

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 144th Edition – January 15, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Engine 73 in Skagway – Aug 2005

Photo courtesy Ron Hiltz ronmarg@glinx.com (In Berwick NS)

Valhalla

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

The sun's shining bright as I sit on the patio
Watching the snowbirds surrounding the pool
All of them seniors, gray haired and wrinkled,
Finished with working, they've laid down their tools.

Sitting in lawn chairs, laying on lounges,
All settled in with their backs to the sun.
Some brown as a berry, some red as a lobster,
Enjoying the good life and all having fun.

Some bob in the water like corks in the ocean,
Some sit in the shallows, unable to swim.
They're wearing sunglasses for eyesight protection,
And wearing old hats with a wide Texas brim.

They're happy to be here, far from reality,
Far from the workingman's troubles and strife.
They talk about business, fishing or farming,
All of the things that they did in "real life".

For this is Valhalla, where nothing is real,
We're all sitting here with our heads in the clouds.
And sadly, one morning we'll wake and it's gone.
And we'll all be back home with the bustling crowds.

We'll all be back home with our kids and our grandchildren,
Telling our stories and waiting for when,
With the first heavy frost or the first chilly rainstorm,
We'll all rush back down to Valhalla again.

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THE VIRGIN OF BURWASH CREEK

Typed and submitted by Moge Mogenson from a small booklet titled

WEIRD TALES FROM THE YUKON

Author Unknown

When they found her everyone held their breath. She was blond. Her eyes were blue, and her fingernails unpainted. She was beautiful. They all agreed. She was more beautiful even than their own children. John Williams thought so. So did Harry Joe. John Slims agreed. She was beautiful.

So they quit the horse hunt and took her home. They took her to Harry Joe's because it was the closest, and laid her on the bed. Mary Joe shook her head. Where did she come from? Who was she? Why was she here? Mary asked. They told her. The Indian woman shook her head, but began the preparations.

First there was the dress. Then the tiny moccasins. A little grease for the blond sprightly curls. And a thing for the hair the men didn't know. John Williams was sent to tell the tribe. He walked for four days, and then rode a horse back that belonged to Thomas John.

Everyone came, the whole tribe. They built her a little death house, placed the child inside, and prayed. Then they cooked the moose ribs for everyone and got drunk. To this day no one knows who she was or where she came from.

Historic Events

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

- 1810:** Metal cans invented, to be opened with sharp implements
- 1825:** First cookbook published in Canada
- 1827:** Matches invented
- 1849:** Safety pin invented
- 1851:** Singer treadle sewing machine patented
- 1858:** Can opener invented
- 1871:** Timothy Eaton opens his first department store in Toronto
- 1880:** Jello invented
- 1886:** Coca Cola invented
- 1892:** Publicizing or promoting methods of birth control becomes illegal
- 1904:** Tea bags invented
- 1904:** Peanut butter on sale
- 1909:** Instant coffee invented
- 1923:** Zipper commercially introduced
- 1931:** Doctors in Toronto develop Pablum
- 1937:** Kraft Dinner available
- 1948:** Tide goes on the market
- 1952:** Saran Wrap marketed
- 1953:** Cheez Whiz available

TRAIN OF LIFE

Another bit of philosophy on life that you may enjoy. (Submitted by Henry Breaden)
<http://mywebpages.comcast.net/singingman7/TOL.htm>

CHARLES/CHARLIE GAIRNS

Submitted by Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com Puerto Escondido Mexico

Reading of the passing of Charles Gairns brought up a lot of thought of the times I spent with Charlie in Atlin. I arrived in Atlin the summer of 1969 and Charlie was one of the first people I met. I shared with him I was looking for property to park my mobile home on and he said that he would like to sell the property that originally was the site of his mothers' store. I bought the property from him and built the first Atlin Trading Post in a small single car garage on the property and later built the new store next door. Charlie was a wonderful neighbor, friend and delightful story teller of early days in Atlin. He will be missed.

