

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 132nd Edition – October 16, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Elk - Below Five Finger Rapids – August 2005

Photo courtesy Ron Hiltz ronmarg@ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

ELK IN YUKON

Thanks for copying me on your query to Ron Butler. I'm happy to be able to help.

The picture of the lone animal is indeed of a bull elk that Ron Hiltz took some where north of Braeburn Lodge off the Klondike Highway (still the Mayo-Dawson Road to some of us). Ron, whom I met in Beaver Creek as a little boy in 1968 when his father Les repaired a .22 rifle for me, included me in the list of people who received a series of fine photos he'd taken on a recent trip to the Yukon, including this shot. Elk from Elk Island Park were introduced into the Yukon in the vicinity of Braeburn Lake in, I believe, 1951 and again in 1954 through efforts of the Yukon Fish and Game Association. The elk population struggled along until the 1980s, never reaching numbers much above the "extinction threshold." In the mid-eighties the Yukon Wildlife Branch in cooperation with some Yukon farmers and with support from the Fish and Game Association brought more elk in from Elk Island and held them on a couple of farms, first at Ike Penner's and then at Danny Nowlan's, for a number of years. Roughly half of each year's calf crop was

released into the wild as long yearlings to augment the wild herd. The other half was auctioned off to elk farmers. (There are still at least four elk farms in the Yukon.) As a result of these additional introductions there are currently two viable elk populations in the south central Yukon. One lives along the Takhini valley and in the fall you can often see elk near the Kusawa Lake turnoff from the Alaska Highway. The other population is in the Braeburn area where Ron took this impressive photograph. Elk are still protected from hunting (although occasionally one gets poached) but one can buy excellent elk meat products from the elk farmers.

Regards, Bill Klassen wjk*yknet.yk.ca
Takhini Hot Springs Road nr. Whitehorse

CHILKOOT CLIMBER

After seeing this picture taken by a couple of friends of ours while hiking the Chilkoot Trail a few years ago, and hearing their story, I couldn't help but write this little ditty. Think there would be any objections if we published such a "racy" picture??? - Gus



Climbing the Chilkoot

Picture by J. Booth

A LITTLE TALE OF THE CHILKOOT TRAIL

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

This little tale was told to me
By a doctor and a nurse,
'Bout their adventure on the Chilkoot Trail.
The humor has inspired me,
To write this little verse,
Because I think their story should prevail.

“We’d dared to hike the Chilkoot trail,
To experience and see,
What the pioneers experienced of old.
Daylight had begun to fail,
‘Twas a balmy three degrees,
Upon that mountain side, the air was cold.

“We had passed the Golden Stairway
That the pioneers had hewn,
We’d passed the rubble of the famous slide.
An area, where legends say,
The mountainside was strewn
With provisions of stampededers who had died.”

“We had stopped to take a breather,
And to change to dryer socks,
When we heard a noise behind us, on the trail.
Comes a stranger using ski poles
To keep his balance on the rocks,
And there wasn’t any doubt it was a male.”

“Dressed in naught but boots and socks,
And toque upon his head,
Unconcerned by hikers all about,
With ski poles ringing on the rocks,
He scorned the task ahead,
Just smiled at us and “let it all hang out.”

“We took this picture as he passed,
And set off for the crest,
A smiling young Adonis in his glory.
Else how could we, when home at last,
Put neighbours to the test,
By asking them to buy our little story.”

I have heard a lot of stories told
Of the trail of ninety-eight.
It seems that every mile produced a tale,
But none can my attention hold,
As when my friends relate,
Their story of the nudist on the trail.

ROYAL MAIL ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL

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 hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Four horses and one Sleigh on the Overland Trail circa 1926-28

Photo courtesy Les Somerton (Ernie Somerton photo)

SUCCESS STORY STARTS IN YUKON

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

Hi Sherron,

Thought this might be interesting as a Yukon success story. When I was looking for a publisher for my poetry book last spring I chose Trafford Publishing, mainly because of a Yukon connection. Blanche knew a guy named Bruce Batchelor who "worked for" Trafford in Victoria, and who was a former Yukoner.

Several months later I read a news item to the effect that Bruce Batchelor, Publisher and Chief Executive Officer of Trafford Publishing had donated the sum of one point six

million dollars to a fund for the preservation of indigenous languages. Thinking there might be a success story here of interest to the Moc/Tel, I contacted Bruce and requested a little more information. I found that he was in the Yukon from 1973 to 1980, during that time he lived in Whitehorse, Dawson and Faro - but was mostly at home in the Pelly Farm/Fort Selkirk/Horsefall Creek area. He spent his summers in that area, sometimes working at the farm or as a river parks patrolman, sometimes fishing with Danny Roberts. He also canoed many of the rivers, and self-published a book called "Yukon Channel Charts" During winters, Batchelor travelled by skis or dog, visiting trappers and others in their remote cabins, looking for stories to record on tape or in his notebooks. In 1979, faced with the prospect of a pipeline which would have imposed 60,000 construction workers on the Yukon's 20,000 residents, he helped organize another self-published book, about the Yukon's unique culture. That book, organized with Max Fraser and featuring the work of more than 100 Yukoners was The Lost Whole Moose Catalogue. He left the Yukon in 1980.

