

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 182nd Edition – November 19<sup>th</sup>, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



**Fox Lake Sunset**

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich@lohmann.ca](mailto:heinrich@lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

### *The Campfire Olympics*

by Alf Bilton

Both moon an' star have seen from afar  
(An' maybe up close, like it's claimed),  
Flung riders that soared fer light-years afore  
Bein' drawn back to earth, untamed.

A cowboy's worst wreck, that don't bust his neck,  
Becomes a war story to tell.  
Boys at the fire judge who went higher,  
An' flapped in best form as he fell.

Their scars are compared, an' bones bin repaired;  
The gettin' embellished with pride;  
Each pretend stoic sounds as heroic  
As any ain't right up an' died.

They's no prizes won, 'cause each mother's son  
Beds down feelin' deep in his gut,  
"Shore he's black an' blue; but ... that cain't be true!  
His story's on steroids, that's what!"

## **Pack Dogs to Helicopters**

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

### **CHAPTER 10**

#### **CRANES**

My introduction to the Cessna Crane came about at North Battleford in Saskatchewan. The Cessna Company built many aircraft but the Crane became the best known to fliers. They were built during the war primarily for reconnaissance and for Canadian and American pilot training. The Americans called them the Bob Cat and the Canadians called them Cessna Cranes and in them pilots became accustomed to twin engine, heavier aircraft. They were a 5 place aircraft powered by 2 Jacob L4 engines.

During the summer of 1943, I was ferrying a Fairchild 71 from New York to Whitehorse and it had become that time of day to find a place to spend the night and refuel.

As I neared North Battleford, could see airplanes in really large numbers flying above, below, and all round me, all were identical, twin engine aircraft. A short distance away there was a half section of land covered with grass and this seemed to be where all the planes were coming from and going to. There was no radio in my aircraft so I couldn't make contact. Not many aircraft were equipped with radio in those days.

As I got closer, and among the aircraft, I tried to figure what the flight pattern was but it seemed to be every man for himself, taking off and landing in all directions. I picked out one which looked as though he were going in and followed him. I expected any minute to see a red light flash from the tower warning me off, but nothing happened, so I let down right behind my unwitting leader.

I cautiously worked my way up to what looked like a hangar and I hoped that I hadn't stirred up a brew of trouble for myself - everyone was so twitchy during the war years.

When I stopped I just stayed in the aircraft and waited to see what would happen. Soon a man in uniform came out of the building and walked toward me, all smiles. As soon as I got out he said, "Would you like some petrol?"

Right behind came several other fellows all talking with an English accent. I said I was looking for a place to stay overnight and the first fellow said, "Just leave her parked where she is and come along with us, we can put you up"

It turned out that this was an air force training base, all personnel, about 500, were from England and the 200 training aircraft were Cessna Cranes.

They were interested in my Fairchild 71, not having seen one before and my life as a bush pilot was something new to them, too. I had never seen so many Englishmen all in one bunch and I had difficulty in understanding them at first, but as the evening went along we were communicating pretty well. They were the most cheerful, friendliest

people, constantly telling jokes and kidding one another, it was a great evening and I really enjoyed myself. They included me in their fun and just treated me royally.

As I sat there listening, and joining in their laughter, I looked at all those young faces and knew that most of those men would soon be flying bombers over Germany and they wouldn't be having much to laugh about.

The next morning a number of them came out to see me off. If I had stayed much longer I think I would have picked up that English accent. It fascinated me.

At the end of the war the Cranes were sold by War Assets and in 1948 I bought one from a man in Calgary.

I had never flown a Crane and Smith said he had an ex-Airforce pilot flying for him who knew all about Cessna Cranes and that he would check me out on my new purchase. We made a few takeoffs and landings. He was an experienced air force pilot but had had little experience flying out of small airstrips. He would not let me get below 110 miles per hour on the approach which meant he was using up most of the runway. I was beginning to wonder if the Crane would be a suitable aircraft for the work I intended to use it for in the north.

We flew to Edmonton then I flew him back to Calgary. Once I got on my own I started testing to see what speed it would stall at, the shortest distance in which I could land and take off. I found it to be a good performer and used it flying in and out of the dredge camps around Dawson City where the strips were often not a foot longer than 1500 feet and some landing strips were only sand bars along the rivers.

Once when I was in Fairbanks I got into conversation with an American Air Force pilot who said he had flown many Cessna Bob Cats during the war. He warned me that if the aircraft ever lost an engine, I wouldn't have a chance as it just would not fly on one engine. That promptly made me decide to try it out and I found I could carry a load with one engine and hold an altitude of 4,000 feet.

A few Crane operators fitted them with floats, but they were not suitable to be float equipped and didn't have enough power to overcome the loss of lift. It wasn't long before we heard no more about float equipped Cranes.

I did a lot of flying with the Crane all that summer and when I had finished up the season's work, I decided to fly it out to Edmonton and sell it. My friend **Bud Holbrook** said he would go along as co-pilot.

By the first of November the gold dredges had closed down and there were several men who wanted to go to Edmonton, so I agreed to take two as passengers and we left on November 10th. There was a load of 4 big men and their luggage so we were well, but not overloaded.

It was an uneventful flight until we started to taxi out of Fort Nelson after refueling. A tire blew out.

The nearest place to get a replacement was at Edmonton but then the weather closed in. There were no navigational aids for any aircraft to get in or out so we fumed at Fort Nelson for 6 days waiting for the tire to arrive. We didn't take long to install it once we got our hands on it. On the morning we were ready to leave the weather wasn't good - 20 below zero with fog and light snow. Bud and I talked it over and we agreed the weather was bad, but after waiting for six days it was obvious that a little thing like weather was not going to keep us from getting out of there. So we took off.

I knew that our only chance to get through was to stay at a low altitude to minimize icing up and that meant following the Alaska Highway.

