

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – SEVENTH EDITION – MARCH 30, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Story Section

The stories I've collected this week are from two well-known Yukoners – Ted Harrison and Jim Robb. Both of these gentlemen have brought their own style of story collecting about the Yukon – by painting and by writing. Ted wrote a poem called "The Prodigal" that has been one of my favorites and am delighted he has given me permission to bring it to those that have not read it. I'm certain each and every one of you can identify what this poem is saying.

Ted Harrison was born in Wingate, Co. Durham, England in 1926. He was trained in classical painting at the Hartlepool College of Art in England, the University of Durham's King's College and the University of Alberta. He served with the Intelligence Corps of the British Army from 1945-48 in India, Egypt, Kenya, Uganda and Somaliland. He has won international recognition as an illustrator and story-teller through his book, Children of the Yukon (Tundra Books, 1977), exhibitions and a National Film Board film entitled, Harrison's Yukon. He was the first Canadian to be accepted by the Children's Book Illustrators Fair in Bologna, Italy in 1976.

THE PRODIGAL

I can hear the Yukon calling
While I toil in city streets;
Through the waves of sullen faces
Loud and clear its message beats.

Tow'ring structures rise to heaven,
Concrete mountains cleave the air;
When I reach their topmost summits
Then I find God is not there.

Far upon the peaks of Carcross
Where the northern air blows strong ____
When I leave this fetid city
It is there that I'll belong.

Honking horns and bustling traffic
Crush my soul with iron rod;
Soon, ah soon, I'll hurry homeward
Back to Yukon, Land of God.

Ted Harrison

Thank you Ted for bringing this poem to those of us that miss the Yukon as it speaks volumes to what is in our hearts. – Story Editor

Ted and I were co-workers at the Yukon Vocational & Technical Training Centre in Whitehorse in 1974. This is an incident that occurred during that time.

Ted was teaching art at the Vocational School and his students were asking Ted if they could paint a nude. Ted approached the principle, Tom Lowney, about the idea. Tom denied the request. Ted was apprehensive about telling the students that they could not have a nude to paint and had to come up with an alternative. I was working as receptionist in the office and Ted approached me with an idea but was told to keep it quiet. I was to be at the back door of the school that was close to the art class early the next morning before classes began. I had no idea what Ted was up to but agreed. Early the next morning as I drove around the back of the school I noticed a horse trailer and a horse being unloaded. I realized this was Ted's 'nude'. Ted asked me to help and, being very pregnant, it didn't take me long to realize the mare was in the same condition. As Ted pulled on the rope on her alter I pushed from behind. The door wasn't quite wide enough for her protruding belly but after lots of pulling and pushing the mare finally made it through. We had to hurry as classes would be arriving shortly. When the students realized what their 'nude' was they apparently protested. At the end of the class Ted asked me to keep Tom Lowney occupied while they got rid of the "evidence". Just as Ted and the students were leading the mare through the same small door entrance she arrived, Tom decided to go visit Ted. I mumbled and stammered trying to keep Tom from going out into the hallway. Tom must have thought I had lost it and kept giving me strange looks. Thank goodness the telephone rang for Tom and as he rushed to get the phone I took off to see how Ted was doing and to tell him to hurry up. The horse was out the door and loaded into the trailer but she had left her mark in the hallway. As I remember, Ted and students scooped up the mess and dumped it in the large plants that adorned the hallway. Tom never knew about the horse but, as he walked the hallway days later he would comment, "it's smells like s _ _ _ t in here. I eventually managed to get the plants cleaned up in my off-hours.

Ted, I'm sure you remember this story. It's one of my favorites during my time at the Vocational School. Thanks for the memory. – Story Editor

Jim Robb was kind enough to give permission to share the following article.

From the Colourful Five Per Cent Illustrated Number 1

"Wigwam" Harry

By Jim Robb

In the Grill Café somebody put a quarter in the juke box and Harry got up to dance. It was 1957 and I was at the oval counter across from where Harry had been sitting. He was now putting on quite a performance, doing what looked like half highland fling and half Indian war dance. Whatever it was he could really dance – there was artistic sense to it.

I had with me a cheap \$12.00 camera with a flash so I took a series of pictures which I later used to make a large pastel-charcoal drawing, 4 by 8 feet, of him called "Wigwam" Harry dancing on the bar-room floor."

