

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 154th Edition – April 2, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Winner of the Sourdough Rendezvous Snow Sculptures 2006
Photo courtesy Minnie Hassen mhassen@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

This latest effort was done after watching the news from Afghanistan. Not very politically correct. Not sure if you want to print it. Not even sure what I'm trying to say really, other than the fact that, between Iraq and Afghanistan, I am sickened by the sight of young boys being sent home in flag draped boxes.

Gus Barrett

AFGHANISTAN

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

As I watched the teardrops trickle
Down his sun tanned beardless face,
I could visualize his anguish and his pain.
And I searched to find the logic
For his being in that place,
Bearing a flag draped coffin to the plane.

Was this a newfound buddy,
Or an old friend from his past,
This comrade who'd been fighting at his side?
Did he hear the sniper's gun shot,
See the fatal missile blast,
Or was this one more fanatic's suicide?

Why do we send our young men there,
To fight, perchance to die,
To do battle in far off Afghanistan?
I laud them for their courage,
But I can't but question why
We send them there to fight their fellow man.

They are little more than children,
In their youthful prime of life.
They are the proud examples of our race,
They should be at their studies,
With a sweetheart, or a wife,
Yet they're fighting in this harsh and deadly place.

Have we gained so little knowledge
From our errors of the past?
Did all those countless thousands die in vain?
Remember when it ended,
When that final die was cast?
We swore the world would never war again.

God grant us peace, within our time,
The wisdom and the will,
To never send our kids to bear the brunt.
It seems to me such conflicts
Will never end until,
We send all politicians to the front.

In Dawson for Yukon Dog Musher's event Dawson City winter 2005. (cont'd)



Mark Mather - Lead Sponsor Dawson General Store shows Edward to the venue



Dawson City General Store was Lead Sponsor for the Sleddog Championships held in Dawson March 10 – 20, 2005



Yes we really did entertain on the Yukon River in March. - Gillian



Yes the musicians are wearing open finger gloves. – Cold, but happy !
Photos courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Here is a story I wrote for the Yukon Nuggets series heard each morning on CKRW in Whitehorse.

Regards Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa)



Whiskey Flats – Jim Robb painting owned by Bill Buchan

Photo courtesy Bill Buchan wrbuchan@shaw.ca (In Cobble Hill)

Yukon Nuggets: Whiskey Flats

"If you could read my mind, what a tale my thoughts could tell." Words from a Gordon Lightfoot song that could be applied to a place now long gone and largely forgotten. What tales could Whiskey Flats tell? The mosquito infested area is now known as Rotary Park and a fine place it is too. But it is certainly without the character of old Whiskey Flats where every house looked like a Jim Robb painting.

Photos of the Flats seem depressing, but not to the eye of an historian or artist. In the early days before the massive clean up of 1964, Whiskey Flats was home to the Yukon's colourful five percent. And the colourful structures that went with them.

These shacks tilted in the wind. They lay helter skelter across a landscape littered with junk that today would gain a pretty penny or more on the Antiques road Show.

Early photos of the place seem to have been taken after a heavy downpour or else the drainage was substandard. Likely the latter and I expect that no one had a basement.

Whiskey Flats was largely home to so-called squatters, a problem that bedeviled town planners for years. Almost every spring brought forth crocuses on the side hills and the annual Whiskey Flats clean up brigades. This was a losing battle until the new bridge linking downtown Whitehorse with the new subdivision of Riverdale was opened.

Now a serious clean up was needed since it wouldn't do for those wealthy enough to live in Riverdale to drive through a strange place that would never qualify for communities in bloom.

However, it wasn't until the spring of 1964, when the town got serious about Whiskey Flats. Its days were numbered.

A community effort led by the Chamber of Commerce and with civic approval came up with an ingenious scheme to shutdown the Flats.

First, there was an extensive advertising campaign announcing the annual clean up coupled with a notice that bona fide residents would not be required to move out.

