

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 382<sup>nd</sup> Edition – November 17<sup>th</sup>, 2013**

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

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



**Supercub C-FLRK on the shore of Schwatka Lake.  
Photo in honour of Moe Grant".**

Photo courtesy Heather Jones [hjones\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hjones*northwestel.net) (In Carcross/Whitehorse)

Taken at the end of August this year. Moe Grant's Supercub C-FLRK, now owned by his son George I believe; on the shore of Schwatka Lake. A 3 a.m. photo creation that I had long since hoped for! I threw a bit of light on LRK (with my headlamp and kind of "painted" it)...after a few shots and gently temporarily putting aside a willow tree or two, the lights go more intense and I was gifted with this moment. I was overcome with such a strong sense of 'presence' in the quiet beauty that morning...and I swear that I heard the unmistakable sound of Moe's laughter, just as I had heard it so many times before when flying with him in LRK :) Very good times!

And the calendar goes to print in the next few days! The LRK image will be "August"!

Heather Jones [hjones\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hjones*northwestel.net) (In Carcross/Whitehorse)

To order one of Heather's calendars – contact her at: [hpj50@me.com](mailto:hpj50@me.com)

NOVEMBER 11, 2013

Hi Sherron:

When my son, Dave Reid, was high school age, he was asked to play “**The Last Post**” for the ceremonies in Whitehorse. It was so cold that day, so, he went across the street and up into an office in the Federal Building. When the time was right, he raised the window and played the trumpet to all the people and military & cadets that had gathered at 4th and Main for the occasion. Bill & I were pretty proud of him.

I have attached a story below about 'The Last Post' that you might find interesting.

Rusty Reid [rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com](mailto:rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com) (In Penticton)

## **The Last Post**

Here is something everyone should know. Until I read this, I didn't know, but I checked it out and it's true:

But, do you know the story behind the song? If not, I think you will be interested to find out about its humble beginnings.

During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted.

The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate.

The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform.

This wish was granted. The haunting melody, we now know as ‘THE LAST POST’ used at military funerals was born. The words are:

Day is done.  
Gone the sun.  
From the lakes  
From the hills.  
From the sky.

All is well.  
Safely rest.  
God is nigh.

Fading light.  
Dims the sight.  
And a star.  
Gems the sky.  
Gleaming bright.  
From afar.  
Drawing nigh.  
Falls the night.

Thanks and praise.  
For our days.  
Neath the sun  
Neath the stars.  
Neath the sky  
As we go.  
This we know

I now have an even deeper respect for the song than I did before.

## **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

Marg and Rolf Hougen visited Oakland, California, in 2000 to see the Jack London Square. The Oakland area was London's home. Thanks to the dedication and hard work of Dick North, the Jack London cabin on a creek in the Klondike was carefully disassembled and some of the logs were transported to Dawson City and assembled as a complete cabin and others were donated to Oakland where the city created Jack London Square. His favourite bar has also been preserved. More than any other individual, London's works have made the Yukon famous throughout the world.

## **JACK LONDON, AUTHOR**

He was a high-school dropout who roamed the seas as a sailor, a hobo who – like others of his day - rode the rails in boxcars and walked the land in search of ideas. He needed ideas because he was primarily a story teller like few others of his time. The Klondike Gold Rush saw to that. Though he became world famous for his stories crafted in the Klondike, he also wrote on subjects ranging from boxing to romance, from survival in the Arctic to the strange, exotic beauty of Hawaii.

Jack London was born John Griffith Chaney on Market Street in San Francisco, California, on January 12, 1876. As a lad he was a labourer, factory worker, oyster pirate sailor, and, mostly, a railroad hobo. During his cross-country travels, he came to know socialism, which became his

holy grail. For a time, he was known as the “Boy Socialist of Oakland” because of his fiery street-corner oratory. As a mere lad – 21 years old – he heeded the call of the wild – the Yukon wild.

Like others during the great depression, he caught “Klondike Fever.” London sailed from the San Francisco wharf on the SS Umatilla on July 25, 1897. In Skagway, with a load of desperate men seeking wealth and escape, he teamed up with four other Klondikers and scaled the cruel Chilkoot Pass. Like others, they built a boat at Bennett and sailed down the river. Like others in 1897, they made it only to the mouth of the Stewart River. Then, freeze up. The long Yukon winter of Jack London had begun.