Fast forward to 1995 when he stumbled across a convenience in technologies: the Internet and print-on-demand equipment. Remembering the success and excitement of his two Yukon self-published books, he founded Trafford Publishing to help authors self-publish their books. Now, ten years later, Trafford is one of the world's most prolific publishing companies. They now have offices in Victoria, Ireland, U.S.A. and the U.K., launching more than 3,000 books per year.

A MESSAGE FROM JOANN GRAHAM AT HAINES JUNCTION

Here are some interesting tidbits.

On reading the 128th edition of MocTel I was impressed with the picture that Lorraine Butterworth took of the Dempster. My youngest daughter Jan was a friend of hers way back. Probably met in curling. When we first moved to the Yukon we settled at Mile 830, Brooks Brooks between Johnson's Crossing and Teslin. Our next door neighbours were Ilmi & Roy Butterworth. We had a lot of fun times together, I think they were Lorraine's aunt and uncle.

In 1979 my eldest son Jim who was 21 at the time, was working for YTG at Eagle Plains camp on the Dempster Highway. Some of the crew had had a frightful experience as they became stranded in a blizzard on the Dempster highway for about 36 hours....anyone living in the Dawson area or thereabouts at that time would probably remember it. There was quite a write up about it in the Reader's Digest in January 1983. Fortunately they were rescued without any serious problems to anyone. Thank goodness I didn't hear any of the gory details until it was all over and they were safe and sound back at camp.

This tidbit is rather unique, when I worked at the weigh scales here in Haines Junction. We used to get a lot of tourists come in checking on the condition of the Haines Road as they were heading down to the ferry at Haines AK and stopping to chat awhile about their travels up north. One couple came in to tell me all about their wonderful trip up the

Dempster and could understand how dangerous it could be in a heavy snowstorm because it was so isolated. Then I explained about Jim's horrifying experience in 1979. They were so surprised as they had read this article in the Reader's Digest in California before heading to the Yukon. They were quite excited and couldn't wait to get back to California to tell their friends they had met "Jim's" mom.

Joann Graham jograham@ykn.net Haines Junction, Yukon



This picture was taken by my daughter Lorraine Butterworth, on the **Dempster Highway** on **September 5th 2005**. - Myrna Butterworth myrnab@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

TICH WATSON REMEMBERED

I read with sadness in the Moc Tel of the passing of John “Tich” Watson. Although I do not believe he spent many years in the Yukon, he always considered himself to be a true Yukoner. My parents were good friends of Tich and always when they got together it was remembrances of old times. When he arrived in the Yukon in 1932, my mother was a young girl of 17. At the south end of town, the family had a tennis court and every day my Mom and her 8 siblings took the ashes from the bakery ovens to spread on the courts and then rolled it with a heavy roller. Of course, they hated the job, but everyone else in town had some wonderful times on those courts. Tich would always relate to us how he played tennis and that my Mom taught him the game. It was always when he was out of

earshot that my mother would proclaim to us that he had 2 left feet while learning to play and never really mastered the game. We all got some chuckles out of that one.

Another story I have to pass on about Tich is our encounter with him at the Jubilee Hospital in Victoria in 1994. At that time my son was in hospital and across the hall was Tich's wife Nellie. Every day after he visited Nellie, he would pop in and have a chat with Bruce. I suspect that Bruce heard all the stories again. I know Bruce looked forward to those visits and made his stay in hospital a little more bearable.

Reading about the passing of Tich brought back those memories and all that our family endured in 1994. I had written a story back then about my son and would like to share it with all of you.

Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart lornellis*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

River of Tears

I write this journal for my son, Bruce of which I am proud to tell his story...may it be an inspiration and a source of hope to all of you or those you know who are waiting for the "Miracle of Life."

November 1959 – what a Happy Day!! My first-born son, Bruce Dwayne welcomed into the world.

Many happy days in between – 1st birthday, 1st day of school and then finally high school graduation. Lots of hopes and dreams at that time. The plan was to continue onto university with scholarships in hand. Life did indeed look rosy.

In 1974 he was diagnosed with diabetes...just a shot a day...that didn't seem to be too hard. After high school, events in his life put off attending university until 1986. Five years later he graduated with a nursing degree. Immediately upon graduation, he started working in Manitoba and once again life indeed looked rosy...full of promises.

