

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 376th Edition – July 14th, 2013

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Midnight June 21, 2013 from the Midnight Dome in Dawson
Photo courtesy Sandra Hall via Facebook (In Dawson)



Midnight June 21, 2013 on the Midnight Dome in Dawson.
Photo courtesy Sandra Hall via Facebook (In Dawson)

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

Flashback: The Remains of the Columbian – 1906

Riverboats were the life-blood of the Yukon at the turn of the century. One day - Tuesday, September 25th, in 1906 - one of them was the scene of a disaster which led to the death of six young men.

A photograph tells much of the story. The smoldering ruins show only the paddlewheel, some pieces of engine and other metal gear, and a few boards from her main deck. The Columbian had left Whitehorse, bound for Dawson with 150 tons, of cargo, including potatoes, hams, bacon, apples and canned vegetables. She also carried 21 head of live cattle - and three tons of blasting powder, covered and stored on the foredeck.

The Columbian was built in Victoria in the spring of 1898. It was sailed to Dawson by way of St. Michael and had performed excellent service on the Yukon, plying the river between Whitehorse and Dawson.



Flashback: The remains of the Columbian, 1906

On that fateful day in September of 1906, she was five miles below the mouth of the Little Salmon River and 20 miles above Tantalus Butte (now Carmacks). Here, a young deckhand Phil Murray

noticed a flock of ducks on the river. Murray had a loaded rifle on board although this was against company rules. The ship's fireman, Edward Morgan, asked for the gun.

What happened next is uncertain. Some accounts say the gun went off by accident. Others say the flock of ducks flew over the ship and Morgan fired over the bow. What is certain is that there was a massive explosion on board the *Columbian*. The resulting fireball was carried the full length of the ship. Purser Lionel Cowper, Mate Joe Welsh, deckhands John Woods, Carl Christianson and Phil Murray, and fireman Ed Morgan, all died in the incident.

Passenger, EE Winstanley, a miner from Dawson was severely burned, but recovered. If there were any heroics in this sad affair, it was likely the actions of the ship's Captain J.O. Williamson, who steered the stricken riverboat to shore where it smashed into the bank while the fire raged. His actions allowed the uninjured crew members, and what few passengers were on board, to jump clear.

The only body never recovered was that of fireman Ed Morgan, who was supposedly holding the gun when the blast occurred.



View of the 'Columbian' travelling down the river. Date: ca. 1903. Yukon Archives. H.C. Barley fonds, #5192.

Apart from the tragic deaths of the six riverboat men and the loss of the steamboat, the biggest losers were the Barton Brothers whose consignment of 21 cattle died in the blast.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin.

WE WERE CERTAINLY SURPRISED

(The first of a two part story.)

Reprinted, from the **ALASKA SPORTSMAN** January, 1943

By former MLA for Mayo – Jean Gordon

Shared with Moccasin Telegraph by their daughter Betty Lone [lonehbk*snet.ca](mailto:lonehbk@snet.ca) (In Morden MB)



The cub's eyes remained shut for several weeks. The cubs had no teeth, but they certainly could scratch with their long well-developed, needle-like claws.



What is funnier in appearance than
A very young cub bear? From a distance
they may seem like pups, but close-up
they're more like monkeys

Just as dawn was nicely breaking on a January morning in 1940, I waved a farewell to my husband, Wilfred, and my brother, Hector-Matheson, as they set off with our seven-dog team on an overnight moose hunt. The two men were to meet Howard Elliott with his dog team at his cabin a quarter of a mile up the Dominion Creek road, near Granville, Yukon Territory. From there they headed toward a cabin at the head of Washington Pup, some ten miles farther, where they would spend the night.



Midget resembled the well-known Teddy bear as she sat back and awaited the candy suspended on the string before her to come within her easy reach.



The news that we were raising some young bears brought many visitors to our cabin

By the next day the thermometer registered twenty below, and I was kept busy stoking fires and preparing a big meal for the “boys” until they returned from their hunt. It was one-thirty in the afternoon when I heard the dog team pull into the yard.

"Come and see what we have here!" called Wilf from the yard. I ran outside to see what it could be, and could see only an old, thin black, bear's carcass lying across the bow of the toboggan.