He moved into a cabin and staked a claim on Henderson Creek, a tributary of the Stewart River in early November of 1897. In the days and weeks to come, he became well known to his fellow prospectors for his storytelling ability. There was little else to do but stay warm, stay healthy and tell stories.

However, he could not stay healthy. In May 1898, he developed a severe case of scurvy. Desperately needing medical attention and in pain, he watched the melting ice on the Yukon River. Then he headed for Dawson and a brief stay at St. Mary’s hospital. Here, they told young Jack to go home. On June 28, he arrived in St. Michael, after making his way in a hand-hewn raft down the river. From St. Michael, he sailed home. Jack London’s career in the Klondike lasted less than a year.

Back in Oakland, California, he could not find steady work. In desperation, he pawned his stuff and began writing. As with most authors, his first manuscripts were rejected. Nevertheless, he carried on and the Jack London the world knows today began to take shape.

The scenes in his stories of the Klondike were developed from what he saw and heard during his one winter in the Stewart River district. While he wintered there, gold seekers were still uncertain whether or not the Klondike valley was a better bet for the prospector. Partners argued endlessly while trying to decide where to head come break up in the spring of 1898.

Thus, London’s gold rush ideas came from rumours, barroom tales, and his personal experiences. It is left to the imagination what he might have accomplished if he had stayed a full year, or a decade for that matter. But London’s brief exposure to the Yukon resulted in stories so captivating that they live today as though they were just printed. The classic tales *Call of the Wild*, *White Fang* and *To Build a Fire* represent storytelling at its brilliant best. Throughout his narratives, London never forgot the little guy. To him, Buck, the Yukon sled dog in *Call of the Wild*, represented the struggle of the working-class to maintain dignity.

Though *Call of the Wild* is steeped in seething adventure, London was even more masterful in describing the physical sensations experienced in the Yukon during that winter at the mouth of the Stewart River.

In “The White Silence” he wrote of winter:

“All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice.”

In the Call of the Wild, the death-cry of the rabbit is described as “the cry of life plunging down from life’s apex in the grip of Death.”



Rolf with statue of Jack London.  
Oakland, California  
Photo courtesy Marg Hougen



Rolf with London - Cabin Oakland, California  
Photo courtesy Marg Hougen

There are some who say the dog Buck in Call of the Wild is modeled after Belinda Mulroney's Dawson City sled dog. Perhaps. Whether or not that is true, Call of the Wild brought the image of remote Canada to the world. It has been published in more than 400 editions in eleven languages. And Jack London, that writer of dog stories who lived in the Yukon in a small log cabin in the bush became the highest paid and best known North American fiction writer of his day.

In 1905, he bought the first piece of what would become, in 1914, a fifteen hundred-acre ranch in the Valley of the Moon near Glen Ellen, California. The ranch became the foundation of his life, and his passion. He raised prized cattle, operated modern barns, practiced soil reclamation and water conservation. Ahead of his time, many would say.

In 1907, with his second wife, Charmain, Jack sailed the Pacific to the South Seas in the sailing ship Snark, which became the basis for a book. He fell in love with the South Pacific.

During his final journey to Hawaii, in 1915, he came to know and admire the Hawaiian people, a part of his character that shows in the short story On the Makaloa Mat. When he died in 1916 at age forty, London's admiration of the Hawaiians was recognized in a declaration from the Royal Family: "By the point of his pen, his genius conquered all prejudice and gave out, to the world at large, true facts concerning the Hawaiian people."

Conventional wisdom says that Jack London died of a combination of drug overdose and alcohol abuse, resulting in kidney failure. However, others believe that he died of systemic lupus, a disease that resembles scurvy. In fact, he may have had the disease during his Yukon winter on the creeks. Still, in his short life, he produced 200 short stories, over 400 non-fiction articles and twenty novels. His life was far too short.

