

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 417<sup>th</sup> Edition – January 10<sup>th</sup> , 2016**

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White Pass & Yukon Route  
Photo courtesy Stephanie Parker

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

**Part7**

We were now at the head of Lake Labarge. While the men were away, I had been busy making some biscuits and putting up a lunch for our noon day meal, as it had been decided that we would start the sheep across as soon as possible. We had to cross on the ice. This was not a matter of choice. There was no other way. The shores were all cut by rivers flowing into the lake and the mountains and ravines were impassible. We could not go by land. We had to cross the lake of ice. The entire outfit must cross on the ice or wait for many weeks for a boat or a scow. The cattle were taken over two days before, in charge of a very competent man, B. Jones, and must be there now, but we would not see them again until we all met at Hootalinqua.

This morning I discovered another hole burned in my skirt. This made about ten. I was getting pretty ragged looking. My nice high boots that laced almost to my knees were showing the wear and tear. I was terribly sunburned; in fact, I looked more like an Indian every day.

The boys had cut some poles for use on the ice, and at eight o'clock the little flock was rounded upland driven, much to their disapproval. (Sheep do not like to get wet.) Chris, with the inevitable fur robe on his back, his extra-long pole for testing the ice, and various other things which we thought might come in handy; I with my leather boots on my feet and rubber boots hanging from my neck, with my hood, hankies and various other articles stuck down in the tops, headed the procession. Bill and Red, with their blankets on their backs and each carrying a bucket, one of lunch and one of water, with their poles brought up the rear. Billie A. and the rest of the men were to spend the day, or as much of the day as they required, getting the teams ready, sleigh and wagons in order and loading them. They were to start that evening when the ice had tightened up after sundown. They were to overtake us, as we thought, about half-way across. Little Nanny was not allowed to lead this morning. She travelled with the common herd and an ugly big buck had been selected to take her place. The ice at the shore was so slushy and soft that several had gone through before we were well started. Chris, some yards in advance, was testing with his pole and picking out the best ice, I followed, leading Buck, for he would not follow me as Nanny did and, believe me, I did not trust him and kept one eye turned back. The feeling of dislike was mutual, but I would have to win his affection some way and quickly.

We travelled this way for several miles, the sun growing hotter and hotter, and the ice softer and more dangerous. Buck was getting lazier and uglier every minute with every step. He was about pulling my arm off, when a little new scheme came into Chris's head, and we stopped the caravan. Red was called forward to lead Buck; Bill was left alone in the rear. Chris took his place as advance guard and now, with my rubber boots on my feet and a heavy blue veil over my face to protect my eyes from the glaring sun on the ice, I took my place just back of Buck and frequently, when he pulled to hard, I gave him a gentle jab with a sharp nail that had been put in the end of my stick. It worked very well and really was not hard for me to do.

The sheep are queer things, unless they have a leader, they will just bunch and circle round and round, but will not advance. We zigzagged back and forth looking for the best places on this vast field of ice; the ice so rotten and soft; porous and penciled, that we knew there was great danger of our outfit going through, and many others who were following, going to the bottom. It could not hold much longer against this terrific heat. Lying in the bottom of the lake was a cold grave to contemplate, but we did not spend

much time thinking about it. There were other things to be thought of. We had passed several empty boxes, sticks of wood and other discarded things from the winter's travel, during the morning. About noon we came to another lonesome piece of wood and here we stopped to eat our lunch. I had the honor of sitting on this one piece of wood, the only dry spot on the lake. I served the lunch. Everything tasted mighty good for we were surely hungry. The men all drank out of the pail, but I produced a folding cup from down in the leg of my boot. There was not much of the lunch left after we had all had what we needed. I fed Nanny some of mine, while we silently consoled each other and talked over the situation. The sheep had nothing to eat, but plenty to drink for they sipped the water from the ice.

We did not tarry long, but hurried on to cover as many miles as possible while we could. We now began to cast frequent glances back to see if it were possible that the teams might be coming, but nothing could we see but the long stretch of ice, more like snow now that it was soft. The sun kept up its heat and the ice grew softer and softer, until we sank five or six inches with if every step, the sheep going in too and were fast becoming exhausted, and the long fleece was heavy with water. The situation was becoming extreme; the sun was still high and hot at five o'clock so Chris decided it best to turn for the shore, feed the sheep by allowing them to graze and wait for the outfit to come along.

We were three miles out on the lake and when we reached the shore, we had travelled twenty miles. What a relief it was to get off that ice; I shall never forget it. The sheep were more tired than hungry and were soon bedded in the sand, resting. Later they were taken on the hillside to graze. Our supper consisted of the remainder of our midday lunch, and meant a very small piece of dry biscuit for each one. No one complained, we just cast longing glances over the ice for sight of our precious outfit and wondered why they did not come; but our confidence in Billie A. saved us many an hour's worry.

The shore at this spot was very pretty. It receded from the water in steps five or six feet wide; just like a grand stairway, leading up, up, until it narrowed off to the foot of the bluff just back. Here I picked up a piece of slate almost a foot long, worn smooth and round like a pencil, from having rolled back and forth, forced by the wind and the waves for many years. There were hundreds of them. I kept this one as a souvenir; stuck it down in my boot top. Poor Bill's feet were very tired and sore, and his heels were badly blistered. He gave them a bath in the cold lake water; washed his socks, which were mostly holes, and put them on a log to dry. Then he put his shoes on again, without stockings, and took the sheep to the top of the bluff in search of feed, as they were beginning to get restless. There appeared to be a bald hill up there, covered with grass. Red went to stay there for the night, build fires and guard the sheep; make signals for the

outfit to see should they come along during the night. Nanny was left below with us, so she could not lead the flock astray. Chris and I were to remain where we were and hail the outfit when they came along. With all arrangements made for the night, we spread our robe on the top of a juniper tree, which sounds very strange, but these trees were very stunted. They grew in the sand and the trunks were no more than ten or twelve inches high and about five to eight inches through, with branches as thick as hair on one's head, growing straight out forming a large, round heavy mat that made a wonderful bed. We went to bed early, thinking it would surely turn cooler during the night and the ice would tighten up, then we could make good time in the morning by starting at daylight.