It hung in the Whitehorse Inn's Rainbow Room Lounge when Jack "Silent" Smith leased it. As soon as you walked in the entrance it was there right in front of you.

Actually, in a sense, I got my start from this drawing. Doing the Wigwam Harry picture gave me an insight into the Yukon's uniqueness.

There were lots of interesting, unique people around the White Pass Hotel. People like Vic Foley, one-time North American boxing great, who worked as a bartender in the White Pass Hotel beer parlor – which had a fine old bar carved out of a single piece of mahogany.

Working there as a waiter was an old Swede, Erik Erikson, who at one time used to make his living taking on all comers wrestling in a traveling show or carnival. Despite his age Erik could handle just about any troublemaker. Colourful Joe Cemp and Joe Kearns ran the Sportsman's Barber Shop down the block. I also remember a waitress, in the Grill Café, they call The Ghost.

A one-time owner of the hotel, Mrs. A. K. Viaux, used to clean the hotel's chimneys by shooting them – and upon checking out in the morning the hotel's desk clerk would ask, "Did you take a bath?" and most of the time, not to be embarrassed, the customer would say certainly, no matter if he took one or not. The clerk would say, "That will be \$2.00 extra, sir."

It was a local joke.

Getting back to Wigwam Harry, whose right name was Harry Fieck – he was born in 1900 in Stratford, Ontario.

Harry headed west in 1918 to become a cowhand around Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Then went north to Churchill, Manitoba, to work as a crane operator.

He came to the Yukon in 1941 to work on the Alaska Highway and the Canol Road as a truck driver.

Once a U.S. army captain asked Harry to drive him somewhere on the highway and, as Harry used to drive like a bat out of hell, he really scared the captain into saying, "Can't you get this thing stopped?"

Harry, grinning his one-toothed grin, had slipped into 'Mexican Overdrive' (kicked the truck out of gear) going down Iron Creek Hill, a sort of suicide-type hill.

Upon stopping, the captain blurted out that he was going to blackball Harry from every driving job in Canada and the United States. And furthermore, he said, he had been in two world wars but, after experiencing Harry's driving, had never been so damned scared in all his life.

After finishing with the American Army, Harry worked around Whitehorse doing odd jobs like digging basements, post holes, cesspools, or digging just about anything. He got quite famous for his proficiency with a hand shovel. Working at a furious rate he quickly finished jobs.

Just about everyone in the Yukon has heard the story about Harry digging out a large basement, and, upon finishing, demanding payment that very night. The man wouldn't pay him immediately so Harry promptly filled the basement in again.

Through the years Harry was always a colourful character who enjoyed having a drink and meeting people. He died in 1977 and many Yukoners miss him. I know I often drift back in my thoughts of him performing slight-of-hand tricks or dancing in the bars in his own unique style like he often did and of course his machine-like shoveling that came natural to him.

I remember sketching his mostly cardboard and scrap lumber shacks – he once living in a piano box.

On Harry's gravestone are the words – "this oldtimer was unique".

It's not the same in Whitehorse without "Wigwam" Harry Fieck – and that's the truth – God bless him.

Thank you so much Jim for allowing the Moccasin Telegraph to use this wonderful story. I remember Wigwam Harry well and he spent many a time at our dinner table. It's true, he is greatly missed.

In our continuing question: Where were you when the boats burned?

From Glenda Armstrong-Miles. yukonmiles@shaw.ca

I was in Grade 11 at F.H.Collins High school and many of us sat up at the big window in the second floor of the "new wing" and watched the fire.

If you look at the pictures of the boats when they first started to burn, the person up by the fence and I think climbing the fence is my father, Bob Armstrong. His Yukon Sales office was right close to the riverboats on First Avenue.

From Mike Stutter ekulicki@shaw.ca

I was in the Yukon for 42 yrs.'1954 to 1996. For part of that time I was a member of the Yukon Legislative Council. The Council was in session when the boats burned. We were on the 3rd.floor of the old Government building and during a coffee break I and some of the other members were looking out of the window and noticed smoke coming from the stack of one of the boats down on the river front. It was a peculiar sight, almost as if the boat was in the water and ready to sail. Someone from the office phoned the fire department but the boats were so dry and full of old oil and grease that by the time the Fire Department got there it was too late to save them.