Nick-Names of the north

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

From Moc Tel 142, I started thinking of the number of nick-names used up north that were promoted for some reason or another. Stampede John was one example, and who really knew his proper name? Maybe one in a hundred! Stampede John was one that believed the next strike was just around the corner and promoting it. He must have been a success for I never knew him to work at anything else besides mining. Stampede was quite a colourful gent who always seemed to wear kaki pants, usually a colourful flannel shirt in a check design and a fedora hat that was common of the day. I was saying that it is too bad that we cannot scan the image that we carry in our mind.

Johnnie Vinegar was another from my early years who had worked for Treadwell Yukon Co. and later had quite a large farm on the road to Elsa and Keno 1½ miles from Mayo. I guess that his surname in Italian was impossible for the old-timers to pronounce, so he became Vinegar! Johnnie used to work at the Calumet Camp, in the mine, and as there were no toilets in the mine, the men used to have to go up to the surface. There was a hoist shaft with a platform that was better known as the Skip that was used to lower timber and mine equipment to drifts at different levels. But men were not supposed to ride it, and they were supposed to climb the many levels of ladders to the surface. Of course most rode the skip, as often they were in a hurry to get up to the surface. The skip really was a large bucket that material used to be loaded into to go down, so the men were quite safe if nothing jammed or other such thing.

My dad used to tell of the time that Johnnie had his own catastrophe waiting for the skip. He had pushed the button to ring the bell at the hoist shack above, but unknown to Johnnie, some timber coming down had stuck in the shaft walls and required men to climb down the ladders and free the timber. His English was not all that good, and while pushing the bell and hopping from one foot to the other he was saying, "Bringa the buck gar, damn; Bringa the buck gar, damn." Johnnie had a large moustache, and all of a sudden with disgust his moustache flew straight out and he muttered, "Aw, crappa the

pants!” I have changed Johnnie’s original words as some of might be a bit vile for ladies, but they can imagine what he said!

I looked for Johnnie’s name in the 1935 postal list in Mayo, Keno Hill and the surrounding district, but he was not to be found. Likely he did not receive mail and any transactions of sale or purchase would all be done by cash. Either that, or the postal system was not willing to venture spelling Johnnie’s surname. I did notice that Johnnie’s name was in the Wallingham Wedding reception list.

Johnnie’s farm was quite large, and you might wonder how one small person could start so many plants and transplant later on. His farm was large and contained potatoes along with his vegetable crops. He had no mechanical watering, so it had to be done by hand including pumping. He even had raspberries, and we used to hike out to his farm to pick. Every vegetable you could think of would be growing, and he must have supplied the camps to keep himself in supplies during the winter.

When you think of it, I guess most Mayo residents were self supporting as near all had large gardens to grow vegetables and potatoes. For meat, we could buy moose at 15 cents per pound and Caribou at 10 cents from the local native hunters. This was their way of making it over the cold months of winter when there was no longshoring for White Pass. The ladies also made moccasins whether plain or beaded. I used them for as far back as I could remember, and my feet were always warm. Those ladies were quite ingenious, for they would draw your foot on a piece of paper for a pattern, and when they were finished they fit perfectly. Usually the bottoms were Moosehide and tops caribou.

I have mentioned before that my father gained the name of Spot Cash when he ran a jitney from Dawson to Grand Forks prior to going overseas in WW1. Some new people thought his given name was Spot and his surname Cash, but all the old-timers knew better. That nick-name chased him to the end of his days, and even today, Percy Dewolf knows me as Young Spot Cash.

Another was Hotstove Douglas who had his heater get away and melted his supply of chocolates in his Dawson confectionary store. In latter years he lived in Mayo, but he still had the same nick-name that followed him. He had the cabin across the street from Alex Nicol and next to Ed Kimbel’s ice house.

Whispering Jimmy was given to Jim McKinnon, a teamster on the overland stage who had a very soft voice. It could be that his teams appreciated not being able to hear him swearing at them? But he like most large men was jovial and easy to talk to.

There was likely many from Dawson that we did not hear of, but the Dawson people may know of some. The sticker was how were we young ones to address any of these nick-names? Stampede John is a good example, for until Moc Tel 142 I never knew his surname and had not thought of him for years. We young folks used to address people by Mr. and Mrs., so if you knew a surname you were in business. And if you did not, like Stampede, you just kept your mouth shut or you could talk with them but no address as you could get into trouble without trying.

