

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 163rd Edition – June 4, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Eagles Nesting – Whitehorse Area - May 30, 2006

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

A WALK ON A SPRING MORNING

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

The sun at my back as I walk along,
Skirting the shore of the placid sea,
I hear the lilt of a robin's song
From high on a branch in the cedar tree.
Greeting the dawn of a brand new day,
Calm and still, with a cloudless sky.
Alone with my thoughts as I wend my way,
Nodding to others who pass me by.

Crows and sea gulls, stand side by side,
Feeding on sea life left behind,
Abandoned there by the ebbing tide,
Squabbling over a special find.

The sounds of nature are everywhere,
The honking geese and the barking seals.
Eagles and herons and tiny deer:
Just to be living, how great it feels.

The rush of traffic seems far away,
I'm lost in the quiet and solitude,
I wish for a moment that I could stay
Here in this magical interlude.
Just to walk where the robins sing,
With trials and troubles far out of reach,
A morning walk in the early spring,
Beside the ocean in Qualicum Beach.

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63 degrees below zero, Yukon.

E-Bay photo submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS (cont'd)

Along the river valleys in the lower country we trapped mostly fox, lynx, coyotes and wolves. These animals are shy and have an instinctive distrust of man. We used fish and beaver castors and found moose, deer and caribou meat made good bait. We found that lynx are not as intelligent as other animals; at least they were easier to trap. They belong to the cat family and show many feline inclinations such as a love of catnip and they too are inordinately inquisitive. We would build a pen about 2 feet high out of dry sticks leaving a gate in the pen about 8 inches wide, set a trap in the gate, put the bait in the back of the pen, place a stick across the gate about 6 inches high. When the lynx stepped

over the stick he would step onto the trap. We found that the moment a lynx put his head in a snare and got his nose on the bait he would, like a cat, lie down, push backward with his feet and immediately choke himself. Another effective way of catching lynx was by using a snare made of what we called lynx cord. We would build a pen much the same as we did for using the steel trap, have the snare in the door of the pen, place the bait on a wooden stake about 12 inches back of the snare. The lynx would put his head through the snare and as usual pull back and choke himself.

The lynx population depended upon the rabbit cycle. A peak year of rabbits meant a good season for trapping lynx whose skins sold for about \$30.00 each.

Sixty years later, I often see a sticker on the bumper of a car ahead of me, something about "banning leg hold traps". I understand what the movement is all about, but when my livelihood depended on the fur I caught, whether my young wife would have cash to buy flannelette for a layette for our expected baby, our clothing, furnishings for our little cabin, maybe enough money to make some sort of future for ourselves besides that of living knee deep in snow and half frozen for 4 months of the year, then sentiment was sadly out of place. We had no time either to spend hours pondering upon the construction of a more humane trap.

In the spring, as soon as the ice was out of the river, usually in May, we would start trapping beaver. Our national symbol is preyed upon by wolves, bears, man and they are very shy and fearful, any sign or sound will send them scurrying. We found that we had to wade out waist deep in icy water to set the traps around the dams, thus washing away all human odor.

One beaver hunt my father and I went on in April 1929 stands out in my memory. We left the horses at the mouth of the Wolverine River and went the rest of the way, about 75 miles on foot with our pack dogs and for the most part we were using snowshoes all the way to the mouth of the Avalanche River. After 3 weeks of snowshoeing, setting traps in icy water whenever we saw signs of beaver, cleaning the pelts when we caught anything, adding that weight on to our packs and to the dog's loads, we were two weary men when we reached the East Pine River. We had about fifty beaver pelts to show for our spring hunt.

Approximately five miles downstream from the mouth of the Avalanche River there was a beautiful waterfall on the East Pine River with at least a 250 foot drop. Dad, the dogs and I gingerly made our way down through the timber and windfalls on the side of the falls. About a mile below the falls we found good, standing, dry trees just the right size for building a raft.

We decided that we would build a raft and float down the East Pine to the mouth of the Wolverine River where we had left our horses three weeks before - a distance of about 50 miles by river. Using five dry logs, each about 25 feet long we constructed the raft. We had a wood auger to drill the logs and pin cross bars to hold the logs in place. We built an oar lock on each end of the raft and fitted a sweep onto each of the oarlocks to give us some means of steering our unwieldy river craft. With the sweeps fore and aft we could slowly steer from one side of the river to the other. We made wire hooks so that whenever we were not using the sweeps we could hook them down out of the way.

