

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 198th Edition – March 25th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Fog – Dawson – March 9, 2007

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

From Winter's Frozen Depths

by Dan Davidson

March 9, 2007

The Old Territorial Building was shrouded in ice fog this day.
And the Trekkers from Tok had to get their rides fixed before they could go on their way.

And Dawsonites shivered down deep in their parkas and thought how their fortunes had turned,
and cursed themselves roundly at thoughts of that January weather they had spurned.

After three weeks of straight minus 30 to 40, Global Warming, it seemed, was a tease.
The chills and the flu and the colds and the gripe seemed to drive us right down to our knees.

Then on TV the news was of floods and tornados and ice storms - the planet seemed cursed;
and all of a sudden it seemed cold was nothing, that everyone else had it worse.

In the light of that thought, as the noon hour approached, even the fog seemed less arch,
and I thought, as I hastened to snap this shot, that it usually gets nicer in March.



Qualicum Beach, BC

The herring are coming, the herring are coming.

March 12, 2007 - Quite a site from our front window today. At one point I counted 47 seiners in the bay. You'd wonder how they keep from running into each other. – Gus

BISHOPS COVE.

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

A stretch of gravel road, a mile or two perhaps,
A fishing village perched beside the sea.
So small, it can't be found, on many maps
But memories keep coming back to me.
Of growing up, the places where we played,
Of trouting poles, of rolling hoops, and tops.
Of randying on slides our fathers made,
Down snow clad hills, the fun that never stops.

Of Uncle Joe's stage head, of sculpins caught,
Of Bella's Plain, the boats we sailed, the brook.
Of Bonfire Night, the barrels that we burned.
(And also of the barrels that we took.)
Of berry picking out upon the hills,
A stop for lunch of "lassy bread" and tea.
A dip in Neddy Smith's pond, so cold it chills.
How it all keeps coming back to me.

The house upon the hill, where once I dwelt,
Looks out across the bay at Mad Rock Cove.

The rollers breaking on the rocks, I felt
Were calling me to leave it all and rove.
And as I grew older, I well knew,
That I would go away for ever more.
But I never will forget the friends I knew,
Where I grew up, along that rocky shore.

Where are they now, the boys and girls I knew?
“You never can go home again”, 'tis said.
My bosom buddy sailed in navy blue,
While I went north to wear the coat of red.
Some stayed and built a life and prospered there,
Some live in towns and cities, country wide.
Some have troubles that are difficult to bear,
And sometimes I hear that, sadly, one has died.

But, sometimes I wonder if, like me, they harken back
To a time when we were young and full of schemes.
When we didn't have much money, but there never was a lack
Of fun and joy and happiness, and dreams.
Do they see that rocky coastline, see the meadows and the banks,
See the flocks of seagulls soaring up above?
And do they sometimes bow their heads, and offer up their thanks,
For the lessons that we learned, in Bishops Cove.

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 26

LADY OF THE CAPE

During my years of flying I never knew whom or what I would be carrying, but the uncertainty kept life interesting. One unusual load was four Catholic priests and The Lady of the Cape.

The priest in Dawson came to see me about chartering my Beaver to fly to Fort McPherson, Aklavik, Mayo and Dawson, with four priests and a statue making up the load.

The priest in charge of the statue told me that it was most valuable and revered, The Lady of the Cape, on a tour of churches in Canada from its home in Italy. This was the first time it had ever been in Canada and was considered a very great event.

We settled the beautiful Lady of the Cape in the rear of the cabin where her 4 foot height

fitted in just right. One priest sat beside her; in fact he never left her a moment during the entire trip, and two more sat on the centre seats and the fourth in the co-pilot's seat.

I took off with a full load and a well filled cabin, and it was a warm day in July.

My route from Dawson to Ft. McPherson followed the north Klondike River 75 miles to the Klondike Pass which marked the Arctic watershed, then down the Blackstone River another 75 to where it meets the Peel River. From the mouth of the Blackstone to McPherson is approximately 200 miles. The first 150 miles out of Dawson were smooth sailing, but when we were just over the Arctic Circle the weather started to deteriorate. We were flying in a driving rain which turned to snow and took visibility with it. I followed the Peel River and we were down to 100 feet above the water.

The trip didn't bother the Lady of the Cape but the rest of the passengers looked very relieved when I landed at McPherson. Word had been radioed ahead of our approximate time of arrival and there were several people to meet us. The statue was carried to the church where the congregation had a half hour service.

We all got loaded back in again and I took off and an hour later landed at Aklavik where about a hundred people were there to greet us and again the young priest was a busy man supervising the unloading and loading and transportation of the statue.

At Aklavik the display and service took about 2 hours and during that time I was servicing the aircraft and getting ready for our return trip over the mountains to Mayo.

It was about 6 p.m. by the time we all got settled in again, but in July I had no concern about the lack of daylight, I knew it would be light all night, but I was concerned about the weather through the Ogilvie Mountains.

From Aklavik to Mayo meant a four hour flight and just as I had expected, we hit bad weather at the summit, mixed snow and rain and visibility was cut to no more than ½ mile. It was a bad thirty minutes which must have been a long half hour for my passengers. I looked at the priest beside me and he was busily arranging his beads. It reminded me of when I was flying Bishop Coudert in northern B.C. and we ran into similar rough conditions and he too worked on his beads. I appreciated any and all assistance in these circumstances. The Lady of the Cape just kept on smiling.

About 20 miles north of Mayo the weather cleared and it was 10 o'clock when we landed at Mayo. It had been a long, tiring day for the priests who were thankful that that part of the Lady of the Cape's month long cross country tour was behind them.

I hadn't thought for a minute that we would have any serious trouble.

To be continued

ANOTHER PIECE MISSED IN THE LOST MOCTEL 195

Thank you Alice for sending it again. – Sherron



Alice Breaden holding son Roy, James “Spot Cash” Breaden sitting next to wife “Kate” who is holding Lura, far right Henry Breaden.

Photo courtesy Aileen (Miller) Dobrovitz (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron, Yes Aileen had this picture. I don't remember who took it. We lived in the NCPC house on Donjeck then Henry built our split level across the street. I think it was about 1968 I am no good at remembering dates, (Henry was very good at that) I can always remember what I wore though !