Whatever the cause, his early death did nothing to relinquish his place as a literary genius who was inspired by events around him – inspired as few others – by the last great gold rush.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

## **MocTel 380**

Hi Sherron, once again enjoyed all the interesting information and photos, but, since a couple of issues I've been getting the Moc Tel with letters some I can read well and others not so well, some in good-legible print, others in almost non-legible print, is anyone else encountering this problem?

Happy Birthday Jim Robb!! Maroesja

Maroesja van Oeveren [maroesjabigm@hotmail.com](mailto:maroesjabigm@hotmail.com) (In Holland)

**It is nice to know more about people than we personally witness**

By Alan McDiarmid [amcdiar02@hotmail.com](mailto:amcdiar02@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

History is about people; where they lived, how they lived their life, and about events that happened around them. In older times people pretty much stayed put so they knew one another through all stages of life. In more recent times we only know or knew people as children and or adults, or maybe just as elders.

Pictures and stories (history), can give us much more; the parts we missed. My mom and dad didn't take pictures, only a few at best and it seems they were always busy so there were few stories. You really needed to catch them when they were more relaxed, camping in one of their favourite places so they would open up. At least that's how I saw it. Without pictures or stories you even miss out on knowing your parents as children.

Sharing pictures and stories enriches our lives through knowing and understanding people and times. This story is one of the few I heard about my mother's young years and one of life's lessons given to her by her elders.

But first I need to say a little about Paul and Johnson Lucas. They lived traditional lives; moving about, hunting trapping and gathering. And for a time while the steamboats were still running they would come up from the village to work as longshoremen. Both were capable men, good providers, very much a necessity of the times.

When we first moved to Mayo dad was in the wood business. So was his friend Ed Bleiler. Ed had a big wood yard that dad also used. When 16' wood needed to be cut into 16" lengths dad would rent Ed's buzz saw and would also hire Ed's sawing crew, Paul and Johnson. I became the third man on this log-handling crew.

These two who would be young elders at the time worked steadily and well together, just what was needed for this type of work. They would both arrive to work on time but not together; maybe half a block apart one behind the other. When the job was finished Paul would just dust the sawdust off and walk away. Johnson would maybe talk a little then he would head off to where ever he was going. I don't remember them ever talking to each other. I thought this peculiar for two brothers so talked to mom about them.

She said they hadn't changed much over the years, it wasn't peculiar for them, and then related the following story:

When mom was about seven, not long after her mother Julia passed, her aunt Lucy Peters took her in. They were living at the Old Village below Mayo. One day Lucy told mom she was going hunting with her uncles Paul and Johnson Lucas, Lucy's brothers. Lucy wasn't my grandmother's sister and mom had no siblings. They were all closely related and that was good enough.

Anyway, Paul and Johnson appeared at Lucy's house and away they went: Paul in the lead, mom next, then Johnson. Paul was the older of the two young men, the natural leader. They had been walking for a few hours when Paul suddenly bent over and picked up a hefty stick about as long as he was tall. Mom thought the stick was for walking. But when Paul came to a spruce tree some distance ahead he swung the stick and a porcupine dropped to the ground. He let go of the stick, picked up the porcupine, then kept walking without hardly breaking stride.

They traveled along for about another hour. When they came to a nice spot beside a creek, Paul dropped the porcupine and his pack then kept on walking along the trail. Johnson got busy making

a fire, singed and cleaned the porcupine and hung it by the fire to roast. They were drinking tea when Paul reappeared carrying a spruce hen with a snare around its neck. As he had no gun mom assumed he had pulled that out of a tree as well. This all happened with no words exchanged at all. They had eyes to see and observe and each knew their role, making anything other than gestures unnecessary.

That story gave me a much better understanding, and gave me added respect and admiration for these two elder relatives. Without this story and some confirmation of their younger years by others, I would be able to visualize no more than a pair of interesting elderly brothers.

Paul had remained a bachelor and Johnson lived a married life for a time. When they were well up in age, Johnson liked company, visiting and having tea. Paul enjoyed a few beers on a fairly regular basis but he would almost daily head out on a trail. When he returned he would appear at someone's door to drop-off, sharing whatever his pack held that day.

