

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 300th Edition – December 27th, 2009

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Topless trees no longer a meeting place for Ravens.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Where will the Ravens all Gather?

By Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Where will the ravens all gather
now that the tree tops are gone?
Where will they hatch their nefarious schemes
and plot from midnight to dawn?

Where will they watch for the dog food bowls
that are left to feed pooches outside?
How will they plan their strategic assaults,
distracting the dogs as they're tied?

Where will they gather to share their warmth
when the wind blows in from the north?
Where will they fluff up their feathers'
and proclaim their clackering worth?

'Twas a memorable sight to see them all there

up to their ravenish games.
When I look down that way as the winter advances
the street just won't seem the same.



Tree tops formerly the Ravens Stategic Planning Center
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Lake Bennett and Honey
Happy longest night! These were taken today, December 19, nearly Winter Solstice.
Honey is the sweetheart I'm dog sitting over Christmas. - Eleanor
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

Flying the Yukon's Bush:

By Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth NS)

Story section - continued Operation Porcupine – (Final)

Rain and River flooding plagued the last camp move.

The move to our last base camp turned into a turmoil of unforeseeable events. Only half the equipment and food had been flown from the Arctic to our southern-most camp on the Porcupine River when the weather became impossible to fly in for five days. It rained so hard during this time that the river rose enough to threaten what camp had been already moved despite the fact that it had been pitched on a high sand bar in the riverbed. Everyone tore down their tents in the darkness of night and hauled them across the muddy, boiling torrent in a rubber boat to the opposite high bank. After clearing the bank of trees they set up camp and had a breakfast of macaroni—the only food left.

While the main camp was having all these difficulties, I was back on the Arctic coast tying up loose ends and waiting for a break in the weather. During one lull in the storm, two geologists and I managed to sneak out under a break in the rain and fog—only to have the helicopter's engine fail on one stop in the midst of the broad expanse of muskeg barrens known as Old Crow Flats.

Engine failure on Old Crow Flats.

After calling for eight hours on the helicopter's radio, Dawson Radio finally received our message and relayed it to our base camp. It was late into the night before the second helicopter could fly us in to the village of Old Crow while we waited for a new cylinder head to be flown in from Whitehorse. Fortunately, Old Crow had an RCMP detachment of one man, a warm house and extra bedrooms, or we'd have had to camp out in our tent. The RCMP officer, a young man, was as happy to have someone to talk to as we were to have a place to stay!

Actually, that four or five days I spent in Old Crow gave me a glimpse of life in the primitive North like no other experience could. The young RCMP officer invited in several of the friendlier Old Crow men and we had a chance to talk about the things most meaningful to them. Out of that brief experience came a very descriptive poem of life in Old Crow as I saw it. It was my very first poem, written on the 22nd of August, 1962. Little did I realize then that this would be the first of many poems about life on Planet Earth.....however, though I am certainly no Robert Service, my poetry did improve over the years! The first one went like this:

Life In Old Crow

By Kit Cain

Above the Arctic Circle Lies the village of Old Crow
On a black-earth bank
Up out of reach
Of the river's muddy flow.
Two hundred Indians dwell
there in sod-roofed huts of logs.
Not far from stunted fir trees
and endless muskeg bogs.

Khaki shirts and baggy work pants;
Beaded moccasins made of Moose;
Narrow eyes and dark skin lined
by Nature's rough abuse.
A multitude of children scream
And play on paths of dirt.
Sled-dog brethren of the Timber Wolf
Yowl as though they hurt.
In the warming of the Spring sun
after Winter's grueling cold
Comes the time for trapping muskrat,
Their only source of gold.

With tent and traps and family
Stowed in homemade sleds of birch
they slide behind their Huskies
on the melting snows they lurch.

Two months of slogging trap lines
Yield a thousand furs or more
Carried by flat-bottomed riverboats
To the Trader's warehouse door.
The town becomes a beehive
By the final day of June
and home-brew flows like water
to the fiddler's squeaky tune.

Long and square-nosed river boats
To driven posts are tied.
The winter's wood of log booms
Swirling lazily alongside.
In the sun the gill nets dry
Their loose-hung folds bereft
Of the Whitefish and the Grayling
Sliced by women's hands so deft.

Dried fish is winter's food for dogs
And Caribou's for men.
The bush planes land and Indians ask
Where the Caribou are then.
The KOMAKUK herd! three thousand strong!
Is crossing Old Crow flat;
Headed south on muskeg marsh
Near the mouth of the River Rat.

The hunters jump with knives and guns
In their boats and head upstream,
For Caribou meat, and hide,
and gut are held in high esteem.
At the mouth of the River Rat they land
To hide in the brush and wait
For the Caribou scouts to pass them by
And leave the herd to its fate.

Skittish and sniffing the breeze for scent
The herd scouts fail to cross.
The hunters tense with bated breath
At the thought of tragic loss.
One hunter cups his hands and gives
A snorting bellow clear.
The herd scouts toss their heads to hear
And cross without a fear.

When the scouts have swum to the farthest bank
And headed out on their way
The herd swarms down to follow
And the hunters have their day.
The crack of rifles fills the air
The herd rushes blindly on
'Till hundreds lie dead on the ground
And the ammunition's gone.

High are piled the carcasses
On rafts and floated down
Guided by long sweep oars
To the skinning knives of town
The meat dries out to reddish black
And hangs in each cabin's cache
A shield against starvation
From winter's long and furious lash.