**May Ninth, 1900.** Even our juniper bed did not bring deep sleep during the night; all sorts of thoughts haunted us concerning the outfit. They had not come. What had kept them? Had they broken through the ice and lost the horses? Had some of the men been lost? Had they mutinied and harmed the foreman, or had the foreman, Billie A. who was such a cautious man, held the outfit up, waiting for better ice? Waiting, as we had done, for it to turn cold and tighten up the ice with frost. This was most likely the case, but he would not wait too long. He would not wait until the ice was rotten and he could not cross at all, nor would he keep us without food until we were famished and weak. No, we could avoid this ourselves by killing one of the sheep, if it came to that. Coming to the conclusion that Billie A. was waiting for the tightening up of the ice, we tried to sleep and trust that conditions would be more favorable when we would rise early and venture on the ice once more. About ten o'clock we were attacked by a ravenous throng. It was not wolves; it was one of Bill's flocks of mosquitoes. Their songs in our ears were a regular war cry, for they were hungry and blood-thirsty, and came at us in desperation. Their swords were long and keen, but we found that they could not penetrate the robe, so we drew our heads under. We preferred smothering to being eaten alive. However, by three o'clock we had our camp fire burning --- for the life of me, I do not know why we lighted it --- for the mosquitoes had disappeared and as suddenly as they came. We had no breakfast; no frost came with the morning. It was almost sultry and warm. We realized that if the outfit could not come yesterday, it certainly could not come today, and that the ice would be even worse than when we left.

However, Chris decided to make one more try and he shouted up to Bill on the hill. They had evidently slept through the night and were still asleep for it was sometime before they replied. While waiting for the boys to come with the sheep, I thought I would gather up the few little articles that I thought necessary to have with me--my veil, mitts and handkerchief --- but to my dismay I found they were gone, and upon one subject, at least, Nanny and I did not agree. She had gone scavenging and had eaten these things, and there remained only one small corner of the veil. I tried to be angry with her, but she looked at

me so innocently, and when I scolded her she just came closer and seemed to say, "Forgive and forget, we have other things to think about, you know I was hungry." So I put my pride down in my boots, this morning early, instead of my veil and mitts. But I never will understand why or how Nanny could eat Bill's socks, although they had been dipped in the lake and aired for at least part of the night. What would Bill say? As soon as Bill and Red came in sight with the sheep, Chris's trained eye noticed a shortage of at least one hundred sheep and he went to meet them. Hungry, tired and disgusted, Red in particular did not care and declared that they were all there, so Chris searched the hills alone for his lost sheep and about six o'clock he came with ninety-nine. While Chris was searching for the sheep, Bill was searching for his socks. He, of course, did not find them and although I felt sorry for him with his sore feet, I did not tell him where they were. I even joined in the search, while Nanny deliberately winked at me.

With gaunt, empty stomachs and sleepless eyes, the lake of soft ice and our fate, we faced once more. More carefully than ever, Chris picked the way and I followed with Buck, for it needed both Bill and Red behind to force the flock for they did not even care to follow their leader now. We could not travel close to the shore as there was open water in many places and it was very dangerous; so we went diagonally across until we were nearly in the center of the lake, and plodded along for a while until we came to an extremely soft spot and the dumb little creatures stopped in a bunch and circled, not one would go forward. The boys behind them could not force them and we could not persuade them. To our horror, we could see the rotten ice beginning to sink. What consternation! Chris ordered me as far away as I could get, and I refused to go unless he came too, saying, half in a nervous cry, "If you drown, I want to drown too. Don't leave me alone on this ice," and as I moved on very slowly I first begged, then implored, and lastly, I commanded him not to go near those sheep, he stood motionless between love, business and duty. His money was invested there. We needed it. He must not lose. He must save everything. If Nanny would only lead out. And with this thought in his head, he shouted to me: "Grace, call Nanny". This I did, and immediately she started to come to me, with every sheep following in her wake. I moved rapidly on with Buck, and thus the entire outfit was saved.

Another five minutes and the bottom of this basin, made by weight of the sheep and the constant movement, would have dropped in and the entire bunch would have disappeared beneath the ice.

Ah! That half hour seemed like eternity. Chris came to me and said, "Grace, we are going to get off this ice, even if we never reach Dawson," and we turned in our tracks to the shore. It was noon by the time we reached there, and we had been sinking six or seven inches with every step for the last two hours. The every sight of land seemed to quicken

the sheep, and when at last we reached the shore we found that just a narrow stretch of ice reaching to the land, with open water on both sides. This narrow neck of ice connected us with fifty feet of a sand bar, lying in the little cove, with perpendicular rocky bluffs on either side and very abrupt hills at the back. We all crossed first; then came the sheep, one by one, as fast as they could move their tired little legs, so impetuous were they to be on dry soil again. Before they were all off the lake, the ice gave way and many of them leaped over the gap of ten or twelve feet in their desperation. Finally, the opening became too great and they fell in as the ice broke away. Chris was ready for the emergency and was throwing his lariat again and again, never missing a throw and dragging them out either by the head, leg or body, just as he happened to catch them. Their wool was heavy with water. After several good shakes on the warm sand, which shook most of the water from their fleece, they scampered like rabbits up the abrupt hill a few rods away. Life seemed to be renewed within the sheep, but ah me! as I looked up that terrible bluff, I thought I could never get to the top. I said to Chris, "Let me stay here until I rest", but he only said "No, I'll put this rope around you, just under the arms, and I will help you up." So we climbed another hill together. We found the sheep already bedded and resting. Bill and Red, tired, hungry and sore-footed, were stretched on the grass by the sheep; we selected a grassy knoll, not far from the edge of the bluff. Here Chris took the robe from his shoulders, opened it and spread it on the grass; he told me to rest on it, while he went to the bluff and scanned the sheet of ice below us for the teams.

I drew from the blouse of my Russian jacket one lone hardtack that I had placed there to have to nibble on as I walked along, but for some reason or other, had not touched. I broke it in two offered one half to Chris, but he refused it and taking the field glasses, he walked away toward the bluff. I sat nibbling on the hardtack. It was so hard I could do nothing but nibble like a rabbit, and dream of what had been and what was to come, when I was startled by an awful roar, and looking towards the bluff, I saw a volume of smoke or dust. I did not know what. Had there been an avalanche? Had Chris been carried into the water, or was it a volcanic eruption? My strength all left me and my knees shook with fear and dread. As quickly as possible I made my way over to the bluff and found Chris safe and sound, gazing intently on the lake. He had spied an outfit and wishing to signal them he had set fire to a large green spruce tree overhanging the bluff. The pitch in this tree had caused it to burn very rapidly, though at first it was a dense black cloud of smoke; then suddenly it burst. He paid little heed to my fright but gazed intently through the glasses. Suddenly he tossed them to me and exclaimed, "My God! Grace, they have gone through the ice and I must go and help them, I will need all the men. Will you be afraid to stay here and tend the sheep?"