As soon as I got airborne I found out the landing gear would not retract. The gear was operated electrically and if there were any grease on it and the weather was cold, the landing gear would not function. With the landing gear down there was drag on the aircraft just to complicate things, but we were off the ground and raring to get to Edmonton via the Alaska Highway route.

I was booting along about 50 feet above the ground nearing the headwaters of the Prophet River where the highway reaches a summit of 4,000 feet. I was partly in cloud but could still see the highway,

I knew conditions were right for icing up so I was keeping some carburetor heat on, but I guess not enough, because my right engine stopped. And as pilots' stories go “. . . and there I was at 4,000 feet, one engine gone, the landing gear dragging, visibility about one mile in fog and I was icing up.”

Believe me I worked the next 50 miles flying on one engine and trying to keep contact with the highway, As soon as I got over the summit I dropped down to 3,000 feet then concentrated on trying to get the dead engine to come to life by leaning the mixture out until I got the engine to backfire and that blew the ice out of the carburetor and the engine started. We flew the rest of the way to Fort St. John with both engines running, which was the nicer way to fly.

I had done it the hard way but proved that I could fly a fully loaded Crane on one engine under very poor conditions.

When we landed at Fort St. John I realized that no one had spoken a word in the aircraft all the while I had been sweating it out.

When **Bud Holbrook** got out of the aircraft he put his hand on the side of the aircraft and said, "This old cow has really gone up in my estimation." He was not alone in his opinion.

Standing there talking, little did we know that before the year was over Bud would have lost his life in an air crash and a young fellow in Calgary would get himself all sauced up, steal the Crane, fly it like a maniac low over the city then fly it into a house and kill himself. Sometimes it is just as well we can't see the future.

To be continued....

*(For those who do not realize it, Bud Holbrook was Blanche Barrett's father - Sherron.)*

## **A TREASURE OF A LETTER COME TO LIGHT**

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

Old friends of my parents from the Alcan days have left their daughter with a house full of their memories. Pat has shared with me a letter my Mom wrote her mom in 1947. I have her permission to pass it on to the MocTel. It is chock full of names from Whitehorse past. The punctuation is all Mom.

White Horse Yukon  
January 27, 1947

Dear Olive and Gene;

To go way back to the beginning, many thanks for the birthday card and letter. Yes I am now an old crock of 21. As for the voting part I got cheated out of my first chance to vote as the councilman for here went in by acclamation this time and as for the liquor permit-yes you still need them but I haven't bothered - the scotch in me makes Tubby use his when we need it rather than lay out the dollar for mine.

Jim Wake is to marry a nurse from Fort Yukon that he met last summer - if he can get a transfer next summer.

Ernie and Anita are the same as ever - according to calculations and what not's the first of the twelve kids should arrive about July or August - but say nothing of this until a more valuable basis for this rumour shows up - They have all but said they are expecting an arrival - Anita has been sick as a dog every morning since way before Xmas - approx Dec. 1st.

Tubby hears from Fatt - he's fine - that's about all we do hear though.

Lombardo's are known as the "clean up kids" in Vancouver - they go around and help the different cleaning establishments wherever there is a rush - this is to be until material is available for their own establishment.

Roses have gone to Van for the winter.

So you're back teaching again Olive - you are a brave woman. I'd probably nail all the little devils to the blackboard by their ears if I had to pound anything into their heads.

We have had an addition to the home since you left - wait a minute now! it's only another bedroom - one for Maribeth. When we got it I lost my excuse for not having a brother for Beth, however, we remedied that by saying we were waiting for the Nelsons to catch up to us so we should be safe for a long time to come at the rate you are going - don't let us down now.

Dad is building onto their place eight feet wide and the full length of the house plus six feet - that is - he will do some more on it if we ever get any warm weather - 60 below zero and a high North wind last night - 86 below at Snag airport. Henceforth can rate with the best of those who call themselves "fireman" or "stoker" Tubby has a permanent list from carrying up kitchen wood to supplement the heat the radiators throw. It's nearly as bad as '42 was only doesn't last as long - this is the second siege.

Now I have some news for you that I hate to put down - Camps' baby died Wednesday morning from an enlarged thymus gland - it was in the hospital for a slight cold - in fact it was over the cold and due to go home that day when in just half an hour after it took sick it died. Camp didn't even have time to get there before it died. If they ever get over the loss of Clifford I'll be surprised - never have I seen anyone take a loss so hard as they - particularly Gordon. I can well understand it as I've known them for five years and known how badly they wanted children - it doesn't seem fair that they only had him three months and lost him.

I think I can truthfully say that everyone who knows them is praying that the shock will be enough to make them have one of their own - it's been known to happen before.

We had a card from Norm Hines at Xmas they have a new baby girl making four now.

Larry French got a divorce in Reno and married again a gal named Hilda - used to be here. They are going to Alaska probably there by now.

Greg Gilkie and Pat Bell are both back at Home Office for N.C. in Seattle again.

Camps took over the hunting lodge at Marsh Lake - that is to say they are running it for T.C. Richard. They have been terribly busy - which will probably be good for them for awhile.

Maribeth is growing like a bad weed - but losing her fat - mind you she still has plenty of ripples & wrinkles. Her big trouble now is she hears to much and repeats it too clearly - I tell her her ears are too big but she doesn't agree. On page two you will find her bit added to this letter while I was burning some of Tubby's precious wood.

Well kids - do write soon - give our regards to Bea & Wes.

Bye now

Peggy, Tubby & Maribeth

The people mentioned:

Olive and Gene Nelson: back in North Dakota after Gene's service in the US Army that took him to the Whitehorse and McCrae depots during the Alcan project. Now deceased but good friends for 60 years.

Fatt is Harry Fatt.

The Lombardo's did get their own dry cleaning business and kept it until "Shorty's" death a few years ago. It was Service Cleaners near the PNE in Vancouver.