Open doors of the Old Crow church
 Beckon the people in,
Yet the legend and lore of their “Bushman” stays
 And little they care about “sin”.
Happy are they whose work is play
 For a stomach full of food
And since all things from Nature come
 Why bother with thoughts imbued.

The Story in Pictures section – continued

Operation Porcupine – (Final Section)

In the other case, MLL “blew a jug”, which is to say that one of her six cylinders failed. It happened, fortunately, while the Geologist and I were just starting to take off from examining an old lake shore deposit, (see photo to right). The minute I put maximum power to the engine to lift off, the whole ship started vibrating so violently that I thought at first a portion of a blade or the tail rotor had come off.



CF-MLL with engine trouble near Old Crow - Photo by Kit Cain

I immediately sat back down on the ground and shut the engine down. Whatever the problem, it was too serious for me to fix, so I tried calling on the HF radio. This happened in the middle of the day on the northern edge of Old Crow Flats ... a hundred square miles of frozen permafrost like that in the left-hand picture.



Old Crow Flats - Photo by Kit Cain



CF-MLL Old Crow Flats Engine Repair - Photo by Kit Cain

Receiving no radio response, I set up the emergency antenna to give the signal greater distance, but still no response. It wasn't until about seven o'clock that night that the Heaviside Layer in the upper atmosphere lowered enough for us to bounce a radio signal off one of the other exploration camps and relay our request for help to the base camp. The first thing that had to happen was for Stu to bring Ernie out in the other helicopter so we could discover the exact extent of the engine damage and order new parts ... from as far away as the Hiller Manufacturing plant in California!

Stu finally located us about two hours later, and it took Ernie about an hour to figure out which cylinder was bad, remove it, and decide the extent of the parts required to fix it. The parts were then ordered by radio and I was flown to the Indian village of Old Crow a hundred miles south southwest to stay with the RCMP Officer in his cozy house and await the arrival of the parts by float plane.

Old Crow

Since 1962, I've been in some pretty remote parts of the world where aboriginals and native peoples live very marginal subsistence lives, but Old Crow was my first experience with true native Canadians. Canadian government money was helping these people to a very limited extent. For the most part they were living life much the way they had for hundreds of years with a few exceptions .. one being that they now had outboard motors to power their river boats. Here is what Old Crow looked like in 1962.



Main Street , Old Crow, 1962



RCMP HQ; by flag pole



Residential!



Residential



One of two churches.



Sled dogs

Photos by Kit Cain

INUVIK



Inuvik – 1962
Photo by Kit Cain

Unlike the settlement of Old Crow, the government-built town of Inuvik (pictured in 1962) was an effort to transition the native Indian and Eskimo peoples to a more modern way of life, if they or their children so desired. Children from outlying settlements are brought to Inuvik and boarded here for their schooling. I was fascinated to learn that one of the doctors of geology on Operation Porcupine was a product of this transition, having been born and raised in a settlement similar to Old Crow named Aklavik. We were talking about his experiences growing up in Aklavik when he happened to mention to me his mother was such a good shot with a .22 caliber rifle that she could pick off a duck on the wing with a single shot. I wondered how many mothers in this present day and age could make that claim ... or would even be proud to make the claim.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE, ONCE-IN-A -LIFETIME EXPERIENCES

Flying a helicopter in the northern bush country in 1962 was a lot like barnstorming North America in the twenties and thirties. Not everyone had even seen a helicopter before, as witnessed by the picture below taken in front of the Hudson's Bay Store in Inuvik. At \$125.00 per hour back then (and about ten times that amount today) few people could afford to hire a helicopter for commercial work. The only ones who could afford it were Governments, and Natural Resource Exploration Companies. Pat Callison was among the very first to use a fleet of helicopters, just as Pat had been one of the first fixed-wing operators in the Yukon in the thirties. Today, in 2006, helicopters are everywhere and few people even look up as they pass by overhead. I do, though, because I'm always right there in the pilot's seat with him, feeling the unique experience all over again that only flight in a helicopter can give. It's only a few steps removed from the freedom of being a bird in flight. Hope you've enjoyed the ride with me vicariously.



Arctic Coast, 1962 – CF-MLL in front of Hudson's Bay Store in Inuvik
Photo by Kit Cain