The committee delivered signs to permanent residents that they could nail to their house which stated that the building was occupied. After several weeks, shacks that did not display these signs on the outside were deemed to be uninhabited. They were either demolished or removed.

Thus, non resident owners or drifters were out of luck. The genuine owners could see the writing on the wall. They too were encouraged, but not forced, to move.

In the end, it was attrition that sounded the death knell for Whiskey Flats. By 1966, the real clean up came as everything on Whiskey Flats was carted away to make room for the SS Klondike.

Today, the magnificently restored river boat sits where once clapboard shacks dotted the landscape. Green grass grows where mud puddles filled the laneways. Park benches have replaced the back seats of derelict automobiles as a place to rest and watch the river go by.

Swings, slides and other trappings of modern childhood have supplanted the cardboard crates we used to hide in.

Modern Whitehorse is justly proud of its Rotary Park though I expect there are some who long for the old days of Whiskey Flat and the frontier spirit it brought. But as a philosopher once said:

"People seem to get nostalgic about a lot of things they weren't so crazy about the first time around."

Photos of Whiskey Flats can be seen in last week's edition Moccasin Telegraph 153 at: <http://members.shaw.ca/moctel3/Mar26.html> for online viewing.

PHOTOGRAPHING STONES

Doug Bell was kidded for photographing stones during his trip to Ireland. He has sent along a few that will give some of us food for thought. - Sherron

These may be late, or not be needed, but tho't you'd like to see them anyway & it might encourage you to have a look.

The Rock of Cashel is the first. A Church Headquarters way back in Irelands story. The second is Newgrange, totally awesome in many respects; older than the pyramids, built 5,000+ years ago. The third is the Holestone close-up showing the stone is worn quite smooth by hands they believe, though the how and why they still don't know, and haven't any theories well last time I checked..

Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Rock of Cashel – Ireland

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)



Newgrange – Ireland – Story in MocTel 152

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)



Hole Stone Close-up – Worn smooth – Ireland – Story in MocTel 152
Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

LIONS POOL

Hi Sherron: It's been a long time since I said hello and thank you a trillion times for all the work on the MocTel. The Lion's Pool came up in the last issue and I remember that Dad & Mom (Bob & Taffy Hughes) were members of the Lions Club then and seemed to be there all the time building. These are three of the pictures that I have from his collection. My sympathies to Rusty, Shelley, David and the Reid family. My thoughts are with you all at this time.

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



Early photo of Whitehorse Lions Pool – before wood fencing.
Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)



Lion's Pool in Winter

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



Lion's Pool

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

MOCTEL APPRECIATED – SUGGESTION - REQUEST

Hi Sherron

I have really enjoyed the last few issues of the Telegraph with all the pictures. Our kids see what Rotary Park and where the riverboat sits looked like back in the "good old days".

With all the photos of sports and teams, I am curious whether there are any old pictures of table tennis. I am certain Dave Stockdale has some, but what about other Yukoners/ex-Yukoners.

By the way, I believe it is time to send in a donation again. What are you asking for this year?

Thanks, and keep up the good work!

Joyce Bachli megareporting@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

P.S. I would like to receive mock cherry pie recipe - made with cranberries and almond flavoring - if anyone has it. I lost mine!

If anyone has photos of table tennis groups – please send them in so we can share them. If anyone has this recipe would you please send it in and will post it in the MocTel. As for donations, if \$20. isn't too much – the help is appreciated. - Sherron

MEMORIES OF WHISKEY FLATS

Yes we sure did live in Whiskey.

