

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 325th Edition – December 19th, 2010

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Watson Lake 1958

Those are old log airport buildings, this being the airport side of the lake. Our houses were across the road from these buildings - a very beautiful setting, and altho' Watson Lake winters in the Fifties had their cold spells they were as picturesque and beautiful as the picture shows.

We have a similar amount of snow in Whitehorse as that picture shows, and the down-east Meteorological guru said recently that by the end of November Whitehorse had had 3/4 of a full winters normal winter snow accumulation already and snow shovelling is a hobby I do not care for but if it continues it'll be one we all may have to take up.

It's been a good winter so far - the climate she is a'changing.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Here is a nice story/poem that I ran across, written by Pete Harms a local teacher in Whitehorse. He used to live in Ross River and has not heard of the Moccasin Telegraph. He gave his permission to put this in the MT. If you send him a copy of that issue, he may be interested in signing up. Hope the folks enjoy this.

Don Frizzell frizzell@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

**Merry Christmas
To all Yukoners everywhere.
Yukon Nativity**

By Pete Harms pjharms*northwestel.net (InWhitehorse)

For a real Yukon Christmas.. How would it go?
Had God sent his Son to this land of snow
Not born in Bethlehem, but the Yukon instead
In a small trapper's cabin, no crib for a bed

One dark and lonely star studded night
By a crackling wood stove and soft candle light
A grizzly old trapper was reading his book
When a knock at the door caused him to look

The hinges squeaked open and there in light's beam
Stood a young couple by a thin husky team
"Sorry to bother you," the stranger did sigh
"But if we keep on going, our wheel dogs will die

We can't go no further... we're also dead tired
I saw your candle and hoped there'd be fire
We need to warm up and we need a room
For Mary's expecting, our baby's due soon"

"A room you will get boy.. It's the Yukon you know
We always help travelers that are stranded in snow
My place is your place. I'll sleep out tonight
I'll heat up my wall tent with a cozy airtight

Babies ain't my thing" the old trapper chuckled
As he pulled on his mitts and his boots tied and buckled
"There's coffee on the stove and some fresh bannock too
And help yourself to my two day moose stew"

That very evening Mary gave birth
God sent his Son to spend time on earth
Born in a cabin on an old trapping line
In a small bush clearing surrounded by pine

Joseph emptied the grub box and lined it with hide
Wrapped the baby in plaid and laid Him inside
It's hard to imagine, this is God's only son
Is it strange or just special the way his life has begun?

Suddenly there was a soft rap at the door

Joseph wondered if the trapper forgot something before
So he went to the door and there stood three men
They were R.C.M.P. so he asked them in.

“We were up river... but we saw the sign
We’ve been heading this way since just after nine
We all were amazed by heaven’s bright beam
It showed us the way to your cabin it’d seem

Now I’m not religious but something is clear
Something special and wonderful is goin’ on here”
They stomped off the snow and came through the door
Walked to the baby and knelt on the floor

The first man offered his warm beaver cap
“We can pull out the stitches and make it lie flat
He needs to be warm...He’s such a small thing
A beaver skin blanket is fit for a king”

The second one offered his old Coleman light
“It belonged to my dad but it sure works alright
With hours of darkness and a very short day
You’ll be the light, to show men the way”

The last one slipped off a large nugget ring
Large Klondike placer which he gave to the King
“I mined this myself and of this I am sure
This ring like this Christ Child is priceless and pure”

And suddenly the Northern Lights split the dark sky
With weaving and dancing, the bands they did fly
Then heavenly angels with shining white wings
Came to worship the Christ Child and they started to sing

Prime Ministers Press Release

PM welcomes Douglas George Phillips as Yukon’s next Commissioner

30 November 2010

Ottawa, Ontario

Prime Minister Stephen Harper today announced that Douglas George Phillips will serve as the new Commissioner of Yukon. He will assume his new duties after taking the Oath of Office in December. The Prime Minister met with the Commissioner-designate immediately after his appointment.

“Mr. Phillips brings a wealth of experience to this new position, having contributed to public and community service in Yukon for more than 30 years,” said Prime Minister Harper.