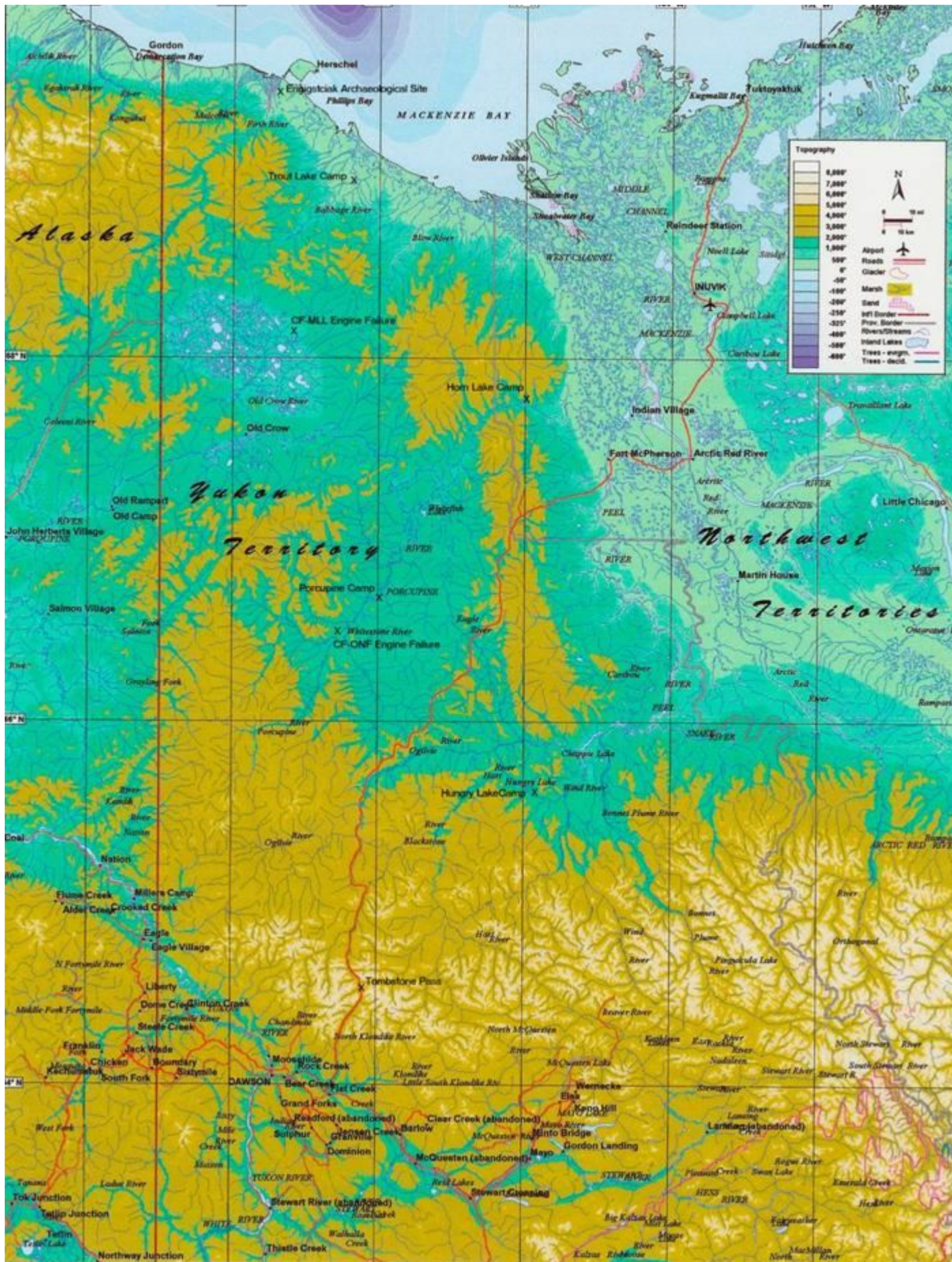
Kit Kane – 1962
Photo by Kit Cain

This was the first—and last—time in my life I ever grew a beard. The hair all grew on my neck and under my chin instead of on my face ... and never did stop itching. Ah, well, I never could get more than half of one foot into the Hippie camp. My training—or soul—is just too straight and narrow! The sweater was hand made for me by Gwen Ruckle with wool hand-carded and spun from their sheep farm on Salt Spring Island, BC.



Kit Kane
Desert Hot Springs, 2002
My, how time changes things!
Photo by Kit Cain

The map on the next page has approximate camp names and locations. Hopefully the resolution is adequate to allow zooming in on the map without seriously pixilating the names. You may copy this entire story as a .pdf file and send it freely to friends, but please be considerate enough to not alter it. The photographs are largely my own, but many were contributed by Dr. Donald K. Norris, expedition leader; Dr. Ray Price, Geologist; and other members of Operation Porcupine.



If you enjoyed this story....

There are others by Kit Cain at your local bookstore

Or at www.kitcain.com

The first three chapters of each book can be read for free on the above website and they are available as Paperback Books or E-Books in Adobe .pdf format.

Leaves In The Wind: a story of diffident origin about a biker who formed his own major motorcycle club in L.A. and Vegas ... and lived to tell me his story.

Master Of The Welded Bead: a fictitious short story comparing the lifestyles and attitudes of two men: one who chooses to live a whimsical and humorous life on the “road less traveled”; the other who chooses to live a life of selfish interest on the road too-often traveled. It is an entirely personal idea of how I imagine a disinterested Master Of The Universe might lead an unusual yet entertaining life in a predominantly negative and otherwise boring world.

An Arrow To The Heart: a fictitious short story placing the hero of Master Of The Welded Bead in a close-encounter family situation with the “Mother from Heaven” and the beautiful, desirable, precocious “Daughter from Hell”.

The Chasm Crossed: an autobiographical story about the unusual experiences and events of my 70 years of spiritual journey from youth to present.

Ride the Wind Laughing: An Illustrated autobiographical story describing the mystical events and experiences which contributed in major ways to my building a 51-foot sailboat in my mother’s back yard in rural Nova Scotia— an event which began with no money in an effort to test the Laws of Manifestation and prove to myself the efficacy and practical value of my years of spiritual training.

Soul And Man: is a major work attempting to define and describe the parameters of the word “Soul”— particularly as it applies to the human soul. The very nature of its perspective brings together the various schools of Religious, Scientific, Philosophical, Spiritual, and Mystical thought suggestive of a unified frame of reference and vocabulary for all. This book is not easy reading. It can be discomfiting and thought- provoking for those new to the Spiritual Journey. I wrote it primarily to further define and synergize my own thinking ... and for the benefit of those compelled—as am I—to journey into areas of the unknown, uncertain, and impossible to define.

On Pegasus’ Wings: is a collection of personal poems and song lyrics begun in 1962 solely as a means of inner expression and never intended for the eyes of the world. Only in later years have I realized that in their number and variety there might be at least a

single poem among the many for each person. The knowledge of such would give me great satisfaction.