I can go down memory lane of my early years in Mayo with pleasure, and recall the many people who had such influence on me during my growing years. Even those not mentioned such as Sam Woods, Lou Titus, George Andison, Eugene Binet, Kippy Boerner, Archie Close and so many others.

Henry.

(Some of this article below was included in a MocTel last year. – Sherron)



Ray Magnusson – Acceptance Speech

Submitted by Terry Vold Terry.Vold@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

YUKON TRANSPORTATION Hall of Fame 2005 TRANSPORTATION PERSON OF THE YEAR

Ray Magnuson

It is people who have a vision and are willing to put hard work toward it who get things done, this pretty much sums up Ray Magnuson in terms of his contribution toward the betterment of Yukon highways.

Ray was born in Atlin, British Columbia, in 1937. Always a hard worker, he put in many hours as a young teen in his father's sawmill. The mill supplied railroad ties to the White Pass and Yukon Route Railway. At the age of sixteen, he would load and drive the ties to Carcross and then return to Atlin with freight.

Ray began his adult working life as a heavy equipment operator in 1960 for the Department of National Defence in Swift River. Four years later, he joined the Department of Public Works, when responsibility for the Alaska Highway was transferred to the department. He became the road foreman first in Teslin and later in Haines Junction and by 1972 was the Eastern Area Superintendent of Highways for the Yukon Territorial Government.

In this management role Ray wasn't content to simply do the job. He wanted Yukon highways to be better! In 1973, he reviewed the cost of maintaining the gravel roads in

the Yukon and believed they were far too high, despite the fact that harsh weather causes highway surfaces to deteriorate rapidly.

Ray was aware that one way to deal with costs might be the use of Bituminous Surface Treatment (BST). At the time, the process was being successfully used on highways in southern Canada. In the Yukon, however, the assumption was made that BST would be ineffective, due to the continuous road surface movements caused by the permafrost. Ray did not jump to that conclusion. He believed in keeping an open mind and with the support of Public Works Canada decided to test the product in northern conditions.

The first test for BST was the section of the Alaska Highway that passes through Teslin. Ray surfaced four miles of the highway with the product in 1973 and then continued on through Watson Lake and north during the next two years. He felt the results showed BST could be effective in the Yukon. Convincing others, though, was not always easy. He had many discussions with his peers, subordinates and supervisors, who could not believe that BST would be effective in the North in the long run. Still others felt there was no need for anything in the Yukon but gravel roads.

Ray stuck to his guns and time has proved him right. Yukoners and visitors now drive on affordable and maintainable asphalt surfaces on over 2000 kilometres of Yukon Highways. Everyone agrees that these roads are safer and more comfortable, which in turn has helped to enhance tourism and boost the Yukon economy.

By 1981, Ray was the Director of Highway Maintenance, a position he held until retirement in December of 1990. During that time, he maintained and built roads in many parts of the Yukon, including the winter road into Old Crow. He also had responsibility for the highway equipment fleet. During his tenure, he expanded the Yukon Highway system from 4400 kilometres to 4900 kilometres.

In 1990, Ray received the BC and Yukon National Transportation Award of Excellence for his life time contribution to transportation in the Yukon. Ray and his wife Roberta and children Robert, Pat, Eric and Sherry all live in Whitehorse.

MOCTEL BRINGS BACK MEMORIES – a message shared with us between Carol Buzzell and Moge Mogenson.

Hi there: You can't imagine just how hard I laughed when I read the edition of 'snipe hunting'.....it brought back so many happy memories, so many times I had forgotten about doing this.... reminded me of some of the things we did as youngsters..... I also enjoyed the excerpt that you put in this week of Destruction Bay. That story has been told to us from youngsters, when there was story telling from the elders. The elders have passed these stories down from the beginning of time, generation to generation, but in our own Native tongue, which in turn, is so hard to translate as 1 word means a thousand things and a thousand stories. Well, you have lived the life with us and know what I am talking about. Once it is translated into the white tongue, so much of the story is lost and sometimes comes out all wrong.....at times the basis of the story is there, but the full meaning and lessons are not captured, are they???? This was the method of teaching that our elders had for us, there was always something to be learned about life in every story they told. Yes, the laughter we have is something that everyone should have to experience in their life time, as we can laugh just for the sake of a laugh.....This is

something that I miss the most from not being at home, but manage to spend a lot of time with the First Nations peoples on a local level, they too, know the art and healing of laughter. Keep up the writing, Marion, these are some of the stories that need to be told to give a different perspective of what the True North was like, before all of the development happened, as there was life prior to all of this. Times were hard, winters were long, but the will to live and the skills and art of survival, created our existence.