We attached 3 poles down the middle of the raft and to these we would tie the dogs and fastened our packs and bundles of fur.

It took us two days of heavy work to get our raft fit for river travel and when we were finished, Dad and I stood back and looked at our handiwork and thought we had done a pretty good job with an axe and an auger.

We pushed it into the river, fastened our packs, fur bundles, tied up the dogs, I was on the bow of the raft handling the front sweep and my Dad was at the stem with the other sweep.

It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining in a clear blue sky, the tall trees on the river bank were turning green, it was so peaceful, and how we did appreciate the luxury of being free of packs and snowshoes, just lolling on the warm logs drifting with the current.

Neither of us had ever rafted this part of the river so we were watching as far ahead as possible to see which channel we should be using. Finally we came to one place where we could see about a mile ahead and at that point it appeared as though the river split in two channels. We looked it over and decided that we should take the channel on the right. Working a 25 foot raft across a river is heavy work and we both had to put all our strength into steering the thing in the current. When we got closer to the island we realized that we had chosen the wrong channel. We threw every ounce of strength we had into trying to change direction but the water was running fast and we couldn't change the drift of the raft. By then we could see a great pile of drift logs piled up at the end of the island and a myriad of vicious looking ends of logs called "sweepers," jutting out over the surface of the river. Our only thought was to try to keep away from the sweepers which would clear everything, including us, off the deck of the raft as we sped under them. By then we were bouncing into fast white water. I could see we were heading straight for a big sweeper right in our path, about 18 inches above the water, barely enough for the raft to get under it. I slammed my sweep under the wire hook and just as the raft raced under the sweeper, I jumped, cleared the sweeper which went under me and I landed back on the raft. I looked back just in time to see my father in midair coming down over the log, and at the same time there was a crash and the raft shuddered. The dogs were howling and scrambling about, scared to death. They weren't the only ones.

When Dad got his footing he pointed to where the log had smashed his sweep which he hadn't had time to hook down, so there we were going through white water one sweep gone, and out of control. We just sat there while the river current carried the raft willy nilly from bank to bank, turning us completely around like the three men in the tub, whenever the current and raft decided to have a change of pace. All we could do was hope there were no more sweepers along the bank reaching out over the river. After a mile of this bobbing and spinning we reached smooth water and managed to get the raft ashore and make a new sweep for the stern, and before the day was over we reached the mouth of the Wolverine River.

My dad and I both realized that we wouldn't have been the first men to have been swept into a river by a sweeper and drowned. Because it was such a close encounter with death neither of us ever talked about the experience to anyone else or between ourselves. Maybe we didn't talk about it, but I am certain that it was a day neither of us forgot.

(To be continued)

In an attempt to learn more about Bishop Bompas and his wife who commissioned St Savior church in Carcross this was found at
<http://www.biographi.ca/EN/ShowBio.asp?BioId=40693>

BOMPAS, WILLIAM CARPENTER, Church of England clergyman, bishop, and missionary; b. 20 Jan. 1834 in London, England, son of Charles Carpenter Bompas, a sergeant at law, and Mary Steele Tomkins; m. 7 May 1874 Charlotte Selina Cox*; they had no children; d. 9 June 1906 in Carcross, Yukon.

William Carpenter Bompas was born at Regent's Park, London, to a Baptist family. His father died when William was only ten, leaving eight children. Probably of necessity, William was educated privately. He was reputed to have been a quiet child who preferred sketching and gardening to more active pursuits. At the age of 16 he was baptized and two years later he joined his brother George Cox Bompas in a London solicitors' firm: A legal career was not to be, however. In 1858 Bompas suffered some sort of breakdown and spiritual crisis; he left legal work and in 1859 was confirmed in the Church of England. Later that year, on 18 December, he was ordained deacon. Appointed to the curacy of Sutton-in-the-Marsh, Lincolnshire, he served there until 1862. Brief appointments followed to other curacies, in Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire.

