

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 167th Edition – July 16, 2006

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



Historic site – Commissioners Residence – Dawson – June 10, 2006

A short time earlier the grounds were crowded with those attending the Commissioners' Tea. Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

HEAVEN

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

I have traveled this land from it's great timber stands,
Past the tree line to tundra and mire,
Seen the great salmon run, felt the hot western sun,
And the frost fiend that burns you like fire.
I have battled the sails in those Atlantic gales,
Felt the calm of the Pacific shore,
'Til I finally reached, here in Qualicum Beach,
The decision to travel no more.

I've seen beauty galore on that great eastern shore,
Through the Maritimes, out to the Rock.
Seen its picturesque towns and its treacherous sounds
And its rivers and harbours and docks
I've swiveled my neck, while I drive through Quebec,
Seen its customs, great cities and walls.

Spent the time that it takes to observe the Great Lakes,
And the majestic Niagara Falls.

I have oft made the rounds of the neat prairie towns,
Seen great grain fields in bloom in the sun,
The rich prairie soil and the Alberta oil,
Are all assets this country has won.
I have relished the sights of the Northern Lights,
I've experienced the north and its moods.
Fished its Rivers and lakes, and my claim I have staked,
On its treasure, its vast solitudes.

Then I set out to see what I'd find in B.C.,
Crossed the strait to Vancouver Isle.
And I knew in my soul, that this place was the goal,
That I'd been searching for all the while.
Though there's beauty at hand all across this great land,
And each man has a heaven in reach.
In my view of this earth, for what it is worth,
Heaven is Qualicum Beach.

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Al Oster, Commissioner Geraldine VanBibber, Rolf Hougen. RCMP
Photos courtesy Bill Oster

CANADA DAY 2006 – WHITEHORSE

The Yukon Canada Day (2006) was a "to be remembered" experience. The weather was perfect, the mosquito's stayed away, the parade was excellent, and the award ceremonies ticked away like clockwork. There were I believe 5 recipients of a

Commissioner's Award for Public Service, and 1 award for outstanding bravery. Rolf Hougen provided a brief but excellent summary speech of my song writing and recording accomplishments preceding the Commissioner Award Certificate and Pin presentation. It was a very proud few minutes for myself to be extended such a prestigious honour by the Commissioner of the Yukon in recognition of my crusade to preserve a few Yukon and northern folklore legends in music and song. I felt a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction in those few moments, and now have no doubt these compositions have finally achieved world wide recognition in the preservation of Yukon frontier history. Yukon residents and business executives were always 100% supportive and played an important role in establishing international recognition of my simple folk lore ballads. I share this award with all of them.

The Yukon Commissioner's Public Service Award, along with the Order of Canada, the Queen Elizabeth Golden Jubilee Medal, Nashville Hall of Fame, Country Music Legend Award, and numerous other awards, will now become a crowning treasure in MY BOOK OF YUKON MEMORIES.

Following the formal award presentations Rolf and Marg Hougen sponsored a wonderful reception at their home for Mary and myself, and our immediate family and friends. Many old Yukoner friends were present including Babe Richards, Betty Taylor, Flo Whyard, Ron McFadyen, Ray Park, Hank Karr, Lynne Hutsul, Larry Bagnall, etc. Hank Karr and myself sang a few Yukon songs in an effort to make people go home, but they stayed so we stopped singing, and they went home. There was tons of food to eat and the wine was excellent. A wonderful conclusion to an eventful and blessed day. Thank you Yukon and Yukoners.

Al Oster alosteryukon*jetstream.net (In Salmon Arm)



Al Oster
Photos courtesy Rolf Hougen



Marg Hougen, Al Oster, Mary Oster, Rolf Hougen
Photos courtesy Rolf Hougen



Grade 5 – 1955 – Whitehorse Elementary School
Photo courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerm1@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

The grade 5, Miss Kilden's class, I actually wrote first names into. Some, I can even remember last names for! Miss Kilden married Mr. Ratzlaf, another teacher, soon after.

Back row: Jim Healy (whose mother worked in Burnaby at the Rexall drug store near us for years), Peter M., ?, Sharon B, Sherry, Carol Parker, Maribeth Tubman, Gail, Ann Taylor, Eugene J, Bucko F, Miss Kilden.

Second row: Mary Beth Ilott, Vivian Irvine, Lois W., Carol B. Ann Meuser (her dad was the Brigadier at the time), Rita G., Lee Willis, Judy C, Pat M.

Between rows: Axel Ray-catch (phonetically spelled), a boy who arrived the year before from East Germany.

Front row: John Rowan, ?, Ted W., Mike K., Wayne Simpson (holding the sign), Pete O., Teddy J., Malcolm Dawson (with hand over face), Gordon, Paul.

I do not know who is behind Wayne.

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

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS (cont'd)

Part of the winter of 1930-31 I spent trapping on the Wolverine River in the Rocky Mountains, half way between Dawson Creek and Prince George. The remainder of the winter I hauled freight on the Nelson trail between Fort St. John and Fort Nelson.

I will never forget those grim months of freighting on the Nelson Trail. There was no road bed so it was just a case of waiting until the ground froze and got a covering of snow on it, then horses and sleighs could make their way over the frozen lumps and hollows of muskeg. Three hundred miles of ruts, roots, river crossings, wind, snow, blizzards, lucky to do 20 miles a day taking 30 to 35 days on the trail for a round trip.

There were no roadhouses along the way which meant we had to camp out and cook our meals over a campfire, not exactly a picnic in winter.

Of course there was no shelter for the horses so we had put double blankets on them and hope the poor devils would survive. Any place which had a growth of trees to make a windbreak we would tie the horses and with a scoop shovel clear out the snow so they would not be standing in it.

We carried about 1 ½ tons - one ton would be feed for the horses which we cached along the way north for the return trip and the remainder would be the payload of freight for the traders and trappers of the Fort Nelson area.