In the photo is myself, Roy, Henry's Dad James Breaden (Spot Cash) Henry's Mom Kate and Lura and Henry. Henry's folk's had come up for a holiday after they had retired "outside" to Haney.

Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Dawson Curling Club Roster

I believe the curling roster and schedule I am submitting is from **1956**. I noted the name of Irish nurse, Gae Williams. She left ahead of me. Submitting the roster to the MocTel might help people to recall people they knew from that time. When I saw the names, I could picture most of the faces. The first names, I wrote in pencil back then. Therefore, I believe they are accurate.

Hopefully, the curling roster print will be easy to read. It would be nice to know if people were able to read the Frank Smith poem and if anyone knows who it was he was visiting in Dawson, back in 1957. I haven't heard from anyone, to date.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw)

Dawson Curling Club

Rink personnel -

<u>Skip</u>	<u>Third</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Lead</u>
<u>Group A</u>			
J. Sealey	D. Fields	B. Williams	E. Gowanlock
A. Hill	Ted Thomas	Ruth Troberg	Ruth Challand
K.D. MacRae	R. Pollard	I. Hooks	Olga Nelson
M. Hill	M. Schwarz	N. Rostdole	Doug Smith
J. Wakley	I. Rushmere	H. Mueller	J. Hooks
<u>Group B</u>			
J.F. Cook	F.L. Cook	E. Rath	G. Williams
John Braga	J. Popoff	Miss Stillwell	V. Smith
W. Crayford	S. Cook	R. Hestoule (cards)	Red Challand
J. Olson	J. Strachan	W. Mueller	M. Manary
E. Schink	L. Crayford	A. Retallack	D. Farr
A.A. Elliott	A. Shaw	J. Meierhoffer	Marie Thomas
<u>Group C</u>			
M. Munroe	R. Moller	I. Corner	J. Whitehouse
H. Bugara (Nancy)	L. Crayford	T. Retallack Sr.	B. Shailer
D. Ross	L. Munroe	S. Rivers	J. Scott
Jim Cook	E. Hadeau	Joe Braga	Y. Salois
B. Wakley	M. Comadina	A. Gillespie	S. Chorney
E. Blomberg	Jean Cook	H. Parckan	S. Haines

Spares: Heather Munroe, Sharon Redmond, Don Shailer, George Butterworth.

Yvonne Fair

Schedule

<u>Date</u>	<u>Ice</u>	<u>7 p.m.</u>	<u>9 p.m.</u>
Monday, Dec. 5th	1	J.F. Cook - J. Braga	W. Crayford - J. Olson
	2	E. Schink - A. Elliott	J. Sealey - A. Hill
Tuesday, Dec. 6th	1	M. Munroe - H. Bugara	K. MacRae - M. Hill
	2	B. Wakley - E. Blomberg	D. Ross - Jim Cook
Wed., Dec. 7th	1	J. Braga - W. Crayford	J. Sealey - J. Wakley
	2	J.F. Cook - A. Elliott	J. Olson - E. Schink
Thurs., Dec. 8th	1	H. Bugara - D. Ross	Jim Cook - B. Wakley
	2	M. Munroe - E. Blomberg	A. Hill - K. MacRae
Friday, Dec. 9th	1	W. Crayford - A. Elliott	J. Braga - J. Olson
	2	J.F. Cook - E. Schink	M. Hill - J. Wakley
Monday, Dec. 12th	1	M. Munroe - B. Wakley	J. Sealey - K. MacRae
	2	E. Blomberg - D. Ross	H. Bugara - Jim Cook
Tuesday, Dec. 13th	1	E. Schink - W. Crayford	J.F. Cook - J. Olson
	2	A. Elliott - J. Braga	A. Hill - M. Hill
Wednesday, 14th	1	B. Wakley - D. Ross	K. MacRae - J. Wakley
	2	E. Blomberg - H. Bugara	M. Munroe - Jim Cook
Thursday, 15th	1	J.F. Cook - W. Crayford	J. Olson - A. Elliott
	2	J. Braga - E. Schink	J. Sealey - M. Hill
Monday, Dec. 19th	1	M. Munroe - D. Ross	A. Hill - J. Wakley
	2	H. Bugara - B. Wakley	Jim Cook - E. Blomberg

" Don't forget your horseshoes! "

SUN DOGS

Have you ever seen two or three Sundogs. From our daughter Nikki's. This happened while we were there. Nikki took them on Green Crescent at about 5PM. on March the 5th. Apparently they were really visible from Main Street that day. – Bill Weigand



Photos taken on Green Crescent in Whitehorse

Photos courtesy Bill Weigand & daughter Nikki bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston BC)



Three sun dogs – 5pm March 5 2007

Green Crescent – Riverdale – Whitehorse, Yukon

City grew 7.4 per cent in five years: census

By Julia Skikavich - Whitehorse Star - March 13, 2007

According to the first numbers released from the 2006 census, the City of Whitehorse has outpaced the rest of Canada in terms of growth over the last five years.

The data put out today show the population rose by 7.4 per cent from 2001 until 2006 and was resting at 20,461 people when the census was conducted.

The population of Whitehorse was 19,058 in 2001, according to the Statistics Canada report.

During that same period, the population of Canada grew at a rate of 5.4 per cent, with a national population of 31.6 million people.

The territory as a whole grew 5.9 per cent and now has a population of 30,372, states the report. It is up from the 2001 census numbers, which placed the Yukon at 28,674 people. Lake Laberge saw the largest percentage change, jumping by 137.5 per cent or growing from 16 people counted in 2001 to 38 now.

Carcross is also listed as showing major growth at 117.8 per cent, rising from 152 people in 2001 to 331 in 2006.

The census says the community of Kloo Lake, which is listed as sitting on Kilometre 1,669 on the Alaska Highway, as having the largest percentage decrease – falling by 100 per cent. The numbers show the population of five dropped to zero.

Meanwhile, the community with the next-largest fall in population is Swift River, dropping by 33.3 per cent with five of the 15 people counted in 2001 no longer living there.