Sometime during this period Bompas developed an interest in mission work in the Far East and made enquiries of the Church Missionary Society. For whatever reason, the response was unenthusiastic, a reaction his biographer Hiram Alfred Cody* ascribed to the fact that he was considered "rather too old to grapple with the difficulties of the Eastern languages." Then in May 1865 Bompas heard a sermon preached in London by David Anderson*, formerly bishop of Rupert's Land, in which Anderson called for a volunteer to replace the ailing missionary Robert McDonald in the Yukon district of the CMS's North West America mission. In a whirlwind of events Bompas applied, was accepted by the CMS, and on 25 June was ordained priest by Anderson's successor, Bishop Robert Machray.

Five days later Bompas set off for his new post on what was to become the first of his legendary journeys. Determined to waste no time, he did not make the normal arrangements to travel north with the Hudson's Bay Company boat brigade, but trusted to local opportunity and lucky timing. At the Red River settlement in early August he obtained a ride with several boats to a point part way down Lake Winnipeg, where he was picked up by a passing HBC boat. A fellow missionary recorded his arrival at The Pas in some amazement: "He is a most zealous fellow, for he has come on without his luggage, and without the necessary clothing to defend him from the cold." Ignoring advice about the advancing season, Bompas hired a canoe and Métis guides until freeze-up, and then proceeded on snowshoe into the Mackenzie District. Rather to the astonishment of William West Kirkby, the CMS missionary at Fort Simpson (N.W.T.), Bompas strode cheerfully into the post, completely unannounced, on Christmas Day, 1865.

Meanwhile Robert McDonald had recovered and a replacement was no longer required for the Yukon. Instead Bompas was instructed to serve as a travelling preacher; he was to visit the major HBC posts in the Athabasca and Mackenzie districts and take the opportunity of learning some of the northern languages. After three years he finally had the chance to go to Fort Youcon (Fort Yukon), Alas., from which point he also undertook a number of mission visits to the Inuit of the Mackenzie delta. Then in the early summer of 1873 he learned that the CMS had decided to divide the enormous diocese of Rupert's Land and create the diocese of Athabasca in the northwest; he had been nominated first bishop of the new jurisdiction.

Bompas was not pleased at the prospect. As a dedicated evangelical he was uncomfortable with "crosses and postures" and anything but the simplest form of church ceremony, seeing bishoprics as a "Romanish" institution. Thus he travelled to England apparently resolved to turn down the post. His fellow clergy convinced him that diocesan organization was necessary to put the North West America mission on a sounder footing, given the growing strength of the Roman Catholic mission in the west [see Vital-Justin Grandin], and on 3 May 1874 Bompas was consecrated bishop of Athabasca at St Mary's Church in London. He married his cousin Charlotte Selina Cox four days later and returned almost immediately to Fort Simpson.

The new diocese covered a vast area. Although Bompas enjoyed the support of an increasing number of clergy and their wives, finances were a continuing problem and the missionaries lived and travelled under less than comfortable circumstances. There were also tensions over the nature of the work. In the early years Bompas's evangelicalism led him to emphasize personal conversions and preaching the gospel to the "heathen" rather than establishing schools, hospitals, and other social services or attempting to induce broad cultural change among the native people. Then in 1877 the CMS asked Bompas to mediate in a dispute between Bishop George Hills* and missionary William Duncan* at Metlakatla, B.C. After a visit to Duncan's model community Bompas became convinced that preaching alone was not enough and that the work of God must also be spread by the example of its "fruits." He devised a plan for the establishment of model farms at Fort Dunvegan (Dunvegan) and Fort Vermilion in the Peace River district. With funds from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and from Canadian Anglicans, mission workers George Garrioch and E. J. Lawrence undertook the new endeavour. The Irene Training School at Fort Vermilion, the first Anglican industrial school in the north, enrolled one pupil in July 1880; five more arrived later in the year.

Meanwhile Bompas continued to travel throughout the north, but he was finding the demands tremendous on both his health and that of his wife, who had been forced periodically to leave for medical treatment and rest. The provincial synod of Rupert's Land agreed in 1883 to a proposal to divide the diocese, and in 1884 Bompas became bishop of the northern part, the new diocese of Mackenzie River. The latter was in turn divided in 1891, when Bompas became bishop of Selkirk (now Yukon). His headquarters would be at Forty Mile on the Yukon River.