"Wherever did you get that?" I asked as I turned toward the house to escape the cold. Wilfred followed me into the house and told me that the bear had been shot at Washington Pup. Then I noticed that he was carrying a small box covered with a gunny sack. I looked at the box and then at him. He began to grin at my surprise, for from that box came sounds resembling the cries of small kittens.

My gosh, cubs!" I exclaimed. "Yep, three of 'em," he replied. I threw back the gunny sack and there they were—three—of the tiniest bears imaginable! One was black and two were brown. They were so small that all three could easily have been fitted into a cigar box. Even though they were small, what a noise they made! It sounded as if a dozen families of cats had congregated to have a sing-song.

“What’ll we do with them?” I asked my husband.

"First of all, we've got to figure out a way to feed them immediately," said Wilf. "I guess they're pretty hungry 'cause we killed the mother about ten o'clock this morning."

I prepared a meal for the cubs with a bit of canned milk mixed with water and a little sugar. We fed them with an old eye dropper. It was easy to see that the cubs were very young. They had no teeth and their eyes showed no signs of opening. Their little claws were developed and were as sharp as needles.

Soon after their tummies were filled, the cubs quieted and fell asleep. We covered them and put them behind the heater while we had lunch.

Of course, I couldn't wait until we'd finished lunch to learn about the discovery of the bear den. Hector and Wilf each tried to be first to tell me about it. Finally I managed to get the story in sequence. This is what I learned:

The boys shot a moose the afternoon before. They had cleaned and quartered it and started back to the cabin on Washington Pup for supper. Wilfred was in the lead as they angled up the hill toward the cabin. Hector following just behind and suddenly said, "Hey, Wilf, what makes the snow all yellow here?"

Wilf turned and saw that a couple of his own snowshoe marks had yellowed.



Granville in the Yukon Territory. In the picture above my husband is coaxing Nigger to perform,

"I don't know what would do that," he replied, puzzled.

Howard" who had been behind, came up and added, "Hey, maybe it's a bear's den.

"I dunno," said Wilf, "Anyway, I'm too darned tired to investigate now. We can find out what it is tomorrow." With that remark he continued up the hill, Hector and Howard not far behind.

At the supper table there were speculations as to what might have yellowed the snow in that particular place. Howard said that it must be a bear's den, while Wilf thought that it might be a family of wolverines or perhaps a couple of "porkies," Hector was a cheechako and couldn't make a guess.

By morning the yellowed snow was forgotten in the rush of breakfast and harnessing dogs in preparation for picking up the moose carcass and heading for home in Granville.

As men and dogs left the cabin, Wilf's team was in the lead over the same trail that the men had made coming up to the cabin the night before. As the dogs came to the yellow spot on the snow they all stopped to sniff. The wheel dog paused and thrust his nose into the snow, Wilf shouted to the lead dog and his team moved on. However, when the toboggan moved over the yellow spot, a piece of snow fell, to reveal a cavity below.

Wilf dropped to his knees and peered in, but could see nothing in the blackness, He bent down and put his ear to the hole. The sounds he heard were similar to the mewling of kittens. He motioned for Howard to take his team around the spot while he scooped away some of the snow from what seemed to be the entrance to a den.

Howard returned to the spot in a few minutes, bringing with him his flashlight. With the aid of the light the three boys looked into the den and saw that it belonged to a bear. From the sounds, they could be sure that the den contained cubs and the idea of securing these cubs appealed to the boys.

They decided to shoot the old bear and take the cubs. They made quite a noise, thinking that the old bear would come out of her bed and that they could get a shot at her, but for some reason the old bear was not to be stirred into action by the noise and presence of humans. Finally, the boys had to shoot right into the den and then haul her out.

When the execution was over the boys gave the bear plenty of time to give up the ghost before one of them went in to get the cubs and to tie a rope on the old bear.

"You'd better go, Hec," said Wilf, "You're a lot skinnier than I am or I would go."

Off came Hec's jacket and shirt and in he went to fish out the cubs. He felt around the old bear's body and encountered a small leg. He pulled gently until he could grasp the small body in his other hand and pass it out to Wilfred. After that he found two more cubs and passed them out

A short time later the old bear, the three cubs, and the moose meat had been loaded on the toboggan and the party was on its way back to the home cabin in Granville.

"Some bear story, eh?" remarked Wilf, as he finished the last of his lunch.

"I'll say so" I commented.