Being able to live off the land, not taking more than you could use, leaving something for the next time and learning to live with Mother Earth in peace and harmony, respecting others and the land, the water and all that existed in it. I remember how we travelled from place to place as the seasons changed, for the food we needed for existence, be it fishing, trapping, hunting, berry picking or going from one village to meet with our relatives and friends to surrounding villages, camps or to Klukwan and points in Alaska to trade some of our items for their fresh salt water foods, like crab, shrimp, halibut, seaweed etc. Oh, the feasts and celebrations and giving of gifts there were, held in the long houses or other places of the events. We carried on with our traditional Potlatch's that were banned so many years ago, but has since become legal again; it was a time of celebration for whatever the occasion may have been at the time. Yes, tell the stories as they come to mind, so much of our traditions are being lost amongst our First Nations peoples and it is wonderful that they are being captured and told by you----a non-native, dedicated to the ones who were held so dear in your days of living on the land amongst us and the stories that were being told while eating the 'fat gophers'.....either around the camp-fires or in the smoke houses.....you have enriched your life in so many ways by being able to do this...I can tell by the singing in your words. Thank you for sharing our stories, Marion, as time goes on, maybe I can take pen in hand and tell some of them, trying to get past the translation part so they make sense and in words that one can comprehend.....

There is an excellent book called "Part of the Land, Part of the Water" that you should read, you would enjoy it immensely. I know you can still obtain it from Mac's Newsstand in Whitehorse, or order it from a local book-store or read it at your local library. It is based around home and Whitehorse and areas. Gives a lot of history of the days of yore, past and present.

Have a great day.....

Carol (Hume) Buzzell buzzy.cj*shaw.ca (Near Cranbrook)

ps: am sending this on to Sherron Jones, so she too can get a better in-sight of the stories that you are relating to.

MOGE'S REPLY

Thank you so much Carol. You don't know what this means to me. I don't know how many stories I have stored up there, but I do have the love and the feeling you're talking about. My only regret in life is that I wasn't born native, but I feel in my heart I have compensated for it as best I could, in learning and living the life I did, thanks to my many native friends and mentors.

I remember the trip on Dezdeash Lake with you and your Mom and dad in the big canoe, in the big wind, and going to Klukwan for fish with your family. I was very lucky to have had these experiences, and then to spend so many years with Grace Chambers out on the trapline, hunting, and fishing around Burwash topped it off.