Dawson City grew by 6.1 per cent and is now listed as having a population of 1,327. Haines Junction's population is up to 589, according to Statistics Canada – a 10.9 per cent growth from 2001.

Watson Lake saw a decrease of 7.2 per cent as its population fell from 912 people in 2001 to the 846 counted last year.

All three northern territories recorded growth in the 2006 census and for the first time, their combined population has passed the 100,000 mark.

Nunavut's population grew by 10.2 per cent with a head count of 29,474 while the Northwest Territories continues to have the largest population in the North with 41,462 people – an 11 per cent increase from 2001.

Statistics Canada credits the population growth to a predominantly natural increase and a high fertility rate among the aboriginal population.

Fertility rates in the territories are much higher than in the provinces, states Statistics Canada, while the North experiences relatively lower levels of immigration compared to the rest of the country.

Of the immigration that did occur in the territories, it predominantly came from other provinces and not from the international community, says the report.

Despite the growing numbers in the North, the population density remains sparse.

The 101,310 residents living in the three territories occupy less than 0.5 per cent of the 3.5 million square km of land.

In the Yukon, the population density of the 474,711 km squared of land is listed as 0.1 people per square km.

For the Northwest Territories and Nunavut, the population density is listed as zero.

Of the northern population, approximately 47 per cent of the people live in one of the three capital cities.

About 75 per cent of the Yukon's population is residing in Whitehorse.

Yes you can use the story on the Census - and cut what you don't need. The weather here has turned blustery again. Brrrr it's cold!! It keeps snowing; the north wind is blowing and -20 at night. There's one reprieve - it's now warmer during the day. There is so much snow this year I can't keep up with it - I think we've had over 5 feet so far.

The Canada Winter Games are over (Yippee!) and for all the hard work put in by everyone at the Star, we are celebrating with a slew of Pizzas.

I remember in the old days (1970's) when the Star was on Main Street, we celebrated big events or extra big newspapers with beer on the roof (during the summer). Sometimes, we just celebrated Fridays. All compliments of the Whitehorse Star and then publisher Bob Erlam.

Whitehorse was a lot of fun in the late 60's and 70's before laws were enacted to protect us from ourselves. How did we ever manage?

Jackie Pierce (Mar 16, 2007) (In Whitehorse)

Neither Snow, nor Rain, nor Heat - but perhaps Cold Weather

by Dan Davidson

February 25, 2007

After a week in the -40 to -45 range, even the hearty mail service feels inclined to pack it in for a bit - or at least until it gets a little warmer. This sign was displayed on the Canada Post office in Dawson City on Saturday afternoon.

Legend has it that the motto of the American postal service, "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds", is based on an original from Herodotus (484?-425? BCE) in which the Greek "Father of History" gave this account of a courier service then in existence in Persia (present day Iran).

"It is said that as many days as there are in the whole journey, so many are the men and horses that stand along the road, each horse and man at the interval of a day's journey; and these are stayed neither by snow nor rain nor heat nor darkness from accomplishing their appointed course with all speed." (Bartleby's Quotations - Bartleby.com)

Clearly those ancient messengers did not have to face the coldest part of a Yukon winter. (This interruption lasted only two days.)

TAGISH ANNE

I remember someone mentioning Tagish Anne in the MocTel recently. Just ran across a picture of her that I took myself back in the late 1950's, I think it was. If you'd like to put it in MocTel feel free to do so. Thought it might tweak some more memories from someone. She made wonderful peanut butter cookies!



Tagish Anne

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

ANDREA DORIA

A few months ago, a vague memory crossed my mind, a memory that a family in Whitehorse lost mother and daughter on July 25, 1956, when the ocean liner "Andrea Doria" sank. My memory includes visions of the grieving husband and son. I think the man had a mens' clothing store in Whitehorse.

I asked Les McLaughlin about this, but he couldn't recall anything. I also asked Tim Kinvig to have a look at Whitehorse Star editions (at Yukon Archives) of the days or weeks that followed this tragedy. He found nothing, so perhaps a note about my memory in the MocTel would bring some facts to light. If nothing comes of it, maybe it was just an episode in my 12-year-old imagination, but I don't think so.

Thanks again.

Ralph rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

For details of the date, route and demise of the Andrea Doria see –
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/SS_Andrea_Doria#Deaths

The fact that it was enroute from Genoa Italy to New York may be a clue. Was their an Italian merchant in Whitehorse. – Sherron

DOROTHY THOMPSON

This is a picture of Dorothy Thompson (center) and left Harry and Clair Weiss owners of Ida's Motel at Beaver Creek YT, on the right is Jim and Ruth Neely new owners, I'm thinking 1982 they bought the place and ran it.



Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

Dorothy Thompson was a real northern character, full of jokes, talent, artist, craftsman, she was well known at Beaver Creek although she lived just across the line in Alaska, she loved Canada and became a Canadian citizen, in 1982. She was the postmistress at the border and also the broker for the big trucks going through to Alaska so quite often while down visiting she would have to run back home (19 miles) do the paper work get to get a truck on his way and then come back down to continue her visit. She put a lot of miles on visiting back and forth. She was married to late husband Bucko and had a son Stag who lived in Anchorage AK.

It was on one of her trips that she was blinded by the setting sun something we have all experienced living up that far north, and wondered on to the wrong side of the road she hit a semi truck and was fatally hurt, she was flown to Vancouver but passed away on the operating table. This was a great loss to the area around Beaver Creek as there was no better entertainer than Dorothy and her splendid sense of humour, with her talent and humour she had the place in stitches all the time.

These are two painting she did for me, the one of Otter Falls took her over two years and when she finished she said" it's an original" that was the hardest picture she had ever painted (because the water is coming towards the front of picture) she said she'd never do another one like that. I had given her a picture I took and a five dollar bill to go by. The one I believe Weldon from Mayne Island took. The other is a northern lights scene.