I did not recognize any of the houses in the picture, but a few years ago Jim Robb had a picture of Whiskey Flats in the Whitehorse Star and was asking if anyone know who live where, so I called Jim and said that I knew some of the people who lived there. Starting from the Float Plane Dock Frank and Caroline Oblak, next I believe there was a single mans house, then Ted Miles, he drove a taxi I think it was Yellow Cab, Next was Vi Cane. Vi grew a beautiful flower garden, next it was my husband Albert and myself. Behind us in a yellow tiny trailer, it was Al Schick from Porky's Menswear. We lived in a tiny two room brown house. Next was Oli Matson, later an Airforce couple moved in Al and Ev Daley (we became very good friends) they now reside in New Brunswick. Alex Drobak owned these 3 houses we paid 40 dollars a months. Alex was a cook for the air base mess hall. Next Mary Evans and Dick Dicksons (Min and Dick) - Then the Hiltzs, the Bill Drebbitt Family. Across from the Hiltzs the Lattins (Geoffery and Pat), and Clarence and Lamona Allan. Next the Drebbits going to the bridge John Gonet. Charlie and Nelly MacIntyre, Jack and Tiny Saunders, the Jackson Family, Jack and Bea Lemoigen. There also was a German I have forgotten his name, but liked to take a winter swim. He would chop a hole in the Yukon River and we would see him walking with his dressing gown and slippers and go into the hole for his morning dip. He would do this almost every morning in the winter.

Now for bit of humor:

We were just newly wed and so very young, Albert just 19 and I 17 years. The neighbours would refer to us as "the kids down the road playing house". That was then and now, next year we will be married 50 years.

The little brown house we lived in was so small; it was what you might call a split level - we could not stand up in the bedroom. We would have to sit down to undress for bed - and in the Kitchen we could touch the ceiling. Come winter the blankets froze to the wall. We did have an inside toilet (chemical). Once a week Murphy the "honey man" would come to empty your potty.

I did have running water - run to the river with the bucket and dip. Come Monday morning wash day. Heat the wash water on the oil cook stove at 4:30 in the morning - Pour into washtub and scrub on a washboard with some good old lye soap that my Granny gave me for a wedding present then wring out by hand and race to see who has their laundry hanging outside by 6am or earlier in the morning. You had to have every item just so... socks with the socks towels with the towels and heaven forbid don't mix up the colors and make sure everything is stretched out so you would not have so many wrinkles. It took all day to hang and dry your clothes, but I still had to iron everything. Winter... well that's another story. We've all been there - done that -...Hey we were in love.

I also did some fishing from the end of the dock. A friend showed me how to make a fish hook from a safety pin and I used store string. I really did catch fish for my supper - Albert was away working and there was never enough money.

We had to raise each other before the babies started coming

Irene Kosmenko iakosmenko@hotmail.com (In Osoyoos)

Re: Whiskey Flats

The picture of Whiskey Flats - I think that picture was taken closer to the bridge because where we lived everyone kept their yard reasonably clean. I remember some of the people that lived closer to the plane docks were called the upper class residents. Closer to the bridge was not a good area. I was told from one of the neighbours not to ever go down that end. It was pretty wild with drinking parties, gambling, fighting yelling people chasing one another.

The ice hole swimmer's first name was Hein but still can't recall his last name. There also I forgot to mention a family called the Hammonds and Bob Weeks and his family. Most of the people that I have mentioned are all gone now.

Irene Kosmenko iakosmenko@hotmail.com (In Osoyoos)

WHISKY FLATS, 'HOME'

What a delight to see a photo of Whisky Flats, 'home' of our beloved little pup Cindy (Cinders)! Six weeks old, she became part of my family in the summer of 1957, and subject of many Whitehorse memories as a result. Here are two of them.

Between August 1956- August 1959, our family lived in Camp Takhini, permanent home of a mixed malamute by name of "Big Pete." In those days, army postings lasted three years, and, respectful of Pete's enormous size and enjoyment of the northern climate, Pete's adoptive families moved him from household to household when their stay came to an end. An extremely kind and accommodating animal, Big Pete accepted the situation with dignity, moving on to the new owners as if he sensibly recognized the suitability of the arrangement.

