

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –413th Edition – October 4, 2015

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

Whitehorse snowfall blamed for collisions, traffic snarls

RCMP investigating 3 weather-related accidents; no serious injuries

[CBC News](#) Posted: Oct 01, 2015 2:43 PM CT



Traffic on Whitehorse's Robert Service Way on Thursday morning.
(Arnold Hedstrom/CBC)

An overnight dump of wet snow apparently caught some Whitehorse drivers unprepared on Thursday morning.

RCMP are investigating three separate weather-related accidents. Nobody has been seriously injured, but police say one driver suffered minor injuries and at least two damaged cars have been towed.

Police say a pickup travelling on Hamilton Boulevard near McIntyre Drive flipped into the oncoming lane, just before 7:00 a.m. The driver went to hospital with minor injuries. Two dogs that were in the truck were not hurt.

Hamilton Boulevard was closed for a short period while emergency crews responded.

An hour later, also on Hamilton Boulevard, two vehicles collided at Falcon Drive. There were no reported injuries.

Police say another vehicle rollover happened on the Alaska Highway, just west of the city. The driver reported no injuries.

RCMP are urging people to use extra caution on the roads today and allow themselves more time to commute.



Some found a way to enjoy the early-October snowfall.
(Steph Chess)

MRS. GRACE BARTSCH'S FIRST TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE,
AS TOLD-IN HER OWN WORDS

Part 3

On the way back to camp we stopped at a deserted road house and went all through it which, of course, did not take long as there was only one room in it that had light; the remainder was a dugout and ran back into the hills. I had no desire to inspect this. This one room, from appearances, had been the office and bar and had a counter in it that was solid carving. It looked as if someone had put in a long lonely winter there, and had whiled away many hours using a jack-knife. There was the old slot machine on the counter. Chris posed for me to take his picture back of the counter, with an empty bottle held to his mouth. Lots of fun all by ourselves. The little dogs took us speeding again, leaping and barking as their little feet flew along. These dogs were to be called for by someone going back to Taggish, so when we got back to camp we had to tie them up to keep them from running away. They resented this procedure, and accordingly, howled one at a time, then in chorus. We gave them their rations of dog biscuits and they quietened down.

April twenty-third, 1900. The days were getting very long now and our settlement was growing in size. Many others were arriving and soon there would be a little temporary town here. Several other outfits came in the day before, as well as our cattle and five men with them. The 42 head all looked fine and were in splendid shape; ready to start for Whitehorse on the following day. Our rafts were coming on fine and another day would

see launching of one. All the other outfits were busy building either rafts, scows or boats to go on down Fifty Mile as far as Whitehorse.

Charlie Number Three arrived with the outfit and was appointed cook for the camp. I was to assist. I was rather glad for it would give me more time for exploring and bartering with the Indian girls and the men. I bought a pair of beaded gloves from a boy. The two girls were here bright and early in the morning with some of their work. They were charmed with my clothes and as I had nothing but old things with me for the trail, I was pleased to trade for their pretty work. I got two pretty pairs of beaded moccasins of thick, durable caribou hide, for two old shirtwaists. For a well-worn kimono I got an unusual creation in the way of a neckpiece. Jennie made it. It was a long sort of tab, ruffled all around and fastened to a neckband which fastened at the back. The tab hung almost to the waist line and underneath was a wallet between the lining and the heavily beaded front. The idea is for carrying bills. The wallet part was all of buckskin and had buttonholes and buttons for fastening it. It was quite a curiosity.

Besides the cattle coming in, one of the beautiful four-horse teams arrived with a load of feed. The sacks had all been punctured by the Mounties looking for whiskey. There was both rejoicing and disappointment in the camp during the evening. The finished raft was to be launched, but to the grief of all, it broke right in two in the attempt. While sliding it from the bank to the water, the end projecting over became too much weight for the under timbers. Another would have to be built. Experience taught the men that the fallen, water soaked logs were absolutely no good, so they would have to go farther down the river and select better timber. They planned to try standing dead trees this time.

The Indians came again during the day. I expect to have an empty trunk when I arrive in Dawson and nothing to wear, unless I could make use of the Indian things that I traded my clothes for. My other trunk, with my good clothes, was still in Skagway and would not come in until the first river boat arrived.

Some of the Indian men came in with the squaws and got pretty fresh. I was alone. All the men were working on the rafts. I stayed pretty close to the gun and was glad to see Chris coming. He soon sent them home. More outfits arrived, among them a party of three men in a very good boat in which they had sailed across the frozen lake with the aid of runners and a sail. They were going on down to Whitehorse, and Chris bought passage for himself and me. He had to be down there to make arrangements for the arrival of the cattle and teams, which would be taken overland along the river shore. The men could by now manage nicely with the raft, as well as the loading of the feed and sleighs, and the camp outfit when everything is ready. They-would then drift on down to Whitehorse.

April twenty-fifth. We said good-bye to the camp on Fifty Mile at ten a.m. and started down the river at the mercy of three strangers; five of us in a small boat. The one-armed man was one of the party but rode one of our horses on the trail and led his own. Chris and I sat in the centre of the boat on a pile of flour, blankets; and so forth, with our own fur robe thrown over all, which made us really very comfortable. A little man from Missouri and a Scotchman were in the party. Both were excellent singers and the hills

vibrated with their songs for many a mile. The reports of their guns as they shot at numerous wild geese, echoed from hill to hill. They were a jolly three and were headed for Nome in this small boat. From the head waters of Yukon to the mouth of the same river was their objective.

About one o'clock, when we were looking for a good 'place to tie up for dinner, Chris was looking out over the hills with the field glasses and discovered on the right-hand bank, a man leading an ox, and another one following. He recognized them immediately as the two gentle oxen in our bunch and instantly surmised trouble. He thought probably the men had lost the whole bunch; that they had stampeded. So he asked the men to make a landing; as quickly as possible they did so. The one-armed man had been keeping pace with us and came up just as we landed. Chris mounted the horse and rode away into the timber, up the mountain to find out what was wrong. He soon returned with the news that one big steer in the bunch had gone mad and was desperately fighting everything. Not succeeding in getting him back to the bunch they went on with the herd and left the two men to combat the steer; it had become insane from the unusual experiences which it had been undergoing. The idea was that it could be coaxed back with the gentle oxen. However, the steer meant several hundred dollars, and as twenty-four hours of coaxing had not gotten him back, Chris made arrangements to leave me with the men in the boat and attempt to get the steer back himself. He rode the horse back up the trail, after he had partaken of the dinner that had been prepared while he was away.