A short two weeks later it all started to go downhill...spiraling totally out of everyone's control. He was hospitalized for a period of time and over the next year, worked very sporadically and then in November 1993 back to the hospital and at this time experiencing the terrible knowledge that feeling in his legs was slowly disappearing. At this point, he lived 2000 miles away...all alone. Just before Christmas his doctor telephoned me and he was diagnosed with Diabetic Neuropathy, which is an abnormal and usually degenerative state of the nervous system or nerves. At this point he was totally paralyzed from the waist down and limited strength in his arms and hands. The Doctor also informed me he had "two years to live a reasonable quality of life". I have yet to find out or determine just what that "reasonable" quality of life is. Since we lived in different provinces, I had started inquiring into the various government agencies to get him home and the help, if any that would be available to him. Anyone who has dealt

with agencies of any kind will know the brick walls that I encountered. His transfer had to be between hospitals and doctors and it was possible there would be no help available to him once he returned home.

On March 20, 1994 off I go to the airport to meet him. I knew he was coming home in a wheelchair, but what the heck – Rick Hansen a few years ago toured the world in a wheelchair in his Man of Motion Tour – and he even did wheelies in his chair! I thought I was fully prepared to see my son come off that plane in a wheelchair – how wrong I was! Just writing this makes the tears start to flow.

Off we go to be admitted into the hospital and, as usual, arrangements and instructions had not been passed onto the appropriate people. I have never forgotten arguing with the nurse at the hospital and her saying that this is not a hotel, he cannot stay here. I informed them he **was** staying there and besides it was the most expensive room in the city.

Over the next three months I went to the hospital nearly every day and sat with him while he ate supper or when he was on dialysis which was 5 hours a day, 5 days a week. Lots of tears in that time and I call the hospital parking lot my “River of Tears”. In June 1994 his brother Doug and I took him over to Vancouver for assessment at the B.C. Transplant Society. It was the hope that by some miracle he would receive a new kidney that was so desperately needed. They did give us so much hope – seemed like maybe, just maybe, things would get better. He was also admitted into the hospital in Vancouver on June 19, 1994 for physiotherapy – the same day that my Dad passed away. At this point he could not move his lower limbs at all and needed constant care and help.

On August 6, 1994 at 8:30 p.m. he telephoned me with the news that he was being sent back to Victoria – nothing more could be done for him. A half hour later the telephone rang again – with the news that we had been waiting for. He had just received word that a healthy kidney was waiting for him. What wonderful news – from someone else’s grief there is happiness. My one regret is that my Dad never lived to see that day.

Too late for me to get off the Island, so the next morning bright and early I hop the bus and off to Vancouver. I have to see for myself that in fact he has this new kidney. Not sure what I expected, maybe I’ve watched too many TV shows...you know, where the nurses hover around, bringing you coffee etc, and making sure YOU are comfortable. That is not to be – I was informed he was in surgery and there really was no place for me to wait. This was a surgical ward and their concerns were not with the healthy people walking the corridors. I have never forgotten standing in a small, hot telephone booth trying to call my sister and not having the phone number and it is unlisted. I just stood there and cried...again!! My river of tears is fast becoming a flood.

At 9:00 p.m. I was finally able to see him, lying in that bed with tubes and wires out of every conceivable part of his body. The next day I sat with him and finally he was awake long enough to tell me, please go home and come back in a few days.

After 2-3 weeks he was discharged from the hospital and went to live in a group home with other physically challenged people. He was still in the wheelchair and continued with therapy, but basically was able to look after himself to some degree.

On November 19th Bruce celebrated his 35th Birthday. His family decided that a surprise party was in order. Little did we know the BIGGEST surprise of all was to come from him. His brother, sister and I picked him up at the ferry and we started to do our usual fussing around, wanting to help get him into the car. He made the three of us stand back and pulled himself out of that wheelchair and took two steps toward us. Yes...another flood of tears! What a happy Happy Birthday we had.

Today, three years later, Bruce lives completely on his own with no help. The wheelchair has been cast aside and he walks with a cane. But, he is walking!

To anyone who reads this journal, it was written with love, pain, sorrow, heartache, joy and tremendous pride.

I can only hope that everyone will be an Organ Donor...it is a Gift of Life...a Miracle of Life.

Postscript – October 8, 2005

I wrote the above 11 years ago and for a long time it was on a website run by a young lady in California that experienced much the same as Bruce had. Unfortunately she did not receive her Miracle of Life and lost her battle.

Over the next few years he continued to improve and dealt with his disabilities in an astounding way. In June 2003 the tears started flowing again. He lost his right leg due to all the complication of the diabetes and that time the doctors gave him 24 hours to live. He was on total life support. Again, he defied all the odds and spent the next 3 months in hospital and also at GF Strong Rehab in Vancouver and was outfitted with an artificial leg.

Today, Bruce continues to live on his own and is very involved with volunteer work with the Film Festivals, Marathons etc and anything that keeps him busy. He also does Income taxes for many of the individuals in a Senior Centre.

We try and stem that flow of tears now – just grateful once again to the family that donated a kidney of their loved one back in 1994. The kidney is the healthiest organ in Bruce's body today.

