

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 158th Edition – April 30, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Spring - Puddle Time

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

THE HOMELESS ONE

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

You see him each day in the downtown core,
Dirty, disheveled and dressed in rags,
Each day much the same as the day before,
His wine concealed in a paper bag.
He sits on the sidewalk, hand outstretched,
Cupped to receive a meager coin,
And you wonder about this youthful wretch
Whose life is so different from yours or mine.

And you can't but wonder what brought him here,
Wretched, and spurned by his fellow man.
To a life of sorrow and grief and tears,
Where lunch is a scrap from a garbage can.
Where each day is spent in an aimless fog,
Whiskey and drugs and beg some more.
Then lay his head on a stone or log
To sleep in the alley behind a store.

How did he get to this dreadful place?
Here in the gutter where hope is lost,
Where people pass by and turn their face,
And nobody lingers to count the cost.
Who is responsible: is it he?
Was this the result of his own poor choosing?
He doesn't belong to you or me,
But what if he did...now just supposing.....

You wander back to your comfy home,
Warm and safe from the evening chill,
With never a fear of the night to come.
And never a care your heart to fill.
You then retire and try to sleep,
But a vision returns to haunt you yet,
A gaunt young man with a vacant stare,
And you caution yourself; "forget, forget".

© 2006 Gus Barrett



Bear Creek

Image courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright bonruby@telus.net (In Port Hardy)

This photo was sent in by Bonnie (Brown) Wright who understood it to be a Haines Junction postcard. After being suspicious with the hill in the background and sending it on to a couple of people at the Junction, we have this wonderful story.

Hi Sherron - I printed off the picture and showed it around, everyone says that it looks like Bear Creek, I also showed it to one of our elders and he says that it's at Bear Creek. He also told a story about the army hiring a native musher by the name of Johnny Allen who took them from here to Fairbanks Alaska a year before they built the Alaska Highway. He told how the army flew him and his dogs back to Whse and then brought them back here by truck. If I hear any more I will forward the info on to you.

Barb (Warville) Allen ballen@cafn.ca (In Haines Junction)

LAKE BENNETT

Came up with these photos of Lake Bennett. Does anyone remember the lady with the runners? My mom (Taffy Hughes) is in the one with the wolf pelt. This lady used to live at the old Church there with her husband who was a trapper. She had all these pelts curing in the empty church. Let's see where this goes. Cheers Gina.



Church at Lake Bennett

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



Mom – Taffy Hughes at Lake Bennett church.

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



Mom – Taffy Hughes with Wolf pelt.

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



Trapper's wife near Bennett Church.

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



Stretched Beaver pelt

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

Hi Sherron,

The woman in the photo is Vicki Johnson, married to Dan Johnson. Vicki was married to Johnny Johns at one time. Dan's parents, Billy and Martha Johnson lived in a cabin very close to the old church for years, and raised their family there. When they got to old to live in the wilderness, Dan, their only surviving son took over the trap line. They had another son who was in the Army during 2nd World War and died, I don't think he ever saw action.

Presently Edna Helm, and her husband Walter, have the property. They have built a new cabin after a fire destroyed the original maybe 10 years ago. I don't know if they still trap, but I do know they like to spend time up there summer and winter, but don't live there year around.

I do believe that is a beaver pelt too but as I haven't been around pelts for many years I can't be sure

Good to hear from you.

Millie (McMurphy) Jones mjones*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Wonderful Sherron. I would like to know her name and all about her time there with her family. I do think it is a beaver pelt but I could be wrong. Also, could you ask if the church is still standing?

Gina Span

Hi Dave

Can you tell me what type of pelt the 'Stretched pelt' is. Seems to me I saw a round shaped pelt in Jeanne Harbottles' photos and it was labelled 'beaver pelt'.

Also if you have any other comments to add to this Bennett Lake topic, by all means add them.

Sherron

Hi Sherron

The round pelt is beaver for sure.

I remember Dan and Vicki very well they used to come into Carcross with their dog sleigh from Bennett and tie them up near our place and talk about howling until I went out and shut them up a few times and then they never bothered us again,

I first came up to Bennett in 1959 to scout out the area for game, as this was part of my guiding territory. I had the areas from Atlin Lake west to the coast on the Alsek and Tatashini River, that whole corner of BC that jutes into Alaska, I was the first licensed outfitter in that part of BC 1958.

