

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 438th Edition – June 4th, 2017

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Nares Lake toward Book Bible Mountain

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones*northwestel.net (In Carcross/Whitehorse)

**Reports and Papers relating to the “Lost Patrol”
Inspector Fitzgerald & Party – 1911
Fort McPherson to Dawson Patrol
(Part 8)**

Royal Northwest Mounted Police
Commissioners Office, Regina
May 8, 1911

Sir –I have the honour to forward herewith the original diary kept by the late Inspector Fitzgerald on his patrol from Fort McPherson to Dawson. This diary was found on March 22nd last by Cpl. Dempster, who was in charge of the search party sent out from Dawson. It was under the robe on which the bodies of Constables Kinney and Taylor were found.

The first entry in the diary is on December 21, 1910 and the last is on February 5, 1911.

The entry from January 17 reads as follows:-

Twenty-three below. Fine in AM with strong SW wind which turned to a gale in the evening. Did not break camp; sent Carter and Kinney off at & [typo? 7?] AM. To follow a river going south by a little east; they returned at 3:30 PM and reported that it ran right up in the mountains, and Carter said that it was not the right river. I left at 8 AM and followed a river running south, but could not see any outings on it. Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have now only 10 pounds of flour, and eight pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only things I can do is return and kill some of the dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians. We have now been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter's word that he knew the way from the Little Wind River.

The explanation of this is that Insp. Fitzgerald in 1905-1906 went from Dawson to McPherson following the original route of the Dawson-McPherson patrol – that was up the McQuestion River, and across the divide to the Wind River, down to the Peel River. The new route which has been followed for some years was up the Twelve Mile Creek, Blackstone River, Hart River across Hart River divide into Forrest Creek, then down the Little Wind River and on to its junction with Wind River. Therefore Insp. Fitzgerald knew the way from Fort McPherson to the junction of the Little Wind and the Wind rivers and from that point on he was relying upon ex-Cst. Carter. Carter was over this trail in 1907-1908, when he accompanied Cst. Forrest in charge of the patrol, on transfer to Fort McPherson. On this no doubt, Insp. Fitzgerald had relied to find the trail from Wind River to Dawson.

You will observe that on December 27 he employed an Indian to break the trail for him from Trail creek across the divide to Caribou Born Mountains; there is a portage there, made to avoid a big elbow of Peel River which comes from the West and turns north. On January 1 he discharged the Indian, paying him for eight days, five for coming and three for returning to his camp. The next day he reached Peel River, proceeded up it, and without mishap reached Little Wind River on January 8; he proceeded up this river until January 12. The distance according to his diary is 55 miles; according to the table of distances submitted by Cst. Mapley, in his report dated March 10, 1905, of the patrol in 1905, the trail follows the Little Wind River for 54 miles, so that assuming Insp. Fitzgerald correct in his distances, he could not have been very far from Forrest Creek, up which he should have turned to cross the Hart-Wind divide. He found that the river was getting very small, and came to the conclusion that he was too far up; he sent ex-Cst. Carter ahead to look for the portage, but he could not find it. Inspector Fitzgerald then concluded – to turn back upon his trail.

He travelled five miles and turned up a small creek for four miles, which ex-Cst Carter thought was Forrest Creek, but it was not. That was on January 13, and on January 15 they followed up the East branch of the Little Wind River, travelling 16 miles. On January 16th they apparently travelled up a branch of this creek for six miles, and found it was not Forrest creek, and returned again to its mouth. Ex-Cst. Carter was again sent out, but returned without success.

On January 17 Fitzgerald came to the following conclusion:
Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We now have only 10 pounds of flour and 8 pounds of bacon and some dried fish/ My last hope is gone and only thing I can do is to return and kill some of the dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians. We have been a week looking for a river to take up over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss.

The next day, January 18, 1911, the party began their return to McPherson. Hardly any of the dogs would eat the dog meat, and they had to feed them with the little dried fish they had.

It was time that the party turned back they were, according to Cst. Mapley's table of distances, about 264 miles from Fort McPherson and 211 from Dawson.

They had travelled from December 21st, 1910 until January 17, 1911 continuously, with only one day off; a distance of 340 miles; (This distance included distances travelled searching for trail). From January 18 to February 5, on which date the last entry is made, they travelled 230 miles.

