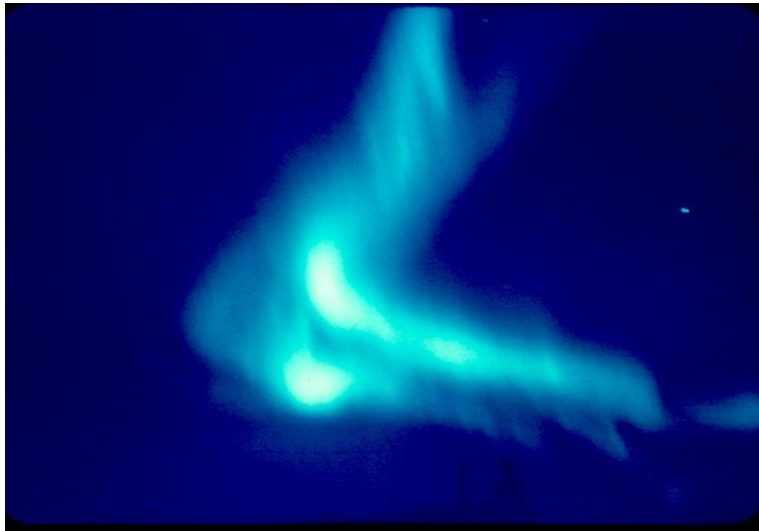


**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Fifty-Ninth Edition- April 25, 2004**

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



Yukon Winter

Bob Hughes photos courtesy Gina Span [ginaspan@yahoo.com](mailto:ginaspan@yahoo.com)

**THE LITTLE FISHERMAN**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

While walking by a pond one day,  
For solitude I'm wishing,  
When out upon a rock, I spied  
A little fellow fishing.  
He had, in hand, a willow pole,  
With shopping string attached,  
A bobber and a baited hook,  
A twig to hold his catch.

He basked in summer sunshine.  
With an air that nothing mattered,  
Although his suntanned feet were bare,  
And jeans and shirt were tattered.  
I thought of all the fancy rods,  
And other special gear,  
We adults waste our money on  
For fishing every year.

I wonder why we need so much,  
And where have we gone wrong,  
When suddenly the little fellow's  
Voice broke out in song.

Then picking up his string of trout  
And shouldering his pole,  
He's singing as he walks away  
From his favorite fishing hole,

How happily he wends his way,  
No reason here for sorrow.  
He'll sleep the sleep of innocence,  
Then fish again tomorrow.  
Now the vision disappears,  
It was just a memory,  
'Twas over sixty years ago,  
And that little boy was me.

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Date: Tue, 30 Jun 1998

From: Joyce Yardley [joyceyardley@shaw.ca](mailto:joyceyardley@shaw.ca)

Subject: **I Remember Dad on Father's Day**

I just couldn't let this month go by without a tribute to my father.

Our father's name was Eric Raymond Coke Richards. He was born in London, England, in 1881. As a young man he apprenticed for a tailor in men's clothing. He also studied the performing arts, which was his true passion.

He had been travelling with a group of actors who were touring England, when he met my mother in Sussex. This was just before her family moved to Canada, in 1912. He had been hit by the proverbial thunder-bolt, and the next thing he knew, he was on his way to Calgary, Alberta, where they met once again. The following year they were married, and no one would ever come between them again.

Always optimistic and cheerful, my father felt that someday soon he'd find the ideal place to settle down and begin saving money for a home of their own. But it was not easy for a man of his artistic temperament - suddenly having to adjust to totally different conditions in a strange country; taking on the responsibilities of marriage and raising a family, all in the first few years of moving to Canada.

Mom and Dad moved to the Yukon with their family in 1925, and I was born there the same year. They lived there until 1943, when Dad quit his job with Taylor and Drury after eighteen years with the same company. He sold his Model A, and moved to Vancouver. They bought a home on Nootka St, and Dad found employment with a tobacco company in advertising and sales.

They moved back to the Yukon in 1944, and he went to work for the Indian Residential School in Carcross. After a year they moved back to Whitehorse. They bought a house

close to the old shipyards on the riverbank. Dad went to work as Security Guard for White Pass and Yukon Railway Company. He died in 1952.