If I remember right Dan and Vicki Johnston and Andrew and Mary James were about the last one to run their trap line with dogs and stay out most of the winter on the line. Andrew and Mary trapped on the east End of Tutshi Lake and the Racine Lake area

They used to stop at Ten mile on their way back to Carcross, they were just real great people, in fact our kids used to call them Grampa and Grama James all the time. Angela Sidney and her husband also lived at Millhaven Bay on Bennett Lake as well.

I was glad to have seen that era of life in the north, and now it is gone for ever. What used to take them days to travel now with snow machines it is really a matter of minutes.

By the way my first guess of the woman in the picture with running shoes was Vicky.

Dave Harder d2harder@dccnet.com (In Delta BC)

Sherron, Yes to can use my reply. I just read Dave Harder's note, and I would make one correction, I don't think Angela Sidney ever lived at Mill Haven, however her sister Dora Wedge and her husband did.

Millie Jones

Hi Sherron

That is right it was Dora Wedge and her husband Harold if I'm right on his name.

Angela lived in Tagish.

Thanks for the correction.

Dave Harder

Yes, his name was Harold Norris Wedge. I am married to their son David and they still have the property at Millhaven. They tore the old house down and built a new one a couple of summers ago. Both Harold and Dora have passed on several years ago but their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren still spend some time up their in the summers.

Kathie (Warville) Wedge kawedge@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron

Millhaven Bay is right hand side of Bennett Lake, right on the corner of West Arm. The entrance to the bay is more on West arm than Bennett. When you are going from Carcross to the south end of Bennett it would be about half way.

The reason it was called Millhaven Bay was because there use to be a sawmill there in the early days. Both lumber and rail ties came from there.

The entrance to the bay is small but the bay itself is very sheltered and a good haven for boats to stay in during the windy times on Bennett or West arm. I have used it many times when I was taking my hunters in to Black Lake or onto Partridge Lake off the end of West Arm.

Dave Harder

Hi Sherron

I called Annie Austin (she is the daughter of Dora (Johns) and Bobby Austin and she gave me this bit of info.

Millhaven Bay is approximately 15 water miles up Bennett Lake. Annie's grandparents Maria and Tagish John's trapped in this area in the early 1900's. They are the parents of Dora (Johns) Wedge, Angela (Johns) Sidney, Johnnie Johns and Peter Johns. They had other children who had passed away early in life.

After Tagish Johns died the trapline was used by Annie and Shorty Austin. Shorty (Arthur) was a former R.C.M.P member stationed at Tagish. At that time they were not allowed to marry especially a native woman so Shorty quit and went trapping.

They later left the trapline to their son Bobby Austin who married Dora Johns. When Bobby died he left the trapline to his first wife Dora. They had divorced and both remarried. Dora to Harold Wedge. Dora later transferred the trapline to her sons David and Mark Wedge who still have it today.

Annie says that in the early days there was a sawmill there that made ties for the railroad. This is where the name Mill Haven came from. It was later called just Millhaven.

Dora's children tore the old house down and built a new one at Millhaven a couple of summers ago. They still go up there with their families for short periods in the summers.

Kathie (Warville) Wedge kawedge@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Can anyone send us a more current photo of the Church at Bennett. – Sherron

FUN WITH CAROL !!!

Seems like everybody had Fun with Carol! Carol, do you recall the time one early spring when we were about 13 or 14, and it was extremely muddy in the Junction. We decided to take a shortcut through the yard at the old Community Hall. It was dark, and difficult to see where we were stepping, and we both got stuck in a HUGE hole full of mud that went up to our calves. We both had shoes on, not boots, and just little slip-ons. We could NOT get out, and started to panic, because we were truly stuck, but we knew there was a community meeting in progress, and started to yell very loudly and call for help! Eventually, I think it was Al Tomlin, opened the door and yelled at us " You kids be quiet out there! We're trying to have a meeting here!" We almost cried! Then we looked at each other and started to laugh! We did manage to work our way out of that quagmire, and went on to Carol's house, but I never did find that one shoe!