To be continued.



**Happier days - former Commissioner James Smith and Al Kulan with specimen of Lazulite. - Photo by Whitehorse Star**

## **Appeal Filed In Rolls Murder Case**

John Rolls was found guilty of first degree murder in 1978 and was given a life sentence but the conviction was overturned by the Yukon Court of Appeals on the grounds that the presiding judge misdirected the jury.

By Whitehorse Star on **May 8, 1978**

Lawyers will definitely appeal a Yukon Supreme Court jury's decision April 4 which convicted John Rolls for the first degree murder of mining man Al Kulan Sept. 12 in a Ross River bar.

Henry Regehr, one of the Rolls' two Vancouver lawyers, told the Star Thursday that a "notice of application for leave to appeal was filed at the Yukon Territory court of appeal in Vancouver" that day.

The appeal, which Regehr told the Star in mid-April will be focused on allegations of "misdirection and non direction" in Justice H.C.B. Maddison's giving of his charge to the jury, could be held in either Vancouver or Whitehorse, said Regehr.

He said then that there will also be allegations that Maddison erred in his "rulings through the course of the trial"

Rolls is presently serving a life imprisonment term for having shot Kulan, at point blank range, through the head with a bullet from a .357 Magnum. The murder itself was coloured with absurdities.

Rolls, who testified that he had long felt persecuted by Kulan, casually walked over to the man, and in the midst of a crowded bar, shot him in the head. Rolls then turned and walked back to the bar, lit a cigarette and finished his drink.

"He's dead. He deserved it," Rolls was heard to have said after the shooting.

Rolls' lawyers, relying heavily on the evidence of two psychiatrists, attempted to convince the jury that Rolls had been in a "dissociative state" or trance at the time of the murder and was therefore criminally insane and not responsible for his actions.

The jury, however, after a relatively short deliberation, concluded that, as crown attorney Peter McIntyre had said, Rolls, because of his jealousy and fear of Kulan, had deliberately planned and executed the murder.

"He made up his mind what he was going to do and did it." said McIntyre.

The Whitehorse Star, [June 23, 1982](#)

## **Kulan Death "A great tragedy"**

Killer to serve 10 years at minimum

The Yukon Supreme Court sentenced John Rolls to life in prison with no possibility of parole for a least 10 years. Rolls was convicted of second degree murder in connection with the shooting death of Al Kulan in a Ross River bar in 1977.

Earlier testimony showed Rolls had bought the Welcome Inn in Ross River from Kulan in 1967. He sold it back to Kulan in 1973, but was dissatisfied with his end of the deal.

Roll's habitual alcohol abuse, coupled with a mental instability he developed caused him to develop a hatred for Kulan, the judge noted.

"His actions were purposeful, not hesitant. He simply walked up to Kulan, pointed this powerful firearm (a .357 magnum) at him and shot him dead."

In 1973, at the age of 58, the judge noted, Rolls found himself a business failure.

"The position of a hotel keeper in Ross River was one of high stature. He was a failed hotel keeper who stayed in the community and was regularly reminded of the failure in his life.

".....He had succumbed to a delusion about his supposed enemy. That delusion was that Mr. Kulan was responsible for his failure in life."

The judge called Kulan "a fine person who was senselessly cut down in the prime of life. This was surely a great tragedy.

"He died as suddenly and as explosively as if he had been hit by lightning.

## **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

## **AL OSTER**

The man who wrote the ballads that define the Yukon's colourful history and lifestyle may well have done the same thing in Saskatchewan or Alberta, except for a fateful day in June, 1957.

Al Oster had been touring the Peace River country with another musician when, on a whim, they decided to take a few days off and travel north on the Alaska Highway to Whitehorse, just to have a look. At the time, he had just sold his interest in a building supply firm and was living in Langley, B.C.

Al had heard many tales about the Yukon's colourful characters and stories. The brief visit to Whitehorse did not disappoint him.

When he returned to Langley, Al talked his wife Mary into moving north to explore new challenges. She agreed. The 10-day journey over the very rough, muddy, dusty road ended in Whitehorse on July 30, 1957.

At the time, the town was at milepost 918. Al, who had written country ballads since he was a kid growing up on a poor dust-bowl farm in Saskatchewan in the dirty thirties,

instinctively knew the Yukon was the place for a songwriter. The song “918 Miles” was born.



**Al Oster performing at Hougens Department Store, 1961.**

Like most singers of an earlier era, he had come to love country music while listening to old-time country radio stations on his parents “Zenith” battery-powered radio on the Prairies.

Years later, he bought a guitar and learned to chord western songs while working in Alberta logging camps in the winter, and on cattle ranches in the summer.

Al, who had been discharged from the Canadian army in Calgary in 1946, earned the nickname “Calgary Slim” while roaming around with his “dobro”-playing buddy “Ray, playing theatres, restaurants, and dance halls in the Calgary and Edmonton areas. They called themselves “Slim n’ Ray”.

Then Al headed for Vancouver where he met his wife Mary. By 1957, when they moved to the Yukon, they had two children.

In Whitehorse, Al worked briefly at Campbell's Lumber Yard, and then in Hougen's Hardware department.

He also played in a country-and-western band with Johnny Hutsul, guitar player John Irwin, steel player Andy Donais, and drummer Cal Waddington. The group sometimes played that new-fangled music called Rock n' Roll.

One Saturday evening, they were booked to play a dance at the Whitehorse High School. Al always wanted to write a rock n' roll song especially for the high school crowd, and the song "Midnight Sun Rock" was born.

Later, while working for Husky Building Supplies, a customer came in to buy some special-size brass screws.

"We didn't have any in stock," said Al "so I gave the standard Yukon excuse. They are coming in on the next boat which will arrive next Thursday."

The unimpressed customer replied that everything seemed to be on the next boat. Al went home for lunch and in 10 minutes wrote the song "Next Boat".

"Midnight Sun Rock" and "Next Boat" were recorded on a single 45 RPM record, his first release. The first order of 1000 45's sold out and in 1959, Al re-recorded those songs on his first album called "Yukon Gold". That version of Midnight Sun Rock was inducted into the Nashville Rockabilly Hall of Fame in 2002.

In 1958, WHTV began a cable service, and manager Bert Wybrew accepted a proposal for a half-hour weekly television program called "The Al Oster Show." It ran for two years.

Al also worked five evenings a week at WHTV as their first announcer/operator after finishing his regular day job at the RCAF base as a clerk.