I had all confidence in him, and knew if anyone could do the job, he could; but it was with a reluctant feeling I remained in the boat with the strange men, and let him go to battle alone, for the two men without horses were of no use and he asked them to stay out of sight. In fact, one of them as Chris arranged, came in the boat with me and was to put up my tent when we reached Whitehorse and take care of the baggage. Soon the party was moving on down the river again. I took my position on top of the baggage once more but not feeling contented I kept my field glasses turned on the mountain where I had last seen Chris, and after we had drifted seven or eight miles, I looked up at what seemed to me to be a path or a trail along the mountain side. There, to my delight, I saw a rider driving three animals and I knew it was Chris. As we neared the end of our journey I was glad to wrap myself in the robe. We reached the head of the famous canyon, known as Miles Canyon, about eight o'clock and disembarked on a cold, frozen shore, with ice heaved mountain high from the river that had just opened up its channel, and had thrown the barrier to go where it would. Miles Canyon being narrow, these great cakes of ice could not pass through and were piled high. Some of the Mounted Police were located here and I thought I would like to have my tent pitched near their camp. The thought of going into camp by myself, nearly frozen, tired, worried and hungry, was surging through my brain, when along came a man who had built a raft at lake Marsh too, and was now lodged high and dry on a sand bar with it. He invited me on the raft with him and as I am fast learning to do without other women I went eagerly along. He and his men had had their meal, but he opened a can of sausage for me and fried it hot and brown. This, with a piece of flap-jack and a cup of coffee, was one of the best meals I have ever had the pleasure of eating. I was still sitting on a sack of bran, huddled close to the little sheet iron stove that was sending out such a great amount of heat, considering the size of it,

when I heard someone stumbling along in the dark on the side of the mountain, where I knew Chris would come. Peering out into the darkness of the night, I could see two men walking, one leading a horse. The trail had become rough and the woods so dark that he had had to walk for some distance, but had succeeded in bringing the crazy animal back to the herd. Being an expert with the rope and a fine horseman, he had little trouble in lassoing and throwing the steer several times. This rough treatment seemed to have the desired effect and with the lariat still attached to its horns, Chris was able to drive it with the oxen. For many miles, the trail zigzagged, along the river. On the mountain side, where the rocks were loose and rolling and so narrow they could hardly get a footing, he overtook the one-armed man and they came in together. Chris ate his supper, partaking of the hospitality of our friend too. As our tent had not been set up and it was late, we began to look for a place to rest; almost anywhere our friend had unloaded the bran from the wrecked raft. It was piled about five feet high and looked very dry and comfortable up on the top, so on this we threw our robe and, after loosening our clothing, lay down to rest on one half of the robe and the other half over us. The sky was as blue as I have ever seen it and the beautiful stars were shining down on us. A poet might easily have dreamed the night away with open eyes. As he watched the twinkling, golden stars above us, he would have been inspired to verse or song, but to us, tired with the day's experience, the jewelled heaven was the canopy of "Home, Sweet Home". So we drew the robe, leaving a small aperture for plenty of pure air that came direct from the stars. The tramping and the bellowing of the cattle nearby did not keep us awake.

I awakened in the morning and arose early from my lofty bed to find I was in a very beautiful world. Principally, there was snow and ice on the one side, but when I looked on the river side, to the woods and mountains, I realized that the grass was turning green very fast, and there were numerous signs of spring about me in spite of the pyramids of sparkling ice along the river shore. This in itself was a sign of spring. The highest pinnacle stood at the end of the bran, where we had chosen to sleep. In fact, it had formed the headpiece of our bed.

The sheep had arrived at Whitehorse; the new town on the opposite side of the river. In the morning, Chris had to go to the old town on our side of the river, and I went with him. We rode horse-back and, as it was still early and quite cold, although the sun was very bright, I wore the little hood mother knit for me. It was surely dandy and comfortable, but I was getting a good coat of tan on account of wearing it. We were not long in reaching the world-famous town, and I am sure there was not more than one such town in the world. It consisted of one street with a dozen or fifteen low log houses built on both sides of it. Most of these buildings were stores in which the necessities of wearing apparel for this unusual climate were principally displayed. There were heavy mackinaw shirts and coats for men and women. All kinds of mitts and gloves; parkas, mukluks (a water-tight Eskimo boot made of walrus hide, moccasins made of heavy caribou and moose hides). There was a bright array of scarves and colored handkerchiefs, and many other articles used in the cold northern countries. In the staple department were all sorts of canned goods; evaporated and desiccated potatoes; desiccated eggs; canned and dried milk; dried fruits; beans, bacon and flour. If we could get plenty of these groceries our maintenance was assured on the trail. It was strange too, how good they tasted though we would not

eat them at home. The restaurants were queer little places in which you got a taste of most of these things. There were not many people living here; most of them were moving over to the new town just below the falls, the famous Whitehorse rapids, and where the new railway would soon be laid. The Post Office and several barns beside the main buildings constituted this noted town. I sat on a stump beside the old tramway, just where it entered town, and wrote a letter to my dear little mother, who wondered every moment where her girl was. I mailed it in the Whitehorse Post Office. When the Dawson mail came along drawn by a dog team, this mail would be picked up. Chris had considerable business to attend to, so we were in the little town quite a while. He interviewed a couple of pilots and made arrangements for taking our rafts through the canyon and the Whitehorse rapids, when they arrived on the following day. The scenery between the head of the canyon and the rapids was very wonderful. Squaw rapids were very pretty and I got a glimpse through the canyon, looking up. We reached the police post again about eleven o'clock, and went to work setting up our camp.

(To be continued)

The Trump family story has a Canadian connection.



(AP Photo/Stephen B. Morton, File)

WASHINGTON – Canadians amused by the improbable presidential run of [Donald Trump](#) might be surprised to learn the role their own country played in shaping his story.