Marg (Bastien) Arnoeld margarnoeld@shaw.ca now in Prince George

HENRY BREADEN

Hello there.... just a little note to say that dads ward is now out of quarantine. Mum has been up to see him, and he is doing great.... healthy appetite and in a good mood :) He has been still doing his physio - walking twice a day in the hall.

Lura Breaden llbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron, We dropped in to see Henry in Nanaimo yesterday. He seems to be doing pretty good. Has dropped some weight but says they are treating him well and feeding him well so he is starting to gain again. Not sure when he is going home, other than a few computer withdrawal symptoms he seems to be doing O.K. there.

Gus & Blanche Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

Sherron: I visited Henry Breaden on Monday and he seems to be in quite good condition and his old self, but apparently there is a super bug that has to be eliminated before he can go home. He looks great and I had a great visit with him. We did a lot of reminiscing. I also had a short visit with Percy DeWolfe. Percy lives in a very nice senior's complex on Long Lake at Nanaimo, and is very happy there. He also seems to be enjoying good health.

I'm looking forward to the Yukoners Picnic here on the Island, and I hope to see many of my Yukon students and staff members of so those many years ago (1951 to 1961) at the Picnic.

My eldest grandson and his Australian bride recently visited me and then got married on the beach at Waikiki enroute to Australia. Nathan, the groom, is my eldest son Terry's boy. How time flies.

Best wishes to all my Yukon acquaintances.

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

HELPFUL HINT

THIS IS FOR ALL WHO FIND READING THE COMPUTER SCREEN DIFFICULT

I just found this out and thought I'd pass this on. It's very useful when trying to read small print (especially in the early hours). If you **hold down the Ctrl key on your key board** and **then turn the small wheel in the middle of your mouse** away from you or towards you, the print size will change - **it will either get larger or smaller** - depending on which way you turn the wheel.

Try it !



Photos and story courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

On the top picture my Akita Kumi is checking to see if Erin knows what she is doing, but my Irish Setter Erin who is monitoring our CB base station at Pine Valley Lodge always had things under control. She knew it was important to have someone listening as much as possible to the CB. Back in the late 70's the CB radio became a real life line on the Alaska Highway.

Most of the lodges had base stations and the lodge vehicles had one in it. The base stations could pick up as far away as 10-15 miles depending on the home area, and the portables were good for 5-6 miles depending on where they were.

All the truckers had them in their trucks so if they came upon a vehicle in distress, as they went by the closest Lodge in the direction they were traveling they would radio in and let some one know there was a vehicle in trouble and whereabouts on the highway it was. By this time truckers were no longer life saving Angels on the Alaska Highway other than with the CB. When I first went up there in 1962 if you were stuck on the highway and a truck came along he would stop and help you out, maybe even pull you out of the ditch if you were in it or pick you up and take you to the nearest lodge. These lodges ranged from 30 to 50 miles apart.

After getting a call we would then get all bundled up, fire up the wrecker and go and rescue them. The CB saved many a poor family a long cold wait on the highway in winter when the car they were traveling in broke down. There were lots of times when a car or truck would go by the lodge as far apart as 5-6 hours especially on cold days, as fewer locals (there were not many) traveled when it was -50 to -60 degrees. In the winter we would go and pick up pilgrims on a regular basis, as there were lots of break downs in the cold weather.

For some unknown reason the US army used to have base changes in Jan and Feb and we would get all these people from the far south Alabama, South Carolina etc. coming up the highway and really not prepared at all for the trip at that time of year. Most had never seen snow let alone know how to dress for it or drive in it, and some even foolishly traveled at night so it was not unusual to have to get up at 3 to 4 in the morning and have to go get the vehicles. If you left it till later the vehicle would freeze up solid and then it took days to just thaw it out again. Mind you this was in the early sixties and seventies. By the eighties most lodges advertised hours and did not go out on night calls, and people were warned not to travel at night in the winter as there was **NO SERVICE**. This is basically the way it is today; although along with the fact that it is not a long narrow gravel road anymore, it is a paved highway with some pretty fancy stops along the way. Winter driving at night is still a *lonely act*.