By 1961, he had a growing collection of Yukon songs. In December, the CBC offered him a 15-minute radio show called Northland Echos. After a few miscues while taping at the CBC studios, Al began recording the show in his basement. The program aired for three years.

His band played the "Kopper King" and the "Bamboo" on weekends. Al didn't much enjoy the bar scene but, at the time, he didn't mind touring. With the release of his first LP, he was invited by Jake Doell's band from Vancouver to tour through northern Alberta. They developed a routine called the "Yukon Gold Show Tour."

The group featuring Al, Jack Doell, Ed Isaac and Grant Wilson, staged an hour and half of singing, a magic segment, a comedy routine and Johnny Cash impersonations, while travelling as far north as Hay River, NWT.

The main theme was to promote the beauty and intrigue of the Yukon. Al sold well over two thousand "Yukon Gold" LP's during the trip, and wrote most of his famous "Paddlewheeler" song while driving between bookings with his bass-playing sidekick, Ed Isaac.

On the way home to Whitehorse after the three and a half month tour, they staged the show in every Alaska Highway maintenance camp.

Al remembers that "they had a ball, but never again for me," he said. "It's a rough life for a musician."

In the mid-60s, Al was a headliner on the first pan-north radio show out of Whitehorse, called Northern Jamboree, with the youthful voice of Les McLaughlin hosting the show.

In 1967, Al, with Hank Karr and his group, performed at the Canadian Pavilion at Expo 67 in Montreal. While there, the CBC recorded an LP, featuring Hank and Al, called "The Yukon Stars."

In 1968, his ballad "Irena Cheyenne" earned him the first songwriter award ever presented in Canada by BMI.

And what of his other music?

Al's classic song, "My Book of Yukon Memories" was written "totally from the heart", he says.

"It still creates a feeling of 'longing' when I sing or hear it. The music and lyrics came so easily."

"Paddlewheeler" is also his favourite because of how easily the lyrics flow together and, says Al, "it's an easy song to memorize and sing." Like all of Al Oster's material, it tells a great story of the historic Yukon days gone by.

His song "Waltz Of The Yukon" is included in the Boy Scout and Girl Guide camp "sing along" song book, and at one time, "My Book of Yukon Memories" reached number 30 on the Billboard charts.

Today, Al Oster lives in Salmon Arm, where he operates a CD and DVD duplication service, but his attachment to the Yukon remains and his collection of Yukon CDs are sold throughout the territory, creating a lasting memory of people, places and events that have shaped the Yukon's history.

For his role in recording Yukon stories in a musical format, Al Oster was awarded the Order of Canada in 1999.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Sunrise and city lights of downtown Whitehorse #explore yukon  
Photo by @markhrutledge #explore canada

### **The Herschel Island Story**

By Karl Crosby [fore65@shaw.ca](mailto:fore65@shaw.ca) (In Penticton)

With the refining of oil in Pennsylvania in 1859, there was a gradual decline in sperm whale hunting, the main oil-bearing whale. The bowhead however had the advantage of possessing both whale bone and oil. It would render 20 to 30 tons of oil at around \$100 per ton. However, it was the demand for the thin strips of whale bone that drove the industry. The renowned arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson writes in his book *“My Life with the Eskimos”* .....

“The first whaling ship reached Herschel Island in 1889 and for a few years thereafter the industry prospered greatly. It was immensely profitable, and, at times, there was as many

as 14 ships wintered in the arctic at one time. This had a sudden effect on the fortunes of the Eskimo. Before this time they had been in the habit of making summer voyages up to Fort McPherson to buy a few small things, but now when this large whaling fleet came, all their conditions of life were changed.

All the articles they had been used to buying, they could now get cheaply or for nothing from the whalers, and they soon learned the use of a great many other articles, the very names and appearances of which were unknown to them before – articles which even the Hudson's Bay factor at Fort McPherson had been compelled to do without. The ships brought too, an abundance of provisions. At first the Eskimo would have nothing to do with any of these, but in the course of a few years they learned the use of flour, molasses, sugar, etc. which became first luxuries and then necessities.”

Stefansson went on to say that the whalers hired Eskimo hunters to provide them with fresh meat to keep their crews from getting scurvy. Most of Eskimo population of the area was employed in the pursuit of caribou, fish and ptarmigan for the whalers who gave the Eskimos flour, hard bread, sugar, canned meat and vegetables, butter and other goods urging them to use them and give their meat to the whalers.

The northern invasion also carried the curses of the white man's civilization. Drunkenness, lust, fraud, trickery and violence soon became the pattern of life among the Eskimos of the area who had lived until then in relative peace and tranquility on the silent shores of the arctic. Among the whalers were unprincipled wastrels who worked their will unhindered for many years; disease and sickness were spread through the people who had no resistance to the invasion of these ills. In 1902, an epidemic of measles carried by Indians from Dawson City to Fort McPherson erupted in the McKenzie Delta and on to Herschel Island. The 2,000 inhabitants found in the area by Sir John Franklin in 1826 dropped to 200 a century later and a large number of these were immigrants from Alaska.

The arrival of the whaling fleet at Herschel Island each fall was the signal for riotous celebration and drunken revelry with the full participation of the crews and Eskimo men and women. Liquor flowed freely during these week long orgies and Herschel Island was described “*as the world's last jumping off place where no law existed and no writs ran, a paradise for those who reject all restraint upon appetite and all responsibility for conduct*”.

Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, visited Herschel Island on his completion of the Northwest Passage in 1903-06. He was a guest of the whalers at Herschel and writes “...I prefer not to mention the many queer tales I hear during my sojourn here...We were quickly surrounded by a motley crew of mulattos, negroes, yellow and white men”.

As RCMP Superintendent Larson of the St. Roche wrote in his book “The Big Ship”.....” to the Eskimos, this was an entirely new world opening up and the whalers themselves were unaware of the lasting damage they were doing. There were all kinds of races and nationalities aboard the whaling ships: whites, Kanakas from Hawaii and

Negroes from the Cape Verde Islands...there were even people from as far away as Fiji and Samoa...”

Often these men were pressed into service after becoming drunk in San Francisco taverns and woke to find themselves at sea and under bond for a period of two to five years. When the whaling season was on from July to early September, there was little interference with Eskimo life. However, the scene was entirely changed when the crews came ashore on Herschel Island. Many of the native families were not local but had been engaged by the whalers from along the Alaska coast as hunters. The women of the hunters were engaged as feminine companions for the whalers and as seamstresses to make skin garments and footwear.