Dad's trek with the wood was considerable. We lived above the NC office so he chopped the wood in the warehouse across the alley, opposite the NC loading dock; jumped to the alley, picked up an armload of wood, carried it down the alley and along Steele to the door, up the equivalent of 2 flights of stairs that went straight up, then through the apartment to the kitchen which was actually right opposite where he had chopped the wood. The steam heat in the radiators came from the Whitehorse Inn boilers that heated the whole block: Main to Steele; Front to Second.

## **KENO CHURNS TOWARD DAWSON**

From the Whitehorse STAR, August 25, 1960.

The Whitehorse Star's 100th Anniversary Edition, years 1950-1979.

Submitted by Donna Clayson



Top Picture: S.S. KENO with some passengers and crew on deck preparing for last sternwheeler trip August 25, 1960. Wheelhouse has been removed and placed on Texas deck, smokestack is on hinges. Bill Horback photo/AHL Coll./Yukon Archives. Bottom Picture: PILOT ROOM – The wheelhouse on the Keno had to be torn down from the top deck to enable the paddlewheeler to pass beneath the new bridge at Carmacks. The ship's controls were moved into the observation saloon on the second deck.

The paddlewheeler Keno was scheduled to begin churning towards Dawson City on its final voyage at 2 p.m. today. **Captain Frank S. Blakely, 72, of British Columbia, was at the ship's controls and Frank Slim of Whitehorse went aboard as pilot. H.J. Breaden of Whitehorse was signed on as first mate.**

After rotting six years at Whitehorse dry dock, the 613 ton sternwheeler once more headed down the Yukon River. The huge orange paddle wheel lashed the water as the

Keno began its 425-mile trip toward Dawson. A crew of 12 were on board for the historic voyage, as were eight representatives of the press, radio, and television.

The trip is expected to take about three days, although the length of the voyage will depend on whether the riverboat becomes bogged on any sandbars on the way. At Dawson City, the Keno will be beached on a river lot and preserved as a relic of the great paddlewheeler era in the Yukon.

The Keno was built in 1922 and rebuilt in 1937. She measures 160 feet long and 30 feet at the beam. To enable the ship to pass beneath the Carmacks bridge, the old wheelhouse had to be temporarily removed. The tall smoke stack was fastened on hinges, and will also be taken down at the bridge.

Skipper Blakley said it was his first trip down the Yukon River, although he has traveled the Mackenzie, Tagish and Columbia Rivers. On the lower Columbia, Mr. Blakley owns his own sternwheeler which he uses for pleasure cruises. The ship is called the Radium and measures 70 feet. However, he has not been the Captain of a craft as large as the Keno since 1914, when he was skipper of the Armstrong on the Upper Columbia River.

## **KENO LOG**

August 25 – The Keno left Whitehorse at 2:25 p.m., with two thousand people waving bon voyage from the shore of the Yukon River. The first meal aboard ship, consisting of tins of spaghetti and canned potatoes, was served at 7 p.m. At 10 p.m. the boat pulled into shore at Lower Laberge for overnight mooring, 59 miles from Whitehorse, aside the skeleton hull of the first Casca.

August 26 – The paddlewheeler swept past Little Salmon at 3:30 p.m. and moored for the night just above Carmacks at 6 p.m.

August 27 – After dismantling the huge smokestack and sawing down the boom, the Keno slipped under the Carmacks bridge at 11:20 a.m. with only a foot and a half to spare. The paddlewheeler shot through the rapids of Five Fingers at 3:45 p.m. then the Rink Rapids at 4:15 p.m.

At 6 p.m. the keel ran aground a gravel bar at Slack Water Crossing on the Minto Flats. It took the crew until 9:29 p.m. to winch the sternwheeler free. The Keno was moored about half a mile down the river for the night.

August 28 – The gangplank was pulled in at 10 a.m. and by noon the Keno reached Fort Selkirk where passengers and crew scrambled through the old buildings searching for relics and picture subjects. The night was spent moored at White River.

August 29 – The Keno passed the mouth of the Stewart River at 8 a.m. At 9:30 a.m., as the paddlewheeler approached Dead Man Island a sour gray fog began to roll over the

mountain, coupled with a drizzle of rain. At 1:35 p.m. the Keno was secure on the shore of Dawson City, and the paddlewheeler had ended its final voyage.

There are 3 Whitehorse Star anniversary issues (1900-1949, 1950-1979, 1980-2000) totalling 352 pages with articles such as the final voyage of the S.S. Keno. For those who are interested in purchasing a copy or all 3 copies contact: [circulation\\*whitehorsestar.com](mailto:circulation@whitehorsestar.com)



I am sending a picture of a drawing my late best friend Joan Louttit drew for me of my dog Mac on a piece of moose hide. To me this is one of my favourite northern art pieces. She drew this back in 1973.

Mogey Mogenson [elgolfo\\*shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

## **1970 NURSING ASSISTANT GRADUATION - WHITEHORSE**

Hello

Hope you are relaxing and enjoying your Yuma winter. We are enjoying the Vernon winter especially when we hear the weather reports from Northern Alberta.

I'm enjoying my job with Interior Health as a Community Care worker in the Home support area. I was working 5 on 5 off in Vernon but have now switched to Armstrong area as it is closer to home for me. Alistair has been working for Liquidation world setting up the store in downtown Vernon. We had a quick trip back to Grande Prairie in October as my father passed away Oct. 5<sup>th</sup>. We also went to Scotland for 9 days on the

17th of October to visit Alistair's Step-mother. The price was right \$399.00 return from Vancouver. We got this same fare last year as well.

Our daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter were just here for a visit. They live in Fort McMurray. Our granddaughter is 8 months old and a real doll. We really enjoyed seeing her. Alison is a scrap booker so decided we should start sorting through Mom's boxes of "stuff" and I found a program from my nursing Graduation in Whitehorse from November 1970. I have scanned it in my computer and will send it with this letter. It is in fairly good condition and print is legible The first page is the cover with a picture of our cap The program is the middle and class list is the other page You can put it in the next issue of Moccasin Telegraph if you want. It may spark some interest.