Otter Falls painting by Dorothy Thompson
Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)



Northern Lights scene by Dorothy Thompson
Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

A MESSAGE FROM ALICE BREADEN

I can't take credit for all of this – so this is for all of you who are making Alice's life a little more interesting. – Sherron

Hi Sherron, Just wanted to drop a line and tell you how much I *appreciate* the MocTel. Through it I have made friends from different parts of Yukon that I correspond with regularly, that I look forward to hearing from; and even getting to meet some of them that I never would have if it wasn't for the Moccasin Telegraph. I look forward to the weekly edition just like I used to wait for, "the mail man" and those letters from "home", when we first moved down here.

Thanks again. Cheerio, Alice Braden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo BC)



Spring Flowers

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

REMEMBERING HARRY EWING

Sherron: Now I definitely know that the #194 Moc Tel never arrived. Thank you again for sending it to me.

In the message that Peter Dorman wrote about Harry Ewing from Bedford, Que:
I am from a small community called Stanbridge East, Que, just 4 miles from Bedford. I had to take my last 3 years of high school in Bedford High. My mother worked for "The Torrington Company" in Bedford where most people from the outlying communities worked. Her boss was Harry Ewing and I can still remember her saying that he was the best boss that anyone could ever ask for. This would have been in the late 40's as I left home for nurse's training in Montreal in '49. Many years later, I met Harry Ewing in Whitehorse and enjoyed our short talk. I was sorry not to have met him again, 'cause he remembered my mother so long ago. This is another great memory!!

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

HARRY EWINGS PART IN HARVEY BURIANS BIRTH

Hi Brownie,

Thanks for including me in the message to Sherron. I'm glad that you were able to also relate to the story and memories about Harry Ewing.

You may have seen an earlier story I did for the MocTel that told how Harry was involved in my entry into this world. He was the RCCS station manager in Mayo at the time of my birth and had to call the plane enroute to Dawson City out of the air to divert it to Mayo so that my mother (and me inside her) and her attendants Agnes Andison and Olive Kinsey could be flown to Dawson City to St Mary's Hospital to allow Dr. Allan Duncan and the nursing Sisters to provide care during my premature birth. A side aspect of this story is that I am told a large quantity of turkeys had to be unloaded and left in Mayo so that we could all be put onto the aircraft. Apparently, this caused a delay in Dawsonites getting their Christmas turkey's in 1944!

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

DR ALLAN DUNCAN

I sent a copy of my note to Harvey. He was so good to write me back and in his note he sure prompted another good memory from my early nursing days, regarding Dr. Allan Duncan. I think this is funny how just a name or a line can click your old brain.
Brownie



L. to R.: Joan, Pat C., Clarence Craig, Dr. Allen Duncan.

Right - Dr. Allan Duncan (*spelling change is verified*)

Photo courtesy Joan (Callison) Rodschat – from ‘Pack Dogs to Helicopters’

Harvey and Sherron:

Harvey, you've sparked another good memory for me.-----

In 1950 I arrived in Vancouver at the Grace Hospital where I nursed for 10 months. I was always in the case room, never on a ward; I loved helping to deliver babies and naturally, had my favourite doctors. I can say that the most fatherly and lovingly doctor that I met there was a doctor named Allan Duncan. One afternoon when I came on shift, there was Dr. Duncan in the case room waiting for the Mom to deliver. We had lots of time to talk and out of the clear blue sky, he said to me, "Why do you look so sad tonight, Miss Brown?" I answered, "I am very lonely for my Mom, I think I should go home to Quebec soon". Of course I was only 20 years old at the time and this was my first time away from home. Dr. Duncan said, "you can not go home now, you haven't seen anything yet, you must go and nurse in the Yukon first." Well in school, I remember learning a bit about Whitehorse, but the name of Dawson City didn't register at this time. Dr. Duncan took the bull by the horns and got in touch with Sister Superior and right after the terrible fire of their wonderful hospital, they needed another nurse, especially one that could deliver babies as she would be alone on an 8 hour night shift. Well, Dr. Duncan talked so highly of St. Mary's Hospital and also knowing that he had been there for 12 years (I believe) and then his brother Barry was the local and only doctor in St. Mary's at this time. Well, I did take his advice and in 3 weeks, flew to Dawson. I loved Sr. Mary Laurina, who was the nursing sister, my boss. She taught me so much in the next 10 months. We had to 'make do' with what we had as we were by this time nursing in the NWMP Barrocks on front street. Very different coming from a hospital that had everything at your finger tips.

Many years later I met Dr. Duncan at our Yukoners luncheons. What good talks we had together especially when he heard that I met Pete Foth three days after arriving in Dawson City and was never lonesome again. How he laughed when I told him that when Pete asked me to marry him, I said, "yes, only if we can be married in my Anglican church in Stanbridge East, Que. where I was baptized and confirmed". This happened and the rest is history!!!!

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

Hi Brownie,

Thanks for sharing your experience with Dr Allan Duncan. My mother always spoke highly of him and I had the privilege of meeting him several times as an adult, once in our home in Mayo when he visited, and a number of times at the Vancouver Yukoners' Association dinners. I doubt that there are many people my age who were born in Dawson or Mayo, and perhaps even some in Whitehorse, who were not brought into the world by Dr Duncan. He notes in "Medicines, Madams and Mounties" that he delivered over 300 babies during his 14 years in the Yukon from 1933 to 1947. Another aside.

Our 3, now adult, children were all born in Grace Hospital in Vancouver in the 1970s. As you know that hospital, run by the Salvation Army, is no more.

I'm sure many of the MocTel readers will have a memory or two about Dr. Allan Duncan and hopefully this will spur them on to share some of them.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

HARVEY'S COUSIN ETC.

At the same time that Harvey's message came in as a reply to Brownie, another message came in from his cousin Margaret (Burian) Underwood in San Jacinto California. Harvey Burian and his wife were recently in Palm Springs for a convention and visited Margaret. I mentioned this in a message to Harvey and Brownie with these results. Keep in mind Harvey and Brownie Foth have not met but have been in touch over the previous two topics. Now it looks like they will meet at the Vancouver Yukoners Banquet March 31st.

Hope each of you who can make the date at the River Rock Casino will also make a point of saying hello to Harvey and Brownie and tell them you read about them in the MocTel. The count for those attending this year's banquet is now over double that of last year and in excess of 200. Congratulations to those organizing the event and keeping us all up to date. – Sherron

Sherron,

We had a good visit with Margaret, although, as she said, it was too short.