Trump's grandfather started the family fortune in an adventure that involved the Klondike gold rush, the Mounties, prostitution and twists of fate that pushed him to New York City.

Friedrich Trump had been in North America a few years when he set out for the Yukon, says an author who's just completed a new edition of her multi-generational family biography.

That Canadian chapter proved pivotal for the entrepreneurial German immigrant, says Gwenda Blair, author of "The Trumps: Three Generations That Built An Empire."

"It allowed him to get together the nest egg he'd come to the United States for," the author and Columbia University journalism professor said in an interview.

"Whether he could've accumulated that much money somewhere else, in that short a period of time, as a young man with no connections, and initially not even English, is certainly ... unlikely."

He'd left Europe in 1885 at age 16, a barber's apprentice whose father died young. Trump wanted a life outside the barber shop, far from the family-owned vineyards his ancestors had been working since they'd settled in Germany's Kallstadt region in the 1600s carrying the soon-altered surname Drumpf.

He sailed in steerage to join his sister in New York.

Within five years he'd anglicized his name to Frederick; moved to the young timber town of Seattle; and amassed enough cash to buy tables and chairs for a restaurant.

His next big move was heralded by the front page of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer of July 17, 1897, and its exclamatory headline: "Gold! Gold! Gold!"

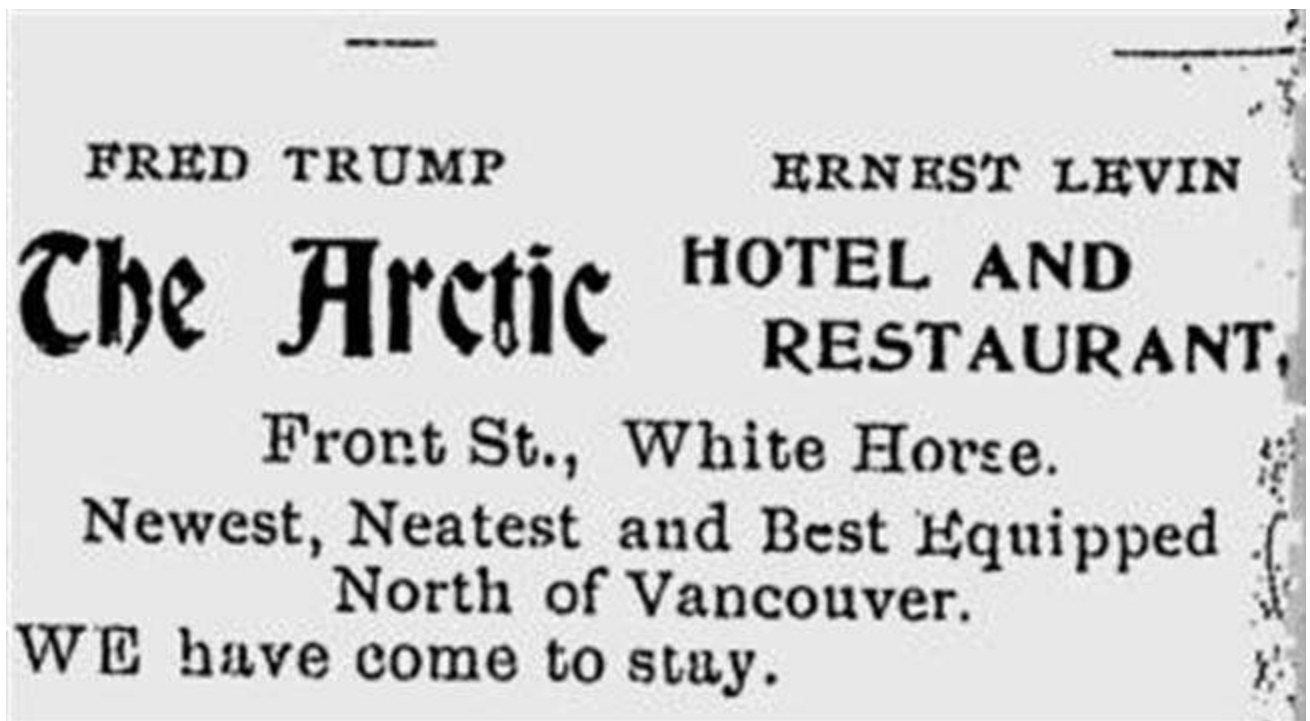
It described a resplendent scene at the port involving mountains of yellow metal and men returning from the "New Eldorado" with fortunes as high as \$100,000.

Trump sold everything and headed north.

The move to Canada spared him financial disaster. He not only sold off two Seattle eateries, but also land in nearby Monte Cristo, Wash. – right before floods and avalanches destroyed the nearby railroad and development plans for the town were scrapped.

Blair describes his perilous northward journey in early 1898.

After boarding a crowded ship to Alaska, Trump trekked over mountains, through Canadian customs, and to the Yukon River where he had to build a boat from scratch and transport a year's worth of personal supplies.



Detail of a newspaper advertisement in the Whitehorse Star in 1901 for the Arctic Hotel and Restaurant, co-owned by Donald Trump's grandfather, a German immigrant named Friedrich Trump, who began the family fortune with ventures in the Klondike Gold Rush. THE CANADIAN PRESS/HO

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READ MORE: Tom Brady says he supports Donald Trump for president

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The worst was a notorious mountain pass. The U.S. National Parks Service estimates 3,000 animals died on the White Pass, with many bones still visible today in its so-called Dead Horse Gulch.

"Owners whipped horses, donkeys, mules, oxen, and dogs until they dropped. The bodies were not buried or even moved," Blair writes.

"Travellers ... had no choice but to walk over the remains. As the months went by, the walls of the pass were stained dark red from the blood."

Trump smelled opportunity.

He opened a canteen along the route, Blair says, where weary travellers likely stopped for a bite of Arctic roadkill. There are records for similar establishments along the route, Blair writes: "A frequent dish was fresh-slaughtered, quick-frozen horse."

This established a pattern for Trump's Canadian business model.

It's summed up in one chapter title: "Mining the Miners."

Unlike other gold-crazed migrants, Blair wrote, "(Trump) realized that the best way to get (rich) was to lay down his pick and shovel and pick up his accounting ledger."