As winter set in, life became monotonous. Some of the whalers built sod houses ashore or moved in with Eskimo families. Most settled down to playing cards, drinking and feeding driftwood and coal into stoves to keep warm. One year, without the knowledge of the country and thinking it was only a three-day trek to the nearest railroad, a group of 10 men deserted. They had stolen rifles and food and headed south. A well-armed pursuit party brought them back. The loss of men would have handicapped next season's work and set a bad example for the whaling fleet; if one lot escaped others would be more inclined to desert. The armed fugitives were overtaken and a running Arctic battle ensued until, with help from the Eskimos in the pursuing party, the runaways were surrounded. One leader was killed; two others escaped into the mountains and were never seen again. The rest surrendered, were brought back to the ships in irons and were chained to the deck for a month.

(To be continued)

*(A former journalist, Karl Crosby was the director of tourism for the Yukon from 1970-1980 and is a life member of the Yukon Visitors Association (YVA)).*



Sternwheeler Klondike beside the Yukon River in Whitehorse  
Whitehorse Star Photo on Facebook.

### **Birthday Boys Celebrate 237 years**

Hi Sherron

The December 31 Birthday Boys met again for our annual lunch last week and solved most of the immediate problems facing Yukon, but we did put a few on longer-term watch. Our sealed written predictions for 2015 from the previous meeting were opened and while we generally had the trends predicted correctly (election, economy, mining/exploration activity, governments, etc.) we numerically missed on oil price and USD exchange rate. And those two aren't over yet!

We are three years older again this year, collectively 237. Hold on, you will say! That's what you told me last year! We decided to apply the new Territorial Formula Financing adjustment/correction formula to rectify my earlier error.

We appreciate all the effort you put into grinding out MocTel editions and wish you and Bill and all your MocTel subscribers our Best Wishes for 2016 and that it be filled with good health, good times and peace.

Tim Koepke [tim\\*klondiker.com](mailto:tim*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)



**The December 31<sup>st</sup> Birthday Boys 2015 at January 2016 Luncheon**  
L-R: Jim Smith, Art Webster, Tim Koepke  
Whitehorse, Yukon

## **Christmas Turkeys Delivered by RCMP**

### **Can anyone help with this question ? ? ? ?**

Firstly Sherron, hope you and Bill had a great Christmas. The season reminded me of the Mounties delivering turkeys to needy families in Whitehorse just before Christmas. Think it was 1956 and 1957.

Speaking to Sophie Armitage, she thought it was probably business people who paid for the turkeys. Don't know if there is a story there, perhaps Rolf Hougen would know who was involved.

Wishing you and Bill a wonderful 2016. Bill

Bill Dawson [yhuree@sympatico.ca](mailto:yhuree@sympatico.ca) (In Burlington ON)

*Hello Rolf*

*This message is from Bill Dawson who was with the RCMP in Whitehorse. Do you know anything about turkeys for the poor?*

*Sherron Jones*

I recall the mounties did help delivery but I do not know any details

Rolf

---

Marg & Rolf Hougen  
Whitehorse, Yukon  
Vancouver, BC

### **A MESSAGE FROM STURGEON SOUND**

(Les McLaughlin's brother. The family gathered each summer at Sturgeon Lake, AB, hence the name.)

Hello

Sturgeon sound is now in its 24th year producing Canadian history on CD/DVD, mostly the north, bringing our history and good listening to thousands of our visitor to Canada. Check out web Sturgeon sound.ca and have a listen to some of our collection.

Best of the new year to you all.

Tom McLaughlin  
Sturgeon sound

*Hi Tom*

*I would like to put something in the MocTel about Sturgeon Sound.ca but was unable to find a website only a video. Can you give me a URL/link.*

*Sherron Jones*

I really don't have a website anymore- just a lonely peddler.

Tom McLaughlin (In Summerland BC)

*If you look up Sturgeon Sound you will find some UTube Videos voiced by Les McLaughlin. You could also look up Les' name on UTube and find lots of material done by him. It's good to hear his voice again.*

***Spell of the Yukon at:***

***<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=les+mclaughlin+youtube&view=detail&mid=F065F08DCE2FA22CDF7EF065F08DCE2FA22CDF7E&FORM=VIRE5>***

***Last Voyage of the Keno***

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=les+mclaughlin+youtube&&view=detail&mid=C2A1501A1A69F564D9B1C2A1501A1A69F564D9B1&rvsmid=F065F08DCE2FA22CDF7E&fsscr=0>

*Paddlewheelers on the Yukon River*

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=les+mclaughlin+youtube&&view=detail&mid=BADBDF398D848F869EECBADBDF398D848F869EEC>

*Sherron Jones*

## **YUKON HOST PIN**

### **Can anyone help with information about this Pin ? ?**

I had a thought several months ago (and yes, even a few since then) and searched for my YUKON HOST pin to no avail to do an article for MocTel.

I think it was 1973 or 1974, more likely the former; that anyone who dealt with tourism was invited to attend a half-day or maybe even a full day of classes dealing with information on the Yukon that would be useful and of interest to tourists. I believe this was hosted by the Yukon government. I was one of the attendees and no doubt hundreds may have taken the class.

I have since searched the internet and can't find anything written nor any photos of the YUKON HOST program or pin.

I wondered if you wanted to do a story on it?

Perhaps the current Yukon government has a history on this and a photo of the pin? Maybe even the Whitehorse Star.

George Bliss

*Hello Rolf*

*Is the Yukon Host Pin something you may have a photo of or further information about ?*

*Sherron*

I do not have one of these.

Rolf

## **Garbage Truck Santa**

Hi folks

Included is an article from The Walrus Magazine on the Whitehorse Garbage Truck Santa. Santa Wayne is a very dear friend of ours and when the season gets closer his excitement is generated to those that know him. He gets very excited when Christmas comes around and he can don his Santa suit and take to the streets with his garbage truck. He spends 10 hours a day for 4 days driving his truck, visiting schools, day cares and seniors' homes. As he drives down the street the first thing you hear is a Christmas tune, hooked up by a speaker system, then the familiar Ho Ho Ho. The 6000 lights glow from quite the distance. By the end of the day his voice is barely a whisper. And to think he takes vacation time to bring so much joy to Whitehorse residents! He has received a Commissioner's Award for his volunteer service and all residents are very protective of Santa as you will understand when reading the article. Also this year a documentary was shown at the Transportation Museum, showing how Garbage Truck Santa came to be 24 years ago and who Santa is when he isn't Santa.