Thanks so much

Mogey

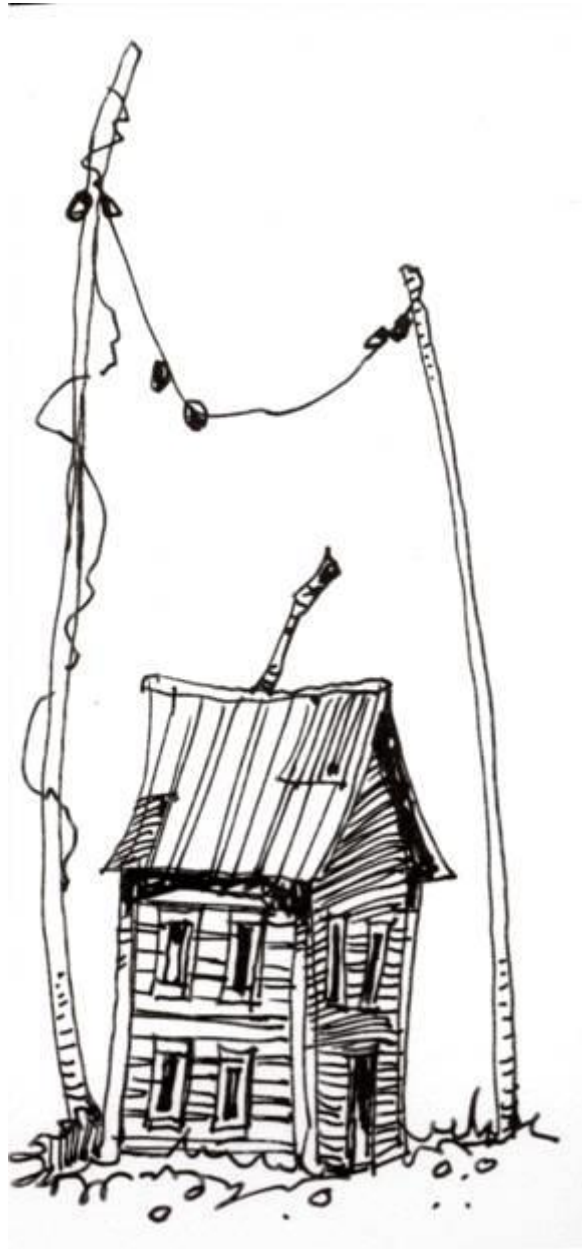
MESSAGE FROM JIM ROBB

Sherron, Jim Robb is wondering if any Moccasin Telegraph readers have any information on Yukon's first radio man, the late Lyle Geary. Jim has sent the following query. I find this very interesting and to have a photo is a real plus. Perhaps Jim's question could lead to a list of all radio men in the Territory. – Donna Clayson ([ytdogteam*telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net))

Who Was the Yukon's First Radio Man?



Patty Piper and Lyle Geary
Photo courtesy Jim Robb



Lyle's cabin
Jim Robb drawing

Jim believes Lyle Geary was the first Yukon Ham Radio Man in the very early 1920's. If not, he definitely was one of the earliest. In the early 1920's Lyle reached around the world with his primitive early-day radio in his family's long cabin near the Whitehorse Shipyards.

Lyle's dad, Jim Geary was an early miner in the Livingstone Creek area, later the family ran a fox farm in that same Whitehorse shipyard location.

Does anyone remember Lyle Geary and his ham radio? Also, does anyone remember Patty Piper?

Henry Breaden remembers Lyle Geary:

I did not know Lyle closely, but more-so knew of his reputation in Ham Radio. He was into it very early on and built his own receivers and transmitters. There was something that tickles my mind where he was responsible for a rescue as nobody else got the SOS giving a location of where a rescue was needed. Apparently a number of lives were saved due to his expertise. I cannot give a location or even what year that it took place. He was one of these strange people who had a talent in radio far before anyone else. Sadly, alcohol was his downfall, and it eventually killed him. Lyle lived with his parents at the north end of 1st Avenue on the west side just past the shipyard. In my first years with BYN, his father was a watchman at the yard at night when it was working, mainly for fire, and he kept the yard boiler stoked overnight. It was quite handy for him as their home was just beyond the old barns at the yard that had been used by White Pass for the Overland Trail.

Scatter-Ass-Bar

Jim also had a query regarding Scatter-Ass-Bar. Frank Slim once told Jim the history of this location. From what Jim remembers from his recollections was that for some reason or other dance hall girls jumped onto the sandbar when the steamboat got stuck or for some other reason. That's why it was called Scatter-Ass-Bar.

In Moccasin Telegraph Edition 25, August 10, 2003 there was a mention of this sandbar:

*The anchor ice becomes solidified from freezing and becomes buoyant; it overcomes adhesion to the river bed and rises to the surface to join the floating pan ice. This may readily be seen by watching the river surface, and observing pieces of ice which rise to the surface. It is not uncommon to see dirt, trees, deadheads or rocks adhering to anchor ice, which have risen and become part of the pan ice flow. Two prominent riffles for anchor ice formation at Whitehorse are just south of the Steamer "Klondike", and a location formerly known as "**Scatter Ass Bar**", which is adjacent to the Marwell area.*

MESSAGE FROM IRENA YARDLEY – In Florida

Hi Sherron!