My Daddy was my hero, when I was a little girl, and I adored him. I always liked saying my prayers at bedtime; because then I could crawl up on his lap where it was safe and warm and nothing could ever hurt me. He'd hold me until I'd finished my prayers, which could be prolonged by asking God to bless each member of the family, all my friends - and usually the household pets besides. Then he'd tell me a bedtime story, which he always created himself. My Dad always smelled good, a mixture of pipe tobacco and woody pitch from the kindling he split every night for the wood stove.

My mother, Grace, was always up early in the morning. She would touch a match to the kindling in the kitchen range, and then start breakfast, which was usually porridge, with homemade toast and jam.

I only remember Dad getting annoyed at me once - I can't recall just why, but the way he raised his voice, and shook me by the shoulder is still very vivid. I sobbed for an hour with a broken heart. Mother's reprimands were ignored and forgotten, but Daddy's... never.

My earliest memories of Christmas are of Dad holding me up to the candles on the tree, and being allowed to blow them out. I was completely intrigued by the sparkling icicles and silver tinsel. I would never get to see the tree until Christmas morning. I always believed that Santa had come and decorated it during the night.

My folks were Anglican, and regular church goers, as was generally expected of all respectable people back then. With my Dad's rich baritone voice, and my mother's rather good contralto, they were also in demand for singing in the choir. A fair amount of our life was involved in church activities, bazaars, concerts, and school plays. Much to my mother's embarrassment and chagrin - my dad would invariably fall asleep and start snoring during the evening sermon in the church, and she'd dig him in the ribs and "look daggers," while half the congregation would be reduced to giggling helplessly.

One Easter Sunday, one of our more dignified and austere matrons in town came to church with a brand new hat, with a large feather sticking straight up at the back. She slid into the pew, and sat just ahead of my father, who was sitting beside my girl-friend and me. This was too much for my dad to resist. He winked at us - put his hand in his pocket, and with his thumb made as if he had a gun in his pocket, whispering, "Bang! I got that one at first shot."

Trying not to giggle was sheer agony, in that reverent atmosphere. Dad always had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and it would invariably surface in church. It helped make the long service bearable.

I remember an old phonograph player at home with a big curved horn. In the ads they showed it with a dog sitting with his head cocked to one side, listening intently to "His master's voice". I remember some of the records they'd play - and my mother being

entranced by a red-headed singer called Rudy Valee. Dad enjoyed classical music, and would listen to it for hours, smoking his pipe and daydreaming.

My father had some experience in acting, with a group in England, before he came to Canada in 1912. It wasn't long after moving to Whitehorse that the urge to act surfaced again, and he recruited a group of enthusiastic "would be" actors, and started up the first "Drama Club" in town.

Over the years they produced a series of very popular plays; with Dad being the producer, director, make-up man and set designer. As the group grew in experience, he was able to delegate some of these jobs to the others. It became a kind of status symbol to get a part in one of Dad's plays, and in a town where entertainment was limited to say the least - they went over with a bang. Any proceeds left over after expenses were donated to different charities. Some of the plays they put on were:

"Captain Applejack", "A Little Bit of Fluff", "What Happened to Jones", "Too Many Bathrooms," and various other vaudeville acts. I was too young to remember most of them, but still recall the masquerades, and our family winning ribbons for "best costumes" that Dad made for us. I have old snapshots of myself and a little friend, Larry Porter...dressed as "bride and groom," and seated on a huge yellow half-moon, made of cardboard and set against a black background with silver stars.

I have one of mother, too, taken before I was born; dressed in a huge and very realistic can of "Nabob tomatoes," with a red mesh tomato set on top for her head. Evidently she was pregnant with me at the time, and didn't want to miss out on the fun, so Dad made the outfit for her, and off she went to the masquerade...in her camouflage.

In his spare time Dad made extra money by painting signs, logos etc. for local businesses. He designed the big white horse on the Whitehorse Inn sign, and the letterhead for the local newspaper - The Whitehorse Star," which they used for many years, and may still be seen in the local archives.

My father was one of the kindest, gentlest men I have ever known, with a positive, optimistic outlook on life. He had a great sense of adventure, which I think he passed on to his five children.

In 1945 my brother Ted was gunned down in World War II, after winning his "Wings" in the RCAF Air Gunners. My father never got over the loss, and from then on his health began to fail, gradually deteriorating until his death in 1952. He is buried in the Masonic cemetery in Whitehorse, Yukon. My mother lived to be 96 years old, and her ashes lay in the same spot with him, soul-mates for eternity.