Wayne gets so wrapped up with his roll that he forgets to eat also finding it difficult to drink warm coffee or cocoa with his beard. He would never take the beard off in case a child sees him without it so he goes without food or drink. This year Santa came to our house between school visits and I fed him lunch and coffee, a much needed energy booster. Until next year Santa, back to working with the City.

Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **Santa, Take the Wheel**

*Where treetops glisten, and children listen, to hear the garbage truck in the snow*

I'm worried about finding Santa's house. It's dark, and snowing, and I don't know the neighbourhood. But when I turn onto his street, my worries drift away: One house on the street has strings of multi-coloured Christmas lights blazing on every tree in the yard. It's mid-October.

Wayne Henderson meets me at his front door. He'd left the lights on, Rudolph-like, to lead me in, he explains; he doesn't normally turn them on before Halloween. Henderson is fifty-four, with pale blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, and for the past two decades, he's spent each holiday season behind the wheel of a garbage truck, driving around Whitehorse dressed as Santa Claus.



**Bill Henderson with his truck. Garbage Truck Santa and his sleigh.**

It started out simply enough, he tells me after we've settled in at his kitchen table, with his husky, Sasha, curled up nearby. Henderson was a casual employee with the City of Whitehorse in the early 1990s, on municipal garbage pick-up duty, when he would notice kids spilling out of their houses to watch his big truck go by. Around Christmastime one year he asked his boss, "What would you think if I put a Santa suit on??" He got the okay so long as he promised not to get his false white beard caught in the truck's trash compactor.

Garbage Truck Santa was an instant hit: Henderson's truck was mobbed as he made his rounds. "It got to the point where I couldn't even get my garbage done," he says. "It got dangerous. The kids would come from all directions." And his truck set-up kept getting more elaborate. Henderson strapped a set of caribou antlers on the front of the truck, and a mechanic wired his cigarette lighter to power strings of Christmas lights that draped the outside of the vehicle. (Later, a 6000-watt generator was installed in the back so Henderson could really light things up.)

In his third year as Garbage Truck Santa, Henderson started making school and daycare visits instead of trying to get his garbage rounds done in costume. Even then, the mob scenes continued: bigger kids mowed down smaller kids in the schoolyard to rush the truck. So Henderson enlisted the teachers to keep order, and help him distribute candy canes safely. (These days, his system is well oiled; his arrivals are planned and scheduled well in advance.)

Henderson figures he visits about ten schools and twenty-five daycares each holiday season, plus a couple of long-term care residences. He's on his third career Santa suit, and he goes through four or five pairs of white gloves for each day that he makes rounds. Touch enough little hands, and white turns grey pretty fast. When he started out, he paid for everything out of pocket, but nowadays, local businesses donate the lights, the candy canes, even the gloves. His truck wears upwards of 1500 Christmas lights, attached using half-a-dozen rolls of duct tape. A set of jingle bells hang from the hood; Henderson pulls a string from inside the cab to make them ring. Last year, he brought on four helper elves to keep the operation running, including Henderson's twenty-two-year-old son, who grew up adoring Garbage Truck Santa but never knew who was behind the beard. "It took him awhile" to catch on, Henderson says.

In 2012, the same year that Henderson received the territorial Commissioner's Award for exceptional volunteer service, the city upgraded to a more modern garbage truck model, and Henderson's old rig was sold off. The new trucks, apparently, weren't compatible with generators or Christmas lights. So for two years, Garbage Truck Santa was absent from Whitehorse's streets. Residents were furious: "Citizens fight to save Santa's garbage truck," went the Yukon News headline. City council received hundreds of letters of protest, and council members reported being stopped on the street by angry constituents. "You can't hardly go anywhere," Councillor Betty Irwin told the paper.

But last year, Henderson rode again. The owners of the trailer park who had bought the old truck made it available for a few days, and the local Ford dealership came on board to cover the fuel costs and help out with any necessary maintenance, too. Henderson was thrilled.

Still, it can be a tough gig. Henderson has run across a few members of Whitehorse's naughty list: kids who try to pull his beard off, mainly. "I'm always ready for it," he says, gesturing protectively towards his chin, where there's nothing but a trimmed goatee in the off-season. And even the good apples can be exhausting when they show up by the hundreds. "You know you've seen Santa in the mall? He's there for an hour or so," Henderson says. "I do it for ten hours."

Last year's rounds, making several visits a day, wore him down: "My throat was raw from ho-ho-ho-ing it." But with another loan of the truck from the trailer park, he's back on the streets again this year.

Not much has changed over the twenty-plus years that Garbage Truck Santa has roamed Whitehorse: Kids still love candy canes and big trucks. Henderson does hear one line these days that he doesn't recall from the 1990s, though.

"Can I take a selfie with you, Santa??"

## OBIT

### David Leyland Carter

May 4<sup>th</sup> 1943 – August 13, 2015

David Leyland Carter, son of Leyland and Leah Carter, was born in Amherst Cumberland, Nova Scotia on May 4<sup>th</sup> 1943. He lived in Spring Hill as a child, where he first met his first love Mildred Brown, who he was going to run away with and had plans to become Cowboy and Cowgirl, a story he always loved telling. However in 1952 he moved from Nova Scotia with his parents, and sister Carole, to the Yukon, at the age of 9.

Although always even in his last years, he loved striking up a conversation about back east with anyone who mentioned it... in his heart he was a true Yukoner. Growing up here, he loved and embraced the outdoors. Going camping every chance he had, and always preferring hidden tucked away sites over campsites. He liked adventure, leading him to destinations such as Ben-My-Chree, and rafting trips down Kusawa Lake – earning him the nickname “Kusawa Dave”. Many of these trips he had his best companion along with him, his husky Kobuck, who he spent many great years with. He eventually gained 3 new camping partners, his sons Pakorn and Kvin, who he enjoyed many fishing trips with, and his Daughter Alysa (Kamala) Carter, who enjoyed rehabilitating and releasing his caught fish when he wasn't keeping a close eye.

Aside from the outdoors, Dave always had a passion for sports, especially baseball and hockey. Spending many years in the Goalie's nets of Stan McCowan and Takhini Arenas. Keeping as one of his most prized possessions, an album of all the newspaper article clippings, photos and stats. He loved the sportsmanship and the badgering and banter that went along with it even more.

He graduated from F. H. Collins in the class of 1961 and went on to study as an English major at the University of Fairbanks, Alaska playing hockey and making lifelong friends in Alaska along the way of course. He ended up back in Whitehorse and took a 5 year term working for the City of Whitehorse, in Parks and Recreation. He eventually entered into what would be his retiring career as a Real Estate Agent. Starting with Aurora Realty in the early 1980's, he was then hired on to Coldwell Banker Redwood Realty, where he retired at the age of 69.