"It isn't everyone who can say that they crawled into a den with three live bears," Hector reflected, reaching for another Piece of cake.

"I only hope the cubs live long enough for us to get some Pictures of them," he said. They're so darned tiny I don't know how we'll be able to keep them alive or how we should care for them."

"Oh, we'll manage somehow, I guess" I prophesied. Wilf as he and Hector put on their outdoor clothes before going outside to unload the moose meat and to skin out the hind quarters.

I had barely finished the lunch dishes when the cubs began to yowl. With Wilf's help we fed them more warm milk. Little Betty, our eighteen-month-old daughter was delighted with the new little mites. She immediately wanted to "lub" them. To her they were her puppies' just as our dog, Toby; had been a puppy the summer before.

News soon spread about our cubs, and many people came to see them. Even on the first day that we had them, a corporal of the Mounted Police from the barracks just a short distance from our cabin came to see the bears.

Before supper that night the cubs were clamouring for more milk. Again we fed them with the eye dropper. They seemed to like the canned milk if I made it quite sweet. These greedy little mites would try to suck on the eye dropper, and then they would get so much milk that they began to choke. It took a lot of patience to feed them; they wriggled so much and choked so frequently. However, I had raised some baby squirrels once and they had taken patience, too.

After supper we sat around and discussed the cubs and their future. Hector went out for a while and Wilf and I were left alone to admire them. Suddenly Wilf had an idea, "I wonder what old Queen would do with them?"

"Go get her!" I replied, understanding what he had in mind.

Queen is the mother of all our other dogs, except Toby, and she'd been quite a pet before her pups came. She wasn't reluctant to come in the house. I put the cubs on the rug in the centre of the floor for her inspection, when she came in, she walked up to the cubs, sniffed, and turned away with her hackles up.

"No go, eh?" said Wilf, "Well, we'll try Kate and see what she'll do." Wilf left to re-tie Queen and bring in Kate.

Kate wasn't two years old yet, but how motherly she turned out to be! When she came into the room, she bounded up to the cubs, sniffed them, and began to lick them with her warm, soft tongue. She lay down and curled around them. That was all there was to it. The cubs were her babies!

We recalled that when Kate had her pups the preceding spring, we had allowed her to keep only two. The three females we took from her. She must have thought that these three female cubs were her long-lost puppies!



The task of feeding and warming Three bears was taken largely from us by our sled dog, Kate, who miraculously began to produce milk for the little Bruins.



Kate our sled dog

As we watched Kate perform the cubs' ablutions, we heard someone approaching the cabin. It was Hector with two fellows who had come to see the bears. The sight of the dog harmlessly licking them was quite a shock to two boys, and they immediately wanted to know if we were going to trust the dog with them. The boys were a bit dubious as to how long the dog would remain friendly toward the cubs. Wilf and I were a bit puzzled, too. The dog did seem to love the cubs and didn't indicate that she meant to harm them.

At bed-time Wilf took Kate out of her barrel-kennel, and I covered the cubs warmly and put them behind the heater again. As the lights were turned out, the "music" started.

"Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo!" mourned Kate from outside.

"Weow, weow, weow, weow," returned the cubs from the box behind the stove.

We stood for this serenade as long as we could. Wilf finally got out of bed, went out and untied the wailing dog. She was so anxious to return to the cubs that she nearly tore the door off its hinges trying to get into the house. Wilf followed Kate back to the house and put the cubs out where they could be close to her.

"Lick, lick, lick, lick," went Kate's tongue as we heard the bears get another washing.

"Weow, weow, weow," the cubs objected as they wiggled around in the darkness. Kate would shift her position, but 'she couldn't seem to keep the cubs together for very long.

Between the licking, the crying of the cubs, and Kate's constant moving around there was no quietness for sleep. Snap! on went the light as Wilf jumped out of bed muttering,

"Bears or no bears, we've got to get - some sleep sometime tonight. Out they go to Kate's barrel whether they freeze or not. I won't stand this fuss any longer."

He wrapped the bears, and out to Kate's barrel he took them. He put some hay in the barrel and deposited the cubs on it. Old Kate was right behind him and hastened into the barrel to look after her charges.

Wilf returned to the cabin and to bed. Just before he dropped off to sleep I murmured, "Say, Wilf, wouldn't it be strange if Kate got milk to feed those bears?"

"Yeah, go to sleep" and before he finished his reply I was asleep.