With love and remembrance,  
Your daughter, Joyce.

**Copyright 1998**

PS (Larry Porter was Theresa Smith's brother)

Sure you can use it, Sherron. Actually a slightly adapted version should be in my upcoming book. (Maybe in time for next Xmas?)

When Mom and Dad arrived in Whitehorse in 1925, before I was born, they brought with them my sister Dora 10 years old, my brother Ted 9, my sister Wilda 8 and my brother Ray 7. I was born that November. Ray and I are the only ones still living now. He lives in Surrey BC. I mention them all in the new book... and how Charlie Taylor met them at the train station, loaded all their luggage on a dog sleigh, put my sister Dora on top of it all and took them to their new home. Dora was so thrilled; she'd never even seen a dog team before!

Cheers, Joyce



True Confessions of a Snowdrop  
by Karen Shaw [kshaw\\*interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:kshaw@interchange.ubc.ca)

Have you any idea what it's like to wake up covered in dirt? I do. I confess I was scared to be alone in the dark. I don't remember anything before that. Was I unconscious? Numb? Or just too young to know anything else?

I was awakened by water drumming above me. Moisture trickled through the soil, tickling my brown jacket. As the earth warmed, I could feel my coat soften. My tingling toes grew into exploring roots. My arms spread upward, searching, stretching, reaching for something, Someone, I couldn't name. At last, I poked my head through the mantle of snow and saw a world beyond my greatest imagination. Light and green surrounded me. Fluffy white clouds floated across the blue sky above.

I was in shock. I couldn't believe the change. I looked nothing like my former self. Instead of being a hard, brown lump, I had become a slender plant. My sparkling dress, trimmed in green lace, was the colour of the clouds above. I wanted to dance and sway; instead, I bowed my head. I was so overwhelmed. I wondered what I did to deserve this.

I looked around again and realized I was not alone after all. I was surrounded by others who looked exactly like me.

"We've been waiting for you, Belle," said Ivory, a nearby flower. "Welcome to your first spring."

"What am I doing here?"

"You are a messenger," Ivory explained. "People will be watching you."

"People? A messenger? What have I got to say?"

"Keep your ears open, Belle. You will learn."

I listened. I could hear the other flowers talking amongst themselves. Some laughed. Some sang. A different voice, a whisper, caused me to listen more carefully. He encouraged the flowers as he meandered from one bunch to another. It was The Wind.

"How are you all this morning?" he inquired from each group. "Looking splendid, I see; the envy of even royalty, remember."

"We're doing our best," each cluster responded as they nodded, curtsied and danced in his presence.

"That's it? I'm here to look good?" I asked Ivory.

"It's a start, Belle. You are a work of beauty and you are to remind everyone about the One who made you; remind them that He cares for them too." Ivory continued, "You only have a few weeks to work then you will sleep until the snow melts again next spring."

"Ah, a newcomer," The Wind began as he paused beside me. "How do you like life so far, Belle?"

I bowed my head in reverence as I explained my bewilderment.

"Your message goes far beyond beauty, Belle. You have a special message. It is Hope." "Me? Hope? How can a flower like me bring Hope?"

"It's an old story, Belle. A long time ago sin put the world under a curse, a curse of death. When people die, they are buried. Some people think that's the end. We needed someone to break the curse. Someone did come. He even died to break the curse. The most amazing thing is that He didn't stay dead but came back to life. He made a promise then. He promised to return one day and when He does, He will raise everyone back to life. It's your job to remind them that one day, they too will rise, reappear in a way they can never imagine. Sound familiar?" "That is quite a story. How do I know it's true? Who would do such a thing?"

"Trust me. I was there," murmured The Wind. "Someone who loves you very much did exactly that and He wants you to spread the news."

"... but I'm just a flower, a very little flower. Besides, you said it's an old story. They've heard it all before."

"That's where you're wrong, Belle," sighed The Wind. "Some have forgotten; some need assurance. Others have never heard it."

"Never heard? Aren't they listening?" I trembled. "There are plenty of angels and preachers around."

"They need you to remind them of the promise. That is your job."

"Hey, just a minute," I called. "You said 'one day'. Which day?"