Again, in those days dogs 'ran free,' enjoying life as much as a pup ever could (much like the rest of us in those Whitehorse years!) What with the nightly howls of the dogs and wolves, the 'call of the wild' wasn't merely the title of a book, but a very real presence. Sure enough, one evening our beloved pup Cindy didn't appear when called. For all our driving about and searching, there wasn't a sign of her; understandably, my father and the rest of us spent an extremely uneasy night--Dad's expression 'worried sick' came close. The following morning, however, who should appear but Big Pete leading a pack of dogs from who knows where, accompanied by our little 'lady' trotting alongside him. He delivered her safe and sound at the doorstep, and continued on his regal way. Cindy, meanwhile, looked a bit apologetic, but only briefly. She'd enjoyed her walk on the wild side, for all that she was as happy to see us as we were to see her.

The second memory is equally vivid. As it happened, our immediate neighbours, the Jenners, had selected a puppy from the same litter, naming her Susie. Cindy and Susie naturally became playmates extraordinaire over the next two years. One of their favourite games was 'chasing' the ravens who'd perch on nearby lines and swoop down on the two of them, just out of reach. (Happy tricksters, those birds!) Susie, however, was much the fiercer of the two, nipping heels and nipping wheels of cars--with, alas, predictable results. One day a car won. Whereas we were saddened by the event, we hadn't fully realized the implications for our pup Cindy until much later. While driving home, as we approached our house in Camp Takhini we spotted another small black dog, looking just like Susie, playing in the yard. Cindy, on her own special car seat, sat up straight, ears perked, tail wagging--and on getting out of the car instantly rushed over to her 'playmate'. Her disappointment was palpable: just another dog. She instantly lost interest, pretended to be otherwise preoccupied, and walked slowly away. No playing with the ravens that day.

Pat (Kaye) Barker patlbarker@sympatico.ca Grimsby, ON

ANOTHER MAYOITE GONE

It's with great sadness I read in the latest MocTel of Marie Pollard (Jurovich) passing away this week. Many fond memories came flooding back in about our friendship. As her son said in his article, she was a very friendly and giving person. This was proven one Halloween when I was caught without a costume for the local dance. Marie quickly came up with a beautiful crinoline (can-can) to complete my outfit. I remember how excited she was with her upcoming marriage to Ron. When her wedding gown arrived all the girls in town were invited over to see how gorgeous her dress was, (I think she married Ron "outside", but this detail escapes me at the moment). As it was we only had about ten young girls that lived in Mayo at the time, so this was a momentous occasion.

My heart goes out to her brothers, Danny, George & Larry, as well as her children. I had lost touch with Marie over the years, but thanks to MocTel her passing was shared with so many Mayoites that would know her and the Jurovich family well.

Once again MocTel has proven to be a valuable link for us Yukoners'.

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley*telus.net (In Sidney)

A MESSAGE FROM KARREN TO SANDY CAMPBELL

Just wanted to send a note your way to let you know we enjoyed your nice long article in the last MocTel. Your memories of spring in the Yukon brought back many of those old feelings, that one gets when they know for sure that spring is on its way. My fondest memories of Spring in Mayo was when we could finally take the boots off and walk up Crocus Hill across from the Airport. Somehow no other spring can stir up those memories quite like that.

I was especially delighted to learn that you volunteer your time with the Therapeutic Riding Association. What a thrill to see the enjoyment that each rider gets as they are put upon a horse. Good for you, giving so much pleasure to those that need it the most. The Therapeutic Riding Clubs are my favorite organization and I try to promote them to anyone that will listen.

Sure hope to see you and Karen Shaw this summer at the Island Yukoner's Picnic.

A special Hug from us both,

Karren & Bob Crowley kbcrowley*telus.net (In Sidney)

QUESTION FROM MARIBETH

I think I have mastered the art of editing and merging so I should be able to make corrections if you pick up on any I have missed. I just wish I could figure out how to get my computer to stay in English (Canadian) instead of flipping back into US all the time. Maribeth Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Could someone please help Maribeth with this question; I think in WORD it is TOOLS, OPTIONS, SPELLING & GRAMMAR, ETC.- Sherron

SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS – SNOW SCULPTURES – 2006



Photo courtesy Minnie Hassen mhassen@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Photos courtesy Minnie Hassen mhassen@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Photos courtesy Minnie Hassen mhassen@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Photos courtesy Minnie Hassen mhassen@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)
The snow was hauled by truck to the parking lot for the sculptures.
Minnie



Guess What We Had for Dinner
Photo courtesy Doug Bell (In Whitehorse)

Garbage is not a usual subject but this is one people seem to like, and it fits anytime.