1948 Carnival Queen

Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

REMEMBERING 1948 Carnival Queen

With respect to the photo of the 1948 Carnival Queen, I seem to recollect that she was a member of the Pan Am staff and my wife, Maxine [bookkeeper] informs me that the beautiful winter coat she was wearing was hand made by Gramma Stengel, mother of Mrs Kai Gertzen, owner of the Old Log Cabin Fur Shop.

Best regards, Maxine & Tommy Thompson mactom*shaw.ca (In Surrey)

Can anyone name any of the other girls in the 1948 Carnival Queen photo?

STEAMER PROSPECTOR

In MocTel 157 there was a photo of the Steamer Prospector found on e-bay. I asked if anyone could shed any light on it. – Sherron

Hi Sherron - Happened to notice the question about the Prospector in the last MocTel. I'm sure Henry or another boat aficionado will have much more to add, but here's a wee bit.

Probably the best reference would be Art Knutson's book, [Sternwheels on the Yukon](#). Unfortunately, I must have hauled my copy to the office, so it isn't here now when I want it! (Must be a corollary of Murphy's Law.)

We do have a copy of [Lifeline to the Yukon](#) by Barry Anderson. On page 5 is a nice photo from the University of Alaska with the caption, "In a scene typical of the steamboat era, the Prospector takes on a load of cordwood on the Stewart River. The 165-ton vessel was built at Whitehorse in 1901 and operated by the Stewart River Co. and British Yukon Navigation."

In our photo collection here at Eagle Historical Society & Museums, there are two images of the vessel:

- 1) The Prospector at Eagle - Oct. 1902, and
- 2) Steamer Prospector 1906 #847 (C.L. Andrews photo).

So we do know that it made it to Eagle as well as the Stewart River.

If I remember, I'll look up the info in Art Knutson's book and send it.

Jean Turner njturner*aptalaska.net (In Eagle Alaska)

SIDEWHEELER KLONDIKE SPIRIT

It is looking more and more certain that the Klondike Spirit will be in Dawson this summer. It won't be there immediately after breakup, as there is still some testing to do here in Eagle. But we're thinking that the boat just might make it before July, to begin day tours in the Dawson area. The website is launched (thanks to Murray Lundberg in Carcross) at www.klondikespirit.com. (We're still working on a few tweaks, but folks are welcome to take a look.) We have found an office in Dawson not far from the waterfront. Mike Mancini from Keno is our General Manager in Dawson, and he is doing a bang-up job.

Continuing thanks for your dedication. If anyone deserves that award, it's you -- big congrats!

Jean Turner njturner@aptalaska.net (In Eagle Alaska)

MOE GRANT IN HOSPITAL

Hi Sherron, Moe wanted us to let you know that he has been in the hospital for 8 weeks and will probably be in for awhile longer. He was taking coffee up to a friend on the Medical Ward when he slipped and fell and broke his hip. He laughed and said it couldn't have happened in a better place. Before he knew it he was admitted. They are going to take another x-ray in a couple of weeks to see how things look and maybe he can start putting some weight on it. We were up to see him on Thurs and he is starting to get his sense of humor back so that is a good sign. He says to say Hi to Donna Clayson and he sure enjoys reading Moccasin Telegraph. Will keep you posted on his progress.

Ken & Sandra Mason masons@whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)

GET WELL SOON MOE

Hi Ken & Sandra

Thank you very much for passing along the message to the Moccasin Telegraph. I wouldn't doubt that you will get a few Get Well messages to pass along to Moe. Start the list with me, I certainly hope his x-rays show that he is healing and can take baby steps again soon. It certainly was a good place to be if it was going to happen. They always say everything happens for a reason and tell him at least this time they didn't have to have all the pilots in Yukon looking for him this time.

Sure hope they are letting him make some music in the ward.

Get well soon Moe.

Sherron & Bill Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

MOE STILL HAS HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR

Sherron, thank you so much for passing along the message that Moe is in hospital. I've been very worried as I haven't heard from him like usual. He always calls and when I had not heard from him I was very, very concerned. I telephoned the hospital as soon as I read your message and we chatted up a storm for a 1/2 hour. How I wish I lived in Whitehorse and feel completely helpless living in Alberta with so much going on up north. Two years to go and I'll be back there permanently. Thank you Ken for passing this message via the 'Moccasin Telegraph'. (Note: Moe definitely has his sense of humour back).

Thanks again for the message.