"No one knows, not even me," The Wind sang in a hushed tone. "I'll give you a clue - you'll hear a trumpet. Just be ready." The Wind visited us every day reminding us to declare Hope. I confess knowing I had a job to do gave my life purpose. With pride, I proclaimed my message. I boldly held up my hands, swaying to The Wind's song.

After a few weeks, I could feel my arms, my whole self, getting tired. I didn't feel much like dancing. Although I anticipated the joy of discovering the world of light and green again next year, for now I just wanted to wrap my brown coat around me and hunker down for a long sleep. I vowed to keep an ear open for that trumpet. I confess -- I can hardly wait.

See how the lilies of the field grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these. Mt. 6:28



Whitehorse Lions visit to Watson Lake 1961  
Bob Hughes photos courtesy Gina Span [ginaspan@yahoo.com](mailto:ginaspan@yahoo.com)

**ON THE WHITE PASS PAYROLL** by S. H. Graves  
Submitted by Dorothy Graham [dorothyg@dccnet.com](mailto:dorothyg@dccnet.com)

This is an excerpt from “On the “White Pass” Pay-roll” by S. H. Graves, the President White Pass & Yukon Route. Printed Chicago 1908.

In the preface he refers to the annual meeting in London of the shareholder of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Co. Ltd. When he (Graves) made an attempt to explain the nature of the construction of the railway, and to “understand more clearly what manner of men we have upon the White Pass pay-roll, and what is the nature of their service.”

Part 1 Construction Period Chapter 1  
Conditions in Skaguay in 1898

The situation at Skaguay in the spring and summer of 1898 was briefly as follows: Winter had blocked the White pass and closed the Yukon River, so the rush of gold-seekers had accumulated on the coast where they were unloaded by the steamers. The country between the sea and Log Cabin, 30 miles inland, including the White Pass, was

hotly claimed by both Canada and the United States, but the latter held de facto possession with a company of soldiers at Dyea. Canada kept two or three mounted police in Skaguay to support a claim to possession, but they were not allowed to exercise jurisdiction and had merely the status of private individuals. The town-site was claimed by a Company, but was in the possession of some ten thousand squatters in tents and wooden shanties. There was no law under which any municipal government could be organized, nor was there any Federal law, or courts, or police, or authority. The only representative of the Federal Government was an official known under the imposing title of "Deputy United States Marshall," who was in fact in league with the criminal element which in the circumstances described had things all their own way, until the railway builders began to oppose them on behalf of decency and order, and to form a nucleus round which the law-abiding element could rally. The criminal element, though numerous, were in the minority, but they had the advantage of being thoroughly organized and armed, and skillfully led by the man named "Soapy" Smith, who was the uncrowned King of Skaguay. He was not a constitutional monarch, but his word was all the law there was.

War having broken out that spring between the United States and Spain, this man seized the opportunity to arm and drill some 400 of his followers and offer them as "Volunteers" to the President, who (as Smith had clearly foreseen) was obliged to decline them, and thereupon "Soapy" framed the President's autographed letter of thanks and hung it up in his gambling and drinking bar, and kept his Volunteers under arms for his own service at home. He was a tall, handsome, well-spoken man, but rather looked down upon in the upper circles of Crime as being wanting in "nerve," until he had killed a man a couple of years previously in a particularly cold-blooded manner. But he seldom took an active part in crimes of violence, which he regarded as the work of underlings to whom he issued his orders through his lieutenants. All the plunder, however, was brought to him and divided according to his absolute will amongst his gang. His own share was moderate and never questioned, especially as he invariably lost it at once in gambling with his subordinates who were much more skillful "sure-thing" men than himself.

His character was well illustrated by an event that occurred soon after we began surveying but before we began building the railway. A zealous "preacher" somehow drifted into Skaguay in pursuit of gold or sinners (both were plentiful), and was horrified at the unspiritual condition of the town, which, if properly supported, he proposed to remedy. He was advised to apply to "Soapy" by some ungodly [wag](#), who probably expected to see him sent to instant execution. But the King received him affably and told him he thought his idea was a good one and worthy of support, and handed over to him \$300. in cash. Much encouraged, the good man prosecuted his canvass and when "Soapy's" myrmidons "held him up" and robbed him that night they took from him "Soapy's" original \$300 and \$3,000 more as profit on the investment for twelve hours.