Oh thanks for the one on mammatus clouds - spectacular. Used to observe weather in an earlier life so have seen some before, even have a picture of some in b/x but nothing to equal those.

Oh, and we got a dump of snow today [March 26th] - 3-4 inches, light, fluffy stuff melting already, but crocuses are what I want to wake up to these days.
Doug



A Cheeky Roadrunner Strutting Down the Street in the RV Park in Yuma

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*adelphia.net (In Yuma AZ)

We were out taking photos of flowers and this guy walked in front of the camera three times. No he didn't say Beep Beep. Yes we did see Wylie Coyote, but that was in Havasu City Arizona in December. - Sherron



Mammatus Clouds

Photo courtesy Jorn Olsen – via fwd e-mail

Jorn Olsen works for the Dutton-Lainson Co. in Hastings, Nebraska, and lives by Heartwell Park next to Hastings College. The other night he took these photos and sent them to UNL. The stadium lights are at the Hastings College stadium just east of his home.

The clouds are called Mammatus clouds. They do not precede a tornado, or foretell a storm, but are formed when the air is already saturated with rain droplets and/or ice crystals and begins to sink. The worst of the storm is usually over when these kinds of cloud are seen. They are quite rare, but really beautiful.

CELEBRATION OF LIFE IN HONOR OF BILL REID

Here is Lynne's efforts with respect to capturing the moment. I think she did a great job. The Celebration of Bill's Life was as fine a tribute as we have ever seen. His family can be proud. Until we meet again, musically or just rubbing elbows somewhere. Thanks so much for sharing such a wonderful event. There were about 250 people in attendance.

Ian & Lynne Parsons (In Courtenay)



Dan Bereza & Corky Repka

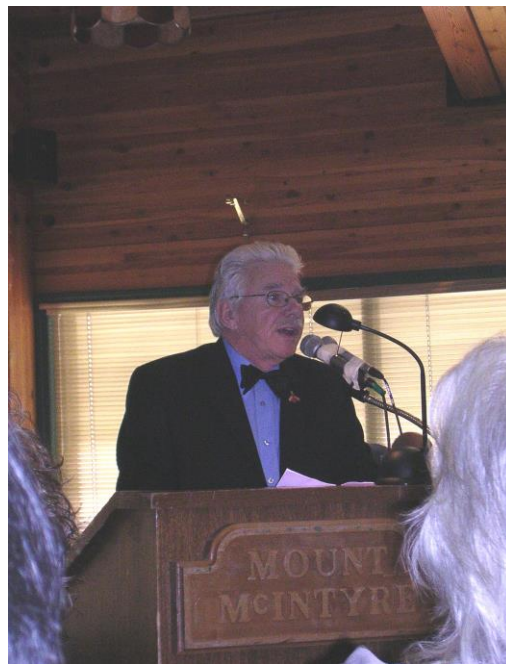
Photos courtesy Ian Parsons parsonsposse@shaw.ca



Dave Reid, Dan Bereza, Ian Parsons, Colleen Smyth, Rusty Reid, Merv Bales



The lady sitting with Shelley (Reid) Biden is Bill's sister Mildred (Midge) Powell of North Vancouver.



Ian Parsons

I KNEW BILL REID.....

During the first part of the 20th Century, Abraham Maslow, a revered psychologist/teacher/theorist presented a theory on human behavior. He based it on five needs of humankind, with Self Actualization being at the top of the hierarchy. Self Actualization is an inner sense that one has become all that one can be....a feeling of accomplishment, leading to a great deal of satisfaction. It is difficult to attain and even more difficult to sustain. Bill Reid enjoyed this happy condition in many aspects.