It was always cold travelling the river, where a mean, sharp wind blew, making it colder than travelling over land, but the worst condition was overflow. Often the river would be low during freezeup then later on the weight of the snow on the ice would force water up over the top of the ice base, or mild weather would bring water in from the banks under

the snow. Whatever way overflow is formed, it is treacherous. Sometimes there would be as much as a foot of water on the ice under a snow cover and we would drive into it and the snow would pile up under the sleigh, then the horses couldn't budge it. Several freight trains would travel together and sometimes we would have to hook six head of horses onto a two horse team load to get through the overflow, then we would have to unload the sleigh to clear out all the ice and snow. It meant hours of labour and I well remember the time it happened twice in one day. The Nelson Trail was a killer of men and horses.

One of the good memories I have of the Nelson Trail is Henry McLeod who hauled most of the Hudson's Bay Co. freight. I admired him for his great knowledge of horses. Without fuss he could get the best from his teams and he had the finest horses of any freighter on the Trail. He was well liked and had the respect of every teamster.

My fondest memories were that no matter how bad the conditions or a situation, Henry, with his brown eyes twinkling and a big grin on his face would come up with a joke about it and Lord knows this was indeed barren ground for jokes to flourish. But make us laugh he did.

No party was complete without Henry. He could play a violin like no one else in the country, real old time, foot tapping fiddling, and with little coaxing he would break in to the Red River Jig, as quick and light footed as a trained dancer, he was no small man either. All this display of talent was often sparked by an ample supply of alcohol, consequently, for all his skill as a horseman and his above average income as a freighter, Henry never got enough money ahead to retire in comfort.

When anyone asked Henry what his nationality was he would say, "Improved Scotch. My mother was an Indian and my father was a Scotsman. It didn't help the Indian much but it sure improved the Scotch".

* * *

It seemed our lives revolved around horses. Each one *of* us was given a saddle pony, usually our father gave them to us when they were born and each *of* us was responsible for his own horse, to be fed, groomed sheltered and broken to ride. My favourite pony was a little sorrel mare I called Molly whom I had for at least 10 years, taking me to school, then being used on the packtrail when I had a trapline. I don't think I've ever become attached to another animal as I was to that faithful little mare.

* * *

During the years from when I was 15 until I was 20 I did a lot of riding - bucking horses and cattle.

My dad always had a good size herd of cattle and horses. We were either breaking the horses to ride or work and when we weren't doing that we would round up some cattle and practice steer riding with just a circingle which is nothing more than a rope to hang onto and sometimes we would use an ordinary saddle. At any time it was a pretty rough recreation.

One time comes to mind when there was a stampede being held about 5 miles from our home and we were taking part in the riding. There was one big, tough, red cow who had bucked off most of the kids who had tried to ride her, so I thought I would try to ride her with a saddle on her. When we came out of the chute I knew I had my hands full. I stayed

with her just about as long as it took to count to 5 and the next thing I knew I was flying through the air and made solid contact with Mother Earth, head first.

I remember looking up and seeing the cow which appeared to be 10 feet in the air, and after that just nothing for the next 8 hours.

The other kids said later that I just hung around the corral, not saying anything and when they were ready to leave, they helped me onto my horse and we rode home.

I went straight to bed and slept for a couple of hours and when I woke up I was very sick to my stomach, but as soon as that was over I felt okay, except for a very sore head. Probably it was concussion and I did all the wrong things but I survived with no obvious ill effects.

I did this type of riding for a few years until I was 17 or 18 then I started going to stampedes about the country, riding in different bucking contests. I wasn't the best bronco rider, but I wasn't the worst either, and won a few prizes. The pay wasn't much for the hammerings and the chances we took, but we thought it was fun.

When I was 16 or 17 I took a saddle horse to go to look for some horses which were running loose. I rode for several hours before finding about 8 of them and these I was going to herd home, put them in a corral, catch the ones we wanted and let the remainder go back on the range.

They started to run, so I let my horse run in an attempt to get ahead of them and head them off toward home.

The country in that area had been burned off, leaving a lot of wind fall logs lying around. The horse I was riding was a sure footed animal and I let him have his head.

Somehow or other he misgauged a jump, stubbed his foot on a log and fell, but at the rate we were moving, I catapulted for a least 20 feet before I hit the ground and that was all I remembered until about 2 hours later I found myself standing at our yard gate at home and my mother walking towards me. I must have caught the horse and led it home, and she noticed that I was trying to open the gate at the wrong end and she knew that something had happened to me.

We turned the saddle horse in to the pasture and my mother helped me to bed. The same symptoms were repeated as those from the fall I had had a few years previously - sleepiness, nausea a sore head then back to normal.

Once again I must have suffered a concussion, we didn't treat it in the present day prescribed manner but I survived.

At least I have a good excuse when my behaviour doesn't please someone; I can say I landed on my head too often when I was young.

* * *

To be continued....



Art & Fay Deer - Mr. & Mrs. Yukon in the receiving line at Tea held at the Commissioners Residence June 10, 2006.

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)



John & Madeline Gould – Dawson – June 10, 2006

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)



RCMP escort, Commissioner Geraldine VanBibber, her husband Pat, Dawson Mayor John Steins form part of the receiving line at the Commissioners Ball June 10, 2006
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

The Commissioner's Ball was held in Dawson June 10, 2006 in the Palace Grand Theatre. In her speech Commissioner Geraldine VanBibber told us a cute story of having worked at the theatre when she was young selling programs and that she knew all of the acts word for word. She said she was even a Can Can dancer in one of the first Fran Dowie productions. She kidded that not many Yukoners know that their Commissioner was a former dance hall girl.



Bill Jones and Fay Eby at the Commissioners Ball in Dawson June 10, 2006
Fay is one of the people we hadn't seen in many years.
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Since Don Machan had reconnected with Art Deer via the telephone recently and shared that information with us, I did send three of the above photos to him. – Sherron

A MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN

Congratulations on your recent award and recognition of your important contributions to Yukon history and culture and to Yukoners in general. Very deserved. Thank you for the excellent photograph of Art and Fay Deer. Art is as handsome as he was as a young Constable in 1951 when he was stationed at Watson Lake Airbase. They make a very attractive couple.

Thank you for the other photos, too. Bill does a good job with his camera. Is Pat Van Bibber a son of Ira Van Bibber, or a grandson. I have an idea that the Pat Van Bibber I knew, (Ira's son) would be a much older man than the Pat in the photograph appears to be.

I am looking forward with great anticipation to the V.I. Picnic.