Mr. Phillips was first elected to the Yukon Legislative Assembly in 1985, and has served in a number of portfolios in Cabinet, including Tourism, Education, Justice and as the Minister Responsible for the Women’s Directorate and the Public Service Commission. He also served as Government House Leader from November 1992 to February 1996, and as Official Opposition House Leader from December 1996 to April 2000.

Mr. Phillips has also been actively involved in community service in Yukon for many years engaging in wildlife conservation, and, most recently, serving as director of the Yukon Hospital Foundation which he helped found. He has also served as Yukon Administrator since 2007.

Territorial Commissioners are appointed by His Excellency the Governor General on the advice of the Prime Minister and fulfill many of the same duties as the Lieutenant Governor of a province. They are responsible for swearing in Members of the Legislative Assembly and Members of the Executive Council, opening the Legislative Assembly and providing assent for legislation passed by the Assembly.

The Prime Minister also thanked outgoing commissioner of Yukon, Geraldine Van Bibber, for her tireless devotion in serving and representing the people of the Territory and helping build a stronger Yukon.

** The swearing in is on Dec. 17 Friday 7pm in the foyer of the YTG building.
Doug Phillips



Merry Christmas
From Bill and Sherron Jones sherronjones*roadrunner.com (In Yuma)

Vancouver Island Yukoners Gather for Christmas Luncheon 2010

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

As in previous years former Yukoners and family members from Vancouver Island and a number from the Mainland – a total of 39 -- gathered together at the ABC Country Restaurant in North Nanaimo on December 16th for a few hours of visiting, catching up, and even meeting for the very first time, followed by a tasty Christmas luncheon. Hosted once again by Sharon Redmond and Harriett Butterworth, attendees at this year's event enjoyed a unique (and hopefully continuing into the future) event as Liam McParland, the teenaged, musically talented grandson of Ted and Trudy North favoured us with seven sing-along Christmas carols and then capped his presentation with a special rendition of the Beatles' "When I'm 64", appropriately amending the last two verses to "when I'm 74" and "when I'm 84"!

Once again, a big "Thank You" to Sharon and Harriett for arranging the gathering. Your efforts are very much appreciated. A special thanks to those who made the special effort to come from the Mainland and represent the Vancouver Yukoners' Association.

There were a few who had planned on attending but were prevented from doing so at the last minute due to illness. We missed you and hope that you will be able to attend the picnic in August or next year's Christmas luncheon.



On Left from front: Perry St Jean, Isabelle Townsend, Frances MacLeod, Carol Avon,
On Right from front: Gerard St Jean, Betty St Jean, Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer



Left from front: Lowell Bleiler, Ken Jones, Jim Perry, Carmine De Michele
 Right from front: Lyn Bleiler, Bev Mason-Wood, Vivian (Lilievre) Stuart, Austina
 (Brasseur) Parsons, Tammy (Parsons) Hatter



Left from front: Percy DeWolfe, Gus Barrett, Blanche (Holbrook) Barrett, Colleen Butler
 Right from front: Fred Horn, Joyce Yardley, Bill Buchan, Niki Buchan, Ron Butler



Left from front: Sharon Redmond, Valerie (Osborne) Duckworth
Right from front: Harriett (Osborne) Butterworth, Fay (Callison) Ash, Wayne Crowe,
Joan (Murdoch) Crowe



Left from front: Liam McParland, Trudy (DeWolfe) North, Ted North
Right from front: Evelyn Smyth, Ron Smyth, Warren Rongve, Jean Rongve

Whitehorse in Flames

Yukon Nugget courtesy Rolf & Margaret Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

The White Pass station which now stands on the waterfront at the end of Main Street in Whitehorse is not the original building. It was lost to a fire which destroyed most of the commercial buildings in the new town.

Whitehorse was a new and growing town back in the spring of 1905. From Front Street to Second Avenue, and between Elliott and Steele, stood the hub of a fairly prosperous place. There were at least five hotels, hardware, jewellery and grocery stores, cafes and restaurants, a confectionary, a drug store, a bank - why you could get almost everything you needed in downtown Whitehorse back then.

But on May 23, 1905, all that changed. At about 4 am, a small fire started in the barber shop in the back of the Windsor Hotel on the corner of first and Main. The firehall was just across the street. The single fire engine in town answered the call and seemed to have contained the blaze to the Barber Shop.