Not long after the boats burned, Hattie Nielson did a large oil painting, a three stage one showing a boat traveling on the river, then pulled onto the river bank and finally as burned out shells. We have that painting and are planning to donate it to the travel museum in Whitehorse as soon as we can safely send it via a visitor this summer.

Thank you, Glenda and Mike for your memories of the day Casca and Whitehorse riverboats burned. Readers, please continue to send in your memory of where you were when the boats burned - Story Editor

A SPECIAL STORY

Forwarded by Erik Nielsen and written by Hugh Westheuser

Robert George [Bob] McDowell

Regimental No. 10269

by Hugh Westheuser

On Feb. 20th, 2003, Bob passed away quietly at a Senior's Home in Oliver, B.C., where he has lived for the past several months. Only recently have many of us learned of his very interesting career in the Force, and of his willingness to talk of it. Last year I met Bob for the first time and asked if he would be interested in letting me do a profile on him for the Okanagan Division newsletter. You only speak to him once, to realize his contribution to the Force and Canada. Realizing there would be many other people who would be interested in what he had to say, I had prepared an article [which he had read]

that is being sent to the RCMP Quarterly for possible publication. Here are some of the things we talked about.

Bob was born Aug. 18th 1908, and raised on a farm near St. Vital, Manitoba. As the eldest son in a family of 9 children, he was required to help with all the chores. Farming frequently interfered with schooling, which he later regretted. Looking for adventure, he joined the R.C.M. Police on April 25th, 1927. After training, he was posted to F Division, at Broadview and Qu'Appelle Detachments. The Arctic beckoned, and in 1928 he was transferred to Aklavik, where he would spend 4 years, before moving to Herschel Island for a 5th year. He became a strong dog handler and musher, skills needed by policemen working in that era.

Bob's name will forever be connected with his involvement with the Albert Johnson Case - "The Mad Trapper of Rat River." From Aklavik, he was detailed with Cst. "Buns" King and Spl. Csts. Bernard and Sittichiuli, to check Johnson, for trapping infractions. The group reached the suspect's cabin on the Rat River, NT, Dec. 30, 1931. Immediately King tried to make voice contact with Johnson. After barely uttering a greeting, Johnson shot through the door, knocking King to the ground. A bullet had passed right through the front of his body, fortunately missing vital organs. Realizing the urgent need for medical help, Bob loaded CST King onto one of the toboggans, and drove the dogs all night to get to Aklavik, where the only Doctor in the western Arctic, worked. He travelled the 80 miles in 20 hours, under terrible arctic conditions. Bob severely injured one knee that night, but managed to return a couple of days later with Insp. A. Eames, who tried everything he could, including dynamite, to get Johnson out of the cabin. Nothing worked. The group was forced to return to Aklavik, where Bob's injured knee would keep him there, while Johnson was chased across the Richardson Mountains and into the Yukon. There were two further confrontations with Johnson. During the next one he shot and killed Cst. Edgar Millen. On the final confrontation he severely wounded Staff Sergeant Earl Hersey, Military Signals Corp. before he [Johnson] was shot and killed. His true identity has never really been established.

After 5 years in the Western Arctic, Bob moved to D Division, Manitoba for 2 years, before transferring to Pangnirtung in the Eastern Arctic for 2 more years of northern service. In 1937, Bob moved to Ottawa, for refresher training, and got married. At that time, the diplomat Vincent Massey [who would later become the first Canadian born Governor General of Canada] successfully lobbied the Federal Government to have a Mounted Policeman stationed at Canada House in London England. A hero was needed for the strictly ceremonial duties and Bob was selected. The Commissioner refused to pay for his wife's passage to England, and Bob decided he had better pay for her transportation himself! He would soon be promoted to Corporal while in London, and was there when World War II started, and bombs dropped on London. The Force did evacuate his wife back to Canada at Government expense, before they brought him back and posted him to H Division at Halifax. He was employed here on security duties, and in 1944, while shredding some documents in a guillotine type shredder; he accidentally cut the 4 fingers off his right hand. He was right-handed. This event dramatically changed his life. Bob stayed in the Force until 1955, working in the Q.M. Stores. Disillusioned and upset by his circumstance, he retired with 28 ½ years service. He moved to the Okanagan Valley where his parents were now orchardists near Oliver, B.C. He helped out at first, before his parents sold their interest to him. He remained on the farm until 1997, when he retired a second time. For his service in the Western Arctic, Bob receives the King George the V Jubilee Medal.