Next morning our first thoughts were of the cubs. After I was dressed I ran out to Kate's barrel to see if they were still alive. They were, and just as hungry as they could be. They were quite noisy about their feelings, too, although Kate was trying her best to keep them warm and quiet.

After we'd had our breakfast, we brought the cubs into the house and fed them. Outside, Kate howled over the separation. During the day we fed the cubs three times more. After their hunger was satisfied, the cubs slept. For the next few days they were fed regularly every three or four hours during the day, and during the night they were put out in Kate's barrel.

Kate stayed near the cubs as much as she could, even to eat. On the fourth day Wilfred came in and told me that Kate had milk and was able to nurse the bears!

This phenomenon, we thought, was unusual. Kate hadn't had any puppies to nurse for nine months. She wasn't going to have any more, either. It was amazing!

This curious turn in events spread the cubs' fame still further.

Many people came to take pictures of Kate with her strange brood' It was so cold outside that most of the pictures were taken inside the cabin with the use of floodlights.

As time went on I stopped feeding the bears every three or four hours, and instead I fed them only in the morning and at night. Kate cared for their needs during the day and night. The eye dropper soon became too small to satisfy the growing cubs and we used one of Betty's old bottles equipped with a nipple. That filled the need.

It wasn't long before the cubs began to know that my presence meant food. When I went out to bring them in for a feeding, they would crawl all over me in search of the bottle that they had come to expect. If I wasn't alert, they would commence to suck on my bare skin wherever they could. In no time at all their sucking would bring the blood to the surface and leave me carrying a red mark. For animals so small as they were, they surely had lots of suction power!

It seemed to me that, for animals which attained such great size in maturity, our cubs grew very slowly. At the end of four weeks their eyes were just beginning to open, but still they could not walk. On the open floor they just pushed themselves around after the manner of a very young kitten. They had grown a lot since we had them, but still they were tiny and cuddly.

The black bear had hair that was slick and shiny, and, oh, so soft. The two brown cubs' hair seemed to be more coarse and not nearly so shiny or soft. At a distance they looked like bob-tailed pups with stand-up ears. At close quarters they resembled monkeys with their wrinkled little faces. The only feature about them that reminded one of a bear was their feet. Such big feet they had! Their feet were monstrous compared with their other features.

How their little claws could scratch! I still have marks indicating the scratches that I received as the cubs grew.

We were at loss as to what we should call our pets. Many visitors offered suggestions but we still spoke of them as Big Brownie, Little Brownie and the Black Fella.

Shortly after we got the cubs, Wilfred took a contract to cut wood at a place about four miles from Granville. He and Hector set to work to build a cabin so that we could live near his work. It was just before we moved that a sad thing happened one that I cannot forget.

During the few days preceding, I had heard Kate scolding the cubs. I surmised that she was trying to wean them. She had nursed them as long as a dog normally nurses puppies. During the day I heard her growling at the cubs, and I noticed that she came out of her barrel and stayed out for several hours.

The day we were to move, I took a guest out to see the cubs. I first drew out the big brown fellow. As I reached into the barrel for another one, the lady said "My, aren't they wild-eyed things!"

I turned, looked, and there was my poor Big Brownie with her eye almost popped right out of her head. I was on the verge of tears at the sight. I thought that she might survive, and I brought out the others and inspected them carefully.

The Black Fella had two small holes in her head, one above each eye - teeth marks. Little Brownie was unscathed. I knew as soon as I looked at the cubs what had happened. Kate was disciplining her youngsters just as any mother might. She had taken their noses in her mouth and had squeezed just a bit. But the cubs were rough and had to be dealt with accordingly. She'd squeezed harder, and because the cubs had a larger head than her pups would have had, her teeth had slipped behind Brownie's eye socket.

When Wilfred came home that night, I told him what had happened to the cubs, and he went out to see for himself. When he returned, I looked at his face and began to cry. He said briefly, "We'll have to kill Big Brownie."

We loaded the toboggan the next morning for the journey over the hill to the new house. At first Kate didn't like to have to leave her babies alone in the box on the toboggan while she trotted

along in the team. After a mile or so Kate settled down to a steady pace behind Queen even though the cubs were making quite a fuss.

When we reached our new cabin, we immediately told Hector that we had an unpleasant job for him. His face fell when he learned what the task was. Big Brownie had been his favourite.