The entries in the diary are not very full, but some are suggestive of the hardships that they were undergoing; the trail was exceptionally heavy and they were breaking through ice, getting wet, and the cold was intense. On January 24, it says –

“Killed another dog today; and all hands made a good meal of dog meat.”

On January 26, - “The going was very heavy in deep snow and the hands and dogs are getting weak.”

January 30 – “All hands feeling sick, supposed to be from dogs livers.”

January 31 – Skin peeling off our faces and bodies and parts of our bodies and lips are swollen and split. I suppose this is caused by feeding on dog meat; everybody feeling the cold for want of proper food.

February 1 – Killed another dog tonight. This makes 8 dogs we have killed and eaten most of them and fed dried fish to the dogs.

February 3 – Men and dogs very thin and weak and cannot travel far. We have travelled about 200 miles and still have about 100 miles to go, but I think we will make it all right, but will have only three or four dogs left.

February 5 – (The last entry.) Just after noon I broke through the ice, and had to make a fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Kill another dog tonight; have only five dogs now, and can only go a few miles a day. Everybody breaking out on the body and skin peeling off.

We have only to refer to Cpl. Dempster's report to form an idea of what happened. The last entry was evidently made while the party was proceeding down Trail River to Peel River. Cpl. Dempster in his admirable report, at this point, commenced to fear the worst, on account of the camps they made being so close together. He followed their trail with as much despatch as possible. At Colin's cabin he found the mail and the dispatch bag which had been cached there.

On March 21 about three miles below the portage on the Peel River, he found the bodies of Csts. Kinney and Taylor; there was a camp kettle half full of moosehide, cut in small pieces, which had been boiled for soup. The two men lay side by side, the fire being at their feet; each lay on his back.

They had three Alaska sleeping bags; one under and two over them. Cst. Taylor evidently committed suicide by blowing the top of his head off; it is quite probable that he had become insane with the terrible hardships which he had undergone.

It seems to me that Insp. Fitzgerald had concluded that these two men were too weak to travel through and left them all the camp equipment they had, and with Carter pushed on towards Fort McPherson with the hope of getting relief to send back. This he was not fated to accomplish. About ten miles further on he and Ex-Cst. Carter yielded up their lives. Carter succumbed first and was laid out by Insp. Fitzgerald who probably died shortly afterwards.

(to be continued)

YUKON NUGGET

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

Charlie Lake Disaster

The morning of May 14th, 1942 was windy but warm as the hastily built pontoon boat left the southern shore of Charlie Lake. The 17 U.S. soldiers on board were members of the 341st Engineer regiment of the American army. They had recently arrived in Fort St. John to begin construction of a road to Alaska. The men, like thousands of other American troops, were in a hurry. They needed to build the 1500-mile pioneer road, through the largely unknown wilderness, before the snow flew in the fall. It seemed an impossible task. On Charlie Lake on that May morning, just north of Fort St. John, the pontoon boat carried heavy equipment such as trucks and caterpillars. The men and equipment were going to the north end of the lake, a distance of about 12 miles. At the time, there was no road around Charlie Lake.

The pontoons of the wooden boat were fitted with canvas covers to keep the water out. Powered by two 22-horsepower engines, the boat was slowly making headway northward on the lake when one of the gas lines began to leak. The officer commanding ordered the

boat to head to shore where they could fix the leak. But the wind and waves had increased and when the boat turned sideways, waves broke through the canvas pontoon and flooded the compartments. The boat immediately flipped over and dumped 17 soldiers and the equipment into the icy spring water of Charlie Lake.

From his cabin on the northern shore of the Lake, a trapper named Gus Hedin had been watching the boat's progress with binoculars. Suddenly all he could see was a few black dots bobbing up and down in the lake.