Even as bishop, Bompas continued to serve as an active missionary, preaching, baptizing, teaching young and old to read, and travelling extensively. He became an advocate of what he perceived as the best interests of the native people in the presence of increasing outside involvement in the north through such activities as the American whaling off Herschel Island and the Klondike gold-rush. As a regular correspondent of John Christian Schultz* and other politicians, he promoted an awareness of the north in the face of considerable Canadian apathy. He also devoted many hours to studying northern languages, and was the author of numerous translations of hymns, prayers, and scripture into Slavey, Beaver, and Tukudh (Eastern Kutchin or Loucheux), although he did not use the syllabic writing system, originally devised by James Evans*, which he strongly opposed on the grounds that it could not adequately reproduce subtleties of meaning. His reports to the CMS and two of his books became known widely in Anglican Church circles, and he himself became something of a saintly hero for several generations in both England and Canada. Dedicated to his work almost to the point of obsession, he reported his recreations to the 1903 *Who's who* (London) as "Syriac studies or school keeping." He left the north only once after his consecration, on the occasion of a meeting in Winnipeg of the provincial house of bishops in 1904. A large mission rally was held in his honour.

Many non-Anglicans found Bompas a difficult and eccentric man. A puzzled Father Émile-Jean-Baptiste-Marie Grouard called him a "mystery." "If he is quite sincere," recorded the Oblate priest, "he is almost a saint. If not, he is truly a devil." Northern native people did not respond enthusiastically to Bompas either. The Anglican mission never succeeded in attracting many converts, except among the Loucheux where Robert McDonald worked. While the reasons for his rejection are varied and complex, Bompas's lack of respect for indigenous culture and his rigid expectations of potential converts were doubtless among the problems. The CMS's policy of enlisting native people as quickly as possible to help in evangelization was unacceptable to him. He maintained that "the want of intelligence and civilization" among them was "such that the improvement must come from without." As a result, no native clergy were recruited or ordained during his tenure as bishop. Bompas himself recognized that his mission had "but indifferent success." He laid the blame on the Indians, whom he saw as "careless and weak in character," and on the Roman Catholic missions in his diocese. "The District is a hot bed of Popery," he lamented. "There is no government authority to hold them in check."

In later years Bompas became increasingly absorbed in his biblical translation work, scarcely caring for personal appearances or social conventions. He alienated many white residents of Dawson, the capital of the Yukon from 1898, and did little to encourage contact between his diocese and the Church of England in Canada, which he found lacking in commitment to evangelical principles. He remained firmly convinced of the rightness of his position on religious issues, explaining to the CMS in 1897 that "between the High and the Broad, I must needs myself be deemed exceedingly narrow."

On 31 Oct. 1905 Bompas resigned as bishop of Selkirk, but he continued to reside in Carcross, where his headquarters had been since 1901. When he died and was buried there in 1906, newspaper reports described him as "a fine scholar" and "a linguist of great

talent” who “was one of the great heroes of the Christian Church” and who should be “ranked with St. Paul, St. Peter and St. Augustine.” Although he is virtually unknown to a younger generation, in the Victorian era Bishop Bompas was presented to Anglicans as the missionary whose life of privation, selfless devotion, and superhuman physical endurance in the “comfortless frozen north” was a model for all Christians.
(end)



Block House 1855 – may read M L Anders

Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright bonruby*telus.net (In Port Hardy)

Bonnie does not know where this photo was taken by her father and thought it would have been Whitehorse. I am wondering if anyone would know if this is or was a building at one of the forts, Fort Selkirk, Fort Yukon, Fort Frances or Pelly Banks ??? Also would like to know the correct name on the sign of this building. ??? --- Was there an M.L. Anders in Yukon.

I did find this information online about a ‘Block House’ and **could be a clue** about the use of this building –

“Called The Block House, it was built of logs by a contingent of Jackson's army in 1814. **This post was not fortified; it provided shelter for militia and settlers driven into it by fear of the Indians.**” - Historic Chattahoochee

In another article online – about Fort Bellingham – “...the old block house, or fort, erected by Captain PICKETT in 1856.....”