Mary Ellen MacGregor [mmac1952@telus.net](mailto:mmac1952@telus.net) (In Vernon)

### PROGRAMME

YUKON VOCATIONAL &

TECHNICAL

TRAINING CENTER

Cordially invites you to attend

The Graduation Ceremony

Of the

Nursing Assistants

On

Thursday, November 26<sup>th</sup>, 1970

At 7:30 pm

In the Students Lounge

Refreshments will be served.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. J. Brodin, P. Eng

Director of Vocational Education

Yukon Territory

GUEST SPEAKER

Dr. A. Tanner, F.R.C.S.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS &  
PINS

Miss J. H. MacDonald, R. N.

Director of Nurses

Whitehorse General Hospital

PRESENTATION OF PROFICIENCY  
AWARD

Mrs. Corrine Cyr, R.N.

President I.O. D. E.

PRESENTATION OF BEDSIDE  
NURSE AWARD

Mr. J. E. A. Morin, B.Sc. (Eng), P. Eng.

VALADICTORY

Miss Andrea Robinson, L. N. A.



## GRADUATES

Mrs. Ellen Adshead

Miss Marlyne Kolada

Miss Eileen LaBar

Miss Mary Ellen Lindsey

Miss Andrea Robinson

Mrs. Vera Mattson

## **ORANGE PEE**

Good Morn Sherron

I don't like to be picky but just couldn't let this chance, to give you a hard time, go by. On reading the mixing directions for the fruit cake I couldn't figure out how to slice orange pee. Strain it, stir it --- but slice it?

Everything going just fine with us, lots of rain but the sun does get through now and then. Hope you guys enjoying yourself and guess Bill is swinging those golf clubs. Give Ben a pat for us.

Love Fred & Barb Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## **FORMERLY LIVED IN DAWSON**

Hello Sherron Jones, Thank you for the Yukoners' e-mail addresses. I'm happy to be included although I cannot be claimed as a Sourdough, having left Dawson in mid-November, 1974.....Not having a car all that year, I had many invitations to visit areas that were only accessible by motor--around "the Loop" several times, the first time with Lil and Mac Munroe and the longest living person in the Yukon at that time, Victoria, whose licence plate was #1 !!! She had come over the Pass by rail as a child. I also travelled by float raft to Forty Mile, then Clinton Creek---There I'd made a friend, an Australian nurse, Anne, and more adventures. Three times I hiked alone over to Moosehide on days off from nursing. Anyway, I've never had such good friends ....and only lived in Dawson. Peg McComb at that time, now Watson, living south of Chemainus on V.Is. , I sorely miss Pretoria Butterworth.  
Peg (McComb) Watson [pegwatson@hotmail.com](mailto:pegwatson@hotmail.com) (In Vancouver Island)

## **MESSAGE FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH IN DAWSON**

Hi Sherron, I know that I said I was going to get back to you last week, or was it the week before? Well that week went somewhere. We had our Remembrance Day ceremony this morning at the Robert Service School gym. There was a good turnout even though the temp was -29 degrees. As the president of the Legion here in Dawson, I have been organizing the ceremony etc., which is not easy as I keep losing my notes of what to do when. After the ceremony we went to The Trondek Hwchen Cultural Centre where we had coffee and goodies etc. There we were treated to a visual power point presentation. This was organized by the Robert Service high school students. They asked all the students in school to bring a picture and some history of a relative who had been in any of the world wars and Korean War. It was an amazing presentation for the amount of time they had to put it together (about a week). My thanks to the Teachers who were instrumental in getting the Students to really get involved in Remembrance Day. No doubt the War in Afghanistan had a profound influence too. Next on the list is Christmas, Getting ready to organize the Seniors Christmas parcels for the IODE, but that is another story. Myrna Butterworth [myrnab\\*northwestel.net](mailto:myrnab*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Hi Sherron,

Just wondered if you would be interested in my poem about being a weatherwoman in the Yukon.

I reported the weather 4 times a day 7 days a week for 8 years. It had to be reported at 7a.m., 10a.m., 1 p.m., 4 p.m. via Telex to Whitehorse. And would I be embarrassed when the odd time I slept in and they would come on the radio that there was no weather report, as it seems those weather reports were very important to the calculation of the whole area weather.

Herb Wahl could tell you more about that I am sure. He was my boss.

Also enclosed is a picture taken of the Weather Station in Jan. of '85 most likely around 1 p.m. as at that area we would only see a touch of the sun between 10a.m. & 2p.m. It would be up on one peak and down on the other. I remember our cat used to crawl up on the couch in the sun spot.

I hope you can deal with the picture as I scanned it from a slide. It is hard to take pictures when it is half dark.

Hope this helps a bit...Cherio, Lois Trembley [granny9t@shaw.ca](mailto:granny9t@shaw.ca) (In Cedar BC)



Photo courtesy Lois Trembley

## **WEATHERWOMAN**

By Lois Trembley

The flakes of snow fall gently down,  
And I can see the dim lights of town.

In the bush the timber crackles,  
And makes old Porky' put up his hackles.

It's 6 A.M. and up I stood,  
Threw on my parka and pulled up my hood.

"I'm The Weather Woman", I announce!  
And into the snow I pounce.

Off to the Weather Station as happy as can be...  
When what to my wondering eyes do I see?

The Mercury has disappeared into the bulb.

And as I peer with my flashlight growing dim,  
I think I see, 52° below in that little Bin.

Suddenly white dancing Spirits float over my head.  
Back and forth and back and forth they move,  
And as I look up, my body moves in rhythm,

It's the spirits of those Miners of gold,  
Long frozen in time, trapped in the wonder so cold.

Still searching for the Mother Load  
She's got to be there somewhere, by jode.

Such beauty I bet would never abide,  
In the Land that those guys call, "The Outside!"



**Frosted Cycle**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson

## **The Frost Cycle**

by Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

The frost cycle came in October this year with first snow surprisingly deep.  
It piled up on fences, caught us defenseless, and covered our plants in a heap.