Vivian (Lilievre) Stuart lornellis*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

For those of you who have not put two and two together, Vivian is the daughter of 'Bunny' & Alice Lilievre, formerly of Dawson and later Whitehorse. – Sherron



Sunrise – 7:57 – Oct 13, 2005 – Ardrossan Albera

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

We had a beautiful sunrise in Ardrossan today at 7:57 a.m. Of course a photo cannot replace the real thing but I still think this photo captures some of the essence of beauty.
- Donna Clayson

A MESSAGE FROM ALASTAIR FINDLAY IN SCOTLAND

Thank you so much for publishing my wee story of Dave Harder and I and our moose hunt.

I can see MocTel become a definitive archive of life at various times in the Yukon.

I have done a little poem, (more like doggeral !), which I will send you. It may seem like a criticism of the Yukon of today - but I cannot tell you how almost depressed I was last February/March to see what has happened to her in the intervening 40 years.

I loved Gus Barrett's poem of The Whitehorse Rapids. The metre was so like that of 'The Man from Snowy River' by A.J. ("Banjo") Patterson, (who I always think of as Australia's Robert Service!).

Take care,
Alastair Findlay GreenlochHouse@aol.com (In Scotland)

Some Thoughts on 'Government' Money

by T. Alastair Findlay

There's a thing about Government money
Insidious in all of its ways
'Cos once you have held your poor hand out
Your soul no longer holds sway

It has been like this for a while now
Since Governments cottoned on
To the fact that bribing is easy
When it's *your* money that puts you in pawn

All they do is to tax you
And then for to offer it back
To you, dear friend, as a handout
'Grateful' for having some back

But as always when Man takes the Danegeld
So grateful he feels at the time
'Till sudden comes realisation
My soul another's – not mine

In time it is easier and easier
For the gov'ment to keep us in thrall
For in time we weaken and weaken
Then no freedom of spirit – at all

Imagine if dear Robert Service
Were to write now of Government schemes:
"Here, fill in this form for the Chilkoot,
Pay your fee and go follow your dreams"

And now we have in The Yukon
Six hundred million a year
Buying the souls of the people
Who dare not say no just through fear

But who will now "scale the ramparts"
Of snow and all else that confounds?
To win from the guts of The Yukon
Her "wealth that lies under the ground"

Be it Sourdoughs or greenhorn Cheechakos
I really don't give a damn
But real people have *got* to regain Her

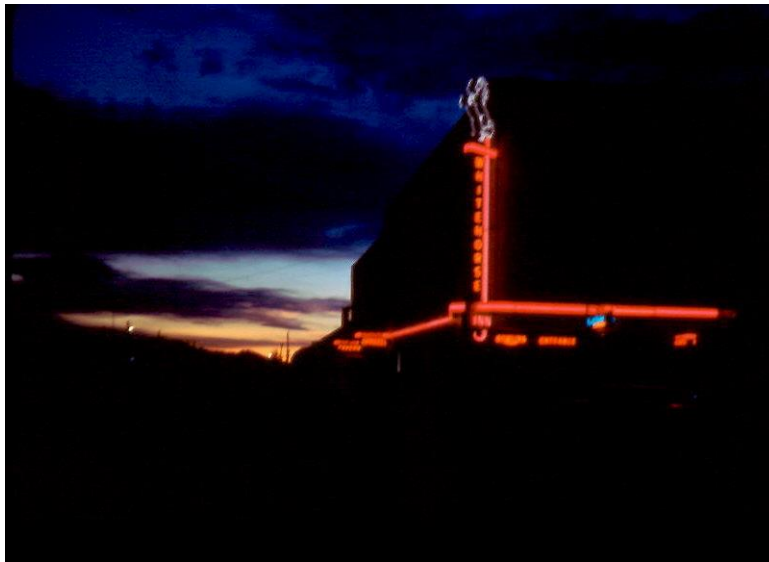
Please God not a Government sham !

What a depressing thought. A bridge over the Yukon at Dawson. Did you tell me this because of what I said in "Some Thoughts from an Old Sourdough" ? It seems to me Sherron that it is not proper Yukoners who are running the place now, but government stoogies who have no 'feel' for what the Yukon IS, and lack the historical knowledge to realize where they ARE. The Yukon of today IS her history, and with mining now effectively disallowed, it is only her history she will ever now be. Maybe I should go back and retire there and make a stand !!

I'd better stop before I really get going !!

Take care, Alastair

WHITEHORSE INN SIGNS



Whitehorse Inn sign at sunset

Bob Hughes photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

Some time back Rob Hopkins asked if anyone had any photos of the Whitehorse Inn Signs. Have forwarded to Rob the three Gina sent and then found the one below. – Sherron

Sorry this might be a little late, however, I found 3 pictures of the "White Horse" at the Inn that dad took in the late 50's, early 60's. Thought they might be interesting if they show up enough. Cheers, Gina Span

Joyce Yardley forwarded a copy of this page of the Whitehorse Star – the date of the text from 45 years prior was 1926 – making this a 1971 reprint of the page. Joyce

has noted that her father, Eric Richards, designed this letterhead for the Star. Also of note is a message on this page about her father. – Sherron

My Dad designed this letterhead for the STAR.