## **PETRIFIED SHIP MAY BE THE ARK Yukon Indians Believe They Have Found Noah's Craft.**

San Francisco Call, Volume 87, Number 32, 2 July 1902

Special Dispatch to The Call.

TACOMA, July 1.—W. A. Reid, secretary of the Skagway Young Men's Christian Association, has returned from the interior of Alaska, where he talked with Indians, whose earnest statements he believes fully confirm previous reports that, the Indians of the lower Yukon have discovered an immense petrified ship on Porcupine River near the Arctic circle and north of Rampart, Alaska. The Indians first told their story to H. F. Lischke; editor of the Koyukuk News. Secretary Reid talked with the Indians, who convinced him that they saw the great boat, which is lying partly on its side. When asked; regarding its size they traced its dimensions on the ground, indicating a length of 1200 feet. The Indians ' said that- everything connected with the boat was petrified.

Among the things inside of it was a large safe or chest. Thinking there might be something within this, they rolled' it out of the ship and down trip mountain side, using levers and skids for the purpose. They thought it might break open, but in this they were disappointed. While the chest was hollow, it remained intact. The Indians finally became convinced that the whole contrivance was something connected with the Holy Spirit, so they left it, but promised to pilot others to the spot at any time. The Yukon mission Indians familiar with the Bible are convinced that the ship is none other than Noah's ark.

Reid intends to return to the interior of Alaska this summer, in which event he will take some Indians and/ also request army officers to detail soldiers to accompany his expedition. The ship is located near the top of a hill, thousands of feet above sea level.

Thank you to Jason McDiarmid for posting this article to the Facebook page "Yukon First Nation History"

# **“ KLONDIKE ” IS CORRECT.**

## **The Proper Spelling Determined by the United States Board on Geographic Names.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—the United States Board on Geographic Names, which meets here at stated intervals, has just rendered decisions determining the spelling of 149 geographic names. These include a number in Alaska, significant at this time in view of the Klondike excitement. Many variations of nomenclature for the same place are encountered and the board's action settles the uniform usage. Following is a summary of action taken relating to places conspicuously mentioned in the gold stories:

As to Klondike, the decision is to spell it as here given, and not Clondyke, Klondyke, Chandike, Chandik, or Deer, Reindeer, Trondike, or Thron Duick. One of the lakes of the Upper Yukon was named Lebarge by the Western Union Telegraph expedition in 1868, after Mike Lebarge, a member of the exploring party, who is now living somewhere near Ottawa, Canada. Late publications have fallen into the error of spelling this Labarge, but the board adheres to the original from Lebarge. There is a Lebarge River in Alaska.

When Schwatka descended the Yukon in 1883 he named one of the lakes on its headwaters Lindeman, after Dr. Moritz Lindeman, now Vice President of the Bremen Geographical Society. This sometimes appears erroneously as Linderman. The board adopts Lindeman. One of the principal tributaries of the Upper Yukon is the Lewes River, named by Robert Campbell of the Hudson Bay Company, about 1848. This is often miscalled Lewis.

The inlet, river, and village at the head of Lynn Canal, which now appears in the newspapers almost daily under the form Dyea, the starting point for the overland route, is an Indian word which has appeared in many forms. Admiral Meade in 1869 wrote it Tyya, Krause in 1882 wrote it Dejah, Schwatka in 1883 Dayay, Dall in 1883 Taiya. The board adopts the form of Taiya.

For the lake and river variously called Hootalinqua or Hotalinga, or Teslin-Hina or Teslin-Too, or Teslin, the board adopts Teslyn. The terminations Hina and Too are said to mean river in different Indian dialects. An Indian village on the middle Yukon is called Nuklukayet. This has been written in several forms, including the erroneous one Tuklukyet.

Published: October 11, 1897

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Thank you to Jason McDiarmid for posting this article to the Facebook page "Yukon First Nation History"

A 1977 trip by raft on the Yukon River includes harrowing trip through Five Finger Rapids.  
[http://youtu.be/vy2si3M\\_Wb4](http://youtu.be/vy2si3M_Wb4)

Thank you to Jason McDiarmid for posting this video to the Facebook page “Dawson City, Blast from the Past” and allowing it to be shared in the Moccasin Telegraph.