In his three years in Canada, Trump opened the Arctic Restaurant and Hotel in two locations with a partner – first on Bennett Lake in northern B.C., and then moving it to Whitehorse, Yukon.

Their two-storey wood-framed establishment gained a reputation as the finest eatery in the area, Blair said – offering salmon, duck, caribou, and oysters.

It offered more than food.

"The bulk of the cash flow came from the sale of liquor and sex," Blair wrote. She cited newspaper ads referring obliquely to prostitution – mentioning private suites for ladies, and scales in the rooms so patrons could weigh gold if they preferred to pay for services that way.

One Yukon Sun writer moralized about the backroom goings-on: "For single men the Arctic has the best restaurant," he wrote, "but I would not advise respectable women to go there to sleep as they are liable to hear that which would be repugnant to their feelings and uttered, too, by the depraved of their own sex."

The Mounties initially tolerated the rowdiness. There were exceptions, according to the legendary Canadian writer Pierre Berton. People faced forced labour or banishment from town if they cheated at cards; made a public ruckus; or partied on the Lord's Day.

"Saloons and dance halls, theatres and business houses were shut tight one minute before midnight on Saturday," Berton wrote in "Klondike Fever."

"Two minutes before twelve the lookout at the faro table would take his watch from his pocket and call out: 'The last turn, boys!'"

Trump acted as cook, bouncer, waiter.

But Blair cautions: "I wouldn't call him a pimp."

She said backroom ribaldry was part of the restaurant package in those towns, and it's not clear how the arrangement worked: "As somebody trying to attract business to his restaurant, of course he would have liquor. Of course he would arrange easy access to women. A pimp is, I think, a different business model."

By early 1901, trouble was brewing.

The Mounties announced plans to banish prostitution, and curb gambling and liquor. Trump quarrelled with his partner. Gold strikes were getting scarcer.

“The boom was over, Frederick Trump realized,” Blair wrote. “He had made money; perhaps even more unusual in the Yukon, he had also kept it and departed with a substantial nest-egg.”

He returned to Germany with US\$582,000 in today’s currency, and found a wife. But he was greeted as a draft-dodger for being away and becoming a U.S. citizen during his military years.

So he was deported from his own country. He boarded a ship for New York, his wife pregnant with Donald’s dad.

The elder Trump died of pneumonia in 1918, leaving behind some real estate. His son built the empire, his grandson the global brand.

Ironically, their heir is now running for president on a platform of mass-deportation. But Donald and grandpa share some traits – an entrepreneurial spirit, and formative youthful adventures in Canada.

Donald met his first wife, Ivana, at the Montreal Olympics.

© The Canadian Press, 2015

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Klondike Creeks

It's easy to think of Dawson City as the focal point of the Klondike Gold Rush. But in 1899, Dawson wasn't the biggest community in the Klondike.

In the days before people commuted to work, they lived where the jobs were. So it was in the Klondike. Towns sprang up like wild fire. When the Mounties took the census in 1899, Granville on Dominion Creek registered 4,917 people. Dawson City could claim only four thousand 236 residents.

There were other substantial communities on the creeks...all complete with hotels, stores, restaurants and schools. **Grand Forks** on Bonanza Creek had three thousand 540

residents. It was called **Grand Forks** because it was situated at the meeting point of Bonanza and **Eldorado Creeks**...the richest in the Klondike.

But the year of dredging for gold was fast approaching. The little guy with his little claim wouldn't last much longer. Bear Creek was headquarters of the Canadian Klondike Mining company, later to become the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation. When Joe Boyle built the first Klondike dredge and began buying up concessions, the communities in the Klondike began to disappear. But none with the flourish of **Grand Forks**.

In March of 1921, YCGC made known its plan for the summer dredging season. **Grand Forks**, located just 13 miles from Dawson, would be buried beneath tons of rock and gravel when work would begin on Gold Hill. And so it was, as the dredges turned the Klondike Valley upside down.

Bear Creek became the company town, and YCGC workers who didn't live there commuted from Dawson City. Times had changed from the early days when townsites bloomed at Hunker, Sulphur, Dominion, Quartz and other rich streams in the Klondike.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les



Gold Hill on Bonanza. Date: ca. 1903. Yukon Archives. H.C. Barley fonds, #4846.



Partial panorama of Grand Forks, showing at a distance the Bonanza Hotel, Vendome Hotel, and Eldorado Hotel. Date: July 1903. Yukon Archives. H.C. Barley fonds, #4754.

Percy De Wolfe Celebrates 100Year!

by Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)

On Saturday, September 19, 2015 about 70 family members and friends gathered together at the Legion Hall in Qualicum Beach to celebrate the 100th birthday (which is November 1) of a very special person, Percy De Wolfe, Junior. The event, planned by Percy's daughter, Donna was a wonderful time of celebrating a long life well-lived and appreciated by all of Percy's family and friends. Percy was able to visit with many of his longtime friends and family members who came from near and far.

Amongst the guests were a number of Percy's special relatives: his cousin Allan Chambers and wife Linda from San Francisco, his nephew James McCausland from Maple Ridge, his niece Bonnie Barber and husband Chuck from Dawson City, along with their children Jason from Calgary and daughter Kerry and grand-daughter from Vancouver, and his sister-in-law Darlene Paquet and niece Branda Buren from Whitehorse.

Two special friends who also attended were George Zeller from Comox, with friend Rita, and Eddie Alp, with wife Jackie, from White Rock who brought their son Bryan from Whitehorse and their daughter Bev from White Rock. George and Eddie were co-workers with Percy from his days in Whitehorse and were able to have a great time reminiscing with him.

In addition there were former Yukoners from all parts of the Island and the Mainland who came to wish Percy all the best on his Special Day.

Donna gave a brief presentation of some of the highlights of her dad's life and Percy, in fine form, told us of a couple of his experiences as well. A special cake was cut and shared with the guests, along with very tasty sandwiches and other delicacies.

Since he is no longer able to make it to the Vancouver Yukoners' Reunions, Donna confirms that Percy especially enjoyed being able to visit with old friends and acquaintances. From my observations, it appeared that everyone present enjoyed, not only celebrating with Percy, but also being able to visit with old friends!