Sincerely,

Don Machan demachan*telus.net (In Qualicum)

Then I sent a message to Geraldine asking about VanBibber family connections. – Sherron

VANBIBBER FAMILY CONNECTIONS

Good morning Sherron:

It also was a pleasure meeting you. It is always great to put a face to a name and a pleasure to present you with the Commissioner's Award. Well done.

My father-in-law's name is Patrick William and he is son of Ira and Eliza Van Bibber. He is one of the younger boys and now lives in Mayo with his wife Ada (Blanchard). He is 85 years young and I have a difficult time keeping up with him. My husband is also named Patrick but middle name after his grandfather, Ira. He is the only boy with four sisters. Three girls, Carolyn, Debbie and Karen all live in Mayo and his eldest sister, Shirley, lives in Edmonton.

For several years, school only went to grade 10 in Mayo, so three boys came to Dawson to complete their schooling, Pat I. Van Bibber, Barry Graham and Calvin Klippert. It took a few months before Pat and I 'noticed' each other. So, as you can see, Pat and I grew up together and we have been married this September – 36 years. We have two children, Stuart Ira and Ann-Marie, both live in Whitehorse as well.

Take care and so look forward to your next edition of the news.

Geraldine Van Bibber geraldine.vanbibber*gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

Then I asked Geraldine if I may share her message with the MocTel group and mentioned Gillian Campbell's comments. – Sherron

Certainly, that is fine. I should write more but never seem to find my initiative to get at it. Yes, I can remember when Gillian and her young family came to Dawson in '67 I believe. She was always such a fun, vibrant entertainer. Helen Fitch used to teach me in grade 7 and despite that, she is my best friend and mentor to date.

Geraldine

Then passed along Geraldine VanBibber's reply to Don Machan. – Sherron

How interesting: Pat Van Bibber II, Calvin Klippert and Barry Graham were all students at the Mayo Elementary-High School during the years I was Principal of that school. They would have been in the Elementary grades and I taught the senior grades. Calvin, Pat and Barry would have been in the same grade as our eldest son Terry, probably.

What is Geraldine's family name? Was Pat I employed with the Highways Department? I seem to remember that one of Ira's sons had been inflicted with Polio, and if memory serves me correctly two of the Van Bibber brothers were employed by Y.T. Highways Dept., and one of them was a Foreman or Superintendent of Highways in the Mayo area. I will be pleased to learn if my memories are valid, or otherwise.

I was most familiar with J.J. and his wife Clara VanBibber because they lived next door to us and John and Steve and their sister Clara(?) were all students in my school. There was a younger girl in J.J.'s family but I can't remember her name. Perhaps someone will help me out on that score.

Are J.J. and wife Clara still living? I believe that they were quite active in the struggle for Aboriginal Rights in Yukon, during the 60's and 70's.
Thank you for providing a forum for the reminiscences of sentimental old coots such as I.

Pat Van Bibber II, Calvin Klippert, and Barry Graham must have attended school in Dawson when the Mayo School burned. The school always offered classes to Grade Twelve when I was Principal there.

Sincerely,

Don Machan, demachan@telus.net Qualicum Beach, B.C. (Watson Lake, 1951-53; 1956-58; Mayo 1953-55; 1958-61; Whitehorse 1955-56.)

VAN BIBBER FAMILY QUESTIONS ANSWERED

My family name was Kelly. My mother was from Ft. McPherson NWT and she was a Vittrekwa. My father was Gerald Kelly. I was raised in a great foster home, Mac and Lil Munroe.

Pat Sr. was the Mayo Road Foreman for years. Prior to that he operated the ferry at Carmacks then transferred to Mayo where he raised his family. Dan, George and Pat Sr. were all employed by YTG highways. George, Richard (Alex's son), Leslie (George's son) and Theodore or Dode, youngest Van Bibber child were all stricken with polio when it came through the Yukon in the late '50's. George however passed away in the late '70's with Cancer. Dode had MS and the earlier bout with polio left him institutionalized for many years. He left us several years ago.

JJ and Clara left Mayo, moved to Whitehorse for a few years and then finally settled in Dawson City. Clara passed away Sept/04 and JJ is still a spry 86 year old. They had four children Steve, Clara Jr, Pete and Eleanor (she passed away in June/04 suddenly). JJ had a tough year but is doing well at the moment.

The family is aging but have lived long full lives. We just celebrated Alex Van Bibber's 90th birthday this spring and his wife, Sue, I believe is 95. She has her memory and can still keep up with her family's coming and going.

Yes, I think the three Mayo boys came to Dawson as they had a choice to attend school in Whitehorse and the three families thought it would be easier to have to come to Dawson, closer and cheaper. Barry Graham boarded at our house and was a very pleasant young fellow. Calvin stayed with the Goulds and is now living in Whitehorse. And of course, as I said earlier, Pat and I have been together since were very young and this year will be celebrating our 36th anniversary.

So much history, that I should start writing, but there never is enough hours in a day. Take care and please pass on to Mr. Machan.

Geraldine Van Bibber Geraldine.VanBibber@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

Very interesting Sherron,

Of course Ira and (Short, named by Ira) because she was short raised quite a family originally at Mica Creek just above the present Pelly Bridge. All the boys had traplines, and I can say that the whole family were exceptional, the women beautiful and the men exceedingly good looking. I think it was a book of short stories that was written by Gordon-Cooper: In the real early days, Ira's Partner "Steel" accidentally shot himself with a 22, and if he died, Ira was afraid he would be blamed for his partner's death and unable to prove otherwise. This story was from Ira himself, where he had a devil of a time getting Steel down the Pelly River at the time it was running ice in the fall. Ira was finally

able to get Steel down the Pelly and across when the ice stopped by cutting and using Spruce trees for support. He needed help, and after getting Steel bedded down started to head down the Pelly to get it. He met Lord Talmash, a remittance man from England who lived in Fort Selkirk, and along with two French fellows was mushing up the Pelly. Talmash thought the brush was too thick for the dog team and declined to help. Ira headed down to my grandfather's place at Braden's Canyon, and after them getting something to eat headed out with what Ira termed a nondescribed team of dogs headed back up, and this time Talmash decided to join them. They got Steel down to my grandfather's cabin at Braden's Canyon where he spent 10 days before the ice on the Pelly and Yukon were safe to cross. Steel was then taken to Fort Selkirk where the winter stage passed through, and to Dawson where by telegraph the hospital and doctor were alerted and ready for the patient. Steel recovered nicely, but never went back to the trapline.