In Canada's north – “In the mid 1800s, reports about the northwestern part of the continent enticed the **Hudson's Bay Company** to move into the Yukon interior. They **set up trading posts at Fort Frances (1842), Pelly Banks (1845), Fort Yukon (1847) and Fort Selkirk (1848).**”

Also found this tidbit -

The Weekly Blade
Whatcom, Washington - Wednesday, July 15, 1903:

FERNDALE RECORD

--W. H. ROESSEL gave his friends a pleasant surprise last Friday by arriving unexpectedly from **Dawson** where he has been for the past three years looking after his mining interests. The cause of his unexpected return was that of an injured knee which has been causing him severe pain and much trouble for some time. He will remain here long enough to allow the injury to heal. He then intends returning to the **Yukon territory.**

The following extracted from this web page –
<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~blogan/v02n07.html>

Van Bibber Pioneers Electronic Newsletter
Volume 2, Number 7 · May 1998

VAN BIBBERS OF THE YUKON

By Kala Smith (tpp@yknet.yk.ca)

I am writing to you in regards to my grandfathers family roots. My grandfathers name is Archie Van Bibber, he was born and raised in Pelly Crossing, Yukon, Canada. His father was Ira Van Bibber. Great grandpa Ira came to the Yukon during the Gold Rush of 89 [98] with his brother Theodore Van Bibber. Before they were allowed in to the Yukon they had to have enough money and supplies for one years grub, if they didn't have that they weren't allowed in. So they were hired by this one man to pack supplies over the Chilkoot Trail for one year, until they earned enough to come into the Yukon.

He met my great grandmother, Eliza Elias and married her in 1915. They had twelve children, seven boys and 5 girls, two are now deceased. Eliza lost her status as a First Nations and her children went to the non native mission school in Dawson City, including my grandfather. The quickest way to transport them from Pelly to Dawson was to put them on a raft and send them on the river. The children would travel alone because it would take too long to walk back. Then they wouldn't see them until the next summer.

That is how two of their children died, one drowned on the way to the mission school. The other child died from TB (Tuberculosis).

Theodore continued on to Fairbanks, Alaska, from Dawson City, Yukon during the stampede. He was married and had one child, a daughter (I don't know their names). All are now deceased, and his daughter never had any children.

This is all I know about our family history, but I also know that Grandpa Ira's mother and father, sister and more brothers traveled in to America. My grandfather has their pictures. What I would like to know is the where about of the other family descendants. If you could assist me in my search it would be truly appreciated.

Message from Aksel Porsild

I have finally caught up on the MocTels and have no more editions unread!! First time this has happened.

I have been three to four issues behind for a long time and this is the reason I've not written in any comments or info on the editions; the comments would be too stale. But now I'm up to date I feel that I could offer clarifications and such; even hope to very soon do a piece on Watson Lake. I lived there from 1960 to 64 and two of my children were born there, in the Government nursing station.

I worked for the Canadian Army (DND) on Alaska Highway maintenance and was roving crew foreman on various crews during this time. From there I became Camp Foreman at Swift River, 100 miles further west (north we called it then because in terms of the Highway, there was only two directions: north or south. By then (1964) the Federal Public Works had taken over completely from DND on the Alaska Highway and I only stuck it out one year at Swift before moving away.

So there are quite a few good yarns about Watson Lake during that time; CanTung was being developed, the town was growing and the place was filling up with Characters.

Cheers, Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay)



The kids beside Whitehorse Rapids are, from left to right: Maribeth Tubman, Dennis St.Jean, Gerard St.Jean (standing), Franklin (Skipper) Tubman (sitting), Perry St. Jean. This would be the summer of 1949.



The kindergarten graduation pictures are from Sister Henry's class, June 1950. The second boy from the left is John Rowan. I have no idea who the others are.



In the all girl picture: 3rd from the left is Carol Bowers. 2 over from her, in the same row, is Brenda Frame. 2nd from the right is Candice Bissel. Somewhere in the picture is a girl who had joined the class only weeks before, Lucienne Schmidt, who I met again at her

nephew's wedding in San Diego a few years ago. Unfortunately, my friend who spotted her in the picture years ago could no longer pick her out when I sent it to her recently. I'm in the front row on the left. Other names would just be guesses.

Sister Henry went on to become a pioneer in teaching special needs children, I understand.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

An interesting old picture of my sister Carol. I'll forward it to her. It'll be interesting to see if she recognizes anyone in it and knows when it was taken.

I have enjoyed reading all of the excerpts from Joyce Hayden's book. Her husband Earl and a lot of the others mentioned in her stories worked with my Dad at BYN then Cassiar. My sister Debbie has all of our families' old photos which include a lot of old pictures taken during the construction of the Highway. I'll try to get her to send you some interesting ones.