Our deck chairs and tables were rimed with the stuff before we could pack them away.  
We swept clean the barbecue, put it to bed, to dream of fresh burgers next May.

Caught unawares were the gardening tools. The shovels, the spades and the rake.  
We found them by looking for bumps in the snow, and saved them for next summer's sake.

A trek to the garden shed with all our tools left prints in a carpet so white.  
The snow was already well over our kamiks, tiptoe and sprint though we might.

Dragging in summer stuff, digging out winter stuff; packing it out in a trice.  
Shovels and scoops for the front door and back and a chipper to deal with the ice.

The cycle of seasons in Dawson continues and our summer is now past tense.  
Our memories of that time will soon seem as odd as that cycle that's stuck to my fence.

## **MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN** via his son Terry Machan

Hi Sherron and all;

I have finally landed back home and wanted to give you an update on Dad. It is now 2 months since the accident and he is doing very well. He is talking, eating solid food and taking all of his meds by mouth now.

He has some usable function in both arms, and is learning to drive a power chair (which he is spending up to 6 hrs. per day in,) around the spine ward as well as taking physical therapy in the gym there.

He is now ready to be transferred to G.F. Strong Rehab Center as soon as there is a bed for him. He asked me to let you all know that "he's back". He continues to improve beyond all of the med. staff's expectations, but no less than those who know him well expected.

He thanks you all, (as do I), for your kind wishes for his recovery and says he'll continue working hard.

Sincerely,

Terry Machan [machan\\_terry@hotmail.com](mailto:machan_terry@hotmail.com)

## **CONDOLENCES**

Hi there I have just been catching up on some past Mochtels and have just learned about Susan Butcher and Henry Breaden. I did not know them personally but will miss Henry's stories. He was a great asset to Mochtel and the Yukon in general. As for Susan Butcher, that hits a little closer to home. I remember listening to the radio and serving mushers

coming and going to the races when I was growing up on the Alaska Highway and hearing of her accomplishments. In reading of her passing, it brought back a flood of memories of things gone by and of some of the things that I did in the Yukon. The mushing world and Alaska are going to miss her. My condolences to both of their families.

Tyrone Mogenson [tydonn@hotmail.com](mailto:tydonn@hotmail.com) (In Melville SK)

## **Remembrance Day Service**

The 2006, Remembrance Day service here in Whitehorse was HUGE ...I was quite overcome with emotion at it all.... the skirl of the bagpipes, the marching in of the Mounties in their Red Serge....the retired Military members, Cadets of all ages and above all, the small contingent of Veterans. Quiet dignitary embraced the symbolic white cross Cenotaph in the centre of the hall, guarded by a rotating quartet of smartly dress cadets from The Yukon Regiment Army Cadets and the Royal Canadian Air Cadet Squadron 551.

The service was held at the much large Canada Games Centre... I am quite sure upwards of 1,000 people attended.....barely an empty chair...and lots of room to find a spot to see the ceremony. The Whitehorse Community Choir led the singing and musical accompaniment as did the Midnight Sun Pipe Band. Interestingly, at the beginning, everyone immediately stood, as the Vets walked in...awesome respect...and applauded them heartily!!!! I have not seen that before, up here. We had one young returning soldier from Afghanistan, Pte. Darrell Barker, along with his Mom, Gwen Barker, attend as Guests of Honour, plus Marg Eschak whose son Thomas is in Afghanistan until February. At the end, almost anyone and everyone in Uniform... Brownies, Guides, RCMP. Veterans, etc., were again, warmly applauded as they marched out..... The Legion President, Don Knutson commented that he had been asked by media what he thought of the declining attendance for this particular event, and he had responded "Not here in the Yukon"... He was so right.... It was definitely a vote of confidence for the Canadian Military, whether we want them in that country or not.....the support is there.

Earlier, Red Grossinger, Legion Vice-President, told the media that 30,000 Poppies were available for distribution in the Yukon this year. He mentioned that last year, the Poppy sales enabled the local Legion to donate \$10,000 to the Whitehorse General Hospital. He is hopeful of making a similar donation from this years proceeds. Commissioner Van Bibber was also a guest speaker.

Kathy Gates [kmgates@northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Hello Sherron:

I would be honoured to share my words with other Yukoners. The Ceremony was well done and kudos to Red Grossinger and the Legion for a job well done.

I am almost at my one year anniversary of being Commissioner of Yukon and I am enjoying every minute. There are so many wonderful characters and exciting, interesting happenings in Yukon that I can't begin to name them all. I am thrilled to be a part of it all!

Hello to Bill, take care and I will keep in touch,

Geraldine VanBibber [geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca](mailto:geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca) (In Whitehorse)

*This message shared with us by Geraldine VanBibber, Commissioner of Yukon.*

REMEMBRANCE DAY  
NOVEMBER 11, 2006

**Lest we Forget**

I am honoured to offer a wreath of remembrance on behalf of Canada and it is also a compliment to be asked to speak to you today. Thank you to the Legion.

As a community, it is important to be part of a service that gives one time to reflect on humans, conflict and war.

We can ask ourselves, why remember the past? The world Wars were so long ago and should we not move on? Don't we have wars today – so do they never stop? Are humans doomed to constantly fight and never find peace?

If we lose all hope, we could not move forward. So we must cling to some ideals and pray for a peaceful existence and harmony for all nations.

I was born after WW11 ended and am part of the “baby boomer” generation. From all I have read, that was a fine time. When troops came home and the world was finally able to concentrate on building, expanding and growing both economically and socially.

Each year we stood outside in the cold and snow at the local cenotaph to lay wreaths and say our prayers. I went as a grade schooler, as a brownie, as a guide, as a high schooler and now I attend as an adult. It is still precious and important to me to be a part of the ritual of remembering all the people who fought and died for our freedom.