I knew of Lord Talmash through my dad who was raised in Fort Selkirk and at the Canyon. In the early days, any lads that got into trouble in the old country were given a remittance to ship out to Canada or someplace else and not bring disgrace upon England and the upper crust. I have two uncles buried in the Selkirk Cemetery, they died from diphtheria in 1907. Just a bit of Yukon history.

Henry

HENRY REMEMBERS YUKON WEATHER BETTER THAN NWT

And let us not forget the weather? In Yukon when it gets cold it is totally calm and the smoke going straight up like the record of February 1947. The Keewatin district of the Hudson Bay, only -30, but a wind of 65 miles per hour makes you wish for the Yukon. With that and blowing ice crystal it near takes your face off. It is not nice fluffy snow like Yukon, but right off the ground like ice crystals. Good thing I had a good parka and was able to close up the front to a 3 inch hole, just barely able to see out. It was only 50 feet from the power plant to the trailer I was living in, and I dare not try it without covering right up.

I was headed up to Repulse Bay at the top of the Hudson Bay, and in Head office they were kidding that it was Repulsive Bay. They were not aware of how correct they were. We could not finish some of the outside work because of the wind. There was no such thing as a car to get my baggage to the airstrip, so I had to use a piece of 1/4 inch plywood as a toboggan for my baggage. Calm Air out of Churchill flew a Hawker Siddely twin turbo for the flight, and we got out of Repulse Bay. It was a triangle run to Coral Harbour and then to Rankin Inlet. At Coral Harbour I don't know why, but the pilot landed downwind. As the strip lights went by, I saw blue taxi strip lights and thought there must be another taxi strip. Suddenly I heard the starboard engine rev up, and we turned into a huge snow drift. Looking out the right window I could see red lights that was the end of the strip.

Nothing harmed, but it took a snow blower and a loader 1-1/2 hours to get us out of there. Lord was it ever cold in the plane as there was no heating. There was not even a heated shack at Coral Harbour, so we froze for another hour while they unloaded. The aircraft was a freighter, and the only thing between the big freight doors and passengers was a curtain. Finally we were off and got a bit of heat after we were up. When we landed at Rankin Inlet the wind was so bad that they would not let us off the aircraft. They just fuelled up and we were off again. Our final stop was Churchill, where it was -4 degrees and snowing lightly. Did that ever feel good after what we had experienced. Next day it was back to Edmonton and then home.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

MEMORIES OF ATLIN

Hello Sherron

Given that I have not had access to all your publications, you may have already covered this story. My friend Herman Peterson on a number of occasions told me the story of how he found Moe Grant on the ice of Atlin Lake after he crashed his airplane on a mountain top when the gas line broke and he was being bathed with gas. Moe made a good crash landing on the mountain top and then walked for two days down to Atlin Lake in deep snow. The search for Moe ended after a couple of days but Herman kept looking until on one flight he saw tracks in the snow by the lake. It was Moe, badly frost bit but alive. With Moe having time on his hands I would think this is a story that would be well worth telling. Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Escondido Mexico)

ONLINE WHITEHORSE PHOTOS

I just happened to find this site and thought you might like to view some of these photos.

Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

<http://groups.msn.com/MayorofWhitehorse/moremiscphotos.msnw?Page=1>

ONLINE YUKON FACTS INDEX

If you are interested in Yukon Facts, go to - <http://www.gov.yk.ca/facts/index.html#land>

BETTY & ED KARMAN OF HAINES JUNCTION

I just heard that Betty Karman from Haines Junction is in Vancouver Hospital. Not sure yet just what is wrong. Her Hubby Ed is living at Kopper Ridge Place while she is gone. I'll never forget Ed. He helped me more than once with stranded, broken-down tourists when I operated the little Self Serve Gas Station on the corner in HJ. I was always amazed at how crippled up he was and would still squiggle under those vehicles and weld or whatever needed to be done to get them on the road again. Amazing man! He once scared me to near death sitting having coffee, when Brewster's Lodge had a kitchen in it. He sort of bent over from his booth and done a complete summersault right in front of my feet. I was sure he fell off his chair...But, NO..It was a thing he pulled once in awhile for laughs. Got up laughing his head off.

Have a great day, Lois Trembley granny9t@shaw.ca (In Cedar)

Yukon Canada's True North

Hi Sherron: Very interesting addition. Two things. My opinion on the Yukon is the saying "Canada's True North". The line "Larger Than Life" really reminds me of N.W.T. Of course, I would have loved to have kept the "Klondike" alive and well for the Yukon instead of Edmonton but that disappeared way back in the 60's. I remember being Very pissed off at the time. I'm also sending you two photos of dad's for the Carcross stories. The first one is of a paddlewheeler and the caboose which dad took back in the late 50's, early 60's. The last is a postcard that was purchased around the same time. No date on the postcard though. Hope these help the Carcross issue. Cheers Gina ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

CHRISTINE SCHINK

Christine Schink:

It was August 10, 1955. We (John and Gladys Hoggan and I) were finally heading back to Whitehorse from Dawson City. When we stopped for gas, the attendant told my grandfather that Ernie Schink's wife had just had a baby who was not likely to survive.

Three years later, I met that little girl, living a few blocks from us in Burnaby. Through the diligence of the nuns at St. Mary's hospital, Christine had been named, baptised, and saved. Severely physically handicapped by cerebral palsy, she radiated intelligence and iron will.

Kay Schink and her older children, Maureen and Allen, cared for Christine, took her to what little therapy was available in those days, advocated for services for her and for other children like her, and drew us, her volunteer respite babysitters, into their crusade for quality of life for kids with cerebral palsy.

Even if you never knew the Schink's in Dawson, you may have seen Christine on her stretcher at a Variety telethon or in a newspaper story. She was a vibrant presence, a woman who could barely speak, but who impressed all who met her.

I saw Christine last at Broadway and Willow, en route back to her False Creek group home. It had been a few years since we had seen each other and we had catching up to do, to the dismay of her caregiver who was forced to stand on the street corner until we were finished.

A very special lady who had a huge impact on my life.