45 years ago

SEPTEMBER 3, 1926. There are a few people strutting about Whitehorse claiming to have quite a number of George Black votes tucked away in their vest pocket. These men might well be termed autocratic manipulators. Although they belong to the simon pure party they evidently think it quite all right to buy votes with a petty job, or to bluff people into carrying out their wishes by the veiled suggestions of dismissal. Red blooded Canadians and Britishers will inwardly rebel at such despicable tactics. Who could feel himself a man and permit his vote to be packed around in the vest pocket of such artists?

SEPTEMBER 17, 1926. Canadian People Approve Record, Policy and Conduct of Mackenzie King. King reported to have carried every poll in Prince Albert -- Meighen defeated in Portage la Prairie.

Yukon again in opposition. Yukon Liberals put up a splendid fight. Once leaders of the party had unmistakable evidence of the influences at work for the defeat of the Liberal candidate in Yukon they knew there was not the remotest chance for the return of the Liberal candidate, so numerous was the vote to be swung against him. Confronted with an opposition of such extensive ramifications Liberals would have made a splendid showing if their candidate had succeeded in saving his deposit.

Mr. Congdon and his supporters carried on an aggres-

sive and dignified campaign with the result that instead of the Liberal Party being wiped out of existence in the Yukon, the Liberal candidate was only 176 votes behind the Conservative.

OCTOBER 1, 1926. The people of Carcross received a terrible shock Saturday morning upon the discovery being made that sometime during Friday night or the early hours of Saturday morning "Ike" Gillespie had taken his own life. He was dressed in his underwear, and apparently was sitting on the side of the bed when the fatal act was committed. The body was lying across the bed and the left hand still held the rifle. On the desk in the post office was the following note written in pencil. "Money under bed in box. Goodbye. Ike."

OCTOBER 1, 1926. Eric Richards is making splendid progress in the training of local talent for the production on October 8th of that popular comedy, "A Little Bit of Fluff". This play will make even a bigger hit than "What Happened To Jones". Indications all point to a record attendance.

OCTOBER 15, 1926. Mishap to Steamer Dawson. The steamer Dawson ran on the rocks at Rink Rapids at 9:30 Wednesday morning and sank. Its hull was punctured in several places and as it settled on the river bottom it appeared to break in two, so that the vessel may become a total loss.

There were about 75 pas-

sengers aboard including a number of women and children.

Immediately Captain Cowley found that the pumps could not keep the water out; he dispatched Purser Fyfe with a field telephone to connect with the telegraph line and inform Whitehorse of the accident in order that arrangements might be made for the removal of the passengers, mail and baggage. Word soon came that all available cars in Whitehorse



Note not only the signs but the SS Klondike making it's way down 1st Avenue to its current location. Bob Hughes photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

WHITEHORSE ELEMENTARY

Thought some of your readers would be interested in seeing the new paint job on Whitehorse Elementary school so have attached 3 photos.

One is taken from the escarpment, one from right in front of the building and one photo of the mural. Dont know of any of the details who painted this mural.

Tim Kinvig kinvig@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)



Whitehorse Elementary School
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig



View of Whitehorse Elementary School from escarpment.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)



Mural on Whitehorse Elementary School
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

MOCTEL 130 BRINGS MORE MEMORIES

Meant to mention this last week, but was tied up at the ISR.

Really enjoyed the article and pictures in the 130 issue re teacher's reunion. The picture of the charter members really brought back many pleasant memories. Nurses, Teachers and Police all seemed to be thrown together a lot in those days. (Maybe we just all liked to party.) Seeing Hank Bugara really rung a bell. When Blanche and I were married in Dawson in 1955, the reception was held in the Pioneer's hall. Our "band" consisted of Hank Bugara and his guitar.

Funny how the Moc/Tel keeps recycling old memories.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

TWINS ARE IDENTICAL

Had a call from my Son, the TWINS are identical. I am thrilled, think of the fun we are going to have with them as they grow older. I plan to fly to Santa Barbara on the 19th. I will keep you posted. Lovely Hugs Gillian Campbell

Now Gillian has some hope of the identical twin girls or their sister becoming the next Klondike Kate and take over the jewels; and the sequins and feathers on all those beautiful costumes and entertain in their grandmothers place some day. Time will tell whether they have inherited their father and grandmas genes and want to entertain. We need to hope at least one of them does. - Sherron

AL OSTER RECEIVES

- HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN OKANAGAN YUKONERS' ASS'N

Bill and I took a trip to Blind Bay today to see if it may be a nice place for us to retire. Whoops guess it wasn't and we are happy to be back in Vernon.

Since we were passing through Salmon Arm we stopped by Al & Mary Oster's to drop off the plaque the Okanagan Yukoner's gave to us to pass along, at the Summer Picnic.