Below from:

### **1899 A Collection of Yukon Indian Legends, compliments of White Pass & Yukon Route**

Posted by Jason McDiarmid to the Facebook page “Yukon First Nation History”

#### **The Big Flood**

A Legend of the Yukon Indians

Many years ago, on a drowsy summer afternoon, a caribou waded out into the Yukon River to escape the horde of flies which were tormenting him. He reached a depth where his entire body was submerged with the exception of his head and neck. The air was warm, but the water was cool and soothing to his heated body; and the soft wind from the south lulled him to sleep.

As he slept he nodded, and with each succeeding nod his head lowered until his nose reached the water. A small grayling came swimming along nearby, and feeling in a playful mood touched the caribou on the nose. At this the caribou awakened with a start, and he was very angry. To think that a mite of a fish should, have the audacity to disturb the slumber of a mighty caribou! He would dole out the proper punishment for so grave an offense. He would place the felon on the highest mountain peak where there wasn't a drop of water. That would show him what happened to small fish who molested big caribou. So he picked up the grayling on his antlers and waded ashore.

Looking around he spied a very high mountain. In fact it was the highest mountain in the world. That, he decided, would be the final resting place of this mischievous fish. It was a long walk and a hard climb, but revenge was uppermost in the caribou's mind, as he plodded along to the foothills of the mountain. When he reached them he picked out the best trail and started the ascent. He climbed and climbed until he reached the very top. Then he dropped the fish and lay down to rest. The grayling, however, only laughed, and told his captor he would have no trouble in getting back to water. The caribou thought this was just another case of youthful boasting, and paid no attention to him. A fish couldn't walk, he couldn't jump, and he couldn't fly, so how could he ever hope to reach the river?

In his eagerness for revenge there was one point which the caribou hadn't even considered. He didn't know that this grayling had the powers of a medicine man, and that there was no task which he could not accomplish. If he couldn't get to the water, then he would bring the water to him. As he lay there, the fish made big medicine. He ordered the clouds to send water, as his fathers had done on many occasions in the years gone by when the streams were low. Instantly the heavens opened and the rain came down in torrents. The storm increased in volume until the caribou could see nothing but the small pinnacle on which he stood. Creeks overflowed their banks, carrying trees and rocks in their mad rush down the hillsides.

The Yukon rose higher and higher. The storm showed no signs of abating. Now the lower hills were submerged, and only the great mountain was visible above the surface of the water. Down pelted the rain with increasing fury.

Through the din of the storm could be heard the taunting voice of the grayling. The caribou was terror stricken. He realized only too well that his great strength was of no avail against the powers of a medicine man. He coaxed and pleaded, but the fish only laughed at him.

The water had now reached the feet of the caribou. The fish was submerged, and bidding a hasty farewell to his companion, swam gaily away. Overjoyed at his deliverance, he forgot to stop the medicine, and the rain continued in torrents, until finally the caribou was submerged and drowned. Swimming along near the surface of the water, the grayling noticed that the clouds were still sending rain as he had commanded them; so he again made medicine and ordered them to cease. No sooner had he done this than the sky cleared and the sun shone brightly.

But the big flood which the grayling had brought forth to save himself had obliterated every living creature on the earth.

## **WHITE PASS WEBSITE CREATED BY BOERRIES BURKHARDT**

See images of the trucks at:

<http://www.whitepassfan.net/whitepass/truck/index.html>

The ships/riverboats at:

<http://www.whitepassfan.net/whitepass/ships/index.html>

## **OBITUARY**



**SUMMERS, Penny Lee**

December 12, 1959 - **Whitehorse, YT** June 27, 2013 - Calgary, AB

Penny Summers passed away peacefully Thursday, June 27, 2013 at the age of 53 years after a courageous battle with cancer. Penny was **born in Whitehorse, Yukon** on December 12, 1959. She worked in several careers in her life, and she had an amazing talent for helping people and touched several hearts. She lived every day to the fullest and was an excellent teacher. She will be fondly remembered by her many good friends. Penny is survived by her brother; daughter; and three grandchildren. She was predeceased by her parents Roy Summers, Clara Hebert and stepfather Leo Hebert; and her two sons Curtis and Sean. Funeral Services will be held at