The Tears Of Power: is a fable for all ages from ten to eternity about a mouse named Victor who lives in Edgeville—which is at the edge of everything: the river, the fields, the forest, the mountains, and the sky. Edgeville quickly becomes too small for his adventurous soul so he ventures out into the world of the great unknown, learning to pilot tugboats, fly helicopters, and meet some unusual friends like Oddie the Otter, Mo the musical Mole, and Minkie, his flight instructor. It is Eagle, though, who finally tells him what the tears of power really are.

Perfect Health For Dogs And Cats: First wife Ann loved animals and so we always lived on a farm surrounded by dogs, cats, chickens, goats, and horses. Her dedication leaned toward the health and healing of animals by natural means, while mine leaned in a similar direction with humans. Contained in this small booklet are the simplest principles of health and healing for dogs and cats supported by our own experience and that of a major research foundation.

Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth NS)

Tribute to Danny Jurovich – October 23, 1939 to June 28, 2008 – Part 3

- composed and assembled by Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net from personal recollections and information, encouragement and photos provided by Eva Jurovich, George Jurovich, Mary Jean Morrison, Karren (North) Crowley, Lynette Bleiler and Gerald Newsham, Glen Campbell and Brian McGeachy and the Mayo-Elementary High School AURORA Yearbooks from 1955-56 and 1956-56
- unless otherwise noted, all photos are courtesy of Eve Jurovich

The Years 1961 - 2008

Upon returning from their honeymoon Danny and Eve took up residence in the pan-a-bode teacher's residence. Danny continued to work at the Northern Canada Power Commission plant and occasionally took a shift "slinging beer" in his dad's beer parlour in the Silver Inn Hotel.

In 1963 a New Northern Commercial Co. Ltd. Store was built and Danny was hired as the Assistant Manager. At the time, Johnny Boyce was the Manager, Clara Van Bibber was a clerk and Alex Boris was the handyman. Eva relates that Danny's job, when he started, consisted of hauling garbage, unloading and piling freight, washing floors, washing and filling shelves and other similar duties. Shortly after he was hired a case of blue cheese arrived in the freight shipment. Danny thought that it was mouldy so it went out with the garbage!

About a year after he had started Johnny Boyce retired and Danny was offered the job as Manager. Not having office or ordering experience it was a challenge but Johnny offered to help and soon Danny was handling the job just fine. When Danny became manager he hired Vicki Graham as clerk and Eva would help on freight days and on Saturdays. Over the years Danny provided employment to local teens after school. In 1969 The Northern Commercial Co. Ltd. decided to sell their Canadian stores and the policy was to offer them to their managers first. Danny purchased the Mayo store and renamed it Danny's Department Store Limited. Vicki Graham left the store at this point and Danny hired Mary Hassen who stayed on staff for several years. She was later joined by Danny's mother, Annie Jurovich. Danny worked very hard at the store and with his magnetic personality; the business grew as he supplied local customers, mining companies and crews fighting fires. Eva quit her teaching job and joined the staff as well.

Danny and Eva bought the property on Fourth Avenue that was formerly owned by Joe Longtin who had lived in the Mayo area since the 1920s. Danny tore down the old cabin and barn and set up a nice trailer on the property. When first son, Vernon was born in - May 1968, the trailer became too small and so Danny and Eva bought a house in Bear Creek, near Dawson City, from the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation (YCGC) and had it moved to Mayo to sit on a concrete foundation. Second son, Kevin was born in May 1971.

In 1981 the Danny and Eva decided to sell the store and move to Langley, BC. The store was initially purchased by Wilf Fitten and managed by Greg Peterson. Danny's mother stayed on staff. Five years later the store was returned to Danny and Eva and was then leased to Minnie Hassen and then to Jay Cousins. In 1991 Danny and Eva went back to Mayo to operate the store for five months until it was purchased by Jim and Shann Carmichael. The Carmichaels also bought the house and lots.

After moving to Langley in 1981, Danny soon became restless and decided to get his commercial driver's license. His first job as truck driver was to drive a truck to Prince George for West Coast Amusements. He then bought his own truck and flat deck trailer and began his career as a truck driver, hauling freight in Canada and the United States.

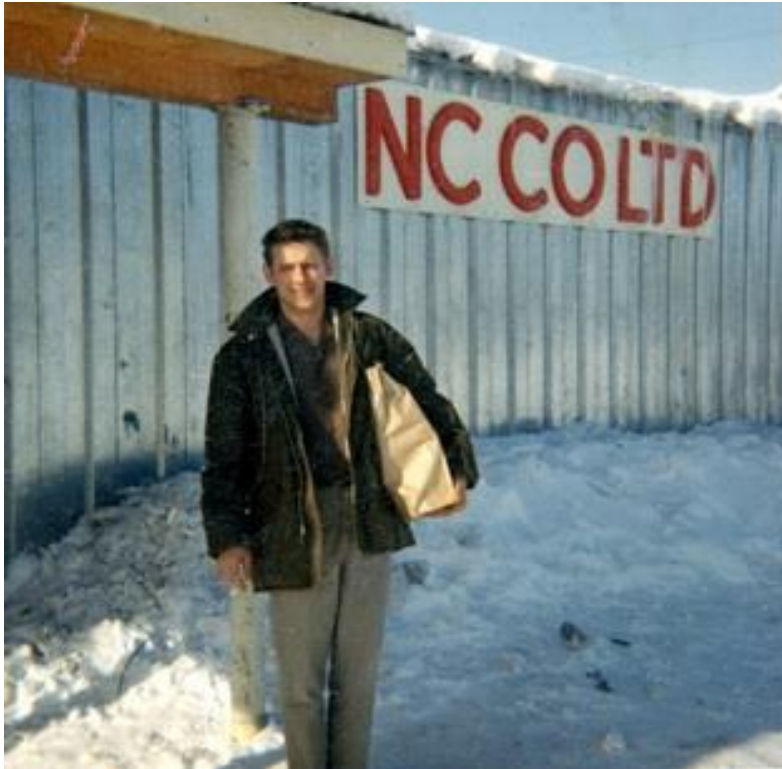
Over the years Danny and Eva and their family took many holiday trips including several trips to Hawaii, California, Florida, Las Vegas and to the farm in Saskatchewan. In July 2007 Danny made his last visit to Mayo and Dawson City by car to see his old friends and in October of the same year he travelled by train across Canada, something he had always wanted to do. He also wanted to travel to Graceland but he did not make it there.