The fire destroyed the Windsor Hotel, the Whitney and Pedlar Store, the Whitehorse Hotel and many more businesses of Front Street. The Post Office and Court house far left.

Then, as the fire was nearly out, the fire truck ran out of water. The fire in the barber shop flared and soon engulfed the Windsor Hotel. The raging flames leapt across the street and began to consume the Whitney and Peddlar department store. The flames then leapt across First Avenue, and the original White Pass station was set ablaze. The fire roared down First Avenue to Steele Street toward the Post Office on Elliott, and up Main Street to Second Avenue.



Whitney & Pedlar store on Front Street near Elliot with proprietors on the front porch.
The White Horse Tribune had their office in the building.

Date: Dec.1900/Jan. 1901

Yukon Archives. H.C. Barley fonds, #555

The single fire engine sat idle, out of water. Townspeople rushed to the scene carrying small buckets of water. It was a hopeless battle. One of the impromptu firefighters was Robert Service, who, along with many others, managed to save the Bank of Commerce building at Second and Main. The Post Office was spared, as was the Telegraph Office at First and Steele.



The Windsor Hotel on the corner of Front Street and Main Street. Date: April 1901
Yukon Archives. H.C. Barley fonds, #5558.

When the fire was finally contained, dozens of business establishments were reduced to ashes. The smouldering town was a grim scene to those who had worked so hard to build a business district for a growing town.



The Big Fire of White Horse May the Twenty Third. 1905. Photo by J. Doody.
Yukon Archives. James Albert Johnson fonds, #57

Damage totalled more than 300 thousand dollars, which by today's standards, would be in the millions. But the townfolk were determined to re-build, led by the White Pass, which started construction of a new train station the next day.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

LESLIE NIELSEN

I didn't see Leslie Nielsen mentioned in the obits.

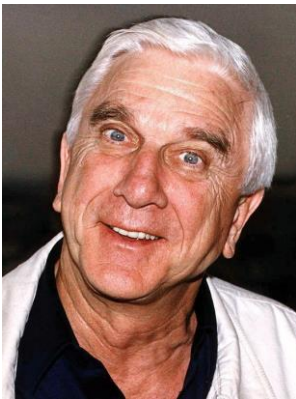
His dad was in the Mounted Police.

He was born in Regina.

Of course everyone knew his brother, Erik Nielsen. "Yukon Erik".

Erik's daughter, Roxanne, was/is in the Force and may still be serving.

George Bliss [jrsports*sasktel.net](mailto:jrsports@sasktel.net) (In Regina)



Leslie Nielsen

Born February 11, 1926 in Regina, Saskatchewan

Died November 28, 2010 in Fort Lauderdale, Florida at age 84.

Nielsen was born on 11 February 1926 in Regina, Saskatchewan. His mother, Mabel Elizabeth (née Davies), was a Welsh immigrant from Fulham, London, and his father, Ingvard Eversen Nielsen, was a Danish-born Constable in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Nielsen had two brothers; his older brother, Erik Nielsen (1924–2008), was Deputy Prime Minister of Canada during the 1980s. Ingvard used to beat his wife and children, and that made Nielsen want to escape.

Nielsen married four times: Monica Boyer (1950–1956), Alisande Ullman (1958–1973), Brooks Oliver (1981–1983) and Barbaree Earl (2001–death). Nielsen also had two children from his second marriage, Maura and Thea Nielsen.

Nielsen was a fan of golf, and he often played it in his free time. Nielsen joked about his view on golf, "I have no goals or ambition. I do, however, wish to work enough to maintain whatever celebrity status I have so that they will continue to invite me to golf tournaments." Nielsen's interest in the sport led him to star in several comedic instructional films.

Nielsen stated in several interviews that he had a few medical problems such as hearing impairment. He was legally deaf and wore hearing aids for most of his life. Because of this impairment, he publicly supported the Better Hearing Institute

In November 2010, Nielsen was admitted to a Fort Lauderdale, Florida hospital for pneumonia. On 28 November, Dr. Doug Nielsen, Nielsen's nephew, announced to the CJOB radio station that Nielsen had died in his sleep, due to complications from pneumonia, around 5:30 pm EST, surrounded by family and friends.