Open violent robbery by "Soapy's" gang was a daily occurrence. They met all steamers arriving as regularly as the "hotel" [touts](#) and "went through" any likely looking passengers.

Such was the state of affairs when I landed on July 2, 1898, and declined a courteous invitation of “Soapy” to join him in riding through the streets at the head of the Fourth of July procession. But matters reached a climax when on July 6<sup>th</sup> “Soapy’s” men robbed a young man of \$3,000 in gold dust, which he had just brought out over the White Pass from the Klondike. It was felt that whatever might be tolerated as regards to people “going in,” the line must be drawn at robberies of gold dust coming out, if Skaguay was to retain its boasted pre-eminence as the “Gateway to the golden North”. What followed was described in my reports at the time.....

\* [wag](#) was in the original apparently a jokester or comedian witty person, and [touts](#) were/are people who solicit custom according to my dictionary e.g. try to get you to come to their employers place of business.

## I'M ALIVE

By Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly\\*on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly*on.aibn.com)

My soul has reached the depths of despair,  
My heart has rejoiced with rapture.  
Painful are both, but still I care.  
Oh Lord! at least I know I'm living.

To never have known a broken heart;  
To never have experienced the peaks;  
I'd rather from this dreary world depart  
Than to live my life without feeling.

To search and search and never find  
At least a seed of some great wisdom.  
The ultimate shame this must be  
For those of us still believing.

Lord, preserve me from a placid place  
That knows not the pain of striving.  
To live a thousand years in such a state  
Would indeed be hell without forgiving.

To exist among the living dead  
And not feel the span of emotions  
My soul with terror recoils in dread  
Lest I be thought deserving.

*I am very excited to tell you that Jeanne Harbottle has given me permission to share with you those chapters of Bud Harbottle's manuscript that take you through to 1954, Bud's*

*bush pilot days. Bud came from a pioneer Yukon family whose life is reflected in some of the pages. Those stories as well as the life they started Bud out on should give you some idea of the life these folks lived. I am very grateful for Jeanne's confidence that this material will only be used in the Moccasin Telegraph and any further use of the material is only permitted with her permission. Please consider it copyrighted. I will use a bit of the manuscript each week where space permits.*

**Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**  
Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

**Chapter 1**

My Father was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada in 1881 to a family of five boys and four girls. When he became of age, he joined the Royal North West Mounted Police and was sent to Africa with a police contingent to fight in the Boer War. On his return to Canada in 1901, he was sent to the Yukon Territory to the Whitehorse Detachment. In 1903 and 1904 he was at the White Pass Summit helping the Custom's Office check the many people that were still coming into the country to make their fortunes in the gold fields of the Klondike.

My Mother was born in Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A. in 1883 to a family of three boys and three girls. In early 1898, my Grandfather took a trainload of cattle and his family to Oregon on the West Coast. There, he sold the cattle and settled his family in a home. Then, taking the three boys, he set off for the Klondike to join the gold stampede.

On arrival in Dyea, Alaska, he decided to open a general store to serve the many people going to the interior Yukon. The business flourished, so in 1899 he left the boys to run the store while he returned to Oregon to get the rest of the family and move them North. They stayed in Dyea until the railroad was completed between Skagway and Whitehorse, in 1901. This doomed Dyea to a ghost town. He gathered up everything he could and bought what there was to be sold and took it all to Skagway and shipped it on the train to Whitehorse where he started another store and built a house along side it on Front Street.

Whitehorse was a sleepy little town that acted as a transshipment point for people going to the gold fields. All passengers and freight that came from Vancouver or Seattle up the coast to Skagway then by rail to Whitehorse were transferred to the river steamers that ran from Whitehorse to Dawson City and interior Alaska.

The White Pass had a large shipyard where they built riverboats and stored them in the winter. This was the largest industry in the area. As the country produced nothing, everything had to be shipped in from the "outside" as Vancouver and Seattle were called by the locals. Therefore, the transportation companies were busy in the summer; but in the winter, the boats were pulled up on the ways at the shipyard and passengers and mail went to Dawson by winter road on open sleighs called Stages pulled by four horses.

At first they travelled on the river ice but so many fell through the ice that a road had to be built overland. Roadhouses about twenty miles apart were built to supply food and

lodging and a change of horses. It was a very cold ride but the passengers wore fur coats and hats and could warm up every four hours or so at a roadhouse.