Hedin raced to his homemade 14-foot rowboat and paddled about a mile to the scene of the pending disaster. There he saw nine soldiers in full work gear struggling to stay afloat in the wind-swept waters. Hedin could not know at the time that eight other soldiers had already disappeared under the windy waters. As if powered by some supreme force, Hedin managed to drag two men in full battle gear into his homemade rowboat and paddle to shore. He then paddled back to the sight and again lifted two men out of the water and took them to shore. He returned a third time to find just one man still above water, whom he also rescued.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

My rendition of the recent earthquakes in Whitehorse:

For some reason I couldn't relax enough to sleep. After tossing and turning for 3 hours I decided to read. Couldn't concentrate enough to digest the words. I paced around my small house (very small at 10 steps from door to door). I felt fine but the thought of what I had heard about individuals feeling a sense of dread before a heart attack played on my mind, thinking I was going to experience a health crisis. At 5:15 a.m. I decided I better get dressed in case I had to phone 911 or drive myself to the hospital 20 minutes away.

At 5:29 a.m. the quake hit. It was very loud, probably from everything rattling and violently shaking. With difficulty I ran to my dining room table to retrieve the glass dandelion with Bryan's ashes around the stem that Lumel Studios made for me. It was the only precious item that came to mind that I didn't want broken. I grabbed it just as it was falling off the table. I immediately knew it was an earthquake, having experienced the quake that hit Anchorage and area in 1963. This quake wasn't as violent but just as scary. The power went out immediately. Once it all settled down I knew we were in for tremors so I grabbed my flashlight and headed to my dark crawlspace to check for fractured pipes. There was full daylight thank goodness so I could check the foundation on the outside. As I exited the crawlspace, Greg, my renter stood on his deck asking how I was.

At 7:15 a.m. or so I noticed a flock of Robins flying by the window. At that moment another quake hit. At 6.4 there was a more shaking and very loud noises. I believe it lasted about the same length of time as the first at 6.1. With Greg's help we checked

again for anything amiss. My iron softer was pushed a bit off its base, some items were knocked off the shelves in the crawlspace but, again, everything was fine. I checked the base of the foundation, concerned that the radon mitigation Bryan had done two years ago had separated, leaving gaps between the foundation and walls. I checked all the walls, removing large picture frames and placing them on the floor, ensured some special ornaments were safely placed on the carpet and carefully opened cupboard doors in case the contents dropped onto my head.

Then the tremors hit steadily over the next several days. With around a hundred tremors, some I couldn't feel, I continue to check for cracks in the walls as well as the foundation.

My contractor arrived early that morning to check his foundation footings for a new deck. Out of five one was misplaced. He was expecting the concrete to arrive so he had to adjust his measurements quickly. Not knowing if more quakes were coming or how severe the tremors were going to be he stood by with his measuring tape until the truck arrived to begin pouring.

There were buildings in town (I leave 20 minutes away) with cracked walls such as the Lynn Building, Elijah Smith School and Ross River School that remained closed until a full structural inspection had been completed by week-end. My feeling of dread subsided at the first quake and I slept soundly that night, having not slept for 36 hours. The one thing I noticed that night though was the feeling that the house was mildly shaking, like a washing machine was spinning, shaking the floor. I checked Dr Google and he indicated this was a classic symptom of anxiety and stress. Once I realized that the symptoms disappeared.

The power was out for about 1 hour from both earthquakes.

Thank goodness for my iPad and facebook. It didn't take long for residents to inquire about the wellness of their family and friends.

Donna Clayson

Bryan's cars: Prized collection of classic automobiles up for sale in Yukon

When Bryan Clayson died last fall, his wife Donna had to decide what to do with his most prized possessions

By Paul Tukker, [CBC News](#) Posted: May 20, 2017 10:00 AM CT Last Updated: May 20, 2017 10:00 AM CT



Donna Clayson with a 1934 Chevrolet Master Sedan, meticulously restored by her late husband Bryan Clayson. it's the one classic car of Bryan's that Donna won't be selling - instead, it's headed for a museum. (Paul Tukker/CBC)

There's not a lot of traffic around Donna Clayson's house outside of Whitehorse, but what little there is tends to slow down these days, for a better look at what's in the driveway.

Old cars.

And not just any old cars — classic American automobiles, lovingly restored and lined up as on a dealer's lot. They were a hobby and a passion for Bryan Clayson, Donna's late husband.

"Bryan was a man of many interests," said Donna, "but mainly cars."



A 1977 MG Midget convertible, a 1964 AMC Rambler American 440, and a 1967 Ford Mercury Cougar. (Paul Tukker/CBC)

Bryan died suddenly last fall, at age 65, leaving behind a pile of unfinished restoration projects and no plan to dispose of his beloved collection. It fell to Donna to make some decisions.