His agent, John S. Kelly, said Nielsen died at a hospital near his home in Ft. Lauderdale where he was being treated for pneumonia.

Nielsen's nephew Doug Nielsen, who lives in Richmond, B.C., said his uncle had been hospitalized for the past 12 days and died in his sleep with wife Barbaree by his side.

Nielsen's Canadian roots run deep. Though he eventually became a naturalized U.S. citizen, his father was a Mountie and his brother, Erik Nielsen, served as an MP in Yukon and as deputy prime minister in Brian Mulroney's Conservative government.

Nielsen appeared in over 100 films and 1,500 television programs over the span of his career, portraying over 220 characters.

Leslie Nielsen: A Real Canadian

Leslie Nielsen was a wonderful actor. He brought joy and pleasure to many people around the world with his irrepressible humor. But, his U.S. obituaries ignore his enormous, iconic film contribution to his Canadian homeland. As Gordon Cutter in Paul Gross' 2002 romantic comedy "Men with Brooms," Nielsen was masterful. He showed why so many Canadians love the sport of curling, despite its predictable challenges and frustrations. With Nielsen's help, "Men with Brooms" became the then-largest grossing Canadian film in history. That's a lot more than an airplane.

OLD CROW

Thanks to Donna and Ira, I am finally motivated to have a VHS tape converted to DVD. It's a CBC program of Jim Wake's pictures taken when he was an RCMP constable stationed at Old Crow in the 1930's.

Apparently there was an epidemic in Old Crow during his time there. A nurse was sent over from Alaska to help out. She ended up becoming Mrs. Wake.

Jim was later stationed in Whitehorse during the war, which is when my parents began their life-long friendship with the Wakes.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Sherron, hope I'm not too late to wish all the MocTellers a Merry Christmas and Happiness in 2011.

Thank you for all your hard work keeping the Moccasin Telegraph Going.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Casino Silver Mines Ltd Shares – Can anyone help ?

Hello Sherron, how have you been ?

I have a question I would like to cast out among the readers. Would any one have any information regarding Casino Silver Mines Ltd shares. The reason I am asking is that we as in my self and my two sisters have found that Dad and Mom had 200 shares in exchange for staking claims for Casino Silver Mines Ltd back in 69 I think.

As these shares are estate assets and we would like to sell them. So far I have not been able to turn up much information on these shares or how much they might be worth to day. Or if we might be able to sell them in order to place the funds in Dads estate. Any how Cheers and thanks in advance to any one who may have any information.

Ron Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

Reflections on Human Nature

By Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer

As I wound up yet another session of packing up an elder to go into care, I reflected on how many times I have done this.

In early 1982, health crisis catapulted my grandparents into the care of my parents ahead of schedule. I, who lived a few miles away, was the natural one to clear out their apartment. Not for the last time was I dismayed at how much anyone could cram into a one bedroom apartment. My school aged children and I filled their apartment dumpster several times over, sent heirlooms 'round the family and still had left-over items for church and school bazaars.

My parents learned from that experience and kept lists of who should get what when they died. However, they were secure in the belief that they would live in their own condo until they died and that they would die within a short time of each other. On the first, they were wrong; on the second, more right than anyone would expect. Fortunately, they kept

their Living Wills up to date, signed and dated by all every year. In addition, they held a firm policy of: if you bring a gift, you have to take something away. They considered consulting a lawyer, as their situation or estate law changed, to be as normal as consulting a physician for changes in health status. My middle sister moved Mom into care; she and I moved Dad into assisted living when the need arose. She and I held deathbed watch with Mom and Dad and, when it was over, distributed what possessions were left, within the day.

A few years ago, an elderly spinster needed a younger contact person and I was "it". Eventually, she needed to move to an assisted living facility. She gave up very little of her belongings, most of which were very shabby heirlooms from Ireland and from her parents' time. Fortunately, my relationship with her far-away cousin is such that I know exactly what the family will want and what may go to estate sale when the time comes. Through successive health crises, my friend has refused to sign a "Do Not Resuscitate" form, leaving it to her physicians to decide each time. Only by convincing her that I was not planning on her dying tomorrow, but for her living to ninety, have I gradually persuaded her to update her will, execute a Power of Attorney against the day when it will be needed and arrange her burial site and funeral plans. While the thought of dying sends her into palpitations, the thought of living to ninety terrifies her into action.

