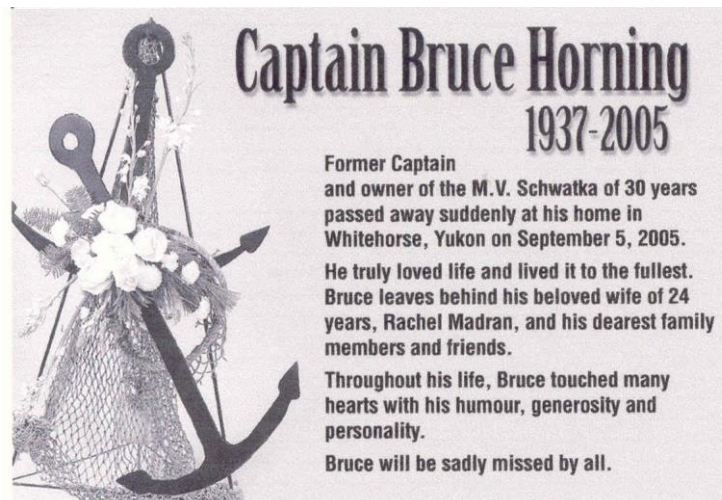
Gus, I just want to thank you for the poetry you submit to the MocTel every week. I don't know how you manage to do it; the sign of a very talented person I guess. I look forward to reading your poems and have enjoyed your book of poetry. Thank you so very much.

Donna Clayson

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have a new address: doug.cruden@moradnet.ca this is also for Jack Cruden, thanks Doug Cruden

OBIT



Copy courtesy Yukon News and submitted by Donna Clayson.

LaVerne Laird (nee Newman) August 1, 1925 September 14, 2005 We deeply mourn the passing of our mother, grandmother, great grandmother, sister and aunt, LaVerne

Laird, who passed away peacefully on Wednesday of natural causes. LaVerne led a simple and honest life as the matriarch of a large family. She was guardian, protector and healer to many. She was a gardener, seamstress, baker, picture taker, golfer, decorator, collector, painter, storyteller, lover of music and animals, especially horses. Her frequent prayer to God was to let her help people and many were drawn to her. She was especially fond of the elderly. Her greatest joy was her family, whom she loved inexhaustibly. LaVerne is survived by her sister Dorothy Glen Newman of BC; her children: Douglas Laird (Nona), Regina, SK, **Brian Laird (Judy), Whitehorse, YT**, Mavis Laird, Regina, SK, Debbie Giuricich (Livio), Calgary, AB, Rhonda Cameron (Ian), Armstrong, BC, Jeff Laird (Patricia), Regina, SK and Heather Sasaki (Tsutomu), Japan; her grandchildren: Douglas Laird (Shauna), Laura Allison (Brent), Robert Laird (Monika), Dylan Laird, Santana Laird, Allan Laird, Fabiana Giuricich, Luciana Giuricich, Olivia Giuricich, Sunny Cameron, Sean Cameron, Zachary Laird, Hannah Sasaki and Leo Sasaki; her great grandchildren: William and Benjamin Laird, Tessa and Mattias Allison and Rishi Laird and Nahanni Giuricich. We take comfort in the blessed assurance of her joyful reunion with those who have gone on ahead to walk the garden path before her: her husband of 58 years Murray Adam Laird; son Gregory Alexander; infant daughter Marilyn Dorothy; sisters Kathleen, Mildred and Madge; brother Alec; father Alec Newman and beloved "Mama" Florence Newman. We can only begin to comprehend the loss of our dear mother, grandmother, great grandmother and sister but we give thanks to God for the gift of her life to the many who were touched by it and that she was ours to love and hold and cherish forevermore. Mom, we send you our love and prayers and thank you for all you gave of yourself in this life. A PRIVATE FAMILY SERVICE was held on Monday, September 19, 2005. INTERMENT followed in the Elbow Cemetery, Elbow, SK. In lieu of flowers donations can be made to the Salvation Army, 777 Broad Street, Regina, SK, S4R 8G3. Friends and family are invited to sign a book of condolences at www.obituariestoday.com. Arrangements were entrusted to Regina Funeral Home (789-8850). Published in the Regina Leader-Post on 9/20/2005.