Thinking that it would be best to get it over as soon as possible, Hector took the unfortunate cub and a revolver and went into the woods. After a pause, a single shot rang out Hector came back and said, "The little fellow died like a big bear- full of fight to the last breath."

We thought that we would now be able to forget the incident and remember only the cuteness of our lost pet. We reckoned without Kate, though. Several nights later, Kate, who'd been hunting for the missing cub succeeded in her search.

Wilf stepped outside the cabin to see how cold it was that night. When he came in, his face wore a sickly pallor. "You've got another job to do, Hec." he said.

I knew right then what he meant. Kate had brought her lost cub back to the family doorstep. When Hector took the cub away the next time, it was to a spot - miles away where Kate would not find it.

Even though we had but two cubs now a new problem was confronting us. Kate was weaning them and I must teach them to eat! What a job it was! Each night for a week I boiled some oatmeal, thinned it with milk, and fed them. Before I finished, each time both bears and I were well spattered with mush. I was firmly convinced that nothing was as clumsy or stupid as a young cub who was learning to eat. I reflected that cubs nurse for a long time under ordinary circumstances and that my pets were having to learn at a much younger age than their wild-wood cousins.

Those funny little bears couldn't seem to learn to lap their food. Instead they tried to suck it into their mouths. They would choke time and again. They would inhale so much milk that they had difficulty in breathing.

I fed them one at a time. Even so, it was a job to hold them, as they were determined to put their front paws, and sometimes their hind ones, into the dish of food. As I finished supervising the meal of each cub I would turn that one over to Kate who always gave each of them a thorough bathing with her tongue.

After Kate had the cubs cleaned, I filled a couple of hot water bottles and put them in an old milk case and covered them with old rags, to make a snug, warm bed for the cubs. That was a fine solution until four o'clock in the morning when the bottles had lost some of their warmth and the cubs began to get hungry.

Nigger, as we had begun to call the black one, managed to get out of the box and skitter over to Kate for a bit of breakfast; but Little Brownie, who we now called Midget, couldn't make it. She squalled and fussed in the box until I got up and took her out. Then she too made a bee-line for Kate and breakfast.

We resolved not to have a repeat disturbance like this during the next early morning, so we turned the box on its side so that the cubs could leave it without assistance.

Each night the business of feeding the cubs progressed more and more favourably until, at the end of several weeks, I could leave a dish on the floor and allow Nigger and Midget to feed themselves.

Kate had lost the last of her milk now, so the cubs had to eat enough to sustain them. Kate continued to mother her adopted babies and always kept them clean.

Little Betty found that the cubs were better playmates than her toys. The cubs were soft and made little noises. I had to watch her carefully to see that she did not hurt them. Their eyes were still sore from the weaning experience and I had to nurse their wounds.

“My Strange Pets of the Yukon”



Toby, one of our youngest sled dogs, admired the cubs. In the picture above, she is standing happily near Midget while Nigger is disappearing in background,



By dangling a piece of candy on a string before Nigger, we could make her stand very erect while her admirers exclaimed and snapped pictures of the bear.

Betty couldn't pronounce the name, Midget, so she called the brown cub "Minnie." Soon we all adopted this new variation. Nigger was Hector's favourite and he was forever playing with her. I became quite aggravated when he would tease the little cub. The cub would bite and scratch him, but Hector didn't seem to mind. My fear was that the bear would learn to play in a rough manner

and sometime our baby daughter might get the worst of it. No, I didn't want these bears to become mean.

The last chapter of Mrs. Gordon's fact story will appear in February. (1943) [MocTel 377]

GIFT FROM CHESTER HENDERSON

Another great issue of the Moc/Tel. I particularly enjoyed the stories of **Chester Henderson**. I knew Chester, although not well. He was a good friend of the Holbrook family. I remember visiting his cabin with Blanche on one occasion and viewing his terrific gun collection. He was in attendance at our wedding and presented us with a gift of a large Royal Doulton serving plate.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)



Chester Henderson – grandson of **Robert Henderson** – co-discoverer of gold in the Klondike – August 17, 1898.

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)

Lower LeBarge, Hootalinqua and 30 Mile areas

The Historic Sites Unit is looking for information on the Lower LeBarge, Hootalinqua and 30 Mile areas. Could you please ask your readers to send information to me at kerri.scholz@gov.yk.ca if they have any?