I took a few photos of the event:

The following photos are courtesy of
Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)



Bagpipes for Percy who loves them!



Two school chums reminiscing!
Betty St Jean and Percy De Wolfe



Donna giving the highlights of Percy's life



Percy and guests listen to Donna's highlights of Percy's life



Donna presenting – view from the far side



Listening to the presentation



Listening



More guests



More guests



Percy listening to the presentation by Donna



Percy telling his story



Here comes the cake!!



Percy with his cake



Percy with his cake – letting us take photos!



Close up of Percy's cake



Happy 100th Birthday, Percy!!



Finishing the celebration with more pipes!



This young piper was excellent!
Photos courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)

See photos of the FH Collins 1960's High School Class Reunion held in Whitehorse in July at the Facebook address:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/285073928304070/>

This message an extract from the FB page and sent to David Lee:

**Greetings everyone from the FH Collins 60's Reunion Committee:
Here is an email I received from Mr. Hank Bugara that I wanted to share with you all. Mr. Bugara is truly an amazing person and "Brought The House Down" with his amazing speech on Saturday Night at the banquet. Here is what he said to me yesterday.**

Hello David.....still recovering from that Fabulous Reunion that you and your committee worked so tirelessly to organize and that was carried off to perfection. What an effort must have been required to make things run so smoothly. **Congratulations and kudos to all of you !!!! A pat on the back would be merited as well.** Please pass on my commendations on to your group.

I am still pumped up about the experience. I certainly did not expect the reception that I personally got from my attendance at this event. The ovation and the 'Hail to the Chief' following my address to the gathering floored me (almost literally). For a moment I pictured myself as General Douglas MacArthur when he returned to the island in the Pacific following its liberation in WWII. That marked the beginning of the march to victory to end the war in the Pacific. I also felt that had I been an American the group of alumni would have elected me president of the U.S. That rock star reception, fleeting though it may have been was an overwhelming and humbling experience for me.

What a remarkable group of graduates from FHC. I know that a successful school is not a one-person show. It requires a combined effort on the part of the students, the school staff, the parents, and the community at large to set and meet the objectives that makes schools the types of institutions that we want them to be. Together, we gave FHC a great start to becoming a school that would make us proud to be associated with. (Winston Churchill said, " Ending a sentence with a preposition was something up with which he would not put ".) I guess I'll have to be in Sir Winston's bad books.

I am extremely grateful to Gary and Myrtle Naugler for ensuring that I got to the reunion and back home safely. At my age it is a comfort to have one's personal physician handy on such an excursion.

This was the **Reunion to top all Reunions**-certainly for me, and I will cherish the memories for the rest of my days.

I have one request, David. I would appreciate if you could e-mail any of the attendees and ask if they would forward pictures they may have taken to my e-mail or home address

(hbugara@shaw.ca) or 298 Lyon St. N., Prince George, BC V2M 3G1). I would like to share a few of these memories with my family.

My sincere thanks to you David and your committee and to all of those grads of Frederick H Collins Secondary School for a memorable and enjoyable experience.

Hank (aka **Mr.** Bugara)

MocTel 412

Hi Sherron Thank so much...

..... We have been invited back to the Yukon in Feb. for the Rendezvous YEHHH...THRILLED we are...

So looking forward to the event.....always so much FUN..even if it is rather Chilly J J

Seeing the Moc Tel... the picture of the Switch Board.. brought back memories...
.....in England I was the Receptionist and Telephonist ...at the “Black & Decker”, Head Office in Harmondsworth and had 24 lines....after.. I had been there over a Year .. I was offered the job of the only Female Demonstrator..... of Black & Decker Power Tools...travelled all over England.. working in all the Big Stores Harrods TOO....
LADEDAH !!

Chatting all day what a Great Job.... J

Thank you for all Great photos’ and content as usual.

E & G –Edward and Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

MocTel 412

Hi Sherron

Just got the MocTel and thought I'd send a couple of pictures your way.

The first one is of a drive down the North Canol Road August, 2014 after dropping Mike and Gillian off to paddle the Ross River and the second one is on the South Canol, August, 2015 after dropping them off at Quiet Lake to do the Big Salmon. I was smiling at Rusty's Marsh Lake picture from the 29th as we were driving from Whitehorse to Teslin that day and hit a little wet snow on the windshield on the way there.



North Canol Road, August 2014
Photos courtesy Jocelyn Rourke



South Canol, August 2015

Jocelyn and Mike Rourke
Rivers North Publications
www.riversnorthonline.com

MocTel 412

I am thoroughly enjoying the story of Mrs. Bartsch's first trip to the Klondike.

Cheers, Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Conrad City, Yukon



Conrad City, Yukon

I am collecting information, photos and stories on the Conrad Heritage Site for the Heritage Management Plan on behalf of Historic Sites, Yukon Government.

Located in the Southern Lakes Region of the Yukon; the area was used by the Carcross/Tagish people prior to its development as the historic mining community of Conrad. The site is within the traditional territory of the Carcross/Tagish First Nation, located on Windy Arm, Tagish Lake approximately 19 km south of Carcross. The site is approximately 36 hectares, 600 m N-S by 220m E-W and is bordered by Montana Creek on the south, and the shore of Windy Arm on the East.

Some material has been found in the Yukon Archives, and some people have been interviewed. We are always looking for new information, photos and stories from the

early years, up to and including the 1970's. If any of your readers would like to share their stories or pictures, we would like to hear from them.

Please contact:

Shannon Van Bibber

Historic Sites Planner

(867) 393-6291

Email: heritage.planning@gov.yk.ca

Website: www.yukonheritage.com

Vancouver Yukoners Banquet 2016

Register before February 29, 2016 and be eligible for a chance to win a free suite at the River Rock Casino in Richmond for 2 nights.

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\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

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

ROLF AND MARG HOUGEN CELEBRATED 60th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Some time ago you asked me to send you some information on our 60th anniversary. My computer was being upgraded in order to accept over 35,000 photos. This has now been completed, so, belatedly here is the information.

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



For the 60th anniversary of Marg and Rolf Hougen, the family commissioned artist Suzanne Paleczny to do a portrait of them at their favorite wilderness cabin.