Brownie, Margaret's parents are Rudy and Yvonne Burian who lived down at Stewart Island. My cousins Linda (Burian) Taylor and Ivan Burian still live in Dawson City. Margaret is living in San Jacinto, CA, about 50 miles from Palm Springs where we were last week for a conference.

Harvey Burian

Harvey: Of course we knew Rudy and Yvonne very, very well. Pete was a pallbearer for Rudy. Linda goes to our St. Paul's church in Dawson and Ivan is such a good guy. All the Burian family were very well respected in Dawson. When Thistle Creek Dredge closed down, Pete bought the beautiful huge Gold Scale from the company and it was Rudy who got it from Thistle creek and brought it to Dawson for Pete, in his boat. Our daughter, Debbie and her family who still live in Dawson has it now. I hope it never leaves the Dawson area. For many years after Pete made our beautiful log home on 8th Ave. it was placed on our huge fireplace that Pete also made.

It's been fun chatting with you, Harvey, especially knowing that you were BORN in the hospital that I nursed in for such a long time. Both our girls were born there in Room #13. It was the private room and largest one at the end. I hear that it is made into a coffee room now for Parks Canada employees. If I get to the Banquet, maybe we can have a few minutes chat, I hope so.

Brownie Foth

Hi Again Brownie,

Actually I was not born in the "new" St Mary's Hospital where you would have worked. I was born in the old St Mary's Hospital that was located under the slide and that burnt down. It was often told to us as a bit of joke that after having me and several of my friends who were born around the same time (mid to late 1940s), the hospital had to be destroyed because of our presence. Tragically one or two of the nursing Sisters, I believe, lost their lives in the hospital when it burned on January 10, 1950.

Harvey Burian

Harvey: Yes, I should have realized that you were probably born in the BIG beautiful St. Mary's. I arrived in Dawson March 22nd, 1951. (33 below 0) Some cold, especially since I had to use the "outhouse" behind the office at the airport. Our plane tried twice to leave from W.H. in the ice fog, but wasn't able to go very far, and finally the third time we tried, we did make it all the way to Dawson, but the fog wasn't nice..... It was good that I lived in the Commissioner's Residence for about 8 months on the top floor and had a little room of my own. 2 nurses from Grace Hospital followed me and roomed together in the Commissioner's residence so I really had no reason to be lonely. Then we 3 nurses were asked to move to the BLACK House over on 5th Ave. There again I had a room by myself as I was the senior there. I loved that place also on the second floor. Now they have the swimming pool right there. Yes, a very elderly Nun lost her life in the fire. The story goes that her candle that she was reading by, fell and she was burned and died. Now, of course, they have the very nice Health Clinic with 2 or 3 doctors there; also a beautiful nurse's residence. It serves the community of Dawson very well. By this time, 1969, when we returned to Dawson from a stint of 4 years in Beaver Creek Customs, the single nurses had to live in, and so I turned to being a Social Worker for the last 7 working years. I liked my job but it could never satisfy me like nursing could.

Well, again, it's been fun reminiscing with you Harvey.

Brownie Foth (In White Rock BC)

Hi Brownie,

I have very much enjoyed "chatting" with you too. I am planning on being at the Vancouver Yukoners' dinner so I will be sure to connect with you and have a further talk. While I never had the privilege of living in Dawson, despite being born there, because I had two aunts and uncles (Amanda & Charlie Rendell and Martha & Phil Collins) who lived there, as well as Uncle Rudy and Aunt Yvonne down at Stewart and a number of cousins, including Wilda & Newt Webster, plus many friends, in Dawson I have always felt right at home amongst people from Dawson City.

Take care.

Harvey Burian (In Parksville BC)

MESSAGE FROM DONNA MCLEAN

Here is the info on the CNT/NWT reunion – the contact is rdixon@whtvcble.com

Good news is the dragon boat for the breast cancer team in Kelowna is in the making....my brother Jack and I were thrilled when they called it – ‘Muriels Spirit’. Stay warm.

Donna (Needham) Mclean keebird*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

IDITAROD – 2007

Submitted by Donna Clayson (In Ardrossan AB)

Anchorage Daily News

Mackey's spectacular tale won't reach ears of Outside sports fans

Beth Bragg





Funny how Alaskans always manage to capture the nation's attention when they do or say something silly, but become invisible when they do something remarkable.

I'm talking about **Lance Mackey** and his storybook journey into sports history. His back-to-back victories in the world's longest and gnarliest sled-dog races set a new standard for toughness in Alaska but barely registered a blip Outside. About 18 hours after Mackey had crossed the finish line in Nome to add the Iditarod championship to the Yukon Quest title he won exactly four weeks earlier, I called ESPN Radio in Connecticut to ask if Mackey's feat had been reported on any of the network's many news reports.

It had not.

Here in Alaska, people are celebrating the team of wonderdogs that helped Mackey coin a new phrase -- Iditaquest champion -- and script a story every bit as compelling as anything the world of sports has served up in recent memory.

Outside, the only dogs getting attention are the underdog basketball teams hoping for a March Madness upset.

"To be honest -- and it's unfortunate -- but people don't care. They don't understand it," said John Seibel, a former Anchorage sportscaster who now hosts a four-hour nightly talk show that airs nationwide on ESPN Radio. "It's pretty frustrating to me because I covered it for three years. In the Lower 48 it gets a little blurb when it's over, and then you've got idiots like (radio host) Jim Rome who, whenever a dog dies, jumps all over it and calls it the I-Killed-A-Dog."

It's disheartening to remember how the national media fawned over a legally blind musher who placed 57th in last year's race. Mackey's story is far better, yet it's not getting much play outside Alaska.

He's the Lance Armstrong of mushing, a cancer survivor who has endured as much as any athlete in headlines today.

A softball-sized lump was removed from his neck, along with his salivary glands and some muscle, after Mackey was diagnosed with squamous cell carcinoma in the months between the 2001 and 2002 Iditarods. He was still undergoing treatment when he entered the 2002 race, sponsored by doctors amazed at his resiliency and toughness.