I make sure I catch the highlights of the ceremonies on TV as well and when I see the veterans sitting in wheel chairs, or standing with canes and those who don't need

supports - smartly saluting, it is moving. Just as we have our local military heroes and their stories with us today.

We cannot give them more time as the years march on, but we can give them our time each year to remember what they have accomplished, what they went through and what they have given.

The Van Bibber family is a well known Yukon family and part of their military history is through Uncles Dan, Archie and Alex who all joined during WW11. Uncle JJ Van Bibber was involved through the newly formed Canadian Rangers in the 40's to protect the homeland. They were trappers and hunters and up to this point had led a subsistence lifestyle but they held the duty to country. As the eldest boys in the family they responded to the call to bring peace at whatever cost.

Many recruits were in the same boat, not knowing exactly where they were going, if they were coming back or what would happen to their families. From farms, small towns, cities and from far north Yukon, they joined. They forged ahead and went with a common goal to conquer the spreading force of the enemy and "do their bit".

The enemy may change but whether it was WW1, WW11, Korean War, Vietnam War, the Gulf War or the current Afghanistan and Iraq war, many countries go to assist. In far away places they take a stand - whether we believe it to be right or wrong.

Canadians have the reputation of being peacekeepers and have sent troops around the world. It is a legacy that we have and I am sure we will continue.

Most often it is political and military leaders that make these decisions that send troops into harms way. It is the soldiers on the ground, the pilots in the air and the seaman on the oceans that take the orders given to try to instill peace in some area of the globe and the ones to be praised.

Unrest, war, civil war, suicide bomber, terrorist. The words or descriptions may change during each conflict but usually the results are the same. If it is not in our back yard and we have not lived through such strife, it is difficult to understand. We can become desensitized and immune to the pictures we see daily on television or in the papers.

Yet men continue to go to battle. Again whether right or wrong, it is the way of countries to assist each other when called upon – these are allies and the world wars may have had a different outcome had the allies not joined forces.

To make small the contributions made by past and present armed forces is not going to happen when we take part each year in these ceremonies and continued traditions. It is a somber occasion and so it should be.

Every community, school, mentor and parent has the obligation and responsibility to instruct young people or their children on what happened and what is happening. It is so

important to keep up with current events, so that we can know and learn from the past. It is a tall order, isn't it?

Humans, just like other animals, are territorial and we have a great desire to protect our space and safety. We protect our family groups. We protect our Community. We protect ourselves. There is a survival instinct that is ingrained but, thank goodness, we have also been given the ability to have compassion and care for others in pain and discomfort.

In early September, I had a young newlywed couple from Nova Scotia come visit me. He is a seaman and he was on leave for his honeymoon. They came to Yukon to visit family and found it appropriate to visit my office. We spoke of his service and how he had always known he would be in the military. He sent me a poem that he had written at age seven and gave me permission to read it to you today:

#### Never Forget Them

On the 11<sup>th</sup> day, on the 11<sup>th</sup> month, on the 11<sup>th</sup> hour we remember them, we observe a minute's silence.

No person should move. We all should think of those who fought for our country. We remember the people who died in war and peacekeepers who fell in the line of duty.

To serve your country, especially a country like Canada is a great honour. To all the people who serve or have served, the Canadian people remember you.

They remember their Grandfathers, Grandmothers, fathers, mothers, Brothers, Sisters and Sons or Daughters. But most of all they remember you.

We all think of you as people we can trust to be there the moment a war hits our country.

I will never forget. The Canadian people will never forget.

By Gary R. T. Croney.

It is people like Gary R.T. Croney that I have the pleasure of meeting and I thank him for finding me.

Lest we Forget - As we carry on - may it always be with compassion and hope. Go in Peace.

## **KNOWING MISS CHEN – LAUNCHED IN WHITEHORSE**

Hello Sherron.

Good to hear you are settled into your winter home and enjoying some relaxing time. You asked me how Jeri's book launch went and I can now reply along with a couple of photos. I took a lot but I wouldn't like to over do the privilege with more.

Jeri's book launch at Mac's Fireweed Books on October 14th was a great experience. Jeri signed books from 1 PM till 3:15 PM when Lise told her she was sold out. Even though it was a "first snow day" the store soon filled up with old friends, neighbours and just

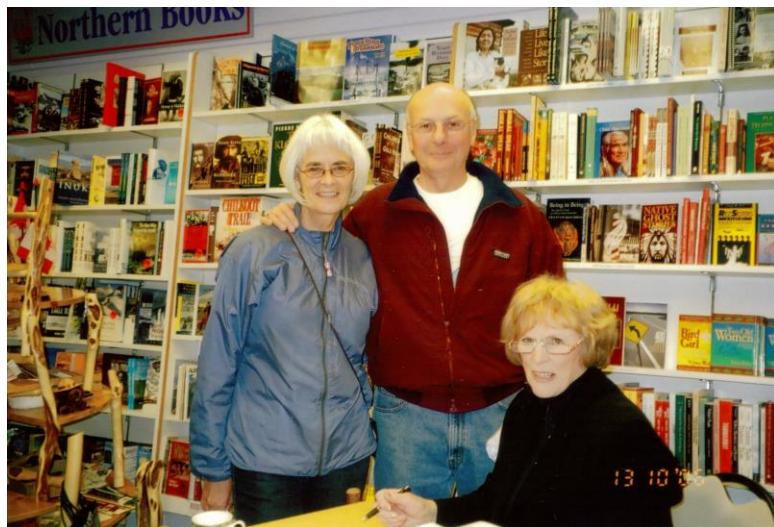
everybody. It was like old home week. The ten days we had in Whitehorse went by far too quickly. Thank you to all who are on Moc Tel and attended the event.

Thank you too Sherron for putting the pre launch notice in Moc Tel it was sincerely appreciated. And thanks to Lise at Mac's and Chris Sorg & Sherry at Murdoch's for their "Yukon support" to Jeri in bringing her first novel out.