I've been overwhelmed with business, out-of-town visitors, and refugee friends displaced after Hurricane Katrina and have had a steady houseful since the fall. Then, of course, the Christmas holidays took up most of my time with additional guests from Canada and

Europe. I just said goodbye to the last three vacationers today and am expecting two more friends from Alaska in three weeks. It's always wonderful to see everybody but it doesn't give one much free time! That's what Floridians get for living in the land of paradise and eternal sunshine, eh wot???

Finally, here's a brief summary of my Yukon days that you asked for.

I arrived in Whitehorse, Yukon in 1979 with 2 suitcases in tow, not knowing a soul up there. I came from London, Ont. and had worked for a huge design firm but I was bored--looking for some excitement in my life. I was hired by Harvey & Associates as Art Director and to pitch the Yukon Tourism account to bring it back to the Yukon from an Ad Agency in Vancouver. I'm sure there are a few people who may remember me from that time.

I worked closely with Norma & Cal Waddington which is how I came to know the Yardley family and eventually married Norma's brother, Ted.

After a couple of years at the Whitehorse ad agency, I left my advertising career to pursue gold-mining with the Yardley clan... and this led to living in various areas of the Yukon, namely Carmacks, Haines Junction and Atlin. What a crazy life! So many wacky stories to tell... Joyce Yardley has written about some of these events in one of her books – *Crazy Cooks & Goldminers*. Great books everyone... make sure you visit her website for ordering information: http://www.dataspan.ca/book_page.htm

In 1986 Ted and I moved down to Vancouver to launch a couple of gold mining companies on the stock exchange. We were very successful in this venture and we also had a daughter, Helena. When the market crashed we moved to Sarasota, Florida – and started businesses here. Ted and I divorced in 1994 but have remained friends.

Anyway, I'm still in sunny Sarasota. I was in the Yukon 4 years ago for a visit and for Gordon Yardley's memorial. Hope to come up again this summer for a couple of weeks to visit.

I am attaching an old list of electors document from Carcross from 1940, in case anyone is interested. When Joyce saw it, she discovered she knew just about everyone on the list! I have tons of old Yukon memorabilia... I'll have to forward some of this history to you.

I enjoy the Moc Tel... brings back lots of fond memories. A big "HI" to all who may remember me! I've already made contact with lost friends thru the Moc Tel from your small mention a few issues ago!

All for now...

Irena Yardley (*née Arent*) msyardley@comcast.net (In Sarasota Florida)

(I did not include the electors lists again since Joyce Yardley forwarded it some weeks back and it was placed in the Moccasin Telegraph then. – Sherron)

WATSON LAKE SKI HILL STILL CLOSED

According to a story posted on CBC's web page see notes below.

Doug Bell was surfing www.cbc.ca and sent you this CBC News story with the comment: "Sherron: Another story about our "tough" winter."

SKI HILL AWAITS DECENT SNOWFALL TO OPEN

A lack of snow has closed the oldest continuously operating ski hill in the Yukon. Jenny Skelton, the secretary of the ski club in Watson Lake, says there is only about 30 centimetres of snow on the hill, and at least twice that is needed to open.

Skelton says nobody remembers the hill being closed this late into the season.

"I believe that two years ago, three years ago, we opened up on Jan. 8, and that was the latest we ever opened," she said Monday.

"So this is now Jan. 9 and we're still not open, so well, we'll just have to [see] the way things go and just wait for some more snow and we're all very hopeful."

She says downhill skiing is a popular pastime in the community, but not so far this winter.

The ski hill first opened in 1968.

HANK KARR DVD

Your friend, karmacles@yahoo.ca, [Les McLaughlin] has sent you the following video from Google Video.

Click to watch: [Gold Fever](#)

Description: Yukon singer Hank Karr sings his own composition GOLD FEVER against a stunning Yukon backdrop. The cut is from his DVD called Hank Karr's Yukon Book of Memories which features 11 video songs and is available at stores in Whitehorse, Yukon.

If you're having trouble watching the video, try copying the following URL into your browser:

<http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=5233241978680211874&q=hank+karr&pr=goog-sl>

WHAT IS THE MOCTEL WORTH THESE DAYS

Do you know what the MocTel is worth these days? I printed out last week's and sent it, along with a letter of condolence to Bud Baldwin. **Two bucks.** and that was just the

postage. Worth every penny. Ask Gus if he knew Bud from 69 to about 75. Bud started the airport security back then.