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

Donations in memory of Christine may be made to the Residences for Independent Living Society, 1167 Forge Walk, Vancouver, BC V6H 3R1

LARGER THAN LIFE

Wow!!! another great edition. Good work!!!

I apologize for being out of touch for so long. It seems that I just don't have enough hours in the day.

I was particularly interested in the information about the "True North" article.

I remember back when the contraversary was circulating about whether we should have "The" put in front of "Yukon" as in "The Yukon" as us Northerners have always called it, or for our "visitors" sake, we should call it "Yukon". Well, it was settled by yet another outside firm, and our Vacation Guides from the Department of Tourism settled on "Yukon". Even the style of logo was changed, to look like something from a portfolio of an up and coming graphic artist, It looked broken and unprofessional. But that, too, was adopted by YTG.

I have never truly accepted either of these changes, but now onto the most recent "problem". I read what Mogeey, and Henry had to say about it, and your letters back and forth with the "Minister", and once again it shows the distain that these transplanted politicians that "Yukoners" elect have for their "adopted" territory. They never truly accept what is right in their laps, but feel that everything that is made "Outside", namely Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, is somehow better than what is locally "grown".

I disturbs me that Yukoners did not raise hell like they did over the licence plates. They fought hard to retain "Home of the Klondike", and that was because Edmonton felt that that slogan should be awarded to them. They seem to feel that they were the "gateway to the north during the goldrush". Well, we showed them, and in living colour.

Through many campaigns of letter writing, and we did not have access to the computers as we do today, and letters to the "Officials" in YTG, a contingent actually going to Edmonton Days, and really showing our "Colours", did Edmonton finally back down and our elected "representatives" get their heads out of their butts long enough to "allow" us Yukoners our rightful logo.

So, to have our "True North" removed and something such as "Larger than Life", well, what the hell were they thinking. Canada is Larger than life. Next to Russia, or Australia, and I stand corrected if these or others contradict this statement, is the largest "COUNTRY" in the world as for land mass.....and Yukon is a small part of that, in fact it is only 237,000 square MILES of it.....so it is far from "Larger than Life" literally.

I don't disagree that the Yukon has a lot of diversity, as does every other part of Canada and every other country in the world, but there is really only one True North and that is the territories above the 60th Parallel.....YUKON, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, and NUNAVUT. Yukon had it first I believe, so it should remain.

As others have said, "if it ain't broke don't fix it....and if it works, leave it alone".

Being born and raised in the Yukon, and spending a total of 32 years up there, I will always feel that I have a tie to the North, and I believe that through the Moc Tel, we are kept in touch with issues that are pertaining to the Yukon.

The MocTel acts as a forum to put our opinions in a way that lets others know that we are just as passionate today as we were many years ago, and for those of us born and raised there, perhaps even more so.

I do not discount those that have come to the Yukon have done good things and "adopted" the Yukon as their home. What irks me more than anything are those that transplant themselves up there and then proceed to change things to what they knew from whither they came from....and that is so they have a bit of what "they know" near them.....and that adds colour to the tapestry of the north, but the true colours are the ones that "absorb" the Yukon for what she is, and accepts what she has to offer. Not go up there and change what is known, and mold it to be a clone of the "Outside".

(I hope that you will share this with the group as it might be interesting to see the reaction.)

Thank you again Sherron for putting this out here for us to see and "understand". I will be forwarding my thoughts to the Minister in question.

Until next time

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

SNOW MOBILE FROM 1930'S

This snow mobile in the 30s was put together by 'Slim' Errol Keobke for T.C. Richards in Whitehorse. It seems that it was quite effective in cutting down travel time. I was asked by Harvey Burian if I could remember what that sign on the corner of the old N. C. store said. N.C. had the Ford agency, and that sign was for Sieberling tires. I never did see any advert for them in any other place except that corner. Boerner who was manager of N.C. drove a light green Dodge sedan, and it never struck me till now that he did not drive a Ford. He used to store it in a garage next to the T&D store. After the flood of 1936 the stores had sales of canned goods, and it was your guess what each can contained. I think the ladies got pretty good in recognizing the cans and what they contained.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



TC Richards Snow Mobile built by 'Slim' Errol Keobke 1930's – Mayo.
Photo submitted by Henry Breaden, perhaps a Claude Tidd photo.

This message and photo from Henry caused me to ask about the timing of the first snow mobile in Yukon and send along a photo of Happy LePages vehicle. – Sherron



Happy LePages Snow mobile – Licence plate reads 1939.
Photo courtesy Phyllis (LePage) Simpson [pingo*internorth.com](mailto:pingo@internorth.com) (In Whitehorse)

I then asked Henry if he would e-mail David Neufeld – Yukon and Western Historian with Parks Canada in Whitehorse. – Sherron

I think that you are safe in saying that the T.C. Richards snowmobile fabricated by ‘Slim’ Keobke would be the first fabricated up north. The one that Happy LePage built would be more for convenience of not getting stuck in the snow. It was on a smaller truck and only 2 rear tires with a track, where Slim built his for T.C. with 3 wheels in the back and the track. Also full skis on the front instead of being added to the front wheels.

Something too that I will explain to you is where you can find the different size of the cats. The originals were Holt Caterpillar, and you can see Holt on the side of some radiators and Caterpillar on the front grill. These were gasoline powered machines, and the change to the yellow diesels took place about mid 1930s. It was about 1936 that T.C. Richards brought in two yellow RD-6 diesels loaded for Mayo, and I am pretty sure that he sold one to Bud Fisher. That would be the one that my Dad drove on the trip to the Beaver River to haul out ore and I drove the D6 in the early spring of 1949.

Frank Cantin of Mayo had a wood sawing and delivery, and he had a small green Cletrack gasoline driven cat to haul and drive his buzz saw. About the mid 1930s Frank bought a new RD-4 Caterpillar Diesel and pensioned off the old Cletrack. Alfred Burian that was lost through the ice of the Stewart River in the latter 30s had a similar size

Cletrack at the time of his accident, but as I recall, a different colour. That was a real blow to all of us as he was a real close friend, and I learned the guitar from him.

Starting with the diesels, you were never to see Holt again, just Caterpillar, and they were all yellow.