He will be missed and remembered.

1936 - DAWSON CITY FLOODS AS WELL

Fred Aylwin also had a set of photos of a flood in Dawson City; which although they were very well described on the back of each photo, they were not dated. John Gould has kindly gone to the Museum in Dawson City and researched the 1936 Dawson Flood. See photos of the Dawson and Mayo Floods at

<http://community.webshots.com/album/67062638aoKsMP>

Hi Sherron;

Well I have been to the Dawson Museum and looked in the Dawson News of May and June 1936.

Yes there was a flood, the first report in the paper was of the high flood waters at Coffee Creek in June 2nd, then on June 6th the headline was RIVER STILL VERY HIGH IN DAWSON, a wing dam was built around the power plant to keep out the water, a crew worked all night constructing a dam several feet high. That morning water was filling the depressions in Minto Park. On June 5th the people of South Dawson built a dam at the end of 6th Ave. to keep the water from crossing the main highway. The White Pass docks were under several feet of water making it impossible to handle freight there, the boats were being loaded and unloaded at the foot of one of the streets north of the docks.

The Dawson News of June 9th reported that south Dawson was under several feet of water; between 2 and 3 AM the Klondike broke through the dam that was built at the end of 6th Ave. The residents along the Klondike road were forced to run for it Sunday morning. Mrs. Hanna Flamand, (Axel Nordlings mother) had to move out of the house, on Dugas St. near 6th Ave. Victoria Faulkner awoke Sunday morning to find her house surrounded with water, corner of 6th Ave. and Turner St.

Alex Seely found things exiting his greenhouse floating on First Avenue intact with plants growing nicely as it floated along First Ave. to the Police barracks where some of the police boys put a stop to it.

The Klondike River was flowing down the slough through Minto Park.

Some were of the opinion that the flood of 1898 was the worst but the flood of 1926 was bad enough.

Many of the Dawson youngsters were having a great time wading in the waters of Minto Park. There were lots of pictures taken of the flood so the flood of 1936 is well documented. The next day the water was going down.

The flood was the result of high water, not from an ice jam.

P. S

I was in the area working for Dad on Nugget hill and never heard of the flood We only came to town when we needed supplies, which might not be for a couple of weeks or more. That time of the year we had lots of water for mining and were working long hours. Our nearest neighbour was Bert Elliott a mile away on Paradise Hill.

I sure enjoy your Moccasin Telegraph - **John Gould**

Yes these are photos of the flood of 1936, John.

COMMENTS FROM ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

- Hi Sherron Hey, congratulations on the Moccasin Telegraph. **Jackie Pierce** at the Whitehorse Star sent me the first four and I saw a lot of old friend's names along with some great Yukon stories. I printed copies and passed them on to **my parents, Bob and Rusty**, who enjoyed them as well. Please add me to your list of subscribers.
I wonder if I can ask a question of your readers? Does anyone out there have any original or copies of: The White Horse Star dated 1900; the Bennett Sun (any date) or the Conrad City Miner (any date). If so I would love to hear from them.
Thanks **Paul Erlam** campaul@axionet.com
- Hi there! My name is **Deana Campbell**. I am the youngest daughter of **Glen Campbell**. I was born in Whitehorse in 1964. We were in Teslin for a few short years, then moved to Beaver Creek when I was 4 years old. My father worked for the Yukon Forest Service. We then moved to Whitehorse in the fall of 1975. I left the Yukon in 1994. My email address is: deanalee@navigata.net. I would love to be a part of this great site!! Thanks for doing us all a great service! - **Deana lee Campbell**
- Dear Sherron, I was talking to my father, **Dave Smith** of Carcross, Y.T. and he said that you were in charge of the Moccasin Telegraph. I would like to receive this newsletter. Would you please put me on the mailing list and if there are any old ones available please send them also. I am having some trouble with my Telus mail so if you could send them to my Yahoo account I would be able to retrieve them. grammy55@yahoo.com Thank you, **Stacey Christianson**, Lacombe, Alberta
(I am not getting mail through to Stacey on this address and have asked her to check it. Her other address is christir@telusplanet.net) - Sherron
- Sherron I just got this info from **Tim Savoie** re the Moccasin Telegraph. My hat comes off for you this is not an easy task and I think it is great. I remember you guys for the short time we were there before you moved out to Vernon. Would love to get in on the mailings.
Quick re-cap of who we are: **My wife Pat, sons Dan & Al & daughter Shelly**. We moved to the Yukon in 1980 & left in 1987. I was there to set up the new Bay then joined the Gov't of Yukon in Purchasing. I was President of the Whitehorse curling club, 2nd Vice President of Mt McIntyre, Secretary treasure for the Kiwanis club, Director of the child Development centre, director of Yukon Curling association. **Pat** was working for Gov't of Yukon in transpiration for **Ray Pilloud** then joined to work with **Tim Savoie** @ Bartle & Gibson. She was Secretary Treasure for Yukon Gymnastics, President of the Polarities (can't remember if that was the right name). **Dan** was in curling with **Chad Cowan**
Al was in soccer. **Shelly** was heavy in to Gymnastics and won many awards.
(Sherron, Shelly, now Shelly Colwell with her husband Glenn owns Kelly O Bryan's in Vernon)