A pivotal moment in Bill's life was discovering and marrying the incredibly talented

Miss Thora Eileen Parker. Rusty became his soul mate and life partner for 55 plus years. Bill was rarely crusty...well occasionally. Interpersonal skill is just one of Rusty's many assets. From time to time, she intervened to resolve little bumps in the road, always with diplomacy and humor.

Bill achieved most of his dreams without having to leave the land he loved. He was a Father, Hotelier, Pilot, Bandleader, Outdoorsman. He contributed to SAR, winter and summer sports in the Yukon. He was a Traveler, Cottager, Boater.

If it had wheels, Bill owned it. If Bill owned it, it gleamed like the Hope Diamond, enjoying a maintenance level equal to a surgical theater. Is there is joy in ownership to the extent of Self Actualization? How many of you remember Bill's powder blue 1954 Pontiac? It was one of many in a long line of "road chariots". I believe his fondness for "things wheeled and things winged" could rank right up there with spiritual joy. Flowing from his interests, he became a mentor to many, contributing significantly, financially and of his own time, making it possible for others to partake and enjoy similar pursuits. If Bill had good fortune, he shared, if he encountered misfortune, he dealt with it privately and few were aware.

Bill was not obsessed with winning virtuoso status as a piano player....Self Actualization is not about "being the best". But as in other facets of his life, Bill derived from music the aspects that gave him great satisfaction. Many of us struggle with the frustration of "never being good enough". Accordingly, satisfaction is not achieved, let alone Self Actualization. Bill did not trouble himself with the perception of what others thought he should be. He focused on the reality of what he could accomplish. As a result, he took great joy out of life, and was blessed with an abundance of contentment. It is a lesson that many of us could learn.

He was an inspiration to all of us for his tenacity and resilience. In 1984 when he was first stricken with cancer, his odds for survival were not great. He shook off this seemingly insurmountable burden, defying the odds to continue flying, skiing, skidooing, traveling and playing music for more than 20 years before his body betrayed him once again.

August of 2005, where Bill's wish came true. While we were playing, Bill sat at the piano, all propped up with cushions to ease his pain. The look of pure joy on his face personified Abraham Maslow's meaning of Self Actualization. I can think of no other single example where this elusive state was so evident. Being with Bill once more on the Bandstand was a gift to him, and to each of us that will last in our memories forever. To know Bill Reid was an enriching experience.

Ian Parsons
Celebration of Bill's Life
Whitehorse, Yukon, 26 March, 2006



Ian Parsons, Dan Bereza, Colleen Smyth, Corky Repka, Rusty Reid
The girl on drums is none other than Colleen Smyth, Wayne Smyth's wife. Wayne was the regular drummer and son of Ron Smyth, also a well known Yukon drummer. They live in Whitehorse. - Ian

PASSING OF YUKON FRIENDS

Dear Sherron:

I was surprised and shocked to read in last week's MocTel that Marie Jurovich and Robin Dalziel had recently passed to the Great Beyond. Robin, son of the famous northern bush pilot, 'Dal' Dalziel, was a student in my classes at the Watson Lake Airbase school in the early 1950's, and Marie was in my Mayo High School classes in the 1950's

I was looking forward to seeing Marie at the Yukoners Dinner on April 8th, as she rarely failed to attend those occasions. We shall miss them, and Dick Wallingham too.

I had a very welcome and interesting e-mail from Bonnie, Robin's sister, who resides on Salt Spring Island when she is not in Yukon. She is writing a book about her father's career in northern aviation.

What is the latest news on Henry Breaden's health? I have been intending to phone Alice to enquire about him. I would drive down to visit him but I am rather restricted in my driving, due to leg problems. Father Time is taking his toll.

I happened on the name John Batty in a Saskatchewan Seniors publication. His address was Assinaboia, Saskatchewan. I assume that he is probably a brother or a relative of Ruth (Batty) McIntyre, and her sister, Doris, who were well known and respected residents of Mayo, during my time there.