"If they sit, they deteriorate. I won't do that to Bryan's memory. So they need to be driven, they need to be appreciated," she said.

Once the winter snow melted, Donna pulled them out of storage, made sure they were running "tip-top", and this weekend put most of them up for sale.



Inside the American Rambler 440. (Paul Tukker/CBC)

"I want to keep Bryan's memory alive. I want everyone to know who he was ... I'm just very, very proud of him."

A lifelong passion

Bryan had a 50-year love affair with cars, Donna says. It began when he was 13 years old, growing up on a farm in Saskatchewan.

"His stepdad said, 'go get the farm truck,'" Donna recalled. The truck was a standard, and Bryan had to teach himself to drive it.

"When he figured it out, he was so proud of himself that I think that's when he gained a love for old vehicles."

Donna says her own father was a mechanic so she also had a love for cars, even before meeting Bryan. "But I have it more, now," she says.

Still, Bryan's passion was unmatched, she says.

"It intensified, to nights when he couldn't sleep when he was thinking, 'what's wrong with that car, what's wrong with this car, what do I have to do.' And he'd get up in the morning and have the answer.

"He wanted to learn everything about cars, no matter what it was," she said.



A 1934 Oldsmobile, still in need of some work. (Paul Tukker/CBC)

Bryan spent his career working for the City of Edmonton's Light Rail Transit, but he and Donna also had a hobby farm in Alberta where Bryan could tinker with all kinds of old machines. He retired in 2008 and the Claysons moved North.

"When we moved up here [to Yukon], we had an auction at the farm and we had eight tractors to dispose of in the auction, he had 23 cars that went in the auction."

They arrived in Yukon with a mere "eight to 12 cars."



A Mercury Cougar from 1967 - the year Ford first introduced the model. (Paul Tukker/CBC)

Museum bound

Bryan's most treasured machine was a 1934 Chevrolet that he completely restored, over several decades. He had first found it in a Saskatchewan garbage dump, and Donna was originally sceptical.

"I said, 'you're crazy,'" she recalled.

"He bought pieces as he found them. They had to be original or he would not have bought them. And everything on that car is original," Donna explained.

The hood ornament alone — bought in Portland, Ore. — cost \$250.



Donna with the 1934 Chevrolet Master Sedan, which will be donated to the Yukon Transportation Museum. (Paul Tukker/CBC)

The car, now painted a brilliant blue, is the one car of Bryan's that Donna is not selling. Someone offered her \$70,000 for it, but she's decided instead to donate it to the Yukon Transportation Museum. This summer, she'll be giving regular talks at the museum, about the vehicle and its restoration.

The rest of the cars are up for grabs, and Donna says it might be a bit hard to see them driven around Whitehorse. But she doesn't want to see the fruit of Bryan's labours slowly decay.

"You know, when they go, I'm going to be sad in a way. But hey, Bryan's going to be driving around, I'm sure, in the passenger seat," she said. "So no, it's okay. I'm okay with the decision."



A 1962 Cadillac, still only partially restored. (Paul Tukker/CBC)
With files from Dave White

Leading an ordinary life in an extraordinary way could be Sir Percy.

We are here to say goodbye to Percy. I'm Blanche Holbrook Barrett born and raised in Dawson City as was Percy. Percy grew up as the youngest of 7. My mom and her three brothers grew up together with him as kids and stayed in contact all their lives as did Pierre Berton. Some amazing youngsters had their early education in Dawson.

You know about 6 weeks ago, I attended Betty St. Jeans gathering in Nanaimo. Percy was there too. Betty passed away at 97. She and Percy were lifelong friends. About a year before she passed she arranged her "Going Away Party". I thought that so unique and think of this day as Percy's going away party.

Percy kept in contact with all of us and was caring and interested in all his friends and their families and his army buddies. The list goes on and on.

He must have changed his address book many times over the years.

I remember Percy mushing his dog team up the frozen Yukon River to attend the trap lines. And in the summer, he was in the boats attending the fish wheels which supplied us scrumptious salmon. I think the rigors of these activities must have gone a long way toward preparing Percy for his later military career.