From an excerpt of Suzanne’s biography, she works with a variety of media including oil, acrylic, and watercolor. She has lived in many regions of Ontario, has spent three years in Zimbabwe, and three years in Egypt. She moved to The Yukon in 2010.

Harry Miller

Hi Sherron. Harry asked me to contact you and put a little something in the MocTel for him. He had a successful double lung transplant in early September. He and Elaine will be living very close to the Vancouver General Hospital for the next 2 months as he has numerous doctor appointments. He met up with many old friends at the FH Collins reunion in July. Many folks have been concerned about his welfare and how he is doing. He is doing extremely well and recovery is looking great.

He also asked if you would mind contacting Blanche and Gus Barrett for him and let them know he received their message. I know he is having trouble with wireless and doing emails so this is the best way to get the word out.

Thanks so much for your help. Best regards, Carol Mackin

Carol (GORDON-COOPER) Mackin cpmackin@shaw.ca (Calgary AB)

Harry Miller's email address is ee.Miller@shaw.ca (Coombs BC)



Paul and Betty Sutton in France

We're drinking wine and the people behind us are picking grapes by hand to make more wine.

They laughed and said Bon Appetite .

Cool eh?

Betty Sutton

Do I deduce you are in France pending the arrival of a new grandchild? Has it arrived yet?

If so what is the news.

Sherron

My daughter lives in France and, yes, that's why we are here but no grandchild.🙄

Italy next week

Betty



Sorry about the squint, but this photo conjures up fond memories of being at the Don Ho Show in Waikiki in 1970, with Al and Linda Adams and Bill Jones. Several Yukoners made that trip.

Photo courtesy Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

OBIT



Mike Scott

May 26, 1940 – September 7, 2015

Mike Scott, a long time Yukoner, passed away in his home quietly September 7, 2015. Mike was born in Mayo and lived in many communities in the North. He graduated high school in Whitehorse then attended UBC. While at University, he met his wife Diane and not long after they married. After University they had an opportunity to buy a small local business in Whitehorse called Murdoch's Gem Shop. Over time Murdoch's became a staple for nugget and fine jewelry throughout the Yukon. After many years of working behind the jewelry bench, Mike and Diane sold the business and began to settle into retirement.

Mike loved to tinker in his garden over the years and had great pleasure in giving away his cucumbers. Later on he loved for people to come and enjoy his raspberry patch. Many will remember Mike for his many stories of how he grew up in the North and his stories of "how things use to be" and how "things should be". Mike was involved in many organizations in Whitehorse over the years such as the Rotary Club, the Yukon Order of Pioneers and the Shriners.

Mike was pre-deceased by his wife Diane Scott (December 28, 2006). He is survived by his daughters Kimberly Scott (Cam Kingscote, Hannah Kingscote) and Rory Scott (Dave Paquet, Liam Burke) and his brother Bill Scott (Cindy Scott, Katie Cowley, Laura Denton, and Marilee Scott).

- The family would like to acknowledge all the medical professionals who helped and assisted with Mike's care over the past couple of years.

In lieu of flowers, please donate to the Heart and Stroke foundation or the Shriner's Hospital for Children through the Gizeh Shriners of BC and Yukon.

A Celebration of Life will be held at the Whitehorse Legion (503 Steele Street) on October 3, 2015 from 1:00 to 4:00 pm.



Niki Buchan

April 21, 1932 - September 13, 2015

Niki Nations was born on April 21, 1932 at home in Arrey, New Mexico and she died at home at Arbutus Ridge, Cobble Hill, B.C. surrounded by her family after a battle with esophageal cancer. Niki spent most of her childhood growing up in Las Cruces and because her father was in the U.S. Armed Forces, she, her mother Lucille, and her two sisters Mary-Lee and Kay lived on many different Army bases including Sendai, Japan, where Niki graduated from high school in 1950. She obtained her RN and Bachelor of Science in nursing from the University of Maryland in 1955, winning the most outstanding student nurse award.

In 1956 she married Dr. Bill Buchan after a short courtship while they were both working at the Canadian RCAF hospital in Zweibrucken, Germany, where Niki's father was the Commander of the U.S. Army base. After two years, including some time in South Shields, England, Niki and Bill and their new baby Keith, took the Queen Mary across the Atlantic, picked up their VW Bug, and drove 5,000 miles to take up their new life in Whitehorse, Yukon where they had two more children, Brent and Lesley. The family moved to Sydney, Australia for a one-year surgical internship for Bill in 1965-66 and during that time Niki worked as a part-time fashion model. On return to Yukon, Niki was a busy volunteer in her community with her proudest accomplishment being the Building Chairman for the construction of the YWCA residence / recreation complex in Whitehorse in 1971. She was also a founding member and President of the Whitehorse Toastmistress Club from 1966-69.

Niki returned to university in 1973 when the family relocated to Vancouver and she graduated from UBC Law School in 1977. Her seventeen-year legal career led to a partnership at Shier & Buchan. In 1994, Bill and Niki moved to Arbutus Ridge in Cobble Hill on Vancouver Island where she remained active carrying-out some legal work in Victoria and serving on the Strata Council. Niki loved to travel and she was an accomplished seamstress and cook and she particularly loved hosting dinner parties for family and friends when the good china and silver would come out.

Niki will be much missed by her husband of 59 years, Bill, her sister Kay, her three children, Keith (Sharon), Brent (Nancy), and Lesley (Jonathan) and grandchildren, Craig, Michael, Trevor, Will, Ella, and Joe. No service by Niki's request.



William Edwin Byers

March 26, 1938 - September 8, 2015

Our beloved husband, father, grandfather, uncle and friend departed life with champagne on his lips. His next to last evening was spent with good friends sipping wine and enjoying the comfort of their presence. Although he bore the many indignities of a malignant brain tumour with grace, he never lost the essence of himself. He was 'Bill' to his final day.

He was a tall man and friends sometimes referred to him as a gentle giant. He never quite fit into a normal size airplane seat or a hospital bed, but he could easily accommodate several grandkids on his lap. He was very funny, with a sly humour and he was always kind. He believed there was a right, fair and honest way to do things and he could not be moved from that right way.