Concurrently, another spinster, barely older than I, has had deteriorating health, increasing disability and failure to cope. She has needed care for over a year but has resisted, eluded and refused services available to her because "I'm not old!" She alienated most of her friends with her expectation of their performing the very services she refused. Two months ago, she "crashed". No will nor power of attorney; no longer mentally competent to make decisions on her own behalf. How do you close an apartment, discontinue services, save family keepsakes, find essential paperwork when the resident cannot or will not advise and the family has no legal authority?

Each of these people had exposure to similar information on end-of-life preparations. Each had sufficient experience with friends or family becoming incapacitated or dying at any stage of life. Why do some hold on to every belonging regardless of space or utility and others let go when appropriate? Why do some inform themselves about what end of life care they might want or refuse and then discuss their choices with their families, even to making out representation agreements or, at least, living wills? Why do so many people believe wills are only for the rich or only for those with small children (or pets) to be cared for? Wills are for all adults and need to be updated at life's milestones.

I challenge Moc Tel readers of all ages to ask themselves these questions:

- Do I have a will? When did I make it? Have my life circumstances or has estate law changed since then? Do I need to update it?
- Who will make decisions for me if I am incapacitated? Have I actually asked them? Have I given them the information to make decisions according to my values?

- Have I put my preferences in writing and distributed them to the people who need to know?
- Are the possessions I am saving of any use to me any more? Are they of more use to another and, if so, why wait to hand them on?
- Are the possessions I am saving anything that my family (museum, archive, etc.) actually wants? If so, why wait to hand them on?
- Are my possessions getting in the way of my personal safety, e.g. preventing me from using a walker in the house, tripping me, unstable if I need to grab hold?
- Who do I call on for help? Who could get to me fastest and get into my home? Do I have a buddy system if I live alone, someone who checks on me or with whom I check daily?
- Am I eating a balanced diet? What options should I explore for a time I might lack energy or will to prepare my own meals?
- Am I taking medications responsibly, prescription and over-the-counter? Keeping only current prescriptions in view; finding a safe place for prescriptions on hand for occasional or emergency use; returning outdated prescriptions to the pharmacy?

In short, if you had an incapacitating stroke today and could tell no one what you wanted done with your stuff and your life, would you have to sit helpless and frustrated or could you rest confident that someone had all the instruction you could give them?

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Uffish Thoughts: River Traffic is on the Increase

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

That was a long hiatus this year. The ferry came out of the Yukon River on October 25 and November was well into the teens by the time brave (or foolhardy?) souls began to venture back and forth. I last wrote about this on November 14, the day after I spoke with an early river walker. West Dawsonites were a long time between trips to town this year, and it's reflected in the relief expressed in some of their Facebook comments.

I won't emulate Wikileaks and quote anyone in particular. After all, many of them have reputations for loving the solitude to maintain, but the tone of the postings is clear.

The river is fascinating this time of year, and I've been down there for a few minutes just

about every day for the last month or so, just to see what progress the freeze-up was making. There is a tongue of ice that has been slowly getting longer and wider as the weeks go by, and that open lead of water where the ice bridge would normally go is being filled.

But no one could wait that long, not when the river south of that running water is frozen solid and beckoning. So that's where the first route was picked out, and on November 19 I noticed a winding flagged trail and shot a couple of pictures of people making the trek. It was a hazy day and I could not get a good focus on my subjects, but they were there, walking sticks in hand and packs on their backs.

I'm sure there were skidoos on the river before I saw them, but there they were, right on schedule, pounding down the trail and making it firmer, on November 24. At that point the sign at the ferry landing advising travellers to "wait here" at the public line-up ceased to be relevant, and the decision as to where the ice bridge would go this year had clearly been made, as it usually is, by the residents themselves.

When the temperature finally dropped below -30° C for a few days, that not only set the ice in the arena (which, I am told, is just great now – the ice, not the arena) but also the ice on the river. Not the open lead. In one of those weird paradoxes of the North, icy water cold enough to kill you just from the shock of falling into it was warmer than the surrounding air, and black steam rose off the river like the water was on fire. December 1st gave me the best example of this phenomenon that I've seen so far this year.