Danny loved talking to friends on the phone - 1965



Danny ironing - 1965



Danny at the Northern Commercial Co Ltd store c.1965-66



Danny on motorbike – July 1, 1966



Larry, Danny, George and
Gail Lauritzen



Danny took flying lessons from
John Dares?, husband of Theresa (Grant) - 1967



Danny – July 1973



Kevin, Danny and Vernon
Stanley Park –February 1975



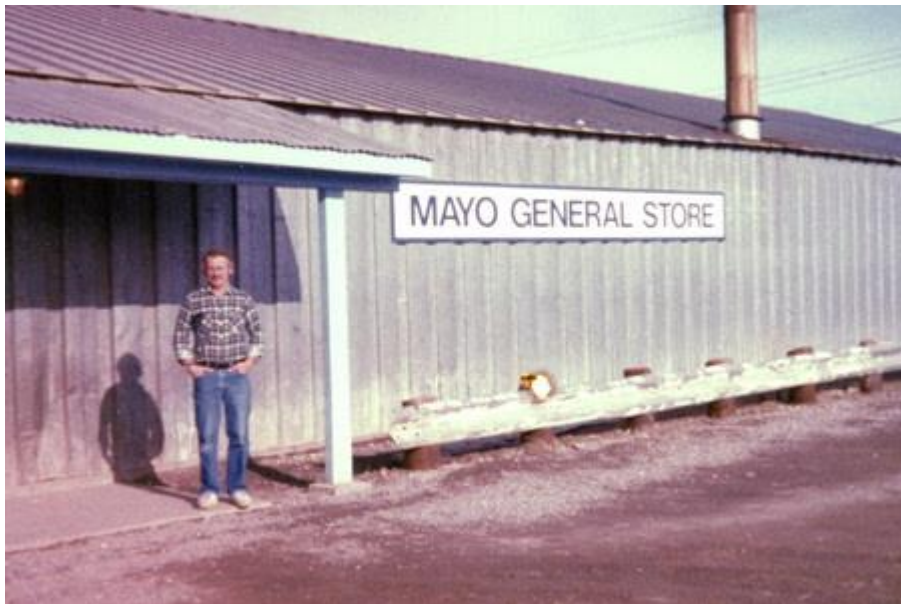
L to R Back Row: Renny Burian, Danny
Front Row: Vera Burian, Marie & Ron Pollard, Mary Burian
Vancouver Yukoners Association 50th Anniversary Banquet
March 17, 1979



Eva and Danny in Langley, BC - September 4, 1981



Jurovich Family – Christmas 1988?
Danny, Larry, George
Marie, Annie
Milo



Danny at his old store in Mayo – May 1, 1990



Danny, Artina Parsons, Hyacinthe Seeley, Fred Somerton
Surrey, BC – March 18, 1991



Slavo Pranic, Danny and Eva



Danny at the Revelstoke Dam – August 1993



Danny & Eva at the Vancouver Yukoners Association Banquet
Next Nicky & Ted Harrison and Jeri Weigand with
daughter Teri Buckler & Wayne Barnes - March 19, 1994



Larry and Danny – May 19, 1996



Eva, Danny, George Nagano
New Westminster, BC – August 1998



Marie, Renny Burian, Danny
Harrison Hot Springs – August 1998



Danny and his life-long friend, Mike McGeachy
Vancouver Yukoners Association Banquet
April 1, 2001



Danny's 1979 Freightliner Truck and Flat Deck loaded
With tar at the Can-Am yard in Abbotsford, BC



Danny with his pride and joy, his 1979 Freightliner Cab-over Truck
His niece, Rachel and nephew, Robert in the cab



Danny loading his truck – July 1992



Danny on a tractor at the farm in Saskatchewan



L to R: Artina Parsons, Danny, Vern, Kari, Eva and Hyacinthe Seeley
Vern and Kari were engaged in April 2003



Danny with Addison - 2005
His first grandchild was born in October 2004
She loved her "Bampa"



Danny and Addison at an Italian Restaurant in the Cayman Islands
October 2006



Danny with Will Thompson at the Mayo Airport – July 2007
Will took Danny and Eva for a helicopter ride to check on
Dan Szabo mining on Lightning Creek



Danny with Robert Adair near the First Nations Cemetery near Mayo
July 2007



Danny at the Mayo River Bridge – July 2007



Tom Adair, Fred Adair, Danny
July 2007



Lorenzo, Danny, Willy Genier in Dawson City
July 2007



Mary Jean (Boyle) Morrison, Lowell Bleiler
Eva, Danny, Bonnie Taylor
April 20, 2008
Photo Courtesy of Lyn Bleiler

On June 28, 2008 Danny lost his battle with cancer. His mother, Annie had passed away in July 1987 and his dad in February 1989. Danny's sister, Marie had also succumbed to cancer in March 2006. A celebration of Danny's life was held at Henderson's Langley Funeral Home in Langley, BC on July 9, 2008. His family and many friends gathered to remember Danny and to show support for his family.