In a recent edition of MocTel there was a group picture including a Mr. Petley-Jones,

who was with one of the Banks in Whitehorse, Bank of Montreal, I believe. This brought back memories of a little dog that we had while in Mayo. We had acquired the dog from the Tommy Portlock family, via our good friends, Alec and Nancy Smith. The Portlock's had named him Petley-Jones, and we didn't change it.

Alec and Nancy Smith were our wedding attendants when Bev. and I were married in Whitehorse in October, 1951, by a Reverend Rattray, at the Presbyterian Church in Whitehorse. The Smith's came to visit us in Qualicum Beach when Alec retired from the BYN Petroleum Tank Farm in Whitehorse in the early 1970's. They apparently were impressed with Qualicum Beach and bought a house near the waterfront. We had many wonderful times with them, and we missed them dearly when they passed to their reward. Their daughter Jeannie still lives in the area.

I have so many happy memories of Yukon and the people we came to know there. They were truly golden years, and I would cheerfully re-live them, as I frequently do in my memories.

I am looking forward to meeting some of those people at the Yukoners on April 8th.

Sincerely,

Don Machan demachan@telus.net Qualicum Beach, B.C.

P.S. Gus Barrett's poetry is more impressive every week. What a talent.

I have the CD MocTel collection for 2003/2004 and I would be pleased to have the 2005/2006 collection when it becomes available. I hope to see you on 8th.

MESSAGE FROM MARG ARNOELD

Just to let my friends know that I have moved to Prince George BC, and just spent the last 4 hours going through my email. Moved over here from Calgary early Jan, was here for 3 weeks and had to go back to Calgary for another 3 weeks, now finally back here. It looks like spring is happening around here, and I finally get to see what my backyard really looks like! Not bad, and twice the size of our yard in Calgary. Too bad about those 4 beautiful pines that had to be cut down due to the beetle, but we did uncover a lovely cedar patch under all those pine boughs and needles! Unfortunately, I don't know anyone in Prince George, except for my husband's co-workers, and just met them. How's this for a small world... just found out that the people we bought this house from have moved to Whitehorse! Our Realtor said she thought they work for a bank, so some of you might know them already! My Dad, Norm Bastien Sr. stopped on his way through to Vancouver a couple weeks ago, and he seems to be feeling pretty good for an old guy. 80 last June! Hi to all those old friends and acquaintances who read the MocTel, and drop me a line to catch up. Marg (Bastien) Arnoeld margarnoeld@shaw.ca (In Prince George)

UPDATE ON HENRY BREADEN (March 28, 2006)

Hello there... Mum got a call from the hospital this morning that dad would be moving over to the extended care building of the Hospital called Duferin Place. Roy just called a few minutes ago, and said that he is now all moved in, and quite happy being there. He

has one room-mate named Tom. He doesn't need the care as much as he was receiving, so he will be there until he is "up and running" and ready to come home. Roy said that all dad was worried about was getting his lunch hahhaha. So as soon as he was settled in, the nurse brought him his lunch right away. He has been reading the Readers Digest this week, which is a wonderful sigh, as he hasn't been too interested in a whole lot. I have a good friend and a cousin that work at Duferin Place, so I'm sure he will get an extra cookie now and then :) Well, I will go back to bed now...just can't shake this virus. I took the day off work- again. Hopefully get back tomorrow. Lura Breden llbreden@shaw.ca
(In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron, Henry seems to be doing fine now if they can only get him walking and strong enough to come home, we will have it made. He said to tell you if there is any thing he can help you with to let me know and I will tell him and he will see what he comes up with. So he is interested in the computer and what is going on. His feet are still swollen so don't know what that is all about but I imagine they will get that straightened out soon.

Will say cheerio for now,

Alice Breden ambreden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

RETURNING TO MOCTEL LIST

Hi Sherron, how are you folks these days? I was wondering if you could include me once more in the Moc- Tell bulletins, I would like to look over the ones pertaining to the flats.

Cheers to you and Bill.