His parents were very well respected, hardworking good parents, and passed these traits along to their children. Percy Sr. travelled to the gold rush through the Alaska route in 1899, from Seattle to St. Michael, Fort Yukon and finally Dawson. In the Yukon he met and married his dark haired lassie who would become Percy Jr's mom.

Percy went 'outside' in the early 40's to Vancouver. When you left Dawson you went outside. No destination mentioned. Once when we went outside someone asked us where we were going and Gus said "see these earmuffs" when we get to a place you can take them off, that is where we are going!!

Percy 'joined up' in Vancouver in 1943 as did many young Dawson men.

After Percy's' amazing army career he settled in Vancouver and met and married Ruth. Ruth was the light of his life.

They moved to Whitehorse in 1954. Again, our paths crossed and at one stage we lived on the same street in Camp Takhini. By this time, we all had kids. They had Donna and Rosie and fostered many kids. I might add they were lucky kids as Ruth and Percy loved them all unconditionally and were an exceptional example of marriage and parenthood.

We were transferred to the island in 1973 and Percy and Ruth retired here in 1976. They had been here holidaying many times as Ruth was raised on Lasqueti.

We once again renewed our friendship – curling – celebrating special occasions and of course a party or two. Us Yukoners know how to party.

They built their house in Canyon Crescent. Their house wasn't just a house. It was a home and the door was always open. Sadly, Ruth passed away in 2002. Today isn't about Ruth but I must add "Behind every good man is a good woman" and that described Ruth.

Over the years they nurtured their girls, - the grandkids, - friend's kids, and instilled in them good citizenship - importance of a good education - get a job - and be the best you can be.

Percy loved all his grandchildren but had a soft spot for Kelsey. Kelsey is soon to have a little boy. I can't help but feel this is part of God's plan and the DeWolfe genes – strength, good humor, kindness and maybe that twinkle will live on.

Percy lived in the Gardens since it was built. He immediately settled in, made many new friends. He especially enjoyed the meal hours with the ladies who spoiled him rotten and

he loved every minute of it. He was fortunate to have Gladys as a neighbour across the 'Street' on the second floor. She was his eyes on many occasions.

I never heard a nasty word from Percy in our long friendship. He saw the best in everyone.

He was sharp and upright till the day he passed away. What a blessing.

Many say when one passes - You're going to a better place. Well – maybe – but I think Heaven may be at par with Canada.

I am honoured to talk about Percy. Please bear with me a few more minutes as I'd like to read you 2 verses from my favorite Robert Service poems "The Spell of the Yukon". I think Percy would have liked this.

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

I wanted the gold, and I sought it,
I scumbled and mucked like a slave,
Was it famine or scurvy I fought it,
I hurled my youth into the grave.
I wanted the gold and I got it.
Came out with a fortune last Fall,
yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No, there's the land, (have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big dizzy mountains that screen it'
To the deep, death like valleys below.
Some say God was tired when he made it,
Some say it's a fine land to shun.
Maybe; but there's some who would trade it,
For no land on earth, and I'm one.

(c) RW Service.

And now, if I had a glass of wine in my hand, I would raise my glass to Paul and Donna, for their attention, love and caring for Sir Percy these many years.