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

YUKON MEMORIES

I told Joyce that there were messages of appreciation for her story about the Mayo Road and said I hoped she would send along more of her memories. To my surprise she has written a book. – Sherron

Sherron: As requested, I'm attaching for use in Moc Tel the first chapter from my book, Yukon Memories. If you want others, I can send them along. I love the 'Murphy' stories that people have been sending in.

Cheers, Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

MY BOOK OF YUKON MEMORIES

Copyright by Joyce Hayden

Memory...is the diary we all carry about with us. Oscar Wilde

Memories Of Whitehorse

For the second time in my young life, I fell in love. Earle was my first love, when he was twenty-two and I was seventeen. Four years later I discovered the Yukon. It was, and still is, my second true love. Well over fifty years later Earle and I are still joyfully married, and we continue to live in our beloved Yukon.

When we ventured north of the 60th Parallel, we were a couple of young, green Saskatchewan/Peace River farm kids looking for a place to call home. We found it, in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

We moved from Saskatchewan to British Columbia's Peace River country in August of 1951 to work on a family owned co-op farm in the back bush country near Cecil Lake, B.C.. Relatives kept us from going hungry with gifts of farm grown vegetables and wild

meat. Our new baby daughter Pat was only one month old and her sister Sandi was almost two.

On the farm we lived in an unfinished, raw-lumber shack with rough board floors, two-by-four partitions and no curtains, closets, sinks or bathroom. The outhouse was around the corner near the garage and a tin washtub served our bathing and laundry needs. We carried water by the pail full up a steep hill from a nearby creek. A wood stove was used for cooking and heating wash water.

I was a scrawny nineteen-year-old, who had spent my early teens seriously ill with rheumatic fever. I lived on a farm but, as a sheltered younger child, I had never cooked, cleaned, cared for children or worked hard at anything other than academic studies. On the co-op farm I cooked for Earle and a hired man, cared for two babies, hauled and heated water, and washed dishes and clothing by hand. My hands were raw and bleeding from scrubbing laundry, including dozens of diapers, on a glass washboard. I was totally exhausted. Eventually, Earle took pity on me and helped with the heavier work.

In the winter of 1951 we left the family farm and our monthly income of a meagre seventy-five dollars. For fifteen dollars a month an acquaintance rented us an empty farmhouse nearer the centre of the little rural community of Cecil Lake. It had belonged to an old, tobacco-chewing bachelor, who for years had spat tobacco juice in the general direction of a one gallon pail. All we had to do was clean the place up and evict the family of mice to make it livable.

That winter Earle, a husky 24 year-old, who had some experience in running heavy equipment, went to work for Commonwealth Drilling Company on an oil exploration rig. The work was sometimes dangerous, but the pay was good. To us, three hundred and fifty dollars a month was wonderful. One of the first things we purchased was a gas-powered wringer/washer. I no longer had to scrub clothing, sheets and diapers in a wash tub. The washing machine was truly a blessing. I also ordered a pretty new blouse from Eaton's catalogue to wear to country dances.

We lived the life of oil rig people until my brother, Neil (Red) Johnston, sister-in-law Gert and their one-year-old daughter Bernice arrived for a brief visit. They had moved to Whitehorse in 1951. "There's lots of construction jobs in the Yukon," Neil told us. "Why don't you come north?" What he didn't tell us was that there was virtually no place to rent and that their house was not large enough for two families. But adventure beckoned. After living in Peace River country for almost two years we were keen to move on. The Yukon beckoned.

It was the end of May, 1953, when Earle and I, with our two little daughters, packed our few belongings into our 1950 Fargo pickup truck and headed north. In high spirits we started up the narrow, winding Alaska Highway. It was recently built, and incredibly rough and dusty. The trip took us two long days with one overnight stop at a highway lodge north of Summit Lake.

We arrived in Whitehorse on the 31st of May, when the Yukon was at its best. Leaves on newly minted poplar trees were the size of dimes, and deep purple crocuses dotted the rich green hillsides. Cold, clean water tumbled down rock-strewn gullies, rushing from

foaming creeks to turbulent rivers, while snow-capped mountain peaks seemed incredibly close in the clean, crisp, Yukon air.