Sherron I am presently working for the School District #73 in Kamloops and we are waiting for our home to sell so I can retire. We will move into Vernon to live in the basement under **Shelly & Glenn**, in the home they just put a offer on this week. The address is 612 Mt. Fahstall in Vernon.

It would be neat to stop by and see you guys but you probably don't remember us. I also notice the Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic in Summerland.

Take care drop a line. - **Doug Brown**, Purchasing Mgr. School District #73 (Kamloops/Thompson), 965 Notre Dame Dr., Kamloops BC V2C 5P8 ph: 250-851-4420, fax: 250-851-4405

- My Name is **Phyllis Simpson**--maiden name (LePage) born & raised in the Yukon (at Yukon Crossing) living in Whitehorse--phone number (867) 668-2210
E mail address pingo@internorth.com

I would like to be added to your Sourdoughs list. Thank you. - **Phyllis (LePage) Simpson**

Hi Henry

Have I read the name Happy LePage in something from you? Where is Yukon Crossing? - **Sherron**

Good morning Sherron,

Yes, **Phyllis**, is **Happy LePage's** daughter. In **Joyce's** book, Yukon Riverboat Days, the first story is an interview of Pauline LePage, Phyllis's mom. It is where she first went into the Yukon, and many experiences including Phyllis's birth. If I remember, she and Happy cut wood at Rink Rapids and at one time lived in the old overland stage building at Yukon Crossing. If you have a look at the page of my log book, you will find that the crossing is not too far above Minto where the road swings towards Pelly from the Yukon River. Mileages from Dawson to give you a perspective, Fort Selkirk 178, Minto 202, Yukon Crossing 224, Rink Rapids 229, Five Fingers 234, and Carmacks 258. The present highway comes out to the Yukon River and you can look across to the old Yukon Crossing. At one time there was a ferry there, and on the highway side there was an old ferry tower for the cable, which could be seen from the highway. Suppose it may be down by now. Cheers, - **Henry Breaden**

Good afternoon Sherron, in answer to your question about if I knew **Happy LePage**. He was my Dad. He had woodcamps between Little Salmon river and Lower Yukon Crossing, so we lived on the river putting out wood for the steamboats. They were Lakeview, Carmacks, Myer's Bluff and both Yukon Crossing and Lower Yukon Crossing. Later on he

dropped both Yukon Crossing wood camps. I was born July 1st in the roadhouse at Yukon Crossing, Mom ran it while Dad hauled out wood for the steamboats.

My mother and I were on the Steamer Klondike when she sank in June 1936. Never will I forget that experience.

Joyce Yardley has written a book on the Steamboats and the LePage's are the first chapter. Joyce & I grew up (when I came to town for school) across the street from each other. Every first week of June Mom & I & later my sister-Amy- would go down to the woodcamps and come back at the end of September for school.

Looking back I am thankful that I had the experiences that I had on the river and look at what pictures I have.

Am enjoying your e-mails. Thanks a lot--and I see some of the people that I knew and will now touch base with them.