He met his wife Somjing Carter in 1988, and with her he found a new passion – travelling. Some of his favorite trips were to Puerto Rico, the Caribbean, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Thailand and Nova Scotia (where he was able to reconnect with his cousin John Harrison and John's wife Diane; they remained close after the reunion). Besides travelling, they also shared a love for finding and exchanging the funniest cards for any occasion imaginable with each other. And giving each other as many cute, creative nicknames as possible. With her he shared a very loving romantic side. Most close to him did not know was so prominent in his personality. They were able to celebrate their 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary on June 22<sup>nd</sup> of this year.

One thing that was always very apparent with Dave was how dearly he cherished friendship; always wanting to keep connected and updated about all of his friend's lives comings and goings. He was the epitome of outgoing and social, making friends wherever he went, from Nova Scotia, to Whitehorse, to Alaska, and the rest of the world. Naming all of his friends` either uncle or auntie to his children (Uncle Big Chuck, Uncle Medium Chuck, Uncle Little Chuck, Uncle Bert, Uncle Sig, Uncle Stim, Auntie Gay, Auntie Pat, Auntie Gayl, Auntie Sheryl and the list went on and on). He loved sharing stories and memories with anyone who wanted (or didn`t want) to listen.

Dave passed away on August 13<sup>th</sup>, 2015 after a 4 year battle with cancer. Dave will always be remembered as being an outstanding Husband, Father, Friend, Colleague, and Teammate, and for many a memorable acquaintance. He will always be remembered for his love of humour and life.

He leaves behind a loving wife Somjing Carter; children Pakorn, Kvin and Alysa (Kamala); son-in-law Luke Moulton; grandson Justin Carter and his sister Carole Delaney.

Dave is pre-deceased by his parents Leyland and Leah Carter and his dog Kobuck.

As per Dave`s wishes; his ashes will be placed over Kusawa Lake as his final resting place. We would like to invite anyone who knew Dave to come share stories, laughs, tears and goodbyes with us at his memorial. Dave always asked that his memorial be as if he was there to celebrate with us and that any pictures you wold like to provide for a slide show please email them to alysa\_carter\*live.ca, or call (867)335-8440 any and all photos would be appreciated.

The memorial will be held on Saturday, October 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2015 at the Takhini Arena Mezzanine, between 1:00 pm – 4:00 pm.

In lieu of flowers, please make a donation to the Canadian Cancer Society – 211 Wood St. Whitehorse, YT V1A 2E4 (867)668-6440.

The family would like to thank the following people for all the care they provided to Dave during his battle;

- The Whitehorse General Hospital Ambulance Staff
- Dave`s home Care Staff
- Thomson Centre (Unit 3) Staff
- Whitehorse General Hospital (Surgical & Medical ) Staff
- Copper Ridge Place (Units H & K) Staff
- Dr. Kanachowski, Dr. Seal, Dr. Breitkreutz, Dr Blackstone, Dr. Chi, Nicholas (Nurse Practioner), Dr. Mckenzie, BC Cancer Agency (Unit 6 & 7) Staff.
- Dave Tribble, patient at WGH, who befriended and provided companionship for Dave during his time there.

- Thank you to all of Dave`s friends who were able to visit him, even travelling to do so.
- Special thanks to Chuck Haines who visited almost daily, and Tim Armstrong for making so many trips from Alaska to visit.
- Yukon Hospice for all the support.
- And thank you to Sandra (Copper Ridge Place) for being there for Dave and holding his hand in his final moments.

### **Olof Sigurveig Nightingale (Vicky [Koken] Johnson)**

11 May 1940 - 23 December 2015

Olof passed away peacefully at home on 23 December 2015 after a lengthy illness. She was predeceased by her parents Oskar and Olga Johnson. Olof leaves to mourn her beloved husband Chris Nightingale of Powell River as well as sisters Bonnie Paetkau of Sechelt, Alda Grames of Halfmoon Bay and Heather Johnson of Vancouver. She was a caring, attentive aunt to 15, a great aunt to 23 and a loyal sister-in-law to Wynne ( Andy Lochhead); Jim Nightingale (Julie); Leah ( Gary Bowen) ; Eric Paetkau and Gregory Kravec.

Olof was born 11 May 1940 in Eriksdale Manitoba. The grand-daughter of Icelandic immigrants, her first language was Icelandic. She grew up on a farm surrounded by her extended family, attended a one-room school and, as the second of 4 daughters, was introduced to outdoor chores at an early age. She was proficient on a tractor and horse-drawn equipment before she was ten. She was athletic and competitive even to the point of playing baseball on the community boys` team. The family moved to Hay River, NWT in 1955 and Olof started to call herself Vicky. She finished high school there then taught for a year in Ft Simpson, NWT before returning to Manitoba to attend business college. In 1959 she rejoined her family in Whitehorse, Yukon where she worked for DND and CNT for many years before finally pursuing her dream to become a proficient draughtsman. She later attended college in Anchorage, Alaska. In the early 1970`s Vicky relocated to Vancouver where she met Chris and the two of them formed a loving partnership which lasted for more than forty years. They married in 1986. She was welcomed by the entire Nightingale family who provided her with continuing emotional support and encouragement.

Olof and Chris moved to Powell River in 1978 and together built their charming and original home in Southview. She changed careers one more time and devoted several years of faithful service to the Powell River Hospital. Olof and Chris enjoyed many trips to Mexico and South America before her health prevented further travel. She was kind, artistic, passionate, creative and, most of all, great company. She will be deeply missed by all who knew her.

A memorial service will be held at The Seniors Center at 2 PM on 23 January. In Olof`s memory and in lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Powell River Food Bank.