McINNIS & HOLLOWAY'S Park Memorial Chapel (5008 Elbow Drive S.W., Calgary, AB) on Friday, July 5, 2013 at 2:30 p.m. Condolences may be forwarded through [www.mcinnisandholloway.com](http://www.mcinnisandholloway.com). If friends so desire, memorial tributes may be made directly to the Canadian Cancer Society, 200 - 325 Manning Road N.E., Calgary, AB T2E 2P5 (Telephone 403-205-3966, email [donorservices@cancer.ab.ca](mailto:donorservices@cancer.ab.ca)). The family would like to thank the staff at Foothills Hospital and the Southwood Hospice for all that they did for our dear friend Penny. In living memory of Penny Summers, a tree will be planted at Fish Creek Provincial Park.

**TERRIS, Marion Elizabeth (nee Hulland)**

February 22, 1932 - July 25, 2013

Marion passed away suddenly at the Foothills Hospital after a brief illness at the age of 81 years. She was born and raised in Medicine Hat. She then attended the University of Alberta and **taught at schools in BC** and Yukon prior to coming to Calgary where she married and raised her family. She was always very active and had many talents and interest. These included the Girl Guides Movement, sewing, weaving, curling, bridge and golf. She is survived by her children: Joan Terris, Donald Terrace (Teri) of Australia and Nancy Saunders (Dylan) and by four grandchildren: Shannon, Kimberley, Shawna and Gareth. She is also survived by her brother, Tom Hulland (Eleanore) and her two sisters: Ruth Daw and Esther Klemp. She was predeceased by her husband, James Terris in 1977. Memorial Service will be held at EVAN J. STRONG FUNERAL SERVICES (5502 - 2 Street S.W./ one block east of Macleod Trail at 53 Avenue S.W.) on Thursday, August 1, 2013 at 2:00 p.m. Graveside Service to follow at Queen's Park Cemetery. Photos, memories and condolences may be shared with Marion's family through [www.evanjstrong.com](http://www.evanjstrong.com). Arrangements in care of EVAN J. STRONG FUNERAL SERVICES. Phone: 403-265-1199.

**THORVALDSON, Gunnar Carl**

May 8, 1928 – October 6, 2013

Gunnar died Sunday, October 6, 2013 at Jubilee Lodge, Edmonton at the age of 85. Gunnar was born and raised in Oak Point, MB. He led a fascinating life full of deep friendships and loyalty to the Icelandic community in Edmonton and abroad. He was the father of Gary Thorvaldson, Cindy Thorvaldson, Carla Thorvaldson and loving mentor to nephew Helgi Gunnar Thorvaldson; father-in-law of Blake Mawhinney and Bill Burtnik and afi to Breanna, Megan and Alana Mawhinney and Arden, Mason and Evan Burtnik. Much-loved sisters, Gladys Wirth of Winnipeg and Gloria Tilleman of Havre, MT also survive him. He was predeceased by parents, Helgi and Margrét; sisters, Joyce, Bernice, Rose and brothers, Gordon and August. As a young man, he worked on the family farm as well as commercial fishing until 1949 when he began his career with CN Telegraphs. He quickly rose to foreman and advanced further by taking and teaching courses. This led to a promotion to the Edmonton office in 1960. He was in charge of estimating and planning, and was instrumental in establishing telephone service to remote communities in what was then the Northwest Territories. **A highpoint in his career was teaching the linesman's course to enthusiastic students in Whitehorse at Yukon College.** After retiring from NorthwesTel, he volunteered his time to CESO. His expertise in mapping and planning phone lines was used to rebuild systems in countries as diverse as Antigua to Zambia. Gunnar was very much a part of the