At the Annual General Meeting last year Al Oster was nominated and voted to receive an Honorary Life Membership to the Okanagan Yukoners' Association. It has taken all this time to get the plaque to Al and then we missed him. We had to leave it for him and sent an e-mail as soon as we arrived home, which sent him looking for it at the back door.

So to give Al some of the exposure he deserves for his dedication to providing music about Yukon, it is only fitting I mention the honor here. – Sherron

Thank you so much. I'll go look for it now. We were home all but for about 20 minutes when we hurried down town to buy some wine for our Thanksgiving dinner before the Liquor store closed. Our son and spouse from Mission are spending Thanksgiving with us. Just our luck ! Son of a gun ! It would have been nice to see you folks for awhile. I was afraid you might drop around when we were not in. Darn it !

I just had a look at the plaque. It is a beautiful masterpiece of treasured work. I'm very humbled and proud to be honoured by the thought and attention of such prestigious recognition. It would have been nice to receive this in person at the picnic, but if I remember correctly I was in the hospital with pneumonia while waiting for gall bladder surgery. Dog-gon-nit.

Thank you again Sherron, for accepting the certificate on my behalf and the personal delivery to Salmon Arm. We just haven't been to Vernon since the time we were at your home. I would have loved to show you and Bill my toys, scapbook, and wall of awards I've accumulated over the past 42 years of music involvement. Some other time I hope.

Much appreciation,

Al & Mary Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net (In Salmon Arm)

REMEMBERING 1950's TEACHERS

I continue to enjoy the "Moctel"....the recent shots of the teachers get-together in Whitehorse was great to see. Claude Campbell and Stan Hovdebo were two of my teachers in Dawson City way back around 1952 or so! Mr. Campbell became the principal and he was so young! I attended school in Whitehorse from October 'til December in the Fall of 1950. My niece Beverley was born (Hy's daughter) and Miss Findlay was my art teacher. I have her autograph in my book....isn't that rather neat? Great memories! Love, Tina Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

PPS FILE OF OUR BACKYARD – Sherron Jones

After sending out the PPS file of photos of our backyard I received lots of pretty interesting feedback. The one from Barb Allen at Haines Junction was the most extreme.

Just viewed your pictures and it sure looks nice and green with lots of flowers, makes me feel like it is still summer at your house. I turn and look out my window at work and it has been snowing most of the day.

Starting to feel like winter is coming. We have about an inch or so of snow here, I'm sure that it won't stay.

It was nice of you to share your pictures and I hope that you have a good day.

Take care

Barb Allen (In Haines Junction)

Good Morning Sherron

After I left work last night I went home and took a picture of my house with the snow on

the ground. When we woke up this morning it was -5 and very foggy. It will more than likely clear up and melt or the next couple of days.

Cheers

Barb Allen



Haines Junction - October 11, 2005

Photo courtesy Barb Allen ballen*cafn.ca (In **Haines Junction**)

Other interesting comments –

“In **Banff** (where nothing grows except trees).” NK

“Just a few courageous blooms left here in **Manitoba** and not so many leaves left either. Oh well - it's October, it's Canada.” BH

“I am still cultivating natural **BC coastal** species, so your “back yard” is what my wife would vote for in place of salal, a variety of ferns, Oregon grape, Lilies of the Valley, Arbutus, Ocean Spay and blackberries.” JB

“I've already emptied out the containers and washed them out for next years planting as the nights are getting much cooler here in **Ontario**.” DN

“I am very envious as I sit here in the office at home [in **Whitehorse**] watching the wind blowing, and the rain/snow starting. At least I am not out tenting in it, as we often used to do during hunting season!” MR

“That is a nasty thing to do to people living in cooler climates.

All we have here are leafless trees, brown grass and frost to scrape some mornings. Fall is definitely in the **Peace Country**.

Seriously the photos look very nice and I should keep them to look at in the middle of winter to see something other than snow.” DP

And a very helpful hint.

“Usually when you produce a Power Point presentation and save it for emailing, it will include the player with it, much like many Adobe documents include Adobe Reader.

Lovely flowers and garden.

Regards: Lowell Bleiler”

OBIT

Pierce Williams has passed away and still awaiting details. He was reported to have been found deceased in his home by a relative.

Of the Williams family, Owen and Charlotte were the parents. Of the boys, Owen Jr. better known as Sonny has been gone for years, and now Pierce is gone. Another younger son Melvin was gone a few years ago from MS somewhere in the east. So remaining are the two girls, Lella, the oldest, and Sylvia both in the Whitehorse region.

Henry Breaden

Could I please get the attached obituary placed in the MocTel as soon as possible? Brian is my brother-in-law through my marriage to his only sister Janet. Brian grew up in Whitehorse, was a bit of a hell-raiser, and may be remembered by some of your readership.

Thanks, Walter Gutowski gutowski@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)



BRIAN ANTHONY COLDWELL February 1, 1947 – October 7, 2005

Brian Coldwell was taken suddenly from us on Friday October 7, 2005 at 58 years of age.