By December 8th I was expecting to see some vehicles on the river, having heard that some were crossing a day or so earlier, but not having seen any yet. I was rewarded with two modes of transport when I went to look.

I'm reasonably certain that the owner of Bombay Peggy's was on her way to check out her inn, skijoring with two dogs in front and a small sled behind. She made good time coming steadily along the winding trail, which I could see now had been ploughed to the width of a truck since the last time I'd looked at it a day or so before.

Happily the truck and plough did not go through the ice this year, as it did last December. No sooner had she arrived on this shore than a truck could be seen navigating the same route. It was a bit less elegant and showed the bumps and twists more than the skier, but it made steady progress and was across in just a few minutes. It appears that we have a single lane ice bridge at the moment. The man's son, for I could recognize both of them, was waiting on the Dawson side for the trail to be clear, and he set off in the other direction as soon as his father had reached the east bank.

It will probably take a while before the heavy equipment from the highways dept. can get out on the ice to widen the trail and flood it to make it thicker and harden it, but the waiting is certainly over for another year.



A West Dawsonite skijors into town.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The ploughed trail can be clearly seen as this truck navigates the frozen river.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



And here's one going the other way, for good measure.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



We do get some sunshine in December - but not a lot. This was December 8/10, a rare day when it wasn't cloudy. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

MOCTEL 324

I would like to comment on a couple of items from MT 324.

Ft. Selkirk- I enjoyed seeing the photos as it looked very much like it did when I visited in late 1960's.

The photo of the T&D building really brought back memories as that is where I found the keys that I recently sent to Geraldine Van Bibber. As a teenager I didn't have a camera so have no photo's of my visit.

Old Crow - I enjoyed seeing the 1963 photos as it looks very similar to my trips for Yukon Electric during the late 1960's and early 1970's

Merry Christmas to you and Bill and to all the Yukoner's on the MocTel list.

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grand Prairie)

PS Tina Chambers also sends Christmas greetings.

YUKON WILDFLOWERS



Lady Slipper

Photo courtesy Jim & June Austin jraustin929@yahoo.ca (In Vernon)

OBIT

Last weekend, former CBC Yukon announcer Neil Hayes passed away after a fight with Cancer.

Neil was on the air at CBC Yukon from about 1967 to 1980. I am sure a lot of Moc Tel readers remember Neil so I thought I'd pass this obituary from today's Hamilton Spectator along. I have also attached a couple of photos of Neil at work at CBC Yukon.

Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Regretfully, I have some sad news that Neil Hayes passed away on December 5, 2010. My appreciation to Rick Hayes and Tim Kinvig for passing on the following information.



1978 during an open house at the CBC.

Neil Hayes interviews Sarah Warner while her mother Pauline and others look on. Further along from Pauline are Helen (nee Warner), and Ceri Osborne (nee Wheeler). Possibly Sandre Mesitowski (the little one) and other members of Whitehorse Figure Skating Club. That's all we could come up with.— Brian Warner
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Neil Hayes at the controls at CBC Radio Yukon, Whitehorse 1979.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Neil joined the CBC as an Announcer Operator in Frobisher Bay (Iqaluit) sometime in the mid 1960's. He transferred to Whitehorse sometime around 1968 and resigned from the CBC about 1980. While at CBC Whitehorse Neil hosted a number of different Radio shows including the morning show in 1970, then in the mid 1970s he co-hosted the afternoon show.

Over the years he also hosted open line shows, political broadcasts such as election specials and the opening ceremonies broadcast of the new Territorial Government building in 1976. He emceed the special CBC Northern Service 20th anniversary concert in Whitehorse in December of 1978. He was also one of the hosts of the 1980 Arctic Winter Games broadcasts, plus all the other announcing assignments that came the way of a CBC Northern Service Announcer Operator back in those days.