From the photos you received from Les Somerton, these were all gasoline powered cats as it was before diesel engines. For size there was a "Two Ton", "Five Ton" and "Ten Ton" gasoline models. To determine the size you are looking at, if it had one roller holding up the top of the track, it was a Two Ton. If it had two upper rollers like the photo of my dad, it was a Five Ton model. The Ten Ton model that you might have seen hauling wood at Wernecke Camp also had two upper rollers that became a standard on cats.

I think you can rest assured that the T.C. Richards snowmobile built by Slim Keobke would be the first one used on the overland trail instead of cats or horses. Happy Lepage's rig was smaller and more for his personal use in his wood camps. In the 1920s and 1930s, Happy was very active in getting wood out for the boats, as was Anderson and Finlay Beaton at Minto. Wheeler of White Pass had many feelers out along with W.D. Gordon and his son, Bill. During the years that I was with White Pass on the boats and at the Marsh Lake dam, it was like one happy family and a pleasure to work for.

Yes, I totally agree that any information like the Yukon Archives have to be accurate. If they are not, it would be misleading to the following generations. It is good to have fellows like David Neufeld following up on the history of the north. And that it why it is important to get the history down while there are still some of us old devils around who remember those days. I have seen excellent Yukon books written by Gordon-Cooper and Joyce Yardley who taped the old timers while they were still alive. But others are frustrating because I can see that the author is guessing. A case in point where my grandfather and his native wife had a cabin at Braden Canyon, 20 miles up the Pelly River. Maybe I am missing out on land claims? I found my grandmother to be born: Elizabeth Caroline Brown, born in Northwest Ontario, and came from Vancouver, B.C., arrived at Tagish NWMP checkpoint Aug. 7th, 1899. Her father, Augustus Brown signed a contract with the province of Quebec to build a pine covered bridge over the Coulonge River January 3, 1898 and completed May 1st 1898. It has undergone several renovations, and in 1989 it was declared a Historic Monument.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

‘SLIM’ ERROL KEOBKE

You will have seen my reference to Slim Keobke who built the snowmobile for T.C. Richards. I knew that Slim was a nick-name and a few years ago got his proper name. Surely it is in a disc, but where? So now we will both have it.

Something of interest is that Bill Jeffrey Sr. and two others perished on Tagish Lake about 1947 when the White Pass boat blew up and burned. It was gasoline driven, and a leak must have occurred. There was Bill, a lady cook and another fellow on the boat at the time. Apparently Bill had a job going at the Ben-My-Chree wharf. I think they found the cook and the other fellow in the burned hull, but Bill was never found. Eventually Slim (ERROL) Keobke and Thelma Jeffrey married in Victoria. It is sometimes upsetting when a nick-name is used especially in Family Research. I have used my given names even though I am not enthused with them. Two is bad enough, but I have 3 given! (Henry James Theodore). My dad was James Theodore and my grandfather Robert Henry. So mine is a mulligan of it all, and maybe lucky I didn't end up with four! Have a great day,

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Henry checked with Bucky and Shirley Keobke for the correct names and spelling and received this reply.

Hi Henry, first of all it is wonderful to know that you are back to writing to Moc Tel and keeping us all informed with the latest news. We all missed you. Stay well.

Thanks so much for getting the Keobke names straightened out. It seems to be a complicated affair with names as Bucky's name is actually spelt NEILLE and people that don't know him want to call him Nellie!!!!

Slim's name was ERROL.

Phyllis and Amy Lepage recently had a tribute to their parents and they showed some old slides etc and Bucky pointed out at that time a couple of old type snowmobiles/ vehicles in them. Lepages are now part of history at the Transportation Museum.

Take care Henry. Hope Alice and the rest of the family are doing great.

Shirley Keobke mistyonmarsh@northwestel.net (Marsh Lake)

TRIP HOME

Wow Sherron! What a thrilling story Donna has written about her trip to the Yukon. Only a true Yukoner like her can describe the wonders of looking down over those magnificent glaciers in Kluane National Park. I felt like I was flying right along with them. Just reading her vivid descriptions of that trip was like going back in time to the 1960s when I was fortunate enough to fly over that same territory in a helicopter with pilot Cliff Armstrong. You never, ever forget an experience like that! The pictures were awesome too. Thank you so much for sharing all that with us, Donna.

Joyce Yardley joyce@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Wonderful reading.....WOW what a trip !!! and Donna tells it all so well....Thank you so much.

Cheers and Hugs Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

I love to hear stories and see pictures of trips back home.The pictures were great. You are right it is hard to take a lousy picture of the Yukon. Myrna Butterworth
myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Thank you for the trip home.

This was the kind of trip I took my youngest son (1 of 3) to the Yukon 15 yrs. ago. As he is now married with 2 kids of his own this trip home will be a great reminder of his own trip.

Thank you for the memories.

Keep up the good work, keep well.

Weldon Pinchin pinchin*gulfislands.com (Mayne Island)

I loved Donna Claysons' special issue...read every word and enjoyed her photos.....Please give her my thanks!!! That's a Real Yukoner for you!!!!

Cheers, Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

MORE – MY TRIP – FROM DONNA

I'm burning some CD's of my trip (along with photos and videos you haven't seen) and realized I'd missed talking about one person. I took video of Bob Charlie singing so this is why I've added this info:

Bob Charlie

One night I wandered over to JR's, a bar in the Casa Loma Motel. Imagine my surprise when I saw Bob Charlie and his band playing! I remembered Bob well from the years I spent at Skookum Jim's, formerly known as "Skookies". Bob has a beautiful voice so enjoyed listening to the live band at Skookies every chance I got. Whenever I would walk into the basement where the band was playing Ed Scurvey would stop whatever he was playing and sing my favorite song, *Pretty Woman*. Bob wouldn't sing it the night I was visiting because it was an "Ed Scurvey song" but did sing *Tennessee Waltz*.

Donna (Storing) Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

MAYO BOOK – HEART OF THE YUKON

I have attached a flyer giving information about our new book "Heart of the Yukon: a natural and cultural history of the Mayo area" for inclusion in the MocTel.

If you would like a bit more information I have included the following:

Introducing the latest Mayo Book

"Heart of the Yukon," a new book by authors, Chris Burn, Mark O'Donoghue and Lyn Bleiler, will be available in Mayo at the Village Office next week. Expect it at Whitehorse bookstores at the end of July.