Following are some of the many partial expressions by those who remembered Danny.

"I was just kid, about 6 years old when I met Danny in Mayo, but I remember him as this laughing, energetic young man who had a big, fast and LOUD, car ... no idea what make, but it was always shiny and clean. He was larger than life to me then, and one of the people I remember best from my childhood. This in spite of the fact that I would not see him again for almost 50 years! We met again at the first convention at The River Rock, and yes, he seemed just the same to me!..." - Terry Machan

"During the time my wife and family and I spent in Mayo, we have many fond memories of the Jurovich family. Danny was managing his own store by then. Milo and Annie were running the café, and Milo was driving taxi.

During the first winter we were there, I arrived alone in Mayo, without wheels, new to the Yukon and the community of Mayo. Danny made me feel at home right away – by offering credit to someone he didn't even know, then driving me home with my groceries. The rides home and the grocery trips were most welcome, as we didn't purchase a vehicle until the spring of the first year there. His father, Milo, was no less generous. My wife Margot remembers the time our son Darroch got sick at school, and she called Milo to pick him up, Milo refused any payment for the trip...." - Ron Cairns

“... I have very fond memories of my youth spent in Mayo, in the mid-1950’s with Danny, Marie, George and Larry. His family extended much warmth and love to all newcomers to that community. I especially remember the hours spent cruising the streets of Mayo in the 1955 Ford Fairlane. I knew at that time that Danny would never be far from wheels! As it turned out, he spent most of his life driving.....” – Bill Scambler

“... I have fond memories of Danny when we lived in Mayo ...” - Michael Mason-Wood

“Danny was a mentor to many of us ‘teenagers’ in Mayo and we really appreciated him always ‘having work’. I have very fond memories of working in his store, as does Steve Blysack. We reminisce about the old days often and ‘Danny’s store’ is often a topic.” – Scott Hamilton

“...Danny was so well loved by everyone who had the privilege of meeting him. He would do anything to make people laugh, was very mischievous, and had a heart as big as a house. There were so many people in the tiny community of Mayo who would have gone hungry if not for Danny’s big heart. I have so many funny stories that I will cherish for as long as I am here, and will share those stories many times over. The one that comes to mind first, was the time he and Little Red had our Dan sit in the tow truck to make sure no one moved it while they sat in the bar during a bonspiel. The object of the game, they were hooking up cars and moving them to different parts of town from the curling rink. Little Dan never did fess up until years later and he always laughs [and says] they had a great time. I wasn’t so happy at the time but boys will be boys! So on and on the memories come to me” – Merv & Mary (Andison) Laing

“... Many memories have been crossing our minds. My visits to Milo when he was alive. Also of Mayo...” – Gerald & Beulah Newsham

“...We always have wonderful memories of Danny...” - Joe & Gwen Redmond

“... I was so pleased that Danny saw so many of us at the Yukoners in April [2008]....” - Helen (Munro) Fitch

“... He was a good friend and his memory will live on with us....” – Brian & Martha Kates

“... Old Dan was probably the only true life-long friend I had. He was always up beat and fun to be around....” – Mike & Heather McGeachy

“...I am a friend of Shirlee Nadeau, who over the years had coffee in Cloverdale many mornings with Dan and ‘the gang’. Dan was very proud of his family and spoke of them very lovingly....” – Lorna Dysart

Danny was the best brother, uncle, father, grandfather and friend. We all miss him so much – The Family

The End

Moc-Tel readers and fellow Yukoners.

Just a note to wish everyone out there a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

The Christmas Season brings to mind highlights of the season while growing up in Whitehorse during the 50's. The snow, the 50 below, the sound of car tires squeaking on the frozen street. Downtown on Main Street the window displays of electric trains going around and around, trucks, teddy bears, dolls and doll houses. The sound of Christmas carols playing over a small loud speaker to get you in the festive mood. Excitement is high. The Christmas tree down in front of the White Pass building all lit up with Christmas lights and of course Christmas morning is coming at home with gifts under the tree.

BUT, the biggest highlight of any Christmas Season and regardless of age was the arrival of Santa in downtown Whitehorse! The lineup right into Hougen's Department Store. I know there was probably the commercial thing but as a kid it is very important that you visit Santa and make sure he knows what you want. Hair was combed and clothing was neat as Santa's helpers would be taking pictures. We made sure we were good little girls and boys waiting in that long lineup.

I look at things differently as I age and appreciate times like these growing up. The impression put upon me made certain that my own children were able to experience much the same type of excitement during Christmas. Now this wouldn't have been possible without one man giving back to his community. Though I never met Mr. Rolf Hougen in person when I lived in Whitehorse you didn't have to meet someone to know him. I would like to at this time thank Mr. Hougen for always being sure that there was Santa Claus for us to visit each year.

I have enclosed a couple of pictures that I now treasure very much. The first is of myself and my sister Aileen and younger brother Carl visiting Santa at Hougen's around 1958. The second is of my son Kevin visiting Santa around 1972.

Thanks again for the "Lasting Memories".