Thank You,
Blanche Barrett

OBIT

Marshall Bereza Obituary



BEREZA, Marshall

Marshall Bereza, 88, of Victoria, BC, passed away on Friday, April 14, 2017. This energetic man, who was active every day of his life, most recently with daily walks to the ocean and gardening, was felled by pancreatic cancer. Born in Konstantinewka, Poland, of Ukrainian descent, Marshall came to Canada with his parents in 1929. His family homesteaded in Lac La Biche, Alberta where he was raised and educated. After he graduated he moved to New Westminster, BC, where he met and married Anita Dery (Murray) in 1950. He became the adopted father to Anita's two boys, Danny and Billy. The couple had one more child, Peggy, and were happily married for 63 years. Marshall was a hard-working man. One year he filed income tax for 8 full-time jobs. While living in Whitehorse, Yukon, he was a firefighter, manager of the produce department of a grocery store, and trained both as a butcher and a goldsmith. The latter with Murdoch's Gem Shop where he became a certified gemologist. Marshall, Anita and his good friend, John Mahovlic started Majestic Jewellers in Kitimat and he ran the successful business for over 30 years before retiring. During his time in Kitimat Marshall was active in many organizations including the Masons, as well as the Kiwanis and the Chamber of Commerce, both of which he was president. Marshall and Anita were very involved with the Hirsch Creek golf club and under the auspices of Majestic Jewellers sponsored many seasonal tournaments. Boating on the Douglas channel was an outing undertaken as frequently as possible with a number of friends; a strong and lasting interest that he instilled in his son Danny. Marshall and Anita were extremely well travelled from Hong Kong to Egypt, Cuba, Hawaii, Mexico, Spain and Jerusalem. This particular wanderlust they passed on to their daughter Peggy. Marshall was pre-deceased by his wife, Anita and his son Bill. He is survived by his daughter Peggy (Roy Mercer), his son Danny (Gaynor) and grandson Greg. He is also survived by his brothers, Metro, Steve and John and his

sisters, Olga, Mary and Loveth. Please join us in celebrating Marshall's life at a gathering of friends and family from 2PM to 5PM on May 21st at the East Vancouver Ballroom, Grand Pacific Hotel, located at 463 Belleville Street, Victoria.

Published in Victoria Times Colonist from May 6 to May 7, 2017



In memory of

Gale "Butch" Mathes

April 1940 - May 12 2017

Butch was raised in the Rimbey AB area, the youngest child of two amazing parents Dick & Leona. They gave him a wonderful childhood, the ranch life; cattle, horses and the "old time cowboy hands" who he emulated. At 6 he started his trapping "career" spending weeks on end learning from old trappers in their cabins, and listening to old war stories. At 12 he then spent summers with his father and two brothers at thoroughbred race tracks across Canada and later in the USA. His common sense and decisiveness was evident at an early age. He was going to be a farrier (horse shoer) so grade 12 was not needed; his heart was set on Cal Poly Tech University in California. His father gave him a bus ticket and a bank roll, Butch was off to real school.

He continued the family tradition and became a successful farrier, trainer and owner and also in the early 80's he did the unheard of, switched to Standardbred racing. Between that time, in the late 60's he headed for the Yukon, purchased a trap line, had a float plane drop him off with instructions to "MAKE SURE you return in 6 months", there alone with his dog he built his log cabin and furniture and was back to being a trapper. He was also a Big Game Hunting & fishing guide there and had a plum job for the United States pipeline along the Alaska border, was a truck driver, from off highway logging/oilfield to long hauling across Canada and USA. **But the favourite and most challenging was hauling lead/zinc for several years from the mountains of Faro 250 miles north of Whitehorse. 170,000 lbs loads on a roller coaster ride across the continental divide to Skagway Alaska.** He was also an experienced dog sledder and boater, from freight canoes to working on Tug boats along the B.C. coast. He loved the great outdoors and to travel, anyway he could.

Butch was enjoying retirement, then for several years he returned to horse training with his brother Art in Delaware and Pennsylvania and off season they toured the world. He returned to Alberta and enjoyed the quietness of Willingdon and spent time, quading, reloading shells for his rifles, knife and watch collecting, Always giving away his treasures made it a continuous hobby and online auctions were great! He loved music and

if he wasn't listening he could be pulling some "cool sounds" from his new hobbies an electric guitar and harmonica, both recent gifts from friends.

Before he died unexpectedly at home he was looking forward to taking his "son" Tommy Shaw back to their favourite places in the Yukon & Alaska and ride the rail with his best friend , Lynda Dymont.

His family were; Son Jay Smith, also a thoroughbred horseman, his mother Diane & Granddaughter Jinni. Brother Bud (d) Joan (d) daughter Coleen. Sister Ruth (d) Tim Hoffman(d) children Darlene(d) & Joe. Brother Art (d) Claire(d) children of Ruth; Rick, Betty, Dan & David(d). Sister Dawn & Francis Racine (d) children Duane(Dustin and Jasmine) Darryl & Ian. Numerous great nieces and nephews and Arnold his cat and his stray friends.