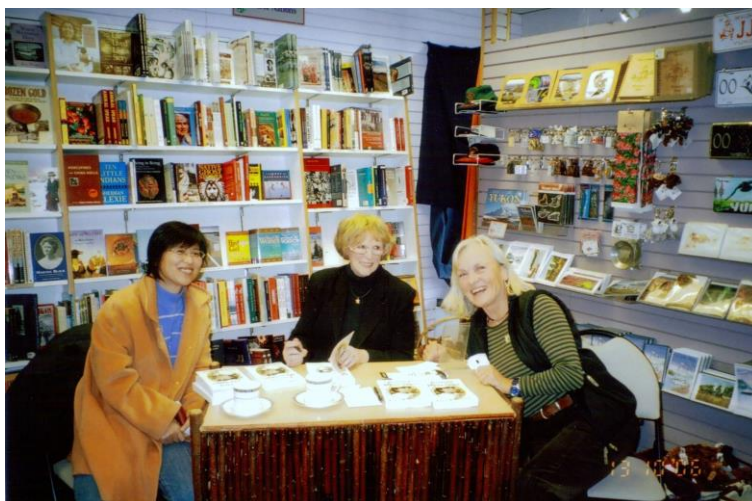
Regards Bill Weigand [bweigand@shaw.ca](mailto:bweigand@shaw.ca) (In Steveston BC)



Jerrine and Lise Schonewille – Mac's Book Buyer.  
Launching "Knowing Miss Chen" - October 14, 2006  
Mac's Fireweed Books – Whitehorse, Yukon



Sue and Ted Staffen ~ Jeri's Book signing October 14, 2006



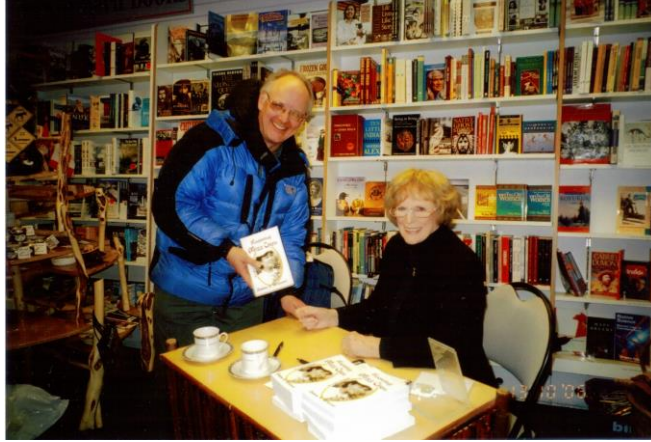
Dr. Sue May Zhang – Jeri Weigand – Lene Nielsen – Oct 14  
Book signing – “Knowing Miss Chen” - Mac’s Fireweed Books



Jerrine and Kim Hudson – Book signing October 14, 2006



Karen Hougen – Jeri – Book signing – October 14, 2006



Jerrine and Author Michael Gates  
The name of his book is "Gold at Fortymile Creek" published by UBC Press.



Goody Sparling, Betty Taylor & Jerrine Weigand  
October 14, 2006 - Book signing – Whitehorse



Ione Christensen & Jeri Weigand  
Book signing - Oct 14, 2006 – Mac's Fireweed Books – Whitehorse

## BC DRIVER'S LICENCE

If you live in BC and are planning a holiday, check your driver's license for the expiry date.

My driver's license comes up for renewal in January, so I just called to find out what to do. They can not accept my request now and I need to call back about December 15<sup>th</sup>. They will then send me a paper copy which will be valid until I get to the Canadian border and then I "will have to have someone else drive" me to get my license.

Bureaucracy never fails to frustrate.

Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) (In Yuma)

PS. It seems my frustration last week with not being able to get the MocTel posted on our own server was not me at all. The power had been off AGAIN and the server had shut down. When I finally cooled down enough think of that as a possibility and phone my neighbor in Vernon to have her reboot it, all is well once more. That is the second time it has been shut down by a power outage and I have it plugged into a battery backup.

## ARTISTIC TALENT



**Encounter**

Wood carving by Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca) (In Vernon BC)

## NOTICE OF SERVICE

This was the notice in Friday's November 10th, Whitehorse Star, page 4:

**DONALD KENNETH EDZERZA**  
October 20, 1933 - November 8th, 2006

"Our beloved father, brother and uncle  
passed away in his sleep in Whitehorse"

Public viewing will take place on Monday,  
November 13th from 7 pm to 9 pm at  
Heritage North Funeral Home.

A Memorial Service will be held at 2 p.m.  
on Tuesday, November 14th, Anglican Church,  
(corner 4th and Elliott)

Internment to follow at Grey Mountain Cemetery.

Dinner at 5 p.m. At Na Kwa Ta Ku Potlatch House.

## **OBIT**

**CRUDEN, John (Jack)** On November 11, 2006 John (Jack) Cruden of Edmonton passed away at the age of 74 years. He is survived by his loving family; children, Doug (Marion) Cruden and Donna Cruden; grandchildren, Shauna and Devin. Uncle Jack will also be missed by his nieces and nephews. Predeceased by his wife, Muriel; brothers and sisters, Mary, Bill and Belle; parents, George and Mary Cruden. Jack's fondest memories were spent in Dawson City, Yukon as a Telephone Lineman, Alderman, Justice of the Peace, Coach, Curler and Ball Player. A Celebration of Jack's life will be held at a later date. For condolences please contact Westlawn Funeral Home at (780) 484-5500 or email at: [hmwestlawnfh@arbormemorial.com](mailto:hmwestlawnfh@arbormemorial.com) Many thanks to the Capital Care Grandview staff for the years of care for Jack. In lieu of other tributes, donations may be made to the charity of the donor's choice. Howard & McBride Westlawn Chapel 484-5500  
Published in the Edmonton Journal on 11/12/2006.