Phyllis (LePage) Simpson

- Hello,I've been in touch recently with former classmates from Whitehorse High School, and one of them, **Ralph Lortie**, has advised me that you have a newsletter that you could send, along with various e-mail addresses of former Yukoners. I would appreciate any information you have about this, as have been enjoying myself immensely reacquainting myself with various friends.

I attended school there from 1957-1959, when I was in grades 8 - 10. A very magic time, as undoubtedly many others have experienced in that wonderful setting in those wonderful days. Carol Clarke has informed me of this year's Yukoners reunion on April 5, but unfortunately am unable to attend this year, having made too many previous commitments. Thanks - **Pat (Kaye) Barker**

Hi Sherron Please add me to the list. I'm living in Grimsby, Ontario, in the Niagara Region, about an hour from Toronto. My home address: 15 Governors Road, Grimsby, ON., L3M 2Y3 . Thanks so much! Amazing! – **Pat (Kaye) Barker**

- Hi Sherron! Well that's a lot of reading! Thank you! Of course I recognized some names instantly, including Les McLaughlin's. Recall him as a senior basketball player, when I and my friends were chirpy little cheerleaders alongside the court. (we were in grade 10 that year. Think Les was in grade 12, along with several 'heroes' fondly remembered and whose photos still grace my now ancient photo album! :-)

I recall 'campaigning' for Yukon Erik, btw. Still have one of the 'pins'--footprints--somewhere! And do remember being saddened hearing of the loss of those Riverboats. I had photos of my own at one point, but believe they disappeared along with a son's school project.

Anyway, it's late hereabouts, so must close. Just wanted to thank you for undergoing the enterprise! – **Pat Barker**

- Sherron: No, unfortunately, Dad (**Red Hannah**) passed away May, 1991, in Whitehorse. **Mom** still lives there. It is so neat to see all these familiar names on here that haven't been heard for many years. I have some old pictures taken in Dawson City and Whitehorse that I will scan and send to you this week. Many of them came from my Aunt and Uncle **Verna and Brab Brabant**. Uncle "**Brab**" was in the RCMP and when he retired they ran the Liquor Stores in Mayo, Dawson City and Haines Junction. **Verna** was Dad's Sister. – **Patty Miller**

Sherron: Attached are some old photo's. The dog sled ones belonged to my Aunt and Uncle, **Verna and Brab (H.D.A.) Brabant**. They were dated 1970. Taken in Dawson City. There is also one, given to me many years ago by my **Aunt, Verna Brabant**, taken in Dawson City, of Jimmy's store. The one of my **Uncle Brab Brabant** was taken in front of one of the liquor stores they were an agent of. I got a kick out of the head light covers. The last is of my Dad, **Red Hannah**, clearing one of the Whitepass trains that came thru in the summer full of tourists.

You can go thru them and decide which one needs to be on the site, as I didn't know exactly what you were looking for.

- **Patty Miller**

Photos are online at: <http://community.webshots.com/album/64324928CnfWH>

If anyone recognizes which community the liquor store photo was taken in, it is currently a mystery to us. – Sherron

Hello Sherron. I really enjoy this link to my past and want to correct information about myself that is currently on your list. **Aileen Dobrovitz (Miller)** born Mayo 1949, lived in Carmacks, raised in Whitehorse. Thanks. p.s. My mother is **Vera Watkins** (Miller/Breaden) and uncle is **Henry Breaden**.

A MYSTERY SOLVED

Dear Sherron:

I wonder if anyone out in Moccasin Telegraph land can help me with a long forgotten name from the past.

I am trying to find the real name of "**Dummy West**" of Dawson City. He lived here in the 40's and 50's, but I don't remember when he died, and we really want his true name.

Can you help???