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

Happy to have you back Ron, after your heart bypass surgery. – Sherron

OBIT

LEE Mrs. Lydia of Abbotsford, BC, passed into the presence of the Lord on Monday March 27, 2006 at the age of 88 years at Menno Hospital. **She was predeceased by her husband Harold in Whitehorse, Yukon in March 1952.** Lydia will be lovingly remembered by her son Wayne (Judy) of Abbotsford, daughter Betty of Abbotsford, son David (Randy) of Calgary, AB, her granddaughters Allison and Andrea (Rob) of Vancouver, grandsons Mitchell (Amie) of Calgary, AB, Marshall of Los Angeles, California, great-granddaughters, Ryann and Cameron of Calgary, AB. Lydia was actively involved in her church, singing in the Seniors Choir and enjoying the many activities. She had her bright smile up to the end of her lengthy battle with Alzheimer's. A viewing will be held on Thursday, March 30 from 7:00-9:00 p.m. at Woodlawn Funeral Home, 2310 Clearbrook Rd., Abbotsford. A Graveside Service will be held at the

Maclure Rd. Cemetery on Friday March 31 at 1:00 p.m. Memorial Service to follow at 2:30 p.m. from Heritage Alliance Church, 3440 Mt. Lehman Rd., Abbotsford, BC. If friends so desire donations may be made to Global Advance Fund (Missions).
Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 3/29/2006.

NEW ADDITIONS

My mom (Mary) was telling me that our dad (Harry Griffin) drove Yellow cab for Clyde Wann, then later in the early 50"s Steve Carlise and Ted Miles owned the company and he drove for them. In middle 1954 we moved to Juneau Alaska. We lived there for about eight months and then moved to an Island called Tuxican Island, Southern Alaska, out of Ketchikan Alaska where our dad went into logging for Hawkins logging company. My brother Leroy was born in Whitehorse in 1950, I, Kathryn Goulet (Griffin) was born in Highriver Alberta in 1953, I was only about 4 months old when my parents and my brother moved to Whitehorse Yukon, I don't remember too much about Whitehorse as I was so young when we lived there. Then through out our lives we moved a lot as my dad was a truck driver. I am now married and live in Quesnel BC.

Have a great day.

Kathryn (Griffin) Goulet jgoul*telus.net

From the sunny Cariboo.

Hi. I have had the Moccasin Telegraph emailed to me by a few friends. I have really enjoyed it, and would like to receive it regularly. I grew up in Teslin, and now live in Haines Junction. Thank you for a job well done!

Sincerely, Millie Hall millie*northwestel.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A doctor can bury his mistakes, but an architect can only advise his client to plant vines. - Frank Lloyd Wright

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

These fun recipes taken from Pioneer Women of the Yukon Cookbook
Published 1995 in Dawson City

Dandelion Honey

(or an easy answer to those pesky dandelions you don't know what to do with)

1 ice cream pail dandelion flowers
2 qt water, approx
2 lemons, cut up
8 ½ cups sugar, approx

In large saucepan, boil first 4 ingredients for 15 minutes. Let sit 24 hours; strain.
To liquid, add sugar. Boil at low boil for 2 hours or until quite thick.
Put in jars; let cool. Seal

Fireweed Honey

2 ½ cups water
10 cups sugar
1 tsp alum
50 fireweed blossoms

Boil water, sugar and alum for 10 min; remove from heat.
Stir in fireweed blossoms; stir for 10 min. Strain through a fine mesh
(nylons) into sterilized jars. Makes 12 baby food jars (small short ones)

DATES TO REMEMBER

Date: April 8th, 2006

Location: Hyatt Regency Vancouver, Regency Ballroom, 3rd Floor

Tickets: \$55.00/Person, Advance purchase a must.

Cheques gladly accepted. Mail to Mary MacDonald
#309-5166 Halifax St., Burnaby, BC, V5B 2N6

Phone: 604-299-7533

Please provide the full names for each guest,
and advise if there are any food allergy issues.

Whitehorse: Tickets available from Gudrun Sparling

Phone: 668-3958

Vancouver Yukoners' Association
Annual Banquet - Premier Event of the Year

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