Enjoy, Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (In Saskatchewan)

HOGGAN WEDDING PHOTO

Hi Maribeth: I happened upon this picture in MT and may be able to help you identify some people in this photograph due to an old newspaper clipping that Lloyd Ryder passed along to me along with his application to nominate J.E.F. Hoggan to the Transportation Hall of Fame.

The article reads:

Among the passengers arriving on the Casca this afternoon were John Hoggan and bride. The young couple were married at Stewart City yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of the groom's parents, Captain and Mrs. J.E.F. Hoggan. The bride was Miss Gladys Gaundroue, daughter of Mrs. B. Gaundrone, of Vancouver; and the groom is one of the best known and popular of Dawson's young men. At the wedding Walter Troberg was best man, and Miss Florence Hoggan, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid.

The following guests were present:

Captain E. Morrison, J. Scotlan, J. Murray, A. King, W. Wilson, Captain J.E.F. Hoggan, Mrs. J.E.F. Hoggan, Dawson Dewitt, A. Davidson, Mrs. D.C. Shand, J.C. Lawrence, S. Card, Marjorie Hoggan, George Hoggan, Macgregor Hoggan, L. Bouvette, Constable Cruickshanks, Rev. W.H.L. West, Scott Heaver, Alex Lesperance, Mr. and Mrs. H. Woodburn, Yvonne Woodburn, L. Scott.

At the wedding supper a toast to the bride was proposed by Rev. West and responded to by the groom. The toast to the bridesmaid was responded to by Walter Troberg, best man. The occasion was a happy one and all drank to the health of the young couple.

On arrival of the newlyweds at the dock in Dawson City this afternoon they were greeted by dozens of their friends and landed amid pealing of bells and the blare of trumpets and showers of rice and confetti.

(Message and photo below in previous MocTel)

A PICTURE FOR THE READERS TO PUZZLE OVER

Attached is the group picture from Gladys and John Hoggan's wedding Sept. 4, 1922 in Stewart City.

The only identified people are the centre folks: J.E.F. (Cap) Hoggan, Catherine Hoggan, John W. Hoggan, Gladys (Gaundroue) Hoggan, Florence Hoggan, Walter Troberg.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml*shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)



Gladys and John Hoggan's wedding Sept. 4, 1922 in Stewart City.

Photo courtesy mainerml@shaw.ca Maribeth Mainer (In Burnaby)

Terry Vold terry.vold@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

OBIT



BETTY HELEN MUNRO
SEPTEMBER 14, 1931 - DECEMBER 14, 2005

Betty was born in Niagara Falls to Charles Chauncey & Myrtle Jones, and raised in a family of seven children. She came to Whitehorse in 1952 as a member of the Canadian Air force. Her job in the air force was that of a radio operator monitoring highly secretive international communications. She was sworn to secrecy and to this day, that's all we know of her job during that time.

Betty met and married Norman in 1953 and they celebrated their 52nd wedding anniversary this last July 11. Daughter Karen was born in September, 1954.

Betty worked as a bookkeeper for close to 40 years. She was an avid curler, an active member of the Order of the Easter Star and a long time volunteer at the Thomson Centre. She started and ran the corner store in that facility.

Betty was a warm, witty woman who kept her sense of humour throughout her lengthy illness. She was a kind, loving wife and mother and will be deeply missed by husband Norman, daughter Karen, dog Buddy, brother Harry (Gwen), sisters in law Helen & Pat & their families, numerous nieces and nephews and her many friends.

(typed and submitted by long time friend Shirley Keobke.)