Bill was born in London, Ontario. He met his wife Pat just as he completed his law degree as a member of the first graduating class of University of Western Law School in 1963. He began his career as a newly married young lawyer in Stratford Ontario. He established his own law firm with his partner, Stirling Kenny and he served as solicitor for the city of Stratford and for Perth County. His children, Laura, Meaghan, Amy and Andrew were all born in Stratford.

In 1984, he moved his family and his mother Elsie to Whitehorse Yukon, to become the Deputy Minister of Justice for the Yukon Government. During his eighteen years as deputy minister in several portfolios; a long tenure in an often short term job; he also served as the constitutional advisor to the government through the Meech Lake and Charlottetown Accord consultations. He liked to say that at the end of the process he was fired by Canada!

He raised four wonderful children with his wife Pat and his greatest sorrow was the loss of his daughter Amy to cancer. His children and grandchildren were always his greatest source of joy and he suffered the discomfort of cramped airplane seats to travel often and

far to spend time with them. He adored his babies as he called them, from the moment they entered the world.

Bill is survived by Patricia, his wife of fifty years, his daughters Laura (Bryan) Day (Singapore), and grandchildren Jaimie, Connor and Graydon, Meaghan Byers (Michael) (Dhaka, Bangladesh) and grandchildren Imogen, Stella and Elijah, and Andrew (Marilee) Byers (Whitehorse Yukon) and grandchildren Cole, Brenna and Ally; his nieces Shelly (Atlanta Georgia) and Sarah and grandnephew Ciaras (Laurieston Scotland). Bill was predeceased by his parents, Elsie and William Byers, his sister Karen and his daughter Amy.

Heartfelt thanks to the amazing Dr Hugh Fletcher who was always there when we needed him, and the wonderful team of home care nurses. If desired, a donation may be made in Bill's memory to the Canadian Cancer Society or Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation. A celebration of Bill's life will be held at the Qualicum Beach Inn, October 25, at 3:00 pm.



Claude Dulac
08/11/2015

Claude joined our Lord and Saviour in heaven on August 6, 2015, peacefully in his sleep. He leaves behind his loving wife of 45 years, Libby Dulac and their children Marcel (Elodie) Dulac and Claire (Blaine) Richter and their grandchildren Jared, Joshua, Jacob, Eden, Ethny, Elisha Dulac and Mikaelle Richter. Claude was born in France and met his wife Libby in England in 1969; they married in 1970. They followed their dreams of Canada immigrating in 1973 and discovered that Edmonton wasn't far enough North... so they drove up the Alaska Highway to Whitehorse. After a year in Mayo where Marcel was born, they moved to the community of their dreams out in Haines Junction. There, Claude worked for the liquor store and after Claire was born he switched careers over to his dream job working in Kluane National Park developing the beautiful trails we have today. Claude's passion for God, his green thumb, his love of the outdoors and his grandchildren defined who he was. Claude served the Lord through his lay leadership in the Catholic Church and with his generosity throughout the community.

The Funeral will take place At Our Lady of the Way Catholic Church in Haines

Junction at 1:00 PM on Wednesday, August 12th.

Burial immediately following at the Village of Haines Junction Cemetery. Reception to follow, at their home.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Mary House (Whitehorse), the Salvation Army (Whitehorse), or Mary's Meals (www.marysmeals.ca).



**Donald Gordon, Aka "Ducky"
12/1/1968 - 06/30/2015**

Donald Gordon, aka “Ducky” was born on December 1, 1968 in Whitehorse, Yukon to parents Caroline Gordon and Patrick Johnny.

Ducky spent his life in the Yukon, and loved to go hunting and fishing. The most important things to him were his family and friends.

A Funeral Service will be held on Friday July 3, 2015, 2:00 pm at the Anglican Christ Church Cathedral, located on Fourth Avenue & Elliott Street. Interment will take place following the service at Kwanlin Dun Cemetery, located on Long Lake Road. A potlatch will be at Nakwataku Potlatch House at 5:00 pm.



Doreen Karhut

August 2, 1939 - June 8, 2015

Doreen Jessie Karhut (Nee Hood) passed away very unexpectedly and peacefully on June 8 2015 in Whitehorse Yukon. Doreen was born and raised in Vancouver, British Columbia on August 2, 1939 to parents, William Kirkwood Hood and Margaret Doreen Hood.

Doreen was the oldest of William's four children. Margaret Louise Hood who passed away in 2005, Sheila Jean Jensen of Discovery Bay, California and David John Hood of Calgary, Alberta the son of William Hood and his second wife Zoe Hood.

Doreen is the mother of three children, James William Karhut of Yellowknife Northwest Territories, Norman David Karhut of Whitehorse Yukon and Teresa Jean Clements (Karhut) of Whitehorse Yukon. She is the grandmother of three grandchildren. Shantay Elise Karhut of Whitehorse Yukon daughter of Teresa Clements, Stephanie Leeanne Karhut of Yellowknife Northwest Territories daughter of James Karhut, and Cort Cardinal who just recently passed away in May of 2015 son of Norman Karhut.

Doreen, Stan and family traveled north to Whitehorse for the first time in the late sixties for a family visit with Hank and Pam Karr, then a few years later decided to relocate to Whitehorse but with a couple of moves back to Vancouver Doreen made Whitehorse her permanent home in 1972.

After working at different Hotel's as a front desk clerk and also worked as the dispatcher for Black Top Cabs, she was hired on with CN Communications in 1973 as a Toll Operator then moved up to Chief Operator and then Manager of Operator Services for number of years. Then had a few other positions and then retired with Northwestel Inc. in 1999.

After retirement Doreen loved to travel with her granddaughter Shantay and took many trips down south on Greyhound as she felt she had nothing but time and they could do the driving as she looked out the window at the picturesque scenery.

Doreen spent the last year and a bit living at Copper Ridge with Dementia. She loved and couldn't wait to go out on different outings with in Whitehorse, but if you asked her, she went to Vancouver. We would like to thank all the staff at Copper Ridge for making her comfortable and especially Nancy (for all those trips to Vancouver).

Our mother, grandmother and friend will be so sadly missed. If Dor was your friend you were a friend for life, even if she did give you that look. So raise your glass for a toast to Dor.

Doreen did not wish to have a service, a family viewing was held on June 12, 2015 and a poem reading on June 17, 2015 at the Whitehorse Crematorium.