MORRIS, Dr. Maurice - Flight Lieutenant (MD) in the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II; a member of Sydenham Kiwanis, Oshawa; Simcoe Street United Church; the Lebanon Lodge of the Masonic Order Oshawa; former Chief of Staff at Oshawa General Hospital and Family Doctor in Oshawa for over 40 years. With sadness, the family of Dr. Maurice Morris announces his peaceful passing at Bowmanville Memorial Hospital on Friday, September 16, 2005 at the age of 91. Beloved husband of the late Muriel Vivian (nee Clemes). Loving father of Margot (Ip) and her husband Clement of Orchard Park, NY, **Brian and his wife Lynne of Whitehorse** and John and his wife Val (Quinn) of Bowmanville. Fondly remembered by his grandchildren, David of Whitehorse, Anne (Vardy) and her husband Michael of Victoria, Sarah (Lyon) and her husband Russell of Calgary, Allison (Rosnak) and her husband Dean of Whitby and Michael and his wife Laurie (Slute) of Oshawa. Sadly missed by his great-grandchildren, Noah, Matthew and Grace. Predeceased by brothers, Roy and Herman and sisters, Muriel, Flossie and Dorothy. Services will be held at the McINTOSH-ANDERSON FUNERAL HOME, 152 King St. E., Oshawa (905-433-5558) later in the week and friends are invited to call the Funeral Home for details. If desired, memorial

donations, in lieu of flowers, can be made to The Canadian Diabetes Association, The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, The Memorial Hospital Foundation (Bowmanville) or The Oshawa General Hospital Foundation.

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron, I've received your address from my friend Lois Tremblay, as I asked her how I could get on the mailing list for the Moccasin Telegraph. I've lived in the Yukon since 1961 and various communities until 1971 when I moved to Haines Junction. Could you let me know the fee and is there some form of application to fill out to become a member? I'm sure you will need some more information about me, just let me know what.

Hi Sherron, Thanks for three e-mails, appreciate it. I was married before I came to Yukon am from back east, Ontario. My five children are listed below. I am not a computer literate yet and always SOS to my daughter/granddaughter.

GRAHAM Jim YTG Whse/Swift River, born Williams Lake, BC in 1958. In Yukon since 1961, lives in Whitehorse now.

GRAHAM Jennifer (daughter) traveller mostly Vancouver Island.

GRAHAM John (Michael) YTG, born Williams Lake BC in 1959. In Yukon since 1961, living in Haines Jct.

MAGNUSON (Graham) Fran born in Whitehorse hospital in 1962, lives in Haines Jct. now.

MAGNUSON Cory (her son) born Whitehorse hospital now in school in Alberta.

MAGNUSON Staci (daughter) " " " " now in Haines Jct.

CULVER (Graham) Jan born Whitehorse hospital in 1964 ran the Law society Whitehorse for many years, married an American and lives in Everett Washington.

GRAHAM Michael 'Mike' wife Karen (nurse FootHills Hospital) lives in Langdon Alberta, he with Phelps Appliance. They have two children Kyle and Skylar.

When we all first came to the Yukon in 1961 we settled in Brooks Brooks near Johnson's Crossing. Then lived in Faro/ Carmacks/ Whse. Came to Haines Jct in 1971, which is definitely GOD'S country.

What is the fee for joining?

Many thanks again Joann.

My e mail is jograham*yknet.ca mailing address is Box 5324 Haines Junction Yukon Y0B 1L0

Ph# 634-2381

Thank you Joann Graham

To all new additions to the group: the MocTel is run by donation, while the mailing address is at the bottom of each edition. Content of the MocTel is material sent in by those who have joined the group; all submissions are welcomed and encouraged. Each edition is archived by Yukon Archives. – Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything.

RECIPES OF THE WEEK

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

Dips

Blue Cheese

¼ lb blue cheese
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream

Onion

2 cups sour cream
1 pkg onion soup mix

Vegetable Dip

2 cups mayonnaise
2 cups sour cream
¼ tsp tumeric
½ tbsp curry powder
½ tsp garlic powder
4 tsp white sugar
2 tsp salt
2 tsp lemon juice
¼ cup dried parsley flakes

Mix all together well and chill.
Tastes better the next day

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **Okanagan Yukoners' AGM is being held at the Southwinds Inn in Oliver on the 16th of October** this year. It will be on the Sunday at 12 Noon. If you are planning to attend you should contact either Myrt Acton (250-4 94-9542) or myself at 250-498-6887 or by e-mail at [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) or you can send a fax to 250-498-6458.

We would like to know at least a week before (Oct. 9) if you are coming. The caterers need that much time to order supplies etc. There will be a no-host bar set up for those wishing refreshments.

The Hotel is on the East side of the highway at the South end of Oliver. There is a large parking lot and NO steps to climb.

The menu will include carved certified Angus Roast beef, Garlic Prawns, Mashed potatoes, Vegetable medley. Gravy, warm Rolls with Butter, Tossed salad, Caesar salad, assorted cakes, Tarts and Fresh fruit, Tea, Coffee (regular & decaf). All this for only \$17.95 all inclusive.

If you send a check with your confirmation it will save us a lot of time and hassle at the door. You can make the cheque out to Okanagan Yukoners and send it to the Secretary / Treasurer Larry Chalmers. But PLEASE let us know if you are coming. Joan & I will be away from Sept. 22nd until the 1st of Oct. attending the ISR in Everett, so if you don't get an answer in that time that will be why.

I would like to add a note to this; that you don't have to be a member to attend. Just let us know in advance that you will be attending, and send us a cheque.

Thank you, Larry Chalmers [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

Moccasin Telegraph

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