It is a richly illustrated full colour book of 144 pages intended for the celebration of Mayo's 100th birthday. Production spanned four years, missing the 2003 Centenary. One copy will be given to each Mayo-area household, as a Centennial gift.

Additional copies will be available for purchase at \$25.00 each. Orders received and paid for by July 25, 2006 will be filled at \$20 per book, plus postage and shipping costs.

Support for the book's publication came from Lotteries Yukon; NSERC; Northern Research Chair Program, Carleton University; Village of Mayo; Na-Cho Nyak Dun; Yukon Foundation; Mayo Historical Society and the Polar Continental Shelf Project. The authors and contributing authors gave their time to the project. All proceeds of sales will go towards a scholarship fund for local students.

To promote this book, we are asking Yukon friends to please help publicize the book by emailing the colour attachment to anyone who could be interested in either purchasing "Heart of the Yukon" or attending one of the book launches.

Sincerely,
Lyn Bleiler, President, Mayo Historical Society
([mayohistoricalsoc*yahoo.ca](mailto:mayohistoricalsoc@yahoo.ca))

Chris Burn, NSERC Northern Research Chair, Carleton University.
([crburn*rogers.ca](mailto:crburn@rogers.ca))

Mark O'Donoghue, Northern Tutchone Regional Biologist,
([mark.odonoghue*gov.yk.ca](mailto:mark.odonoghue@gov.yk.ca)), or ([odonoghue*northwestel.net](mailto:odonoghue@northwestel.net))
Ph: 867-996-2529 (home), 996-2830 (FAX)

Village of Mayo, [mayo*northwestel.net](http://mayo.northwestel.net) Ph: 867-996-2317



Introducing a new book on the natural and cultural history of the Mayo area, *Heart of the Yukon*. Christopher Burn, Mark O'Donoghue and Lynette Bleiler provide a comprehensive collection of information, photographs, maps, and charts covering such topics as: Landscape, Rocks and Minerals, The Ice Ages, Climate, Permafrost, Landforms, Rivers and Lakes Vegetation, Fish, Amphibians, Birds, Mammals, the Ancient Past of the Na-Cho Nyak Dun Traditional Territory, First nation history of the Na-Cho Nyak Dun, Early Prospectors and Traders, the Establishment of Mayo, Mayo's Golden Beginning, Silver Sustains the Region, Mayo: The Last Half of the Twentieth Century, A History of the Na-Cho Nyak Dun First Nation Land Claims and Mayo in the Twenty-First Century.

Don't miss out on this limited edition printing.

Book Cost: \$25.00 (includes GST).

Postage and handling extra on books mailed out.

You are invited to attend the launching of this most informative new publication which is the authors contribution to Mayo's recent Centennial.

- **Mayo, July 26, 2006 at the J.V. Clark School from 7—9 p.m.**
- **Whitehorse, July 27, 2006 at 7 p.m. at the Westmark Klondike Inn, 2288 2nd Ave. Whitehorse.**
- **The authors as well as special guests will be in attendance.**
- **Refreshments will be served.**

For more information and to place orders contact:

VILLAGE OF MAYO,
 P.O. Box 160,
 Mayo, Yukon Y0B 1M0
 Phone: 867-996-2317
 Email: mayo@northwestel.net

AN AMAZING VOICE OF AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD

This e-mail message was sent to me by Elwood Lyle and is one of those one in a million worth sharing with everyone. Please go to the web address below and check it out.

Subject: Amazing voice

Check the voice of this 11 year old incredible!

<http://www.dump.com/links.php?link=1225711&c=2&a=1>

DONATIONS

Sherron last year I sent you a small cheque to help pay for all your labour of love. I do not have your address so please send it to me. I wish you would put a reminder in the next newsletter that a small donation would be appreciated. I don't think anyone would be offended and remember to put your address.

Connie Casselman – caselman@telus.net

My address is at the end of each regular edition. And to answer another query I often received is that most folks choose \$20.00 but some donations are more and some are less.

- Sherron Jones

9205 Orchard Ridge Drive

Vernon BC V1B 1V8

ARTISTIC TALENT



"Leonard Lighthouse Point",
off Chesterman Beach, Tofino, B.C.
By Norm Paulson backrdhaven@shaw.ca (In Courtenay)

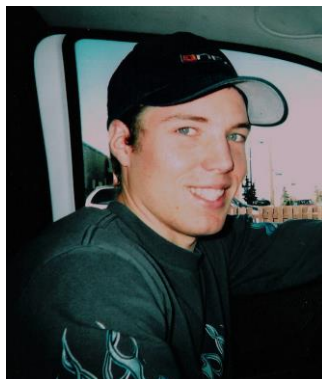
OBIT



Pete and Brownie Foth on Pete's 94th birthday.
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

FOTH, Peter Edward
June 9, 1912 – July 11, 2006

Peter passed away peacefully at the Peace Arch Hospital. He will be lovingly remembered by his wife Lorna of 54 years, daughters Lynne (John) Taylor and Debbie (Hans) Algotsson and 5 grandchildren. Peter was predeceased by grandson, Karl Algotsson, age 25, June 14, 2006 in a motor vehicle accident. Peter was born in Ukraine and immigrated to Colonsay, Sask. in 1925. He moved to Dawson City, YT in 1939 where he worked in the Gold Fields. In 1964 he joined Canada Customs and worked in Whitehorse, Beaver Creek and Dawson City, Yukon. In 1977 he and Lorna retired to White Rock, BC. A memorial service will be held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, 15115 Roper Ave, White Rock, BC. on Thursday, July 20, 2006 at 2 p.m. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the Peace Arch Hospital or the Primate's World Relief and Development Fund. Interment in the Pioneer Cemetery in Dawson City, Y.T. at a later date.



Karl Algotsson

A Memorial Service was held for **Karl Algotsson** on June 24th at St. Paul's Anglican Church in Dawson City. Karl was taken suddenly in a motor vehicle accident in Northern Alberta where he was working. He was 25 years old and is survived by his parents, Hans and Debbie, his brothers, Anders and David, his girlfriend, Brandy Harker and his grandmother, Lorna Foth. His grandfather, Peter Foth passed away on July 11th. Karl will be missed by his family including many aunts and uncles, cousins and his many friends and co-workers.