Cheers Everyone,

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

P.S. I wonder if any of the past employees of Hougen's could identify the two Santa's.



Harry, Carl & Aileen Miller visit Santa at Hougens in Whitehorse about 1958.
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)



Kevin Miller visiting Santa around 1972.
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

ISLAND YUKONERS LUNCH – Dec 17, 2009

Had a very nice time at the Island Yukoner's Christmas Luncheon today. Harvey has a few pictures that he will be sending you and I have one that I would like to share.

Pictured is Doris Grundman, Jean Smith and myself. We all went to school together in Whitehorse in the 50's and early 60's. Nice to see old school chums again.

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)



Doris Grundman, Harry Miller and Jean Smith
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

Today in the Hall of Honour in the Centre block of the House of Commons, there's a handsome painting of Yukoner George Black .

By Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa)

After being elected three times in the 1920s as the Yukon's Member of Parliament, George Black became Speaker of the House of Commons in 1930 by Prime

Minister R.B. Bennett. By January 1935 he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, so his wife Martha ran and won the Yukon seat.

By 1940, George was fully recovered and Martha stood aside allowing him to recapture the Yukon seat in Parliament. Black remained as the Yukon's MP until 1949. He and Martha lived in Whitehorse where they enjoyed their status as Yukon's most famous citizens.

Meanwhile, in 1864, the Library of Parliament had agreed that House Speakers could select the artists to paint their official portraits. In 1934, George Black chose noted World War 1 war artist Kenneth Keith Forbes to capture his likeness on canvas. Kenneth Forbes is best known for his WW1 painting called Canadian Artillery in Action which is on display with six other of his paintings at the Canadian War Museum.

Today the handsome portrait of Yukon George Black as Speaker of the House of Commons hangs in the hall of honour in the centre block on Parliament Hill along with 51 other portraits of house speakers.



Les McLaughlin admiring portrait of George Black which hangs in the hall of honour in the centre block on Parliament Hill along with 51 other portraits of house speakers.

Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com (In Ottawa)

Vancouver Island Yukoners Enjoy Christmas Luncheon

Submitted by Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

This year, without the snow that curtailed many from attending last year, forty former and current Yukoners gathered together at the ABC Country Restaurant in North Nanaimo for what has become an annual event consisting of a couple of hours of visiting, catching up, renewing acquaintances and enjoying a tasty Christmas luncheon. Hosted by Sharon Redmond and Harriett Butterworth, with a special “left-right” game-story and a gift for the “winners” presented by Carol Munroe, this year’s event was most enjoyable and attracted a few who had not attended previously, as well as a good representation from the Vancouver Yukoners’ Association.

A big thanks to all who were involved in arranging this event and to those who made the special effort to come from the Mainland. There were a number who usually attend, would have liked to have done so this year, but were prevented from doing so at the last minute. We missed you and hope to see you at the picnic in August and at next year’s Christmas luncheon.



On Left from front: Harriett (Osborn) Butterworth, Sharon Redmond, Valerie (Osborn) Duckworth, Helen (Munro) Fitch, Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer
On Right from front: Don Murray, Ted North, Trudy (deWolfe) North, Jeanie Smith, Alfred Gaensbauer

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville, BC)



Left from front: Lowell Bleiler, Lyn Bleiler, Bev Mason-Wood, Perry St Jean, Betty (Fournier) St Jean
Right from front: Harvey Burian, Carole Munroe, Julie Trueman, Bob Patterson, Isabelle (Fournier) Townsend (Bob's mom)
Photo courtesy Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville, BC)



Left from front: Gus Barrett, Blanche (Holbrook) Barrett. Sheila Firth, Alan MacMillan, Percy deWolfe

Right from front: Ron Butler, Colleen Butler, Fred Horn, Joyce Yardley, Phillis
(Patterson) MacMillan

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville, BC)



Left from front: Ron Smyth, Evelyn Smith, Anna Mancini, Carolyn (Wheeler) Moore,
Bill Buchan

Right from front: Alice Breaden, Harry Miller, Aileen (Miller) (sister to Harry), Doris
Grundmann, Niki Buchan

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

Vancouver Yukoners' Association Banquet 2010

We've never sold as many tickets this early before!

Some are paying membership dues (\$15) and buying banquet tickets (\$55 each) at the same time. Not only are folks buying their banquet tickets early, they are also taking advantage of great early bird rates for suites at the River Rock Casino resort. Nearly half of "our" Friday night suites, over a third of our Saturday night suites and even one of our Sunday night suites were booked by December 10.

For more information, go to www.vancouver-yukoners.com .

Vancouver Yukoners' Christmas Lunch

We were a rowdy bunch at our December 10th luncheon meeting. Fortunately, President Helen Munro kept business to a minimum.

Folks we hadn't seen in a while, new people drawn to the event by advertisements in the Vancouver papers - all were drawn in to the festivities.

Members Mr. and Mrs. S. Claus (aka Ed Thompson and Gillian Campbell) had said they "might drop by on the way to a gig". Drop by they did, providing photo ops, leading a Christmas sing-a-long and releasing our inner silliness. You should have seen our balloon hat creations, particularly Mike Rawlinson's!

Blanche Barrett read Gus' version of the Night before Christmas. Some of us had read it in the MocTel a couple of years ago. Didn't matter - it was still good for a "bowl full of jelly" laugh.

Door prizes were kept to a minimum: a quilted wall hanging by Sheila Firth and a cookbook. The Perry's donated a gift basket for the one with the first birthday in January.