Brian, the eldest of six children, was born in Edmonton to John Anthony Coldwell and Emily (Pat) Giltrap Coldwell. A few months later, the young family moved to Whitehorse, Yukon, where the family expanded and Brian grew up.

Brian went to school at Christ the King and was also an altar boy at Sacred Heart Cathedral.

Brian was quite bold and daring – the “James Dean” of the day, and left school to take on other activities. These included working on the gold dredges in Dawson City, various construction activities in the pipeline industries, road construction, oil rigs, bar owner, & trucking (most recently with Gus DeCook & Sons Trucking) taking him through Yukon, Alberta and British Columbia. His tenet of living on the edge put him in several interesting situations, most of which he was able to sidestep.

Being on the adventurous side, Brian was involved at various times in flying, hang gliding, scuba diving, skiing, motorcycling, and even golfing. Brian also liked to travel when the opportunity arose – especially Asia.

Brian eventually settled down in Kamloops where he met his soul mate Donna Kuromi in 1983.

Brian was predeceased by his mother Emily (Pat) Coldwell in 1995. Brian will be deeply missed by his wife Donna, his father John Anthony of Whitehorse, siblings Dennis (Joy) of Whitehorse, Michael (Carol) of Prince George, Janet Gutowski (Walter) of Whitehorse, Cormac (Kim) of Vernon, and Danny (Kelly) of Westbank, as well as by mother & father-in-law Miki & Takehiko Kuromi, sisters and brothers-in-law Ruth of Kamloops, Mark (Wendy) of Midway, Luke of Jasper, Richard (Shirley) of Kamloops and Janet (Floyd) of Youbou. Brian also leaves behind many nieces and nephews.

Services for Brian will be held on Saturday, October 15, 2005 at 1:00 PM in the Kamloops Funeral Home, 285 Fortune Drive, Kamloops. Visitation will be held between 12:00 and 12:45 PM.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Canadian Cancer Society.

Details below submitted by Maggie Wallingham –

**In Loving Memory of Aunt Bess
Elizabeth ‘Bessie’ Susan Friesen
April 8, 1929 – August 27, 2005**

CELEBRATION OF LIFE ELIZABETH (BESSIE) FRIESEN

Everyone is invited to a Celebration of Life for long time Yukoner Bessie Friesen, on Monday, September 12, 2005 from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. at Golden Age Society in the Sport Yukon Building.



Bessie passed away in the Whitehorse General Hospital on August 27th, with her family gathered around her. Bessie was laid to rest beside her husband, Elmer in the Mayo Pioneer Cemetery on Thursday, September 1st. Bessie was born in Mayo in 1929, one of 11 children to Alex and Ellen Profeit. She completed her schooling in Mayo under the auspices of Gordon McIntyre. She married Elmer in the early fifties in Edmonton and moved back to the Yukon in the 60's. They both worked around Mayo and Pelly. Together they built their retirement home in Mayo and lived there until Elmer passed away. Bessie moved to Whitehorse where she worked and was an active member of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Yukon Order of Pioneers and the Golden Age Society. She loved to ice and floor curl, sell raffle tickets, crochet and donate afghans for raffles. Bessie is survived by her sister, Dorothy and brother, Larry (Yvonne), sister-in-laws, Mert and Darlene, brother-in-law, Vernon and many nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by her husband, Elmer, brothers, Jim, Billy and Charlie, sisters, Rose Zenick, Isabelle Tornai, Ella Rear, Maizie Morberg and Mary. Bessie will be remembered for being a friend to everyone she met, her delicious baking and gardening skills. The family would like to thank all those who called, sent cards, messages and assisted with the funeral service in Mayo. A special thank you to Dr. Avery for his care.

Bessie's last act of support for her family and friends to help them get through this time of loss was to request this poem in her memory.

I'M FREE

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard him call.
I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day.
To laugh, to love, to work or play,
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I found that peace at the close of day.
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship share, a laugh, a kiss.
Yes, these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow.
I wish you all the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life has been full, I savored much.
Good friends, good times, a loving husband,
A great family, I am truly thankful.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief.
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and share with me.*

Pallbearers:

Dean Jim – grandson of Jimmy
Gary Profeit – Son of Jimmy
Frank Patterson – son of Dorothy
Danny Profeit – son of Charlie
Mike Mason-Wood – grandson of Rose
Kenny Profeit – son of Mary

Ushers:

Matthew Genier – grandson of Dorothy
Franklin Patterson – grandson of Dorothy
Walter Wallingham – grandson of Rose
Sam Wallingham – grandson of Rose

The obit from Maggie was the missing fax from last week. She gave up and sent it snail mail. It just arrived today just in time to be included for this week. – Sherron

NEW ADDITIONS

I was born and raised in Dawson City. My parents are William and Lena Christiansen. My father passed away in 1976 my mother is alive and well at the ripe old age of 91. She still lives on her own. My brothers Arthur and William, my sisters Jenny and Mary all live in Dawson. I am a clerk at the Dawson Nursing Station in my 26th year. I went to school in Dawson. I was born at St. Mary's Hospital. It would be great to hear from old friends and make new ones. Are you from Dawson originally? I would be happy to receive any news from former Dawson residents. Thank-you.