He didn't make it to Nome that year, but by the next season he was winning races. In 2005, four years after surgery and radiation, Mackey won the Yukon Quest and placed seventh in the Iditarod.

Last year, he repeated as Quest champ and was 10th in the Iditarod -- minus his left index finger, which he persuaded doctors to amputate. Nerve damage from the cancer had made the finger useless, a source of pain and a disadvantage on the trail. As Mackey told a Peninsula Clarion reporter, "I gotta keep doing what I love, even if it means sacrificing a digit to do it."

All the while, Mackey was challenging conventional wisdom that says the same driver can't win the 1,000-mile Quest and the 1,100-mile Iditarod in the same year.

On Tuesday, he proved everyone wrong. He crossed under Nome's famous burlled arch to win the Iditarod, 28 days after he had claimed the Quest title in Fairbanks. Eight of the nine dogs in harness had completed both journeys with their master; together, they mushed 2,100 miles in less than 40 days and looked no worse for the wear: As Mackey jumped for joy and raised his arms in victory, the dogs wagged their tails.

Had they been running in the Lower 48, they'd have run coast to coast.

"It's almost hard to realize truly what he's accomplished," said his dad, 1978 Iditarod champion Dick Mackey. "It's enough of a high to win the Iditarod, you know, but to have won both races with the same dog team is such an unbelievable feat."

It's a feat that begs for comparisons, so here's one: Mackey's twin victories are like a runner winning the Boston Marathon one week and the London Marathon the next.

But unlike marathon runners who get nourishment at feed stands along the race route, Mackey barely ate or drank from Shaktoolik on, some 219 miles. Without salivary glands, he must chase food with water, because he can't swallow on his own. The procedure proved too time-consuming as he battled to beat Paul Gebhardt to Nome.

This was the biggest and most phenomenal Iditarod finish since Libby Riddles mushed into an Arctic blizzard in 1985 to become the first woman to win the race. That achievement made headlines worldwide, and understandably so. Riddles shattered images, showing that guts and grit aren't traits exclusive to those equipped with a Y chromosome.

Now it's Mackey who has shaken the mushing world, although with little fanfare beyond Alaska.

But that's OK. Let the rest of the world mock our bridges to nowhere and scorn our efforts to open ANWR while we revel in a story that could only happen here, a story about an iron-man musher and his kennel of wonderdogs.

REMEMBERING PEG TANNER

I read of Peg Tanner's passing and would like to relate that I have many fond memories when I worked as a court reporter and Peg was the juvenile court judge back in the old Federal Building where the courts were originally housed. She was a strict, no-nonsense, yet somehow very compassionate, judge to these youngsters who had gotten into trouble with the law. She was able to speak to them at a level that really caught their attention. I also spent court circuits in Peg's company where she was the clerk and I was the reporter.

I had the greatest of respect for Peg's professionalism. Although I am sure she will be missed by all, she had a rich and rewarding life.

Joyce C. Bachli [megareporting*klondiker.com](mailto:megareporting@klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

SOFTBALL PHOTO AND YUKON PROJECT

Hi Sherron, Peter Martin here.. subscriber to Moc Tel in Oshawa Ontario..

I just finished reading this edition of the Moc Tel and noticed 2 Whitehorse Softball team photos (pre 1953) in which you were trying to identify some of the players..

The 1st photo shows a guy kneeling on the left side of the photo (could be the coach) and it looks a lot like my Dad Lloyd Martin who was the senior NCO at the Signals Station in Whitehorse during the period 1947 - 1955. The photo shows a name of George Kolkind but I think that might be the first player on the front bench.. just thought I would add this in as I do not know if my Dad played softball on the Army team either but I know in later years he was quite active when we moved south to the Vancouver Wireless Station where I spent most of years as a kid..

Also wanted to thank you again for the help you gave me with my granddaughter's Yukon project for her Grade 4 class in Wasaga Beach Ont. .. Thanks to some of the photos and articles you helped direct me to she got an A+ in her project (tops in the class).

Best Wishes and keep up the great work you do..

Peter Martin [thelmartin*rogers.com](mailto:thelmartin@rogers.com) (In Oshawa ON)

FYI – George Kolkind was a coach, never a player but Mr. Martin could be in the picture. The Army and Airforce usually had separate teams: the rivalry was fierce between the locals and the armed forces! Guess Tom McLaughlin could tell you more about what happened after some games. :)) Or not! Regards HM.

Subject: British news paper salutes Canada

*Reprinted here is a remarkable tribute written by Irishman Kevin Myers about Canada's record of quiet valour in wartime. This article appeared in the April 21, 2002 edition of the **Sunday Telegraph**, one of Britain's largest circulation newspapers and in Canada's **National Post** on April 26, 2002.*

Sunday Telegraph Article

From UK wires: **Salute to a brave and modest nation** - Kevin Myers, The Sunday Telegraph

LONDON - Until the deaths of Canadian soldiers killed in Afghanistan , probably almost no one outside their home country had been aware that Canadian troops are deployed in the region. And as always, Canada will bury its dead, just as the rest of the world, as always will forget its sacrifice, just as it always forgets nearly everything Canada ever does.

It seems that Canada's historic mission is to come to the selfless aid both of its friends and of complete strangers, and then, once the crisis is over, to be well and truly ignored. Canada is the perpetual wallflower that stands on the edge of the hall, waiting for someone to come and ask her for a dance. A fire breaks out; she risks life and limb to rescue her fellow dance-goers, and suffers serious injuries. But when the hall is repaired and the dancing resumes, there is Canada , the wallflower still, while those she once helped glamorously cavort across the floor, blithely neglecting her yet again.

That is the price Canada pays for sharing the North American continent with the United States, and for being a selfless friend of Britain in two global conflicts. For much of the 20th century, Canada was torn in two different directions: It seemed to be a part of the old world, yet had an address in the new one, and that divided identity ensured that it never fully got the gratitude it deserved.