Jim MacVicar jim_macvicar*shaw.ca

HAYES, Wilbert Neil

The Hayes family sadly announces that Neil, just after his 74th birthday, passed away unexpectedly December 5, 2010 immersed in the love of his family. His "molecular redistribution" as he called it, has begun. Neil lived a life others would envy. He was a Veteran of the Canadian Navy, a CBC Northern Service radio announcer, a gold miner and adventurer with an ever inquiring mind. He met many people, both famous and ordinary during his voyage and many became lifelong friends. He retired early and spent the last 20 years living in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico in a little casa filled with art and books. He is survived by a son, Rick in Alberta; daughter Tracey in New Brunswick;

and two brothers in Hamilton, Rick and his spouse Lillian (Bunny) Robson and their two beautiful daughters Julia and Emily, who Neil adored; Allen with his partner Marlene Romanoski. Also, his Aunt Edith Bruckland of Hamilton; and many cousins, friends and acquaintances across Canada and around the world. Following Neil's wishes, no formal ceremonies or visitation will take place. In Neil's memory, please do something nice for a friend, loved one, or a stranger.

• * * * *

Hello, I am Neil's youngest brother writing with some bad news. Neil passed away rather suddenly last evening from complications due to his prostate cancer. His passing was quite quick and painless at the end despite his cancer.

We are using his e-mail contacts to notify friends and acquaintances. If you could pass the sad news on to his friends who we may not know of, we would be grateful. There will be no service or ceremony. The family will have an informal gathering to celebrate his life some time soon.

If you care to, you could make a donation to the charity of your choice.
If you would to contact me or my brother Allen, here is our contact information

Allen Hayes

ahayes*bell.net

(905) 549-0480

Rick Hayes

rickhayes*sympatico.ca

(905) 528-9942

Sincerely, the Hayes Family

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Doris Gates belleoftheball37*gmail.com

NEW ADDITIONS

We are former Yukoners living now in Penticton. Pat King passed on one of your older Moccasin Telegraph issues to us and we thoroughly enjoyed reading it. We still have a business in Whitehorse (Northland Trailer Park) and own a house (at the Yukon River Bridge, 20 miles out of Whitehorse) and have numerous friends and acquaintances.

Larry lived in Whitehorse from 1969 - 2008

Doris lived in Whitehorse from 1964 – 2008

Please add us to the mailing list.

Thanks...Doris & Larry Chalifour doris-larry*hotmail.com (In Penticton)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Thanks so much for your many years of the MocTel but I would like you to take my name off the distribution list. At this time I would like to wish you and Bill a wonderful Xmas and health and happiness through 2011.

Sincerely,

Marlene Sudeyko msudeyko*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

SUDEYKO, Marlene msudeyko*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse since 1954)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become as corrupt as Europe . - Thomas Jefferson

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Rice Flour Muffins

Submitted by Teri McNaughton mчнаughtont*yahoo.ca (In Watson Lake BC)

2 eggs	1c rice milk or juice
4 tbsp. Honey	2c rice flour
4 heaping tbsp. Applesauce	4 tsp. Baking powder

Mix eggs, honey and applesauce together in a bowl. Add rice milk, or juice, flour and baking powder. Mix well. Pour into a greased muffin pan. Let sit for several minutes.

Bake at 400 for approx. 20 mins. or until done.
Opt. Cranberries, blueberries, bananas.

DATES TO REMEMBER



The Vancouver Yukoners' Association invites
Yukoners past and present to attend our 83rd Annual Banquet
Date: April 16, 2011

Place: River Rock Casino/Resort – Whistler Ballroom
Address: 8811 River Rd, Richmond BC – Free Parking

Hotel reservations:

Telephone: 604-247-8900 *or* toll free 1-866-748-3718

Ask for *Vancouver Yukoners'* rate

If booking *before* Feb.1, 2011, ask for our *Early Bird* rate.

Banquet Tickets:

\$55.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to
Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Banquet Reception/Registration: Ballroom Foyer 5pm – 6pm Dinner: 6:30 pm

Hospitality Suite: Open Friday evening and Saturday

Note: registration/pick up tickets at Hospitality Suite

Check www.vancouver-yukoners.com for updates

FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

email: lornellis@shaw.ca Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

For further information contact:

Jim Perry 4perry@telus.net Phone: 604-853-7340

Yukon residents call 867-668-2228 or 1-800-661-0407 for AIR NORTH discount, quote
Convention Code 5HUP12W8

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.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones

#483 – 5707 32nd Street

Yuma, Arizona, USA

85365

928-341-0690