**CHALIFOUR, LAWRENCE "LARRY" ROBERT:** It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of our loving husband, father, grandfather and friend. Larry passed away suddenly at his home in Penticton on December 20, 2015, just one day before his 72nd birthday. Lawrence was born in Leoville, Saskatchewan on December 21, 1943. He graduated from high school and continued on to receive a Bachelor of Education degree from the University of Alberta. He later received his realtor's license. Larry was predeceased by his parents, Lucien and Cecila Chalifour. He is survived by his loving wife, Doris; three children, Bonnie Parks (Nigel), Dwight Chalifour (Shelley), Jason Chalifour (Christina) and two step-children, Parrish Moses and Leslie Bell (Sam); twelve grandchildren, Amanda, Chrystina, Brendan, Keith, Christopher, MacKenzie, Julia, Sean, Trystan, Ashante, Demetrius and Justice; his two sisters, Yvette Dore and Angele Perrin (Bill); numerous nieces, nephews, relatives and friends. Larry worked as a high school Teacher, Realtor and Business Owner. **He was a member of Yukon Chapter #38 Royal Arch Masons and a former Exalted Ruler of Elks Lodge #306, both in Whitehorse, YT;** a member of Penticton Elks Lodge #51, and a Master Mason of Point Isabel Lodge #33 in Port Isabel, TX. **He owned and operated Northland Trailer Park in Whitehorse for many years.** Larry loved spending time with his children and grandchildren. He enjoyed a variety of activities, including boating, traveling, snowmobiling, quading, reading, researching stocks, watching world and national news and keeping himself politically informed. He had the experience of being a trail breaker for both the Yukon Quest and Iditarod sled dog races. His family and many friends will remember him for his ready smile, hearty laugh and love of corny jokes. Larry was cremated in accordance with his wishes and a Memorial/Celebration of Life will be held for him in Penticton at a future date. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the Canadian Heart and Stroke Foundation, Canadian Lung Association or to any Humane Society. Condolences may be shared by visiting [www.everdenrust.com](http://www.everdenrust.com)

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## Nora Ina (Fessey) SINCLAIR

1922 - 2016



SINCLAIR, Nora Ina (nee Fessey): Born January 11, 1922 in Bassano, Alberta Passed away January 2nd in Kelowna. She thrived on a career in nursing, health care administration and community service in the Yukon for over 30 years, serving as Director of Nursing and retiring as the Executive Director, Whitehorse General Hospital. Thereafter working for National Health and Welfare as a northern health consultant. With the I.O.D.E. she helped create the Whitehorse Public Library. After training as a registered nurse at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton, **she moved to Whitehorse, Yukon in 1946 to work at the (old) Whitehorse General Hospital.** Always dedicated to continuing education, Nora later completed a program in Nursing Administration and a degree in Hospital Administration at the University of Saskatchewan in 1973. **On June 16, 1947 Nora married Archie Sinclair who had been working in Dawson City, Yukon (the Klondike) before enlisting in the Canadian Army. They lived in Whitehorse, Yukon until retiring to Kelowna, B.C. in 1978.** Archie died on vacation in Nice, France in 1985. **Nora married Graham Tench in 2003 in Kelowna (deceased 2005).** Survived by two sons, Barry of Kelowna, B.C. and Duncan of Whitehorse, Yukon (Laura MacFeeters) and five granddaughters: Jennifer (Spencer Todd), Stephanie, Lindsay, Caitlin and Brooke. Always having a zest for life, Nora spent years exploring the world fueled by an insatiable curiosity about distant lands and cultures, later travelling by bus on mystery tours and cruising the coasts of North and South America. Ever the organizer, she chaired her condo board for a decade and volunteered as a regional administrator for the B.C. Red Cross for many years. She was a fierce bridge player with an indelible memory for cards. She so loved her bridge buddies and close friends and they celebrated birthdays and all occasions without fail. She loved seeing her grandchildren and has favorite memories of annual camping trips to Shuswap Lake with them as they were growing up. And she always had a hankering for sweets, especially chocolate, but she'd share! Predeceased by sisters June, Vivian and Joyce and brothers Dick, Gord, Bill, Bob and Stuart. Survived by sister Margaret. Thanks to the

staff at Three Links Manor where she lived her last few years, putting up with Nora, ever the nurse, offering advice. And to the end she cherished dear friends and fellow nurses who had trained at the Royal Alex in Edmonton with whom she kept in touch all her life. A memorial service will be held at a later date. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Heart and Stroke Foundation of B.C., 4 - 1551 Sutherland Avenue, Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 9M9 or via website [www.heartandstroke.bc.ca](http://www.heartandstroke.bc.ca). Condolences may be sent to the family by visiting [www.firstmemorialfuneralkelowna.com](http://www.firstmemorialfuneralkelowna.com) Arrangements have been entrusted to First Memorial Funeral Services, 1211 Sutherland Avenue, V1Y 5Y2 and the Memorial Society of B.C. Her touchstone through life: "Nothing is worth more than this day." (Goethe)

Published in Okanagan Valley Newspaper Group on Jan. 9, 2016.

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind. -  
Theophile Gautier*

## **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.

### **Sponge Cake Lemon Pie**

Juice and grated rind of 1 large lemon  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
2 tablespoons (rounded) flour  
1 cup milk

Put sugar into the egg yolks and beat. Add the flour and beat again.  
Add the milk, Fold into the stiffly beaten whites, being careful not to beat the mixture after the whites are added. Bake in slow oven until firm.

Margaret Spence

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

### **VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION - GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCH**

February 18, 2016  
11:30 am-2:00 pm

Croatian Cultural Center  
3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver  
Parking plentiful and free  
Transit accessible – Handicap accessible  
Bring a friend  
Lunch \$10  
RSVP k29j32@gmail.com  
604 819-7630



## **Vancouver Yukoners' Association**

### **88th Annual Reunion**

**April 08-10, 2016**



**Banquet - Saturday, April 09, 2016**

**River Rock Casino Resort – Whistler Ballroom**

**8811 River Rd, Richmond BC**

**Free Parking in Casino Parkade**

**Hotel reservations**

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

**ASK FOR VANCOUVER YUKONERS' RATE**

**1 King Bed or 2 Queen Bed Standard Room \$152.00 & 1 Bedroom Suite  
\$182.00 - 2 Bedroom Resort Suite \$232.00**

Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet based on availability  
**BOOK EARLY – AVAILABILITY & RATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

**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

[www.vancouver-yukoners.com](http://www.vancouver-yukoners.com)

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**

**THE CANUCKS AND HANK KARR TO PERFORM FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT**  
.....  
**REGISTER BEFORE FEB 29/16 FOR DRAW OF FREE SUITE FOR 2 NIGHTS**  
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**Book early as ticket sales could be limited**

**FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:**

**Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4**

**Phone: 250-383-1349 email: [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca)**

**\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to**

***Vancouver Yukoners' Association***

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

Yukon Residents may contact Penny Sippel at 867 667-4094

303A Hanson St. Whitehorse YT Y1A 1Y5

**We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North. Contact them for any special discounts.**

## **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](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)

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Sherron Jones

483 – 5707 E. 32nd Street

Yuma Arizona USA 85365