He will be forever loved and missed by those close to him for his loyal friendship wonderful conversations and being their "Port in the storm" if needed and fondly remembered as a true gentleman with old time values, integrity, generosity & kindness that was guided by his saying "By the grace of God there go I"

Butch did not like funerals or services and did not wish to burden his family and friends. No mention of long obituaries though, but we don't think he would mind. He would want you to think of him with a smile and remember, he had a full life and went the way he wanted. As he said the day before " I feel like a ball of fire, if I felt any better I couldn't stand it"

Your next adventure has begun "Butchy Boy" Bon Voyage ..until we meet again.

Published in The Edmonton Journal on May 27, 2017



LANG, Frank: It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Frank Lang of Kelowna on May 28th, 2017 at the age of 87. Lovingly remembered by his wife Margaret of 54 years, sons Greg (Marlene) and Rick (Dolly), grandchildren Nathan, Jasmine, Kareem (Christina), Julia (Carey), two great grandchildren Sloan and Taylor, and sister Traude (Günter) and their family in Germany. Predeceased by his mother Maria and

father Franz. Born in Rausenbruk Germany, **Frank immigrated to Canada in 1959. He travelled across Canada to Whitehorse, Yukon where he met the love of his life, Margaret. They married in 1962; Greg was born in 1964 and Rick in 1966. He enjoyed his life in the Yukon, hunting and fishing.** But his real passion was playing Badminton and he had the honor of representing the Yukon in 1967 at the first Canadian Winter Games in Quebec City. In 1968, they moved to Kelowna and in 1975 they settled in Vernon where they ran the Klondyke Arcade and later the Polson Bowling Center with Frank taking as many days as possible to go golfing with his friends at Spallumcheen Golf course. After moving back to Kelowna, Frank had a short battle with cancer and passed away quietly at home surrounded by loved ones. Our many thanks to the care he received from his Respirologist Dr. Giulio Dominelli, his GP Dr. Michael Hopman and the wonderful caring people at Interior Health. In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Sindy Hawkins Cancer Center through the BC Cancer Foundation. Condolences may be sent to the family by visiting www.springfieldfuneralhome.com, 250-860-7077. Published in Okanagan Valley Newspaper Group on June 1, 2017



Annie Joyce “Betty” Byron (nee Holmes; Hubbard)
passed away Friday, May 19th at the Vernon Jubilee Hospital.

Betty is survived by her brother: Richard Holmes; her children: Jeanne Byron (Dan), John Hubbard (Melinda), Bill Hubbard (Keri), Derryanne Hubbard, Nancy Venditello (Steve); her step children: Bob, Shane, Tim Byron, and Gail Boutillier; her seven grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

The funeral service will be held at 6:00pm on Tuesday, May 30th at Okanagan Valley Baptist Church, in the Knox Presbyterian building at 3701 32nd Avenue, Vernon, BC with Pastor Richard Aulin will be officiating.

The family would like to thank Betty’s family doctor, Dr. Ramesh Sharma who she highly respected, and the staff at Vernon Jubilee Hospital, in particular Emily, Ryan and Dan in the Intensive Care Unit for their professional and thoughtful care of Betty.

[Betty was in Whitehorse in the 1970's with Bob Byron, City Manager for the City of Whitehorse. From there they moved to St. Albert, Alberta. Where Bob solicited several City of Whitehorse employees to join him such as Barry Miller, Maxine Smith, and one of Dave Gairns' son's.]



Cheryl Ann Ming
November 23, 1971 ~ May 23, 2017

Cheryl Ann Ming (Marinoske) passed away in Whitehorse after a long battle with MS on May 23, 2017. Other than time spent for post-secondary school in both Lethbridge (1 year) and Vancouver (2 years), Cheryl lived in Whitehorse since 1974 where she met her high school sweet-heart and future husband.

An avid reader, fisherperson and card player from an early age, Cheryl was never bored nor boring and took education on everything from history, to computer programming, to carpentry. Always chatty and friendly, Cheryl has been described by her friends as being one of the most kind, unique, quirky, loving, brutally honest, and caring person they've known.

Highly creative, Cheryl early on discovered her love of creating crafts, working various types of artistry, and participated with family & friends in numerous craft shows. It was during her training in carpentry that she discovered she had MS. She was an active member of the Yukon Craft Society, the Whitehorse Bridge Club and member of Kiwanis clubs in Vancouver and Whitehorse.