Thanks.

Have a great day!

Kerri Scholz kerri.scholz@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)
Historic Sites Unit

OKANAGAN YUKONERS PICNIC IN SUMMERLAND HELD JUNE 23, 2013

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



Group photo at Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 23, 2013 Summerland BC
Photo courtesy Bill Jones.



Marie (Fisher) & Al Morgan with their daughter looking on.



Al Sowden



Bea (Cook) Wytinck talking to Marie (Fisher) Morgan, husband Herb looking on.



Martha Kerr, Joan Chalmers



Merna Hensley, (in near background Mrs. Shandalla, Leo Borseau, Larry Chalmers)



Pat King, Norm & Sheila Becker, (in rear Al Morgan, Herb's back and Bea (Cook) Wytinck)



Leo Borseau, Larry Chalmers



Martha Kerr, Joan Chalmers. Shirley Turton, Bev Morrison



Hein Mehrhoff (Northern Metallic, Whse), Doug Morrison, Lowell Bleiler



Bob Campbell, Rusty Reid, Hilde Mehrhoff



Bob Campbell, Rusty Reid, Hilde Mehrhoff, Marc Steinbach



Joan (Parker) Robinson (worked for CIBC in Whse 1942 & 43), Sherron Jones



Fred Mandl, Lyn Bleiler



Lyn Bleiler, Solange Farah, June Austin



Claire Festel, Barrie Ravenhill



Carolyn Campbell, Diane (Bidlake) King



Solange Farah, June & Jim Austin



Val Schek



Winona Sheck



Marc Stienbach, Rusty Reid and Claire Festel



Martha Kerr and Shirley Turton



Dianne (Harbottle) & Ray Pilloud



Left sitting Leo Borseau, L to R standing Fred Mandl, Mrs. Shandalla, June Austin, Hilde Mehrhoff, Jim Austin. Sitting with book **Joan (Parker) Robinson** (she worked for the CIBC in Whitehorse in 1942 & 1943) and Sherron Jones. Photos by Rusty Reid.





Group photo courtesy Rusty Reid.



Gazebo at the Summerland Research – Ornamental Gardens, photo courtesy Rusty Reid.



Yukon Flag welcomed everyone to the picnic, photo courtesy Rusty Reid.



Rusty Reid, Sherron Jones, Larry Chalmers, Claire Festel and Rusty Reid.
Photos courtesy Rusty Reid.



Marc Stienbach – photo courtesy Rusty Reid.
New President of the Okanagan Yukoners.

FH COLLINS HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

I am spearheading a "60's F.H. Collins High School" reunion.

Our web address is: www.fhcollins60sreunion.com

Let us know if you would be interested in coming to the FH Collins High School Reunion for those attending FHC in the 1960's.

We would like to determine the interest in attending a 1960's reunion in Whitehorse the weekend of July 11, 2015.

We are still in the planning stages and to make this event a success, we need your support. So send us an email [to info@fhcollins60sreunion.com] if you think you would like to attend and we will send you more information.

Kindest Regards,
David Lee (Class of '67) (403) 295-1646

Legendary Musician Honoured

Commissioner Doug Phillips (left) presented long- time Yukon musician Hank Karr with a Commissioner's Award

By [Vince Fedoroff](#) on July 4, 2013 (shared with permission)



Commissioner Doug Phillips (left) presented long- time Yukon musician Hank Karr with a Commissioner's Award for Public Service at the Canada Day ceremonies held Monday in Whitehorse.



Commissioner Doug Phillips in Canada Day Parade – July 1, 2013
Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson



All Canada Day photos courtesy Donna Clayson
Canada Day Celebrations at Shipyard Park – Whitehorse – July 1, 2013



RCMP Officer Don Rogers, Donna Clayson and granddaughter Jaden



Canada Day Cake



Yukon MP Ryan Leef



Raven the Trickster.

This was a wonderful dance by the Dakhka Khwaan Dancers that tells the story of why Raven is a trickster.



Premier Darrell Pasloski, Wayne Henderson

Wayne is a friend of ours. He was Santa Claus and drove a dump truck covered in lights during the festive season. He no longer does this because the city decommissioned the truck.



Wayne Henderson & Jayden



Yukon Electrical dumped 6500 duckies from the Robert Campbell Bridge and the finish line is Shipyards Park.