The sun shone day and night. I wondered if the birds or the people ever slept. I became an instant Yukoner, embracing a new, exciting lifestyle of free wheeling self-sufficiency and independence. I was in the Land of the Midnight Sun and for the first time, I felt truly at home.

Earle found work immediately, driving an ancient flatbed Mack truck for John A. MacIsaac Construction Company, hauling loads of lumber and machinery up and down the Alaska Highway.

We lived with Gert, Neil and family for a hectic two weeks until we found a little two-room shack to rent in Moccasin Flats. It was a few steps from the fast-flowing Yukon River and no place to be raising little children. But that cabin was all we could find. We spent our first Yukon summer there.

Our children played along the riverbank, and one day Sandi and a neighbour's child named Betsy, saved Betsy's little brother from drowning when he slipped off the bank into the river. Both girls were barely three years old.

One glorious month Earle's take-home pay was over seven hundred dollars. We celebrated by hiring a baby-sitter and going to see the Sunday midnight movie at the Capitol Theatre on the corner of Third Avenue and Main Street.

Life was fast, filled with laughter, friends and good times, loose liquor laws and colourful characters. I loved every minute of it, embracing a lifestyle so unlike my quiet backcountry upbringing. The standing joke in Whitehorse was that there were two dogs for every person, and they all ran loose.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC TALENT

Since our Dad (Leo Lortie) died in 1999, brother Grant & I spent a lot of time searching for a watercolour our mother (Connie) painted many years ago. Finally, last fall, Grant found it in a box in his garage, probably packed up when Dad sold the cottage at Tagish after Mom died in '82. This little (13 x 21.5cm) painting, in its oval frame, had hung in our house on Hawkins St. since we moved to Whitehorse.

Grant sent it to me, and I scanned it and sent him a full-colour copy. I had both the original and the copy mounted and framed. We always thought the oval frame was wooden but it turned out to be steel. Over the years, the metal frame had worn off some paint in a few small areas.

When I took the painting out of the frame last fall, we saw for the first time that Mom had signed it (in the lower right): C. TAYLOR, 1932. She was only 16 at that time.

I hope you get lots of art. I wish I could send you a photo of Grant's award-winning sculpture (Abstract in Mahogany).

Ralph Lortie [rlortie001*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga ON)

As far as we know, this is the only painting Mom did. She was still at home with her parents in Edmonton. I have no idea where the setting was. Perhaps she painted it from a photo in a magazine.

I'll try to get a photo of Grant's sculpture.
Cheers.
Ralph



Watercolour by Connie Taylor 1932 - mother of Ralph and Grant Lortie.
Copyright to Lortie family.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

New address effective April 28th 2006
110-9510-HWY 97N
Vernon BC V1H 1R8

Phone number is 250-542-4559 Cell will be changed end of May

Email still the same mmac1952@telus.net

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Hi Sherron: I've just skimmed through this Feb edition. I am so far behind in my mail. Working full time again - on the computer and phone all day - it's the last thing I want to do when I get home. So I'm going to regrettably ask to be deleted at this time. But I will give you a call next time we make it to the Okanagan. Thanks for the tremendous job you're doing!!—Melody Hughes
HUGHES, Melody jmhughes@telus.net (Worked for White Pass in Vanc. and N. Vanc.)
Coquitlam

Could you please take us off the list until November. We are leaving today to go across the country and won't be checking the computer until then. Getting too much mail may fill up the system too much. We'll check back with you when we are back in Parker Cove. Thank you and have a nice summer!
Rick Hoenisch rhoenisch@cablelan.net (In Vernon & Marsh Lake)

Recipient address: white@nv.sympatico.ca
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address
WHITE, Alex & Eileen white@nv.sympatico.ca (In Whitehorse 1967 – 80) Inuvik

NEW ADDITION LAST WEEK

Hi Sherron
I am still in FARO and plan on staying here till I'm taken out in a wooden box.
I love it here.
Any of the comments I made in my earlier E-MAILS can be used by you as I think those same thoughts are in the minds of any old time YUKONER.
Have a great day and I will look forward to receiving the next MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH.