Cheers

Rick Bowers paradisefound@ns.sympatico.ca (In Sydney NS) (In Whitehorse 1949-70)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AKSEL – from you boyhood friend of the 1940's in Whitehorse.

MOC TEL 162 BRINGS BACK MANY MEMORIES

Wonderful Mockett this week, (as always) I'm especially enjoying Joyce Hayden's book of Yukon Memories, it brings back so many of my own memories, and feels almost like an addendum to my Yukon Tears and Laughter. Thank you so much, Joyce, for doing this!

I was also very excited to see and read the tribute to Millie Jones, who is one of the first people I met (she was very young then) when moving to Carcross in 1943. She is a dear friend of mine. (Congratulations, Millie!)

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo) www.dataspan.ca

VAN BIBBERS

Sherron:

Re: "Obie". I hope you summarily removed him from your list. Who needs people like him? He obviously didn't acquire the spirit of the Yukon. Or is that a characteristic of the past? I sincerely hope not, and venture to say that it probably isn't....I hope.

Keep up the good work.

J.J. VanBibber , one of Ira's sons, was our neighbour when we lived at Mayo, and the VanBibber children, Jon, Steve and a sister, whose name escapes me, were attending the Mayo School when I was Principal there. I also knew Dan and Alec VanBibber. They were well respected members of the community.

Our eldest son, Terry was a rather unusual child in that he didn't go through a period of "baby talk". When he began to verbalise, he could pronounce the most complicated words as clearly as any adult, and he had a very clear and piercing voice. J.J. enjoyed having Terry repeat the most complicated words. Terry displayed the same tendencies when he learned to walk. His first steps occurred when we acquired a puppy. I believe it was on his birthday. His first steps were not walking, but running, after the puppy, and he ran and ran, until he was exhausted. An exciting day for him and for his parents.

J.J.'s wife Clara, Blanche Boris, and my wife, Bev went on a memorable moose hunting expedition.

Clara was determined to bag a moose before J.J. did that season, and she was successful.

Sincerely,

Don Machan, Qualicum Beach, B.C. (Watson Lake (1951-53; 1956-58); Mayo (1953-55; 1958-61)

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

REMEMBERING MRS. GARTSIDE

I am not so much surprised to see Mrs. Gartside's obituary as surprised that she had lived so long.

In 1951, my parents had to fly my brother to Vancouver for emergency medical treatment for the second time that school year. My grandparents were already at Henderson Creek for the season; I had not done well during a 3 week stay at the Catholic boarding home the previous fall. What to do with me? A phone call to my aunt and uncle in Brooks Brook brought Uncle Curly (J. Stevenson) to get me. In the dead of night they loaded me into his pickup, Uncle Curly turned right around and drove back, arriving home in time to go to work on the highway grader again.

The next day, I started school in the one room school. Miss Gartside was our teacher. Even then, her hair was white. She now had 2 grade one's: Murray Morrison and I. I did not appreciate then how disruptive my arrival must have been, probably because she accepted my presence so matter-of-factly.

Several years later, she moved to Whitehorse and taught high school. I believe she became principal in later years.

She had the respect of everyone I know who knew her.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

MOC TEL 162

This, ahem, person called John Obermeier is not only full of sour grapes but full of something else less tasteful. Please disregard what he says. I'm HAPPY to help you out financially in your efforts to produce the MT. Where else can we get news of the Yukon and our friends past and present for \$1.66 per month. I look forward to each issue.

Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com (In Courtenay)

OBERMEIER, John obie*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse 1986-92) Burwash

Not hard to tell this jokers not a true Yukoner. He now wants a bad change from a good thing, and you know how real Yukoners feel about change. Yukoners are givers our hearts and doors are always open. I think your doing a great job and going commercial would kill the paper, but it's your choice. I really don't think 41 cents a copy is going to hurt anyone in this day and age, and I'm sure if Mr Obie can't afford it you'd give him a break. I don't recall a lot of input from this Obie joker so maybe "it's good riddance to bad rubbish".