Fran Hakonson

fhakkon@cityofdawson.ca

(I sent this query out to Les Somerton, Henry Breaden, Madeleine Gould, John Gould and Pete & Brownie Foth at 10:45 PM Sunday, by 10:00 AM Monday all the replies were in. Great help folks, thanks. – **Sherron**)

Sherron: Pete can't remember his first name, but when I arrived in Dawson spring of '51 I took my bicycle to him for some little job. I can remember calling him Mr. West and I was so taken back because he wouldn't take any money for the job. I went to Joe Redmond's store and bought him a box of chocolates. He really smiled the nicest smile. From then on, he did lots of little repair jobs for me. Pete thinks the City Office in Dawson should have his first name. Sorry, he can't help you. - **Brownie**

Not able to help on this one, but I bought a used bike from the shop in 1946. The only West that I knew of was Barney West who was hung in the RCMP square, in Dawson for murder in the old days before they quit hanging up north. - **Henry**

Hi Sherron - sorry I can't help on that but she can also try the mining recorder as "Dummy" mined in the 60-mile area so would have registered his claim**Les**

It seems that there are a lot of people who are asking what Dumie West's name is of late. I have had a couple of phone calls in the past week and now two e-mails. I sent a note to Fran Hackonson telling her who he was.

His name was James A. West, the boiler maker my Father had done some business with him in the past. He also mined on a tributary of the Forty Mile. He had an old safe on the 60-mile road, (top of the world hiway) where his mail could be left when he was mining. Regards **John Gould**

Hi Sherron:

I have had good results. This Moccasin Telegraph is terrific.

Thanks a bunch.

Fran Hackonson

("Dummy West's Boiler Shop" is the title of one of Jim Robb's new prints the other is "Robert Services' Cabin") – Sherron

OLD FRIENDS from FARO now in North Africa

I am getting back to you with our information. We are **Donna and Denis Gregoire** and we resided in Faro from Feb. 1975 to November 1984. Our three children were born in the hospital in Faro. My husband went from being a planning engineer with Cyprus Anvil when we first moved to Faro to being the Mine Manager the last two years of our time there. We were both very active in our community.

My only concern with being on your registry is getting a virus in our computer system. We are presently living in Tunisia where Denis is the Manager of a Canadian Mining operation here. French is the second language of this country after Arabic so getting service in English for computer problems is rather difficult. But other than that, it is a delight to see so many names of folks we knew. This is a lot of work for you and I must thank you for all your time and effort in organizing this project.

Thank you ever so much, - **Donna Gregoire**

*(Since I knew that **Brenda Cooper** used to be Mine Manager Secretary when her late husband **Ed Cooper** was TD Bank Manager in Faro, I forwarded Donna's message to Brenda. – **Sherron**)*

Sherron, first of all, CONGRATULATIONS on a job well done with the Moccasin Telegraph and the email listings. I have enjoyed every issue and plan to keep them on file for when I get lonely for the Yukon I can have something of my remembrance of days in Y.T.

Thank you for the forwarded message from Donna Gregoire. I keep in touch with her and Denis regularly and I think she is responding to the initial email I sent concerning your site. They seem to have adjusted to the situation on the other side of the world, however when I asked if it would be safe for me to visit them two months ago, they were in doubt about their own safety. – **Brenda Cooper**

SAM NEEDS YOUR RECOLLECTIONS

Sherron:

Don't know if this is a kosher thing to do on your site. I am always researching people stories for the Yukoner Magazine and have started a file on **Stampede John**. So far I have a photo of him in front of his cabin at McCrae just south of Whitehorse, and some details from oldtimers around Whitehorse. If any of your members knew him, would they please e-mail me at sam@yukoner.com.

Also, I have posted a lot of Yukon photos at <http://www.yukoner.com/photos>. They were mostly taken during the 1970s before the highway was chipsealed and they took all the fun out of driving it, and before Dawson was restored.

I enjoy your newsletters immensely. They are so much like letters from home. Thanks,
Sam Holloway

HAPPINESS

Sent: Tuesday, March 18, 2003 12:17 PM

Subject: Can you add me to your list?

NEWELL, Sheree, Whitehorse since 1955 sannew@polarcom.com

Hi Sheree

I am just scanning in some old photos of Fred Aylwin's and see the Newell name mentioned in my notes. Are you related to Joanne Newell (Keobke)? - **Sherron**

Yes I am she's my mother. Lives in Sardis, B.C. now and has for the past 17 years...why?

Cheers, **Sheree Newell**

I have two photos that I scanned in for Fred Aylwin and he is willing to share them. If you are interested let me know and I will e-mail them to you. They were taken when Joanne was May Queen. Photos were likely taken by Fred's dad George

Aylwin. I would be interested in getting the correct year attached to the photo. 195? - **Sherron**

Would love to have the photos and then since Mom is coming up here in May it would be wonderful to be able to give them to her. I even have the ring that she was presented with when she became May Flower Queen. Have never seen any pictures so this would be a wonderful treat for me! Thank you so much and I will get dates for you, I think the year might have been 1948 but will check for sure. She was sixteen at that time.