*Jack was receiving the MocTel via his son Doug. – Sherron*  
CRUDEN, Jack [doug.cruden@moradnet.ca](mailto:doug.cruden@moradnet.ca) (In Swift River, Dawson, Whitehorse, CN - 1990) Edmonton

### **Johnson, Desmond Wellwood**

Dad passed away suddenly on Nov 2 ,2006 at the age of 80. Born in Vancouver on May 6, 1926 where he enjoyed his youth with his brothers Emmett & Denny. **In 1954 he married Effie Kerluke and they moved to P.G., where they had two daughters, Carol and Bette before he moved to Whitehorse, Yukon. He worked for Whitepass as a heavy duty mechanic until his retirement. He moved to Fruitvale and then**

**Castlegar, where he managed a Retirement Centre** before moving to Penticton and was re-united with his brothers. As a member of the Penticton Flying club, he was able to pursue his life long hobby of building, flying and re-building remote control airplanes. He will be sincerely missed by daughters, Carol (Andrew Purvis) Johnson of Hudson's Hope, BC, Bette (Brad) Willson of Calgary, AB, Grandchildren Marina & Tyler, and his nieces and nephews.

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**CALDER, Dr. Frank Arthur** OC, OBC, LLD, AOC, D.D., L.TH. Died on the 4th day of November, 2006, in Victoria, at the age of 91 after a long and distinguished career. The Little Chief" is survived by his wife Tamaki Calder and his son Erick Arthur Mamoru Calder. Dr. Calder was born in 1915 in Nass Harbour, a former cannery located across from Kincolith at the mouth of the Nass River. His adoptive parents were Chief Arthur Na-Gua-On Calder and Louisa Leask. He attended residential school and worked as a tallyman for B.C. Packers in Prince Rupert. Dr. Calder achieved many firsts during his lifetime. He was the first status Indian to attend U.B.C., graduating with a theology degree in 1946. In 1949 he was elected to the British Columbia Legislature for the CCF, the first native to be elected to a Canadian Parliament.

He represented the **Atlin** constituency in northwest B.C. for a total of 26 years for the CCF, the NDP and the Social Credit party. In 1972 he became the first native to be appointed to a cabinet in Canada. Dr. Calder was a tireless champion of equality for aboriginal peoples. He was a founder of the Nisga'a Tribal Council in 1955 and served as its President for 20 years and later as a consultant. He was named Chief of Chiefs" by the four Nisga'a clans. He is perhaps best known for the quest for a just settlement of the land question in the case Calder v. The Attorney General of B.C. The 1973 Supreme Court of Canada decision established for the first time that Aboriginal title exists in Canadian law and provided the legal foundation on which the Nisga'a Treaty was ultimately negotiated. Dr. Calder made an enormous contribution as a peaceful warrior, as Chief of Chiefs, to the noble purpose of creating a society made up of peoples who have chosen freely to live and work together in a new relationship based on trust, respect of the land and its creatures, justice, and the rule of law." Among his awards and honours are: inducted to Canada's First Nations Hall of Fame; President Emeritus, Nisga'a Tribal Council; Aboriginal Order of Canada; Officer, Order of Canada; Order of British Columbia; Doctor of Divinity; Doctor of Laws; Licentiate in Theology; National Aboriginal Lifetime Achievement Award.

A memorial service will be held at Christ Church Cathedral in Victoria on Thursday, November 16, 2006 at 11:00 a.m. The Calder family wish to thank the staff and volunteers of Saanich Peninsula Hospital Palliative Care Unit for their compassionate care of Dr. Calder. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Saanich Peninsula Hospital Foundation, 2166 Mt. Newton X Road, Saanichton, BC V8M 2B2 or to the charity of the donor's choice.

Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 11/11/2006.

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Sorry your message to [maralm1@yahoo.com](mailto:maralm1@yahoo.com) cannot be delivered. This account has been disabled or discontinued  
Marjorie Almstrom

## NEW ADDITIONS

Yes we would like to get the newsletter thank you Pat and Merv Peel  
[pattipeel@shaw.ca](mailto:pattipeel@shaw.ca)

Merv is a brother to George and Jim Peel and Merv is the only one left also Laura Gloslee was their sister. We live in Powell River BC, it's on the sunshine coast but lately hasn't been too sunny, you have to take a ferry to get here from Vancouver or from out of Courtney from the island; its built all along the water so is quite lovely. Harry Gloslee also lives here. Have to go hope you have a good winter sincerely Pat & Merv Peel

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Shoot for the moon, and even if you miss, you will land among the stars.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Karren (North) Crowley [kbcrowley@telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (In Sidney)

Now that Halloween is over I will try and get a recipe off to you that is our "favorite" xmas goodie. I will send more if you need later. Hope your still enjoying your warm weather...we are in the start of the monsoon season and it's not letting us down!

### Cherry Almond Shortbread

1 cup butter (margarine)  
1 cup brown sugar  
2 cups sifted flour  
1/2 cup candied cherries (chopped)  
1/2 cup slivered almonds

Cream butter and sugar gradually, work in flour then cherries & almonds. Shape into long logs and wrap in foil. Chill till hard, slice roll with thin shape knife to desired thickness and bake at 325 degrees for 10-20 min. depending on thickness.....enjoy.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Just want to let Yukoners know that the reduced room fee at the **River Rock Resort** (\$149.00 plus tax) is available for the whole weekend relative to our annual banquet March 31, 2007. Nice of them we think!!

They are actually now taking reservations for those of you who like to plan ahead. We are looking for a good turnout this year. Carol Clarke will be on the internet with more reminders as time draws nearer. Christmas first of course. In the meantime, pass the word. For more information re email you can contact **Carol Clarke** at [clclarke\\*shaw.ca](mailto:clclarke*shaw.ca) or **Helen Munro** [hmunro\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro*shaw.ca)

Oh yes, tickets are still \$55.00 each. Remember - the Resort offers lots to do before and after our soiree.

Hope to see you all in March. Helen Munro

## **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**

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c/o Sherron Jones

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