Yet its purely voluntary contribution to the cause of freedom in two world wars was perhaps the greatest of any democracy. Almost 10% of Canada's entire population of seven million people served in the armed forces during the First World War, and nearly 60,000 died. The great Allied victories of 1918 were spearheaded by Canadian troops, perhaps the most capable soldiers in the entire British order of battle. Canada was repaid for its enormous sacrifice by downright neglect, its unique contribution to victory being absorbed into the popular Memory as somehow or other the work of the "British."

The Second World War provided a re-run. The Canadian navy began the war with a half dozen vessels, and ended up policing nearly half of the Atlantic against U-boat attack. More than 120 Canadian warships participated in the Normandy landings, during which 15,000 Canadian soldiers went ashore on D-Day alone. Canada finished the war with the third-largest navy and the fourth-largest air force in the world.

The world thanked Canada with the same sublime indifference as it had the previous time. Canadian participation in the war was acknowledged in film only if it was necessary to give an American actor a part in a campaign in which the United States had clearly not participated - a touching scrupulousness which, of course, Hollywood has since abandoned, as it has any notion of a separate Canadian identity.

So it is a general rule that actors and filmmakers arriving in Hollywood keep their nationality - unless, that is, they are Canadian. Thus Mary Pickford, Walter Huston,

Donald Sutherland, Michael J. Fox, William Shatner, Norman Jewison, David Cronenberg, Alex Trebek, Art Linkletter and Dan Aykroyd have in the popular perception become American, and Christopher Plummer, British. It is as if, in the very act of becoming famous, a Canadian ceases to be Canadian, unless she is Margaret Atwood, who is as unshakably Canadian as a moose, or Celine Dion, for whom Canada has proved quite unable to find any takers. [*guess the writers crystal ball didn't foresee Celine in Las Vegas.*]

Moreover, Canada is every bit as querulously alert to the achievements of its sons and daughters as the rest of the world is completely unaware of them. The Canadians proudly say of themselves - and are unheard by anyone else - that 1% of the world's population has provided 10% of the world's peacekeeping forces. Canadian soldiers in the past half century have been the greatest peacekeepers on Earth - in 39 missions on UN mandates, and six on non-UN peacekeeping duties, from Vietnam to East Timor, from Sinai to Bosnia.

Yet the only foreign engagement that has entered the popular Canadian imagination was the sorry affair in Somalia, in which out-of-control paratroopers murdered two Somali infiltrators. Their regiment was then disbanded in disgrace - a uniquely Canadian act of self-abasement for which, naturally, the Canadians received no international credit.

So who today in the United States knows about the stoic and selfless friendship its northern neighbour has given it in Afghanistan? Rather like Cyrano de Bergerac, Canada repeatedly does honourable things for honourable motives, but instead of being thanked for it, it remains something of a figure of fun.

It is the Canadian way, for which Canadians should be proud, yet such honour comes at a high cost. This past year more grieving Canadian families knew that cost all too tragically well.

AMAZING LEVEL OF VIEWING AND DOWNLOADING

Four years ago soon after the MocTel project began and I did not understand how to include photos in the weekly newsletters, so opened a couple of accounts on WEBSHOTS in order to share some photos with the MocTel readers. One account under my husbands e-mail address was lost long ago. Weekly I receive an update from WEBSHOTS as to the number of visits to the photos (now 17,582) and the number of downloads to date (1,200).

Someone visited the Northern lights photo over Schwatka Lake today and left a message "Amazing" and reminded me to look at the stats. If you wish to look at this or other photos i.e. a set of 15 photos of the burning SS Whitehorse and SS Casca in June 1974.

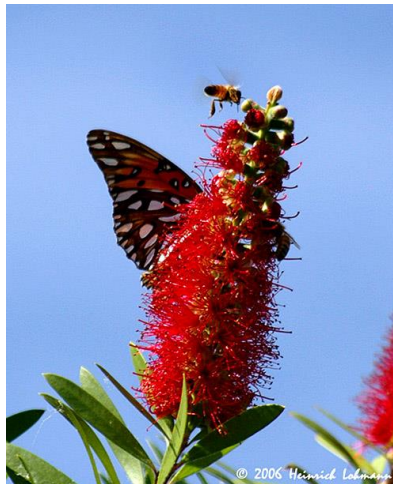
All photos can be seen from my access address
<http://community.webshots.com:80/user/sherron123>

You may even recognize who was climbing down the mast on the Casca – “caught in the act?” Or you may recognize some who have left messages. One worked on the Federal sponsored summer works program in the Summer of 1973 repainting and fencing the two sternwheelers to make them look more their part as a tourist attraction and keep them safe. (Were fences were only for the honest?)

Hope this will inspire others of you to upload your Yukon photos to WEBSHOTs and share the address with the rest of us. – Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca or sherronjones@adelphia.net

PS. a winter visitor/neighbour here in on our street in Yuma was reminiscing about the Sternwheelers burning – Federal employee Bill Sanregret was in Whitehorse about that time. He also remembered the name Glen Campbell when asked him if he knew of him he said “oh yes he was my RMO in Beaver Creek”. Bill now lives in Sherwood Park, Alberta.

ARTISTIC TALENT



Insects feeding

Courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

OBIT

Douglas H. Gonder

Sept 22, 1939 - February 21, 2007

Douglas Henry Gonder passed away Wednesday, February 21, 2007 at the age of 67 years at St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver after a courageous battle with a lengthy illness. He is survived by his mother, Katherine Gonder and sister Pearl Gonder of Hamilton, Ontario; his brother, Allan (Leslie) of Watson Lake, Yukon; his sister, Margaret (Graeme) Evans of Coquitlam, B.C.; sons, Doug (Elizabeth) and Raymon of Whitehorse,

Yukon; daughter, Lisa (Frank) Gentile of Calgary, Alberta. Six grandchildren, numerous nephews and nieces, and many many friends also survive him. He was predeceased by his father, Louis Gonder, in 1977 and brother, Raymon, in 1993.

Doug was born in Nipawin, Saskatchewan in 1939. The family later moved to Hamilton, Ontario. In the 1960's Doug moved to Whitehorse, Yukon. He worked as a contractor and plumber, and worked mining claims on Martin Creek in the Livingston area. Doug was happiest when he was working on one of his many projects, spending time with friends, or relaxing with his pets.