We had a rollicking good time but there was an undercurrent of sadness as we dealt with the news of the death of John Rowan in 2008 and of the recent deaths of Kathleen Elliott, Art Parsons and Lloyd Ryder. We wish their families comfort and peace.

Maribeth Mainer – Vancouver Yukoners Association vanyukoners*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Halloween in the Old Days of Whitehorse

Halloween is not what it used to be when I was in primary school in Whitehorse. This was a day that all the kids really looked forward to, especially if there was snow on the ground by then.

If we were really lucky there would be enough of the white stuff to make snowballs. A group of us would get together in the evening for "tricks or treats" and after depositing our bags of goodies in a safe place, did the rounds again, looking for mischief this time. Oh the fun of it all!

Outhouses would be pushed over; and I remember an event where one was occupied at the time (unbeknown to us) by an elderly man, who let out a loud bellow which sent us scrambling across the street and out of harm's way. Woodpiles would be toppled and the large school-bell that stood just outside the building would be rung. Then we'd traipse over to the White Pass hotel, which was run by a little tough German lady named Mrs. Vioux. (I think that's the correct spelling.) The entrance to the bar of the hotel was on the street side, and one of the braver kids would push open the door; heave a couple of

snowballs in and then run back across the road to join us. We knew from experience that Mrs. Vioux would come running out and shout at us. Then we'd pelt the door to the lobby, and she would get so outraged that she'd get her gun and chase after us.

The next morning, at school, there would be a knock on the door and one of the local policeman would be there. We all knew by now what that meant. He stood behind the teacher's desk while Miss Cameron sternly called for attention.

"All those of you who were involved in last night's attacks on citizens' properties raise your hands!" demanded the policeman.

Every hand in the classroom immediately shot up in the air.

"These students will have to come with me and be in my custody for the rest of the morning." Then we'd get a lecture on civil disobedience before filing out to get into the cop's vehicle.

The rest of the morning was delightful! We were taken all over town, piling wood and pushing up outhouses (sometimes if it happened to be "Mac" the cop would give us a hand.) Then for doing such a spectacular job, we'd all be treated to an ice cream cone from the hotel before being turned loose again! Too bad, we thought, that Halloween, doesn't come oftener.

By Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

LOOKING FOR PATSY WILLIAMS

Hope you are having a wonderful vacation and having a great Christmas. I have been trying to find Patsy Williams phone number and address. I believe she was living in Seattle, WA, but I can not find her in any white pages through the internet. Would you post my question on the Moccasin Telegraph, this would be much appreciated?

I have moved back to Calgary, my new address is #4106 111 146 Ave SE Calgary T2X 1Z1 and my new number is 403-474-3103.

Best to you and yours in 2010.

Bill Braga bill.braga*live.com (In Calgary)

YUKON NEWS PHOTOS

There are some fantastic pictures of Yukon and Yukon events at this website.

<http://www.yukon-news.com/multimedia/slideshow/16034/>

Beverley Whitehouse pebnorth*yahoo.ca (In Whitehorse)

ARTISTIC TALENT

Earlier this year I invited you and MocTel readers to cast their vote for Solange's jewellery design entries in the 2009 Bead Star magazine contest. As you can see from the attached email below, Solange won first prize in both the categories which she decided to compete in. I am very proud of her accomplishment, and wanted to share this good news with you. Your help was most appreciated by both of us. Attached you will find three scanned pages from the magazine, which display the winning pieces and provide a brief profile of Solange.

All the best to you and your families during this holiday and in the year ahead.

Fred Mandl fmandl@shaw.ca (In Summerland)



Summer Drops

SOLANGE FARAH

under \$25
1st place

WHAT MAKES THIS A WINNER:
This very fashion-forward bracelet uses a clever base of memory wire and spacer bars.

1st place

SPONSORED BY



INTERWEAVE



THE WINNER

ALTHOUGH SOLANGE FARAH had a career as a scientist in Brazil and has always been interested in art and fashion, now that she is retired and living in Canada, she has dedicated herself to making unique fashion and home accessories. She enjoys mixing and matching beads to create exotic designs. See more of her work at www.clicanytime.com.

SEE P. 57 FOR INSTRUCTIONS



BEAD STAFF

BEAD STAFF 2009 41

Cascade

SOLANGE FARAH

pearls
1st place

WHAT MAKES THIS A WINNER:
This classic lariat design is taken up a notch when every strand ends with a bounty of contrasting glass rounds, ovals, teardrops, and pearls.

1st place

SPONSORED BY



Jb
www.jbbead.com



THE WINNER

ALTHOUGH SOLANGE FARAH had a career as a scientist in Brazil, she has always been interested in art and fashion. Now that she is retired and living in Canada, she has dedicated herself to making unique fashion and home accessories. She enjoys mixing and matching beads to find uses for them and create exotic designs. See more of her work at www.clicanytime.com.

SEE P. 77 FOR INSTRUCTIONS



BEAD STAFF 2009 47



The totem poles are guarding the new day care centre overlooking Nares Lake, built by the Carcross/Tagish First Nation and opened this summer. They were carved in their new carving centre which is down by the Tutshi.

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Totem pole in Carcross
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard*northwestel.net (In Carcross)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Don't remember if I gave you my new e-mail address.

It's eve*jurovich.com

I sold the house and am now renting an apartment in Langley.

Thank you so much for publishing Danny's tribute. Harvey did an excellent job of it.

Merry Christmas and best wishes for 2010!

Take care.

Eve Jurovich

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"You win some, you lose some, and some get rained out, but you gotta suit up for them all." - J. Askenberg

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.

There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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