She is sadly missed by her husband Paul, daughter Corbyn, parents Leona & Stan Marinoske, brother Steven (Deborah), and Paul's family, parents Larry & Loretta, sister Trisha (Shamus) Ming-Brisson, brother Jeremiah (Joci), and numerous close friends and extended family.

Thank you to Dr. Zhang, Dr. Kanachowski and the EMS, medical and surgical ward staff of Whitehorse General Hospital.

Per Cheryl's request, there is no service or funeral, though a celebration of life is being arranged. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Corbyn's RESP at Sunlife Financial (Whitehorse), or to the MS Society of Canada.



Robin Lydia Kushniruk

March 18, 1983-May 6, 2017

It is with profound sadness, that I announce the passing of my daughter, Robin. Robin lived most of her life in New Westminster, before returning to Whitehorse, where she was born. Robin was a devoted animal lover, who most of all loved hiking with her dog Noodles. She will be deeply missed by her mom Shelley, grandma Fern, aunt, uncles and cousins. She also leaves to mourn in the Yukon, her dad John, half siblings and many aunts, uncles and cousins. Her wit and sense of humour will be missed by all those who knew her. Celebration of life to be held at a later date. Contact Shelley at shelleykush@hotmail.com When Robin had her first blood transfusion, she was profoundly touched, that someone would donate their blood, so that she might live. In Robin's memory, I would like to request that everyone consider blood donation.

Published in Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on June 3, 2017



LOYST, Derek Charles

May 1959 – May 2017

Derek was born in Toronto, raised in West Vancouver and passed away from cancer at the age of 58 in Whitehorse where he had resided for the past 20 years. Derek passed surrounded by the love of his family which comforted him greatly. He was predeceased by his father Charlie in 2015. Derek is survived by his wife Rosanna and was a proud parent to Randy, Jane, Mercedes and

Dillan; his mother Merle, sister Arlene, niece Morgan and his favourite uncle, Robert. Derek was a long time Finning employee where he made many lifelong friends throughout British Columbia, Yukon and Alberta. The mischievous twinkle in his eye will be missed by many. Til we meet again, our dear Derek.

Published in Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on June 3, 2017

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*For every minute you remain angry,
you give up sixty seconds of peace of mind.
- Ralph Waldo Emerson*

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.

Batchelor Buttons

½ cup butter
½ cup powdered sugar
¼ tsp salt
½ tsp baking powder
1 tsp vanilla
1 ¼ cups cake flour
1 egg, beaten
½ cup chopped nuts
½ cup cherries

Cream butter, sugar, vanilla and salt until light and fluffy; add beaten egg, then sifted dry ingredients, nuts and cherries. Blend well and chill. Roll into ball and roll in sugar. Place on a greased cookie sheet and bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Isabelle Patterson

COMING EVENTS



VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION

JUNE GENERAL MEETING

This is a reminder for our upcoming General Meeting. If you don't live in the BC Lower Mainland, then perhaps you'll be

in the area during the week of the meeting. We hope you will be able to attend and look forward to your RSVP.

Thursday June 15, 2017

11:30am to 2:30pm

Croatian Cultural Centre (Room C)

3250 Commercial Drive ~ Vancouver BC

Plenty of Free Parking

Price \$10.00 per person (cash or cheque)

If coming by Skytrain, your stop is the Commercial Station and is only a short walk to the Croatian Centre. The Centre is also very accessible by BC Transit.

The meeting will allow for socializing, catered lunch (assorted sandwiches, fresh fruit slices, olive/pickle tray, desserts, coffee, tea, ice water) and the business meeting. We will be informing everyone on the discussion points from the recent Executive meeting on May 30th, updates for the 2018 Annual Reunion Weekend, plus any other matters. And of course, there will be ample time for socializing. "Yukon Moments" (an experience or update you wish to share) are encouraged to share with the group.

In order to give the caterer an accurate number of persons attending, please RSVP directly to Doug Stuart, email hospitality@telus.net, **no later than Monday June 12th**. We look forward to seeing you at the meeting!

This note from Larry Chalmers last newsletter:

Don't forget the Picnic at the Summerland Gardens on June 25 2017. Pot luck at noon. Bring your own drinks and utensils.

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect. There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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