Guttman, Tamara Leigh July 28, 1990-Dec. 21, 2005: Eldest grand-daughter of Lynn and Smokey Guttman of Penticton, B.C. **Tamara died suddenly in Whitehorse**, Yukon from a congenital heart disease. An academic student, avid dancer, accomplished outdoors girl, Tamara leaves many mourners: devastated parents Greg & Lisa Guttman & sister **Ashley of Whitehorse**. Also aunts & uncles: **Jill & Lyall Murdoch of Whitehorse**, Yukon; Tom & Deborah van der Eerden of Ft. Nelson, B.C.; Nick & Tracey McAnulty of Vernon, B.C. Great aunts & uncles: Bob & Anne Hobbs of Calgary, Alta; Cliff & Gail Guttman of Cawston, B.C.; Vern & Grace Guttman of Lac Du Bonnet, Man; Marg & Ove Paulson of Calgary, Alta, Liz & High (pre-deceased Nov. 13/ 05) Guttman of Neepawa, Man. Great aunt **Joanne Njootli of Whitehorse**, Yukon. Also numerous cousins & countless friends. Grandparents: Marg & Will van der Eerden of Ft. Nelson, B.C. & Lynn & Smokey Guttman of Penticton, B.C. We miss our little girl.

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REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Sherron, Thanks for all of your efforts but at this time please take me off the list of recipients. Pete Humphrey

HUMPHREY, Peter pjhumphrey@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse 1972-4) 250-851-3811
Kamloops

NEW ADDITIONS

Michael Bellamy was kind enough to send your address after reminiscing about the Yukon. I would like to subscribe to the Moccasin Telegraph. Thanks Kathy Stubbs

Kathy Stubbs
General Manager, Delta Helicopters
office: (780) 458-3564

My new e-mail address is kdstubbs@deltahelicopters.com.

(I replied to Kathy and asked for further information as to her link to Yukon and where she is now, but no reply. – Sherron)

Hello Sherron

I learned of your Moccasin Telegraph through Dawn Bartch when we visited she and Gordon on our way to the desert for the winter.

I arrived in the Yukon May 12th 1949 and retired from mining Nov 1992, but return to the Yukon each year in the summer. Having been involved up there for many years I always like to keep in touch with what is currently going on. So if you would include me on your Email it would be appreciated, also please advise the cost and where I can send the funds to. Have a good day.

Sincerely, Lorne Ross @ lorne.ross@gmail.com

Hi, just got your address from a friend, Gary McRobb.

Our email address is mcfadyen@klondiker.com or mcfadyen@northwestel.net.

See my bio on www.ckrw.com .

All well, at work and have to get back at it

Your friend Ron

Say hi to Bill

Ron McFadyen

News Director, CKRW/AM-FM

(I've been sending the MocTel to Ron for most of the last three years and only the previous two have been returned to me. The address I was using was mcfadyen@yt.sympatico.ca . When I never heard back from Ron when I did e-mail him I suspected my mail was not being received. Would be interested to know what happened Ron. – Sherron)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Carrying a grudge is like a run in a stocking – it can only get worse.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

ONION PAN BREAD

Submitted by Barbara McDougall barbaramacdougall@rogers.com (In Paris ON)
(From "How to Cook Everything" by Mark Bittman, 1998)

Makes about 6 servings

Time: 1 hour

3 tbsp butter

2 large onions, sliced about 1/4 inch thick
2 tbsp brown sugar
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 tbsp baking powder
1 tsp salt
1 tsp sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
1/4 cup canola or other neutral oil

1. Preheat oven to 350 F.
2. Place 2 tbsp butter in a medium-to-large skillet and turn the heat to medium; sauté the onions, stirring occasionally, until softened, about 10 minutes.
3. Use the remaining butter to grease a 9-inch round baking dish, pie plate or ovenproof skillet. Sprinkle with brown sugar and spread the onions around the bottom.
4. Combine the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Beat together the egg, milk and oil, and add to the dry ingredients, and stir together quickly.
5. Spread the batter over the onions and bake about 35 to 40 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted into the middle comes out dry. Let stand 5 minutes before cutting into wedges and serving warm.

MY NOTES: I sauté the onions in a slope-sided chafing dish and just add the rest of the ingredients - one pan & one bowl cooking. Serve with a simple soup or stew and people will rave. This is a forgiving recipe: with a bit of adjustment this recipe can be roughly halved.

I also stir in a heaping handful of low-fat cheese curds or grated cheddar and, depending on who else might be joining me and their known tolerance for heat, about 1/8 to 1/4 tsp cayenne powder to the dry ingredients.

Try throwing in whole or halved raw garlic cloves to the sautéed onion and brown sugar before adding the flour mix.

The next day wedges of this are wonderful split, toasted and topped with poached eggs.

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

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