Cheer, **Sheree Newell**

Photos of Joanne Keobke later Newell are (in with my Rose Garden Photos) – Sherron
<http://community.webshots.com/album/63903312yPuOXe>

MIDNIGHT SUN TENNIS IN MAYO, JUNE 21, 1933

[Mayo Tennis Photo 1 at](http://community.webshots.com/photo/67351846/67358150HIVocU)

<http://community.webshots.com/photo/67351846/67358150HIVocU>

Hello Sherron,

Thankyou, we now have copies of the Moccasin Telegraph from 1-6 all read, enjoyed and filed.

The only picture that Gordon thought that he could add to was the Tennis in Mayo. He knew most of the people in the picture and he did want to add that the picture was taken by Sgt. Claude Tidd at midnight June 21,1933. It was the custom for the Mayo Tennis Club to hold a Round Robin Tournament each year on June 21.

Names of people in the picture:

From L-R

C. A. "Kippy" Boener - N.C. Manager, Alan 'Pat' Pattison - R.C.S.C., May Gillespie (Fielding), Joe Longtin, William Hutchings - Bank of Montreal Manager, Catherine MacDougal (Fisher), Florence Wasson, Lillian Ross - Nurse, Pearl Kimbel (Kazinski), Babe Alice MacLennan (Smith), Mickey Vera MacLennan (Dunnet), Emelia Besner (Aylwin), Dolly Sullivan, Mabel Huffman (McIntyre).

Back Row L-R

Dr. Randy MacLennan - Postmaster, J.J. McCarthy - Bookkeeper, Dr. Alan Duncan, Hilda Miller, C.H. "Chappie" Chapman, Roy Thomas - R.C.M.P., Everett Wasson - Pilot, unknown, George Aylwin - N. C., Enid Boerner, Phyllis Andison, George Andison - Burns Manager, Betty MacLennan (Taylor), John Valentine 'Jack' Smith, Florence Mervyn (Pelland), Gordon McIntyre - School Teacher .

Regards Ruth McIntyre

MAYO TENNIS PHOTO TAKEN PRIOR TO 1929

Mayo Tennis Photo 2 at

<http://community.webshots.com/photo/67351846/67358277jOBKri>

From L to R

Clifford Leach, Catherine Dempster nee Smith - Nurse, Enid Boerner nee McIntyre - Nurse, Alice Ch???, Dr. Randy Maclennan, J. Leach - RCCS, Mrs. Leach, Harriet Steeves wife of Rupert Steeves, Frank Leigh - Anglican Minister, Emelia Besner, Elisabeth McDougal (Titus) (died in 1929) - Nurse, Don Perks, R.C.M. P., Rose Dubois, George Aylwin, Bunny Leigh, Vin Peabody (Rees), Unknown, Yorke Wilson - White Pass, Vera Gillespie - Teacher, Chas Chapman, May Gillespie, Unknown

Mayo Tennis photos are from the Fred Aylwin Collection and many names above are from Fred's notes.

FOR BACK COPIES OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date six previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph have been produced, along with three special editions. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's and the other Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag.

Sandy Campbell has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions upon request. Please be specific as to which editions you are requesting.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience. Contact Sandy at northernlyght@shaw.ca

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet - April 5th - Vancouver, Hyatt - contact Donald Murray donaldmurray@telus.net (see edition 6)

Arctic Luncheon - April 6th - Victoria - contact Norma Alison nalison@uvic.ca (see edition 5)

Mayo 100th Anniversary Celebrations - June 3 - July 1 -

http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar_of_events.html

Okangan Yukoners' Picnic - June 22, 2003 - Summerland Orn. Gardens - Larry Chalmers larryjoanchalmers@telus.net (ed. 6)

Island Yukoners' Picnic - August 16 - Nanoose, St. Mary's Hall - contact Stan Hegstrom seaair@bcsupernet.com (details to come)

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 - 28 - Parksville, Bayside - contact Pat Besier jpbesier@seaside.net (see edition 5)