Duckies on the Yukon River.

This is a fund raiser for the Rotary Club of Whitehorse. Each duck sold for \$5.00 and corresponds

to an actual marathon racing duck. 6500 of them were released into the Yukon River at 3:00 pm on Canada Day and 'race' to the finish line. The ducks are scooped out of the river by volunteers in boats and on shore. The first 5 ducks across the finish line are the winners.

The duck's numbers are checked against the tickets sold to find the five lucky duck owners. Each winner received \$1,000 and their duck is mounted on a plaque. There is also an insured prize of \$50,000. If any of the first ten ducks across the finish line match a pre-determined ticket number, the owner of that duck ticket wins \$50,000 (paid by the insurance company).

There has never been a winner of this prize since the inception of the Duck Race. The net proceeds go to support the Rotary Music Festival, Rotary Peach Park, Youth Exchange and other local, national and international projects.





Fawn Fritzen.

Fawn is a jazz musician and is one of 3 leading ladies with the Frantic Follies. Fawn donated a copy of her new CD to the Vancouver Yukoners silent auction. Canada Day photos above courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

GIRL GUIDES CELEBRATE 100 YEARS

Hi Sherron,

I would like to send some information about the upcoming 100 year celebration of Girl Guides being in Yukon that is happening in 2014.

There are some events that your readers may want to know about and maybe they would have some memories they would like to share.

In partnership with the Women's Directorate we are launching a 100 years of Girl Guides poster on October 11th. It will be at the main government building around 5pm. (details are still being finalized)

On February 1st, MacBride Museum is launching the Yukon Girl Guides display. We are also launching our book that is an update to our book called 75 summers that covered 1914-1989.

In May there is a Guide Retreat for all adult members and past members. More information is at this website: <http://www.2014guideretreat.com/> It is in Dawson City, May 23-25th, 2014.

On our National Website, there are some really cool photos of the early years of Guiding in Yukon and you can find them here <http://www.flickr.com/photos/girlguidesofcan/sets/72157632601652772/> Some of them are from the NWT as well, but just as neat to look at.

I hope that some of you will check out the upcoming events or share some stories with us. It is always nice to hear about how Girl Guides built Girl Greatness.

Warm regards,

Kerri Scholz kerrischolz.ggc@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Area Commissioner

Girl Guides of Canada- Yukon Area- Alberta Council

Visit yukonguides.wordpress.com for the latest news

Office is at 302 Steele St (TC Richards Building)



The Silver Screen Scoundrels

Sherron, last night, July 11 I attended a performance at The Old Fire Hall here in Whitehorse (see the attached photos, courtesy of Brandon Isaak). Brandon Isaak and Keith Picot, accompanied by Grant Simpson of Frantic Follies fame entertained the audience with 'The Silver Screen Scoundrels'. Brandon and Keith have been having fun making silent films and on this evening we all enjoyed a mixture of silent film and music. All the western and Victorian era silent films stars Brandon and Keith (along with guests) are absolutely delightful. One of my favourites (they are all great) was one titled, 'The Dummy' and was performed live this evening. With Brandon starring as 'the dummy' and sitting on Keith's lap after being carried out in Keith's arms, one almost had to wonder if it really was a dummy or Brandon acting like one. The slap-stick humour, "your hand is up my butt" had the audience in stitches.

Brandon, in his usual form, played the guitar and kazoo and sang while Keith played the bass and lent his voice every so often.

Grant Simpson was asked to tickle the ivories in some of the tunes and one would think these three men spent days practicing as all was tuned to perfection. I guess this is why they are all called 'professionals'.

Chris Isaak, Brandon's brother, was in charge of the film and lights.

The bantering back and forth between the artists as well as with Chris just added to the 'not-some-

things-planned' program. With one of the films beginning to play and Brandon in a hurry to start strumming the guitar, Keith had to say, "not so fast, wait, ok, now!" It makes one wonder if this was planned as part of the act.



Photos courtesy of Brandon Isaak



A truly delightful evening, the 2.5 hrs went by quickly. They served wines, coffee and tea along with crackers, cheese and chips topped off a perfect evening. To those that missed the performance all I have to say is, "your loss".