There will be a memorial held next year in White Rock, British Columbia on her birthday August 2, 2016.

The family would like to thank everyone so very much for the well wishes and condolences.



Karl Joseph Gruber

December 17, 1937 - November 27, 2014

Karl Gruber, loving husband, "Papa," "Opa," brother and uncle passed away peacefully surrounded by his loving family. Karl was born in Austria to Joseph and Franziska Gruber and is survived by his sister Erna.

The lure of adventure and hunting brought Karl to Canada in 1965. He worked for his sponsor, Canadian Forest Products in Vancouver, B.C. moving on to home construction

in Prince George where he met and married Jenny Jakumeit. The two of them were inseparable.

They worked together building homes and had two children, Karl and Tonya. They went on to build and run the Bavarian Inn in Kamloops, where Karl made use of his natural cooking talent. The Lure drew them further north to the Yukon, operating a gravel crusher, along the Alaska, and North Klondike Highways where flakes of gold found coming off the end of the crusher changed their focus. They were involved in staking and exploring many mining properties. One of the largest nuggets found in the last 100 years came from their placer claim on Squaw Creek, B.C. They continued with other businesses, co-owning and running the Airline Inn, developing the cabin community that became known as "GruberVille," building and running the Takhini Gas Station, and developing the Green Acres farm that became their home.

It would bring smile to some of us or cringes to others remembering all the equipment, gadgets, and tools he would accumulate along the way, and the crazy choices of clothes and hats he would wear!

Karl loved to share stories of his childhood in Austria. There are so many amazing tales from his experiences and most of which were hilarious as he was a very mischievous young boy. We will continue to share these stories with pride, humor, and smiles, and at the same time miss the loud hardy laugh that came with each story!

Karl was a champion cyclist in Austria and he continued to ride when time allowed and he passed the love of cycling and sports to his wife and children. Amazing memories will be cherished of his cycling career in Austria, the whole family sponsoring and taking part in the Chilkat International Relay race many times (The Takhini Gassers) and riding up and down the Hot Springs road often visiting with neighbors.

Karl loved his family and was truly happy when everyone gathered together for a nice meal, drinks, and good hardy laughs. He always had a twinkle in his eye and made everyone he encountered feel special. Karl had a love for um pa-pa music, yodelling, and in his youth playing the Spanish guitar.

Karl passed on truly amazing gifts to his family and they will proudly carry on his legacy, passion, courage, determination, and entrepreneurship. Karl will be fondly remembered as a loving, caring, gentle, and a generous person.

He will be greatly missed by his loving family Jenny, Karl & Kelly, Tonya & Brian, and grandchildren Zander, Hudson, and Jenna.



Trygve Oddvar Bakke

March 2, 1932 – February 27, 2015

“Upon the wings of an eagle may your spirit soar as you journey on your way.”

Trygve Sr. is survived by his son Trygve Bakke Jr., grandson Tryg Charlie Bakke, and daughter Jennifer Bakke.

A Celebration of Life will be held on March 21, 2015 at 2:00pm at St.Elias Convention Center in Haines Junction, Yukon.



Elizabeth Marie (Betty) Toews

May 15, 1942 – February 7, 2015

Elizabeth Marie (Betty) Toews (nee Kronewitt) passed away peacefully on February 7, 2015 in Whitehorse, Yukon. She was born in Fairview, Alberta on May 15, 1942 to parents, Peter and Frances Kronewitt, the second of three girls. Betty was a nurse at Grande Prairie Hospital which was where she met Vern, the love of her life. They married July 8, 1961.

In the early years of their marriage, Betty and Vern lived in numerous places throughout Alberta and the Northwest Territories before settling in Whitehorse in 1972.

Betty and Vern had three daughters, Susan Toews (Chris), Frances Graham (Ken) and Michelle Christensen-Toews (Paul). Betty loved music, playing the piano and accordion although unable to read a note of sheet music, as well as remembering the words to any song even when her memory faded.

Despite the challenges from living with multiple sclerosis for over 49 years, Betty remained positive, gentle and kind – an incredibly social person, she loved interacting with people. We will all miss how her smile and laugh brightened the room.

Betty was predeceased by Vern in 2010. She leaves to honour her memory her sisters Katherine and Pat; daughters, Susan, Frances and Michelle; grandchildren Lenette, Tristian, Dena and Davis; six great grandchildren, as well as many extended relatives and friends.

Special thanks to Dr. Quong and the staff at Copper Ridge, for their many years of exceptional care. Also, thank you to Hospice Yukon for the loving care and support provided as Betty became more palliative. A mass celebrating Betty's life will be held at Sacred Heart Cathedral, 406 Steele Street, Whitehorse at 10:00 am on Friday, February 20th, after which she will be buried next to Vern in the Haines Junction Cemetery. Condolences may be offered at www.heritagenorth.ca. Flowers are gratefully declined, but those who wish to do so may make a donation to the MS Society.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A year from now you will wish you had started today. — Karen Lamb

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From The Star Cook Book, The Women of Yukon Chapter No 1 order of Eastern Star, Dawson, Yukon Territory, for the Benefit of the War Work 1942.

Peanut Crinkles

½ cup of butter

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

Cream butter and peanut butter together; then gradually blend in sugar and add egg. Sift flour and soda together and add to first mixture; add remaining dry ingredients, blend thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon or form in balls and press down with a fork; on a well-greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 for 10 to 15 minutes. Makes about 50 cookies.

Pat Sherbino

DATES TO REMEMBER



Vancouver Yukoners' Association 88th Annual Reunion April 08-10, 2016



Banquet - Saturday, April 09, 2016

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Banquet Reception: Ballroom Foyer No-Host Bar 5pm – 6pm
Welcome followed by Dinner: 6:15 pm

For group seating reservations, please follow directions on website at
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Check the website for updates and a list of those attending

Hospitality Room: Open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from noon
Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

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**REGISTER BEFORE FEB 29/16 FOR DRAW OF FREE SUITE FOR 2 NIGHTS
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(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

Yukon Residents may contact Penny Sippel at 867 667-4094
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We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North. Contact them for any special discounts.

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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 in or did live in Yukon**. 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.

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– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca or sherronjones@roadrunner.com

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