If friends desire, donations may be made to the Humane Society Yukon / Mae Bachur Animal Shelter in Doug's memory.

In keeping with Doug's wishes a memorial service will not be held, but there will be a Celebration of Doug's Life at a later date, announcements as to date and location to follow.

Special thanks to Doug's caregiver / friend Carol, and to Barb, Gordon, Ken, Mark, and Sally who visited and spent time with Doug during the difficult days. Thank you to Home Care staff, especially Doreen and Nancy who made the days easier. Thanks also to the nursing staff at Whitehorse General Hospital and to Air North for their concern and helpfulness.

Farewell to Yukon's "Diamond in the Rough"

Courtesy of Yukon News March 9/07.

JAMES GARDNER BEEBE With great sadness and shock we announce the unexpected death of James Gardner Beebe. He was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, February 7th, 1945 and died in Victoria, BC, on March 19, 2007. Adored husband of Lorna Harris, a most wonderful, protective, and guiding parent to Maiga and Lyle, his mother's treasured son, and mentor to Sam; Jim Beebe was loved and cherished by all his family. In addition to his wife Lorna, and Maiga and Lyle, he leaves his mother, Thelma June Beebe, his brother and sister-in-law Jared and Ann Marie Beebe, his brother and sister-in-law Joel and June Beebe, his mother-in-law Norah Harris, his sister-in-law and brother-in-law Adrienne Harris and Robert Sklar, nieces and nephews. We are all heartbroken at the loss of this marvellous, gifted, socially responsible man. He was, as his friend Katherine Holt said, a quintessential Canadian, though he arrived in the 1960's as a politicized anti-war activist. Beginning as a reporter for the Toronto Star, **Jim worked in the Yukon from 1973 to 1992 as a newspaper editor and publisher, and in the Yukon government on aboriginal rights, policy and planning.** It was there that he began a great love for the Canadian outdoors. For the rest of his life, he maintained his passion for the natural environment and for the social and political world. He came to Victoria in 1992 to work for the British Columbia government as a senior advisor in several ministries and in the Government Policy and Communications Office, continuing

a life-long interest in development, social policy, and opportunities for employment. Jim leaves a trail of colleagues, fellow co-conspirators, and devoted like-minded buddies, involved in many progressive projects over more than three decades. Recently Jim was proud to participate and serve on the Advisory Planning Commission and the Downtown Advisory Commission for the City of Victoria. He was a Director of Trafford Publishing, an on-demand publishing service in Victoria. Jim and Lorna were at a particularly sweet moment in a wonderful life and love affair. Children launched and thriving, work was winding down and yet Jim found interesting projects to engage his social conscience and his formidable intellect. How we would all have hoped for the chance to see Jim, sailing, and biking, Jim and Lorna travelling, enjoying music, living together in a long and interesting conversation. A Celebration of Life will be held at McCall Bros. Floral Chapel, Johnson and Vancouver Streets on Saturday, March 24, 2007 at 12:00 noon. Condolences may be offered to the family at www.mccallbros.com . McCall Bros. of Victoria 1-800-870-4210

NEW ADDITION

Aileen (Miller) Dobrovitz aileen1*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Just a quick note to let you know of our change of email address to vigneau*northwestel.net

Thanks

Audrey Vigeau (In Dawson)

Please change my E-MAIL ADDRESS to

fjeby*northwestel.net

Faye Eby

We just got hooked up to Starter Connect. Please send us Moccasin Tele like we have been getting it. Thanks!!

Our New E-mail is: c-d*northwestel.net

Sherron could you please let us know if you got this, there has been lots of problems.

Thankyou ever so!!

Don and Connie Bernier

New address Ralph & Sandra (Frizzell) Wohlfarth ykmeat*klondiker.com

New address Fred & Palma Berger new e-mail address fpbrgr*northwestel.net

New address Bev Buckway balc*northwestel.net

New address Cami Yaremcio cabundance4u*msn.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The people on our planet are not standing in a line single file; look closely, everyone is really standing in a circle, holding hands. Whatever you give to the person standing next to you, eventually comes back to you.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Lois Trembley granny9t@shaw.ca (In Cedar BC)

Easy Baked Beans

2 cans (16 ounces each) baked beans, drained
1/4 cup chopped green bell pepper
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup light brown sugar, packed
1/2 cup ketchup
1/2 cup barbecue sauce
5 slices bacon, cooked crisp, drained, crumbled
1 1/2 teaspoons prepared mustard

Combine all ingredients in slow cooker. Cover and cook on LOW setting for 7 to 9 hours. Delicious meal with coleslaw or potato salad and cornbread or rolls or as a side dish for cookout. Serves 6.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoner's Annual Banquet.

Note to any of you planning to attend the March 31st banquet. If you wish to stay at the River Rock Resort we suggest you book NOW as they are filling up quickly. The weekends there are very busy as they feature live entertainment at their theatre. Yukoner's special rates are available to March 15th ONLY - we still have a block of ten rooms on hold for our event. In the meantime of course, please make your dinner reservations as soon as possible.

Cheques/Monies: Please send to:

Mary MacDonald,
#309 - 5166 Halifax St.,
Burnaby, B.C. V5B 2N6

For River Rock reservations call toll free:1.866.748.3718

For more info you can email hmunro@shaw.ca or clclarke@shaw.ca

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic

Summerland Ornamental Gardens June 24, 2007. 11 am to 3 pm, Pot luck lunch at 12 noon. Be sure and bring your own eating utensils. (Knives, forks, plates etc.) And lots of food !!

International Sourdough Reunion

Will be held at the Ramada Inn in Penticton from September 19 to 23, 2007

Rooms are \$99 per couple flat rate.

For reservations call :

Toll Free 1-800-665-4966 Code word is: Sourdough 3474

ISR Registration is \$70.00

Registration limited to 175 People

Contact person is:

Larry Chalmers PO Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0

Phone: 250-498-6887 e-mail: aksala49@telus.net

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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca).

The Moccasin Telegraph winter address is #483 – 5707 32nd Street, Yuma, Arizona, 85365