I would recommend taking in anything Isaak and Picot are in. Have a look at the website and enjoy some of the silent films posted there:

www.brandonisaak.ca

Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBITUARY

It is with sadness Martha Kerr advised that their son **Richard Neil Kerr** passed away in Whitehorse March 27, 2013 at the age of 44, after fighting a 7 year battle with cancer. He leaves behind his parents William (Bill) and Martha Kerr in Kelowna, his wife Dana and their son William in Whitehorse, sister Colleen and family of Kelowna, aunts, uncles and in-laws in Dawson.



Thelma passed away June 2, 2013 in Salmon Arm, BC.

Thelma Viktoria (Norberg) Harbottle was born on May 28th, 1916 in Prince Rupert, B.C. She lived there with her two brothers (Vic Norberg and Herb Norberg) and her sister (Dagny Insulander). She ventured further north at the age of 20, settling in Whitehorse for the majority of her life. She had two daughters, Donna (Harbottle) Davis and Dianne (Harbottle) Pilloud. As they lived in a two block radius of each other, Thelma was able to watch her grandchildren grow up. (Glen Davis, Vickey Davis, Kevin Davis and Melinda Isaac). Thelma was famous to her family for baking pies, cookies, homemade pizzas, breads and so much more. It is in Whitehorse that she met her life partner Len Sumner. Thelma moved to Kelowna in 2005 to be once again closer to her two daughters and their families. Thelma passed away at the Good Samaritan in Salmon Arm, B.C. on June 2, 2013 at the age of 97 years. She was a great grandmother to (Meghan, Nikolas, Cassidy, Callista and Ariana) and a great great grandmother to Brayden.



ANITA MARIE BEREZA (nee Murray)
March 29, 1917 – June 8, 2013

Anita peacefully slipped away in the wee hours of the morning.

Predeceased by her son Bill, she left behind her loving husband of 63 years, Marshall, two children Danny (Gaynor) and Peggy (Roy) and grandson, Greg.

She was the last of 7 children born to Bill and Margaret Murray and was the glue that held a large clan together, priding herself on remembering birthdays and staying in touch with a multitude of nieces and nephews.

Anita led a life of adventure. As a young woman she raised two boys on her own until meeting Marshall. She worked for Archie Fornier at his ranch in Dawson and lived in Bear Creek and Whitehorse. Later, she travelled throughout the world with Marshall, boated in the waters of the Douglas Channel in Kitimat, taught dance, helped to manage the family jewellery store, cooked and taught her loved ones how to do the same - and most of all she enjoyed everyone she met. Mom will be sorely missed, she loved life and we loved her.

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Dave Gairns – mail not getting through.

GAIRNS, Dave dgairns@telus.net (Whse 53-65 & 71-84, Dawson 65-66) (250) 365-5218 Castlegar

Barry Komish 5.4.7 - Delivery expired (message too old) '[Errno 61] Connection refused'
KOMISH, Barry & Colleen (LUND) colbark@sunlite.ca (Colleen in Watson L. 1950 – 2000) Salmon Arm

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Nellie Dale
Cookie Morgan

ASH, Fay (Callison) fayash@shaw.ca (In Carcross 5yrs, Dawson 15, Whse 1) West Vancouver

CHALIFOUR, Larry & Doris doris-larry@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse Larry 1969 – 2008, Doris 1964 – 2008) Penticton

NYE, Bill & Elizabeth (MARSH) thenyes@rogers.com (In Whitehorse 1955 – 59) Ottawa ON

McCANDLESS, Robert rgmccandless@eastlink.ca (In Whitehorse on & off 20 years until 1986)
Tsawwassen

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

It is healthier to see the good points of others than to analyze our own bad ones.
- Francoise Sagan

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Recipe courtesy Dan & Bonnie (ROMFO) Vars dvars@shaw.ca (In Calgary)
Copied from The Star Cook Book compiled by the women of Yukon Chapter No. 1 Order of Eastern Star
Dawson, Yukon Territory, 1942.

Peanut Crinkles – good

½ cup butter
½ cup peanut butter
½ brown sugar
½ cup white sugar
1 egg well beaten
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/8 teaspoon salt

Cream butter and peanut butter together. Then gradually blend in the sugar and add the egg. Sift flour mixture, blend thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon on a well creased cookie sheet, or form into small balls. Press down each cookie with a 4 tined fork. Press a second time so that the creases are at right angles to those made first. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.

Pat Sherbino

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.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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