Sherron you are doing a tremendous job bringing old friends and memories back to us Yukoners, and you ask for material far more often than donations of cash. It is too bad some people want everything for free, Sour Grapes and then some, I say **&%\$#^\$ on him and his attitude there is nothing wrong with asking for some help for all the work and time you spend on this paper. Keep up the great work.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook) In Yukon 62-93

DON MACHAN'S WATSON LAKE REMINISCENCES

Hi Sherron:

I enjoyed a long telephone conversation with Rose and Gord Toole. I was dismayed to learn from them, that all of the housing at the Watson Lake Airbase had been removed. This really is surprising. It was such an attractive and pleasant community. It was also rather depressing, but inevitable, that so many of my friends and acquaintances of yesteryear have passed to the Great Beyond. However it was a great pleasure to converse wit Rose and Gord and to hear about Watson Lake and current affairs there

The former residents at the Airbase recently held a reunion that I would dearly have loved to attend. Unfortunately I was not aware of it, and in any case, I probably would not have been able to attend due to health issues over the past year. I had my 80th birthday last October, so time is not on my side.

I am looking forward to the Yukoner's Vancouver Island Picnic on August 12th, at St. Mary's Anglican Church Hall, Nanoose Bay. I hope that many of my former acquaintances, especially former students and fellow teachers at Watson Lake and Mayo will be there. It will be such a delight to see them again.

Best wishes.

Don Machan demachan*telus.net Qualicum Beach, B.C. (Watson Lake; 1951-53; 1956-58)(Mayo,1953-55; 1958-61)

Sherron I asked Gary McRobb's permission if you want to publish this and he said it was okay. I will also send you Pugwash's. Many folks will remember him I think. I also have one on Bessie Allen which I will send to you.

Lois Trembley granny9t*shaw.ca (In Cedar BC)

PS Coffee Shops ON Alert! Larry Tremblay's heading back to The Yukon. Have a good supply of cream pie too....

Larry left here on Sunday [May 28th] and should be arriving in Whitehorse late today [May 30th] or early tomorrow...

This is the first of three tributes read by Kluane MLA Gary McRobb in the Yukon Legislative Assembly last month.

**Yukon Legislative Assembly
Whitehorse, Yukon
Wednesday, May 17, 2006**

TRIBUTES

In recognition of John Brown

Mr. McRobb: I am honoured to rise today on behalf of all members in this House to tribute a life-long Yukoner and former constituent. John Brown of Haines Junction passed away in March 2005 while in his 83rd year. For the last 30 years of his life, John was an ordained minister in the Pentecostal Church and founded his own chapel in Haines Junction. He was a proud man of the Lord. John was born in 1922 at the hay ranch below Champagne and grew up at Six Mile across Dezadeash Lake. He was a member of the Wolf Clan and the son of Kitty Johnson and Johnny Brown. John lived on the land and started out raising foxes and mink with his family at Six Mile in the 1920s and 1930s. He knew the land like the back of his hand and travelled by horse, dog team and even skated to Champagne on the river from Six Mile. John lived a traditional life and was also known by his Southern Tutchone name, Nulata. As a young man he trapped with his family around Kathleen Lake, Mush and Bates lakes and on the Tatshenshini

River to the south. In 1948, John married Sadie Jackson at the Anglican Church in Haines Junction. The couple honeymooned in Haines, Alaska, before settling in Haines Junction. John had a varied work life — from guiding fisherman around local lakes, doing maintenance work on the Haines Road and working at the experimental farm. John was a maintenance worker for Kluane National Park for more than 10 years. Since his retirement in 1985, a great deal of his time was spent hunting moose, running his trapline and fishing at Six Mile. Until his passing last year, he continued his traditional lifestyle in the summer months at Klukshu, or Shäwshe. For much of his life, John excelled as a musher. Mr. Speaker, you and other Yukoners may recall watching a NEDAA feature about six years ago on the revival of the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous. This television show included original footage on the early dogmushers and described how the very first race in 1945 was won by none other than John Brown of Champagne. The prize was \$500 cash, a lot of money in those days. Soon afterward, I visited John at his home in Haines Junction and listened with great interest as he recalled those fond memories from 55 years earlier. John's early childhood helped shape his knowledge and love of the land. His frequent use of trails, hunting, trapping and fishing areas, and knowledge of Champagne and Aishihik traditional territory have benefited many others to learn about the land. John recently shared his traditional knowledge about the area with the First Nation government and identified old trails. He helped preserve his native language in providing Tlingit and Tutchone place names for areas around Dezadeash. John's skills and knowledge in hunting and trapping brought him enjoyment throughout his life and will continue to be shared by those who learned from him. Along with John's outdoor abilities, he was graced with musical talent and played the guitar and fiddle. He was a social man who enjoyed spending time with family and friends, entertaining them with music and stories. As an ordained minister, John provided religious services at several potlatch funerals, often with his wife, Sadie, at his side, sharing their gospel and songs. Many lives were touched by this gentle, patient and friendly man. Friends and family throughout the Yukon, Canada and the United States will miss him dearly. Mahsi' cho. Thank you.