Icelandic Society in Edmonton, becoming president of the club in 1961. Among numerous awards and presentations he was especially proud of receiving life membership to the Icelandic National League in 1972. He adored travel and was often off to see a friend, whether in Scotland, Winnipeg or Reykjavik. Gunnar was a member of the Masonic Lodge commencing in Winnipeg in 1955. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Royal Arch Masons Yukon Chapter No. 38 GCBC & Yukon and a life member of Whitehorse Lodge No. 46 BCR. The family cannot thank enough the staff of Jubilee Lodge for their conscientious care throughout his stay. We would also like to thank Doctor Ross Lindskoog for his unflagging care and compassion. Cremation has taken place and the Memorial Service will be held Friday, October 11 at 2:00 p.m. at the Unitarian Church at 10804 -119 Street, Edmonton. Interment will be in Brookside Cemetery in Winnipeg at a later date. Donations may be made in Gunnar's memory to the Memorial Society of Edmonton and District, #1108, 10235 -124 Street, Edmonton, AB, T5N 1P9 or to a charity of one's choice. To send condolences, please visit [www.fostermcgarvey.com](http://www.fostermcgarvey.com)

### **VARCOE, John Basil**

June 27, 1925 - June 23, 2013

It is with deep sadness but great faith that we announce the death of John (Jack) Varcoe, loving husband, father, grandfather and great- grandfather. Left to mourn his passing but cherish his memory are his wife of sixty-one years, Thelma; his children Thomas (Alana), Nola van der Pauw (Richard), Kathy McBryan, Lisa Lawrance (Ron); his grandchildren Darren, Amanda, Nicolas, Kristen, Rick, Trevor, Mathea, Joshua, Kevin; and great-grandchildren Daven, Alivia, and Brooklyn. Jack was born in Rossland, BC and grew up in the Trail area. He attended the University of British Columbia where he received both Commerce and Law degrees. He practiced law for nineteen years in Trail where he met and married Thelma and raised their four children. **Jack moved his family to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory in 1968 upon appointment as the Federal Magistrate. In 1973** he was appointed the Provincial Court Judge of Maple Ridge where he served the community for eighteen years. He continued to work as an ad hoc Provincial Court Judge in the Lower Mainland for another five years. Jack enjoyed hunting, fishing, gardening, playing Bridge and various card games. He was an active member of the communities where he lived involving himself with Rotary, Knights of Columbus, and several other organizations. Prayers will take place on Thursday, July 4 at 7 p.m., followed by Funeral Mass on Friday, July 5 at 11 a.m. at St. Joseph's Parish, Mission, BC. Dad, you are forever in our hearts.

### **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

The new address will be as follows -

Karren [kcrowley@shaw.ca](mailto:kcrowley@shaw.ca)

Bob [kbcrowley@shaw.ca](mailto:kbcrowley@shaw.ca)

Karren Crowley

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Success is a lousy teacher.  
It seduces smart people into thinking they can't lose.*

*Bill Gates*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### Real Canadian Butter Tarts

This recipe should give somewhere between 3 and 4 dozen tarts depending on how full you fill the shells and how big your tart tins are. "Melt in your mouth butter tarts, oh sooo good !!

The method for baking is unusual, but will prevent the filling from boiling over."

#### Ingredients

1 cup butter, melted  
3 tablespoons vinegar  
4 eggs, lightly beaten  
4 cups brown sugar  
2 teaspoons vanilla  
1/4 cup raisins - opt.

#### Directions

Line tart tins with pastry.  
Sprinkle 6-8 raisins into each tart shell.  
Let butter cool to room temp, then add the remaining ingredients. Stir until smooth. Spoon into unbaked tart shells, filling about 2/3 full.

Bake at 200F for 15 min, then without taking the tarts out, turn the oven to 350°F Bake another 10-15 min, until they start to brown. This method will prevent them from boiling over.

Note: I use Tenderflake lard and make the pastry using the instructions on the box, chilling the dough before rolling. Roll it a little thicker than for pie pastry, and use a little extra flour.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

### VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION MEETING AND CHRISTMAS LUNCH

December 5, 2013  
11:30 am-2:00 pm

Croatian Cultural Centre Room C

3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver  
Parking plentiful and free  
Transit accessible – Handicap accessible  
Bring a friend  
Lunch \$10  
RSVP [Corinne.loepky@telus.net](mailto:Corinne.loepky@telus.net)  
604 277-2766

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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](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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