GARRY Kimpinski gmkimpin@yahoo.ca (In Faro)

OBIT

Karl Hardtke

This won't be a total obit, because it has yet to be written - but - Karl Hardtke, of Marsh Lake, passed on the 15th of April. A Celebration of his Life will be announced at a later

date. Karl had K-H Construction and owned the two Apartments behind the Elks Lodge Hall.

Drew Dunn madunn*northwestel.net (At Marsh Lake)

Herb Taylor

Hi Sherron, am forwarding you Ken's note re the **passing of Herb Taylor in Whitehorse**.

I wrote to you last September about Ken Taylor and wife, Sharon doing 'their sailing' thing. Herb was also mentioned in one of your recent editions.....

That's it for now.....Carol Clarke clclarke*shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

To Carol Clarke -

Just a short note to let you know that Dad passed away on Sunday. We had been told that he was not doing well so we had stopped here in Savannah and were in the process of shipping the boat home when we got the news. So we will be back in Van on May 3 and the boat arrives shortly after. I will be off to Whitehorse sometime after that to organize a memorial service. He wanted to be cremated and his ashes spread out at Tagish the same as Mum so I will be doing that. If you want to put the news on the Moccasin Telegraph go ahead. A bit busy here as you can imagine so we will talk to you when we get back.

See you soon.

Ken Taylor (In Transit)

Herb & Mabel Taylor Remembered

Thank you for the note re Herb. We had been away so just heard about his passing from Ken today when we returned. Lucky Taylor, as he was known to the Yukon curling crowd. Sad that he is gone but I am sure he was ready. Since Mabel died he has had a pretty rough time. Colleen and I were pretty close to them, as they took us under their wing when we moved to Whitehorse in the spring of 1959. We spent a lot of time at their cabin at Tagish and on their boat on the lake. We were at their house for Xmas dinner the day of the Front St. fire and, as they had a propane range we were one of the few houses to have dinner cooked on time. Everyone who had electric ranges had no power, of course. One of my favourite memories of Mabel is when she worked for Con West Exploration when they had their office on Main St. near 2nd Ave. She always took their big malmute "Mike" to the office and he lay on the old wooden sidewalk all day long expecting a pet from all who passed. The picture I have included was taken of Mabel and Herb down Taku arm on a little island we called tern island, a spot we stopped at frequently when we were down the lake in their boat. I could relate lots more about them but perhaps Ken would like to do this. If not I will write more later.

Ron & Colleen Butler ronb11*telus.net (In Parksville)



Herb & Mabel Taylor on 'Tern Island' down Taku Arm
Photo courtesy Ron Butler [ronb11*telus.net](mailto:ronb11@telus.net) (In Parksville)

Wayne McNulty

McNULTY, Wayne Michael James October 9, 1939 to April 1, 2006 Born in Noranda, Quebec to James and Lillian (nee Quinn) McNulty. Stepson to Zoyla McNulty and Brian Marks. Daughter Susan and grandsons Robert and Kyle. Siblings Kelly (Martin) and Wyatt, nephew Cheymus and many other family members. **Wayne was a career miner and saw many parts of Canada, he especially enjoyed up north in the Yukon and Carpenter Creek where "there was gold in them thar hills "**. He enjoyed family, friends and playing horseshoes or pool and a party. He is always going to be remembered with love in the hearts of the people who knew him. Thanks to the staff at Sunset Lodge for making the "pizza man" comfortable. We are having a wake at the South Vancouver Island Ranger Station on 3498 Luxton Rd. on Saturday May 6, 2006 at 2:00pm. 233200 Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist from 4/21/2006 - 4/23/2006.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Today is a gift - that's why we call it the present.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

AIR BUNS

Submitted by Moge Mogenson [elgolfo*shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

1/2 cup water, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 pkg yeast, mix and leave to bubble

Add

3 1/2 cups warm water

2 Tsp. vinegar
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 Tsp. salt
8-10 cups flour

Use enough flour to make handling easy and not stick to hands. The softer the better.
Mix and let rise. Make into buns and let rise 1 hour, makes about 6 doz.
Bake in medium oven 350-375 F.
Brush tops with cold water to make crusty - about 5 minutes before taking out of oven. Moge

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 25, 2006 Summerland Ornamental Gardens. For further information contact Larry Chalmers aksala49@telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic Aug 12th at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay.
For further information contact Blanche & Gus Barrett at sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

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

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