TRANSPORTATION HALL OF FAME INDUCTEES

Phyllis (LePage) Simpson phoned tonight (June 1st) to let us know that the news will be out in the newspapers tomorrow; her parents Pauline & 'Happy' A.R. LePage will be inducted into the Transportation Hall of Fame June 6th.

We are looking forward to attending.

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

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

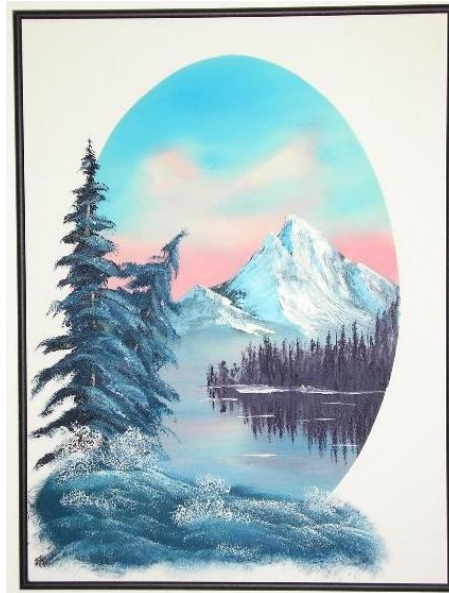
Many thanks for all the newsletters, over the years; I find that once a week is a bit much for a newsletter, consequently they build up in my file.

Please take me off your email list.

Regards,
Phyllis Page

PAGE, Dennis & Phyllis (BROWN) p_d_page*telus.net (Phyllis in Whse 1947 - 1957) N.
Vancouver

ARTISTIC TALENT



Mountain Lake Sunset

Copyright to Fred Aylwin fbaylwin*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Well, I'm no longer an ex-Yukoner! I moved back to Whitehorse. Here is my new email address. I guess I missed the last 3 weeks... could you send them to me? or is it too late?

Thanks again for all the work you do.

Cheers, Sue Gleason gleason*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A pessimist has no imagination, an optimist has no brakes.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Dessert of Desserts

This recipe was given to me by my father. He developed a few culinary skills and when my mother went to bingo, would try various recipes. Possibly about the only time he ventured into the kitchen.

1 cup flour

½ cup butter

1 cup shaved or chopped almonds

Mix above into crumbs. Press into 9 x 13 pan and bake at 350 for 15-20 minutes till golden brown. Let cool

1 – 8 oz soft cream cheese

1 cup icing sugar

½ litre cool whip

Beat above mixture and spread over crust, using half the mixture.

Save the other half for topping.

1 large pkg instant vanilla pudding mix

1 large pkg instant chocolate pudding mix

3 cups cold milk

Beat until smooth and thickened and then spread over cream cheese mixture.

Spread remaining cool whip mixture over pudding and sprinkle with chocolate shavings and flaked almonds

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **Vancouver Yukoners Assoc. next luncheon meeting** will be held at the Croatian Cultural Centre, 3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver on Thursday, June 15/06, we start gathering about 11:30am/noon.

This is a new venue for our meetings, free parking with a variety of sandwiches, desserts and refreshments available at the Centre for a nominal charge.

All members and Yukoners welcome. For more information you can contact Carol Clarke at 604-325-4774 or clclarke*shaw.ca

Carol Clarke has advised of the change of venue for the Yukoners luncheon. Many of us who have attended the Yukoners luncheons have become accustomed to going to the Holiday Inn Downtown for the past 30+ years. As creatures of habit we will need something to remind us that our meeting place has changed. The link below provides maps for those who are planning to get there by car and public transit.

Could you please add the link below to Carol's notice.

<http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/Croatian%20Cultural%20Centre%20Access%20Map.pdf>

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

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 25, 2006 Summerland Ornamental Gardens. For further information contact Larry Chalmers [aksala49*telus.net](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

CONTACT INFORMATION

Moccasin Telegraph

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