Linda Christiansen vanevery@yknnet.ca (In Dawson)

Hello Sherron I am Irene Taylor of Kamloops and would love to get on the Moccasin Telegraph. Ron and I lived in the Yukon from 1961 til 1980. I worked for Super Valu for 13 years and Ron work for Fountain Tire for 2 years and then he worked at Cassiar Asbestos Transport Division til 1978 when it closed down. Our sons Keith and Kenneth went to school there, grade 12 for Keith and Kenneth grade 11. Our daughter Charlene was born there in 1963 and went there til 1980 and finished up in grade 12 here in Kamloops. We know and knew and great many people and would dearly love some of the Moccasin stories. Our email address is ronaldpt@shaw.ca

Waiting for all the news. I see you are in Vernon ? We belong to the Creative Chaos committee that put on the craft show in June, and we travel every month to attend the meetings too. Bye for now Irene Taylor

As you know I'm Kathie Wedge and Barb Allen's brother. I was born in Dawson City on August 6, 1946. Went to school in Dawson City. Worked at the survey office at Clinton Creek Mine in the late Sixties and surveyed through out the Yukon on her highways for the several years before returning to college, also in the late Seventies. Studied Renewable Resources Management Technology and worked in this field over in North West Territories for about 20 years and some before returning to the Yukon. Presently I'm employed with Yukon Liquor Corporation as a Licensing & Development Officer / Liquor Inspector and I reside in Whitehorse, Yukon.

Have a good one.

Norman A. Warville norman.warville@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

It is better to know some of the questions, instead of all of the answers

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

I was rewriting this recipe for my self and thought perhaps some of our Moccasin Telegraph readers might like it as well so I am passing it along to you. Actually it can be adapted for either low fat or low carb eating and is very tasty.

Laverne Rasmuson rasmuson@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

LEMON-CHICKEN FRICASSEE

1 frying chicken (about 3-1/2 pounds) cut into 8 pieces or thighs, breasts, etc.

(skin on or off depending on the diet of the week!)

1/2 cup white wine

1 pkg (16 oz) frozen mixed pepper slices (President Choice brand is good)

2 lemons, zested and juiced

8 oz. sour cream (full-fat or no-fat, your option)

In greased (Pam) skillet over medium heat, brown chicken 10 minutes, turning once.

Drain any fat; add wine and 1/2 cup water; bring to a boil.

Reduce heat to medium, cover and simmer 25 minutes or until cooked.

Add peppers; cook 5 minutes more. Stir in remaining ingredients (lemon, zest and sour cream).

NOTES:

1. I season the chicken pieces before browning with seasoned salt, garlic powder and lemon pepper.
2. Once cooked the sauce may need thickening with corn starch mixed with cold wine or water.
3. Frozen green beans or peas could be used in place of the peppers but the coloured peppers add a sweet taste to the lemon sauce.
4. When I doubled the recipe (used 24 skinless, bone-in thighs), I doubled all ingredients except the peppers; the one package worked just fine. The dish tasted just as good the 2nd and 3rd nights, maybe even better.
5. This recipe doubles easily, would freeze well and goes with roasted vegetables, mashed potatoes, broad noodles or rice. For any leftovers, strip the meat from the bones, return to sauce and reheat and serve over angel-hair pasta or cooked, shredded spaghetti squash ... good!

Great recipe for a crowd and uses few ingredients.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Don't forget the Okanagan Yukoners AGM in Oliver on Sunday, details in prior editions.

Vancouver Yukoners' Association Luncheon meeting to be held at the **Holiday Inn Downtown, 1110 Howe St., Vancouver** on *Friday October 21, 2005*. As usual, this is a "pot luck" affair, so please bring some sandwiches or cookies, or the like to share with others. Please note the meeting has been changed to Friday rather than the customary Thursday. Regrettably, the hotel could not accommodate us on our preferred day. Hopefully, this is a one time occurrence. For those who have internet capabilities, you may find Vancouver Yukoners' Events on our web page:

<http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/events.htm>

Regards: Lowell Bleiler [vanyukoners*aol.com](mailto:vanyukoners@aol.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)

PS – I've died and gone to heaven – no more on and off with the reading glasses in front of the computer screen. Bill came home with a 19" LCD monitor for me yesterday. No more hunching over and leaning in to get a better view. It is wonderful and gives the **impression** that this is typed in Times Roman font size 16 bold. Which for those of you on 14" monitors would look like this. – Sherron

PPS – For those who are interested in the money side of this project. There have been donations in the amount of \$135.00 come in since the middle of August.