Eulogy : ALGOTSSON, Karl - Oct. 25, 1980 - June 14, 2006

Karl left us suddenly on Wednesday, June 14 in a vehicle accident near Grimshaw Alberta where he was working in the oil patch. Karl was born on Oct. 25, 1980 and grew up in Dawson in the small town atmosphere of close friends and family including his maternal grandparents. Together with his family he also spent 3 years in Sweden getting to know his Swedish grandmother and many relatives. From an early age he spent lots of time out at his favourite place which was his grandparents mining claims on Bonanza Creek. Especially fun were the summers when his cousins from Kamloops came up and were there with him and his brothers, Anders and David. They loved canoeing on the ponds and panning for gold. When he got older, Karl and his dad, Hans built Karl a little log cabin on the claims which was very special to Karl. He and his friends spent many happy hours out there working on motorbikes, skidoos and their trucks. He also enjoyed fishing and grouse hunting with his brother David and friends. After high school, Karl studied mechanics for a year at Fairview, Alberta and then went traveling around Europe and the Mediterranean on a fun and memorable trip with his friend, Clint Brickner. During the mining seasons he worked in the gold fields as an equipment operator, and had plans, together with his family, to start up his own mining operation on their Bonanza Creek claims. For the past 2 years Karl had been working on drilling rigs in the Peace River area of Alberta. He was happy and enjoying life together with his girlfriend, Brandi and her two little girls. Karl leaves behind his mom, Debbie, his dad Hans, brothers, Anders and David, his girlfriend, Brandi, his grandparents, Pete and Lorna Foth, his aunts, uncles and cousins in both Canada and Sweden along with his many close friends and co-workers. He lived his life to the fullest and enjoyed the company of his many friends, we all miss you deeply Karl.

Albert Herbert LANG 'Ab'

Born Biggar, SK August 9, 1922, died Kelowna, BC June 6, 2006. Survived by his loving wife Georgina McLeod, daughter Tanya (Fred) Jarvis of Port Alberni, sons John (Barbara) of Hope and Tom (Wendy) of Kelowna, and sister Ruby Capstick of Saskatoon, SK. As well, he is survived by grandchildren Scott (Christine), Brent (Genny), Peppa (Jono), Toby (Anna Lisa), Duncan (Erica), and Michelle (Matthew), and great-grandchildren Rhian, Emilee Rose, and Hayden, together with his beloved dog Molly. Ab was a kind and gentle man who touched many people. He was a veteran of the Royal Canadian Navy, serving on HMCS Springhill. **He met Georgina in Whitehorse after the war, where they married and endured a life of hardship and happiness in**

the Yukon, raising their children. He was a prospector, a hunter, and a builder of fine log cabins at Tagish. Together with his family, he moved to Kelowna in 1963, where he was a busy painting contractor until he retired.

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NEW ADDITIONS

Please add my name to the subscriber list.

Thank you.

Ted Staffen tstaffen@klondiker.com

Sherron: Well - it has been a coons age. I just wanted to ask if you could add Carter & I to your distribution list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph that you produce. I got a copy from a friend and would like to get it.

After being in Whitehorse for near 30 years, Carter & I both retired & moved to B.C. last year. We bought a home in Qualicum Beach, and are really loving it. We moved to be closer to the girls & our 3 grandchildren. Both girls live in Langley - so we are only a ferry ride away. Only downside is that our oldest (Chandra) and her husband & 3 children are moving to Ottawa next week, so we will miss seeing the grandkids as often as we have been able to since we moved here. Our son-in-law took a promotion with the RCMP (he is NOT a member, but a public servant), so off they go to conquer the world. Our youngest (Staci) is still in Langley, is an Aesthetician and living with her boyfriend. Both doing well, and we can at least still see her from time to time.

It will be nice to receive the bits & pieces that you get from Yukoners, and I thank you for putting this little publication together.

Regards,

Linda & Carter Kelly
701 Avon Place
Qualicum Beach, B.C.
V9K 2B9
PH: (250) 738-0441
e-mail: stoneboys@shaw.ca

I would like to receive future copies of the Moccasin Telegraph.

I spent the 1950's in the Yukon as principal of the school in Dawson City and later as principal in Whitehorse.

At the time I was in the Yukon there was only one School in Dawson City, Grades 1 to 12. It has since burned down and new schools have been built.

In Whitehorse at the time there was one main public school, grades 1 to 12, and a Catholic School. I was Principal of the Public School. Yes, I knew Don Machan. He was in Mayo when I was in Dawson City.

Re- copies of the Moccasin Telegraph. Will be glad to receive future copies. I've had a chance to view some of the past copies. Thanks again.

My wife and I live in Victoria. I am married to Edna Jarby who also taught in the Yukon during the 1950's.

Claude Campbell jccampbell2@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

I was given your name as a website to read but I don't have your website name. Can you please send it to me. Thank you

Ruth Massie

My connection to the Yukon is that my maiden name is Irvine and I was born and raised in Whitehorse. I am currently the Chief of the Ta'an Kwach'an Council and reside at Lake LeBarge. Your name was referred to me by Kathie Wedge as she had noticed an article regarding my older sister Vivian who resides in Vancouver and has for the past 40 years, although she does come home periodically for visits and family gatherings. Vivian also keeps in touch with old school buddies from time to time. I will pass on your email to her as well.

Ruth (Irvine) Massie rmassie@northwestel.net (Lake LeBarge)

I saw a reference to your Moc-Tel site in news release by the Yukon Commissioner's office.

Any chance you can tell me how I can get on your mailing list, or check out your publication if it's posted on the 'Net?

Thanks, Rod Jacob rjacob@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime. Embrace each equally!

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Cranberry Juice

Submitted by Anne Domes octavia13@northwestel.net (In Faro)

Cranberry-picking time is getting close and the following is a fantastic recipe for Cranberry Juice--no chemicals and lots of Vitamins.

2 pints berries - use low bush cranberries
2 pints water
boil 5 min.
strain thru cheesecloth or fine sieve
add 3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup orange juice
1/4 cup lemon juice

Bring to a boil, let cool , bottle. If to thick, dilute with water, when using.

DATES TO REMEMBER

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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