**Junction Roadhouse – 1920's**

My Father and Mother met in Whitehorse. The courtship was a rather hectic time for my Father as the police were very strict with the personnel. There were many rules and regulations for the members such as being in by ten o'clock at night when roll call was taken. Any member not present, without a good excuse, was given C.B. or confined to barracks for a period of time such as so many nights or days or, whatever. Evidently my Father had quite a few of these for staying out too late courting my Mother.

One story he used to tell was how he had been banished to Ricktofen Island in Lake Laberge to look after two hundred police sleigh dogs, which had been brought in from all the detachments to spend the summer on this Island. His jobs were setting the nets to catch fish, feeding the dogs and trying to keep them from fighting and injuring each other. That was the worst punishment he ever had.

My Father and Mother were married in September 1904 and moved to the White Pass Summit, where my Father was stationed as a customs collector. His job included checking on people entering the country to make sure they had sufficient money and supplies to last them a year. The snowfall was very heavy up there and my Mother said many times they would have to wait, in the morning until other people shoveled out their doorway so they could get out of the house.

My oldest sister Virginia was born in January 1906 by which time my Father had bought his way out of the police as none of the members except officers could be married. He was working for my Grandfather in his store so he not only had a wife but a job from the same family. Another girl Gladys was born in December 1906 followed by a third girl Ardrie in June 1912. I was born June 2, 1915. Two years later Doris was born in October. That completed the family.

(To be continued.)

## **ROBERT SERVICE THE ALBERTA CONNECTION**

The following article was printed in The Edmonton Sun, Saturday, April 3, 2004. Thank you to the Sun for giving permission to reprint this in the Moccasin Telegraph.

‘There are strange things  
done in the midnight sun,  
By the men who toil for  
gold’  
- Cremation of Sam  
McGee, by Robert Service

By Erik Floren, Staff Writer

Robert W. Service’s *Cremation of Sam McGee* is likely the best-known Canadian poem of all time. But while poet and poem are forever linked to the Yukon, both have surprisingly strong ties to Alberta. So says an Alberta author who just published *Robert Service: A Great Canadian Poet’s Romance with the North*.

“We know all about Robert Service in the Yukon and on Vancouver Island,” said Elle Andra-Warner. “But the whole Alberta connection is one that is not talked about much,” said Andra-Warner in a phone interview from her home in High Level.

Service sang about the savage beauty of the North with tales of sourdoughs and hard-bitten prospectors. He was called “the Canadian Kipling” for ballads like *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. But it was *The Cremation of Sam McGee* that launched his illustrious literary career and thrust him into world fame.

### **McGee was a customer of Service**

“Robert Service was forever tied to Sam McGee as Sam McGee was to Robert Service, so it’s surprising they both ended up with such a strong Alberta connection,” she said. For it turns out the real Sam McGee was not cremated – nor did he perish in the Yukon. McGee died in Beiseker, where his gravestone still stands.

The background to the story begins 100 years ago when McGee – a sourdough prospector – was a customer at the Yukon bank where Service worked. Searching for a surname to rhyme with Tennessee in a poem he was writing, Service asked McGee’s permission to use his name. He got it. But after the poem became famous, folks in the Yukon began mocking McGee. One day he steered Service down treacherous rapids in a canoe to frighten the poet, shouting: “You cremated me once. I think I’ll drown you now.” After the ride, a laughing McGee pronounced them “even.”

When McGee died in 1940, Service and his family happened to be vacationing in Jasper. Service left to attend the funeral.

“Usually the focus is so much on the Yukon, as if there aren’t any other parts to Service. But he was a man who lived like a hobo in San Francisco and was an ambulance driver on the front lines in the First World War. And the Alberta connection is a very strong one. I mean, his mother and father are buried here. His mom likely in Edmonton and his dad in the cemetery in Mannville, near Vegreville.”

Following the death of Service’s father, his mother left the family homestead near Vegreville in 1912 and lived in Edmonton for several years. A niece, Sheila Walker, also lived there.

“There are still people in Edmonton that would be his grandnephews and nieces.” Said Andra-Warner.

Service also trekked the “old Edmonton Trail” to the Klondike in 1911 when “it was still a fairly significant journey,” she said. “You went by stagecoach, canoes and steamships.”

Service was born in 1874 in Lancashire, England, but his family soon moved to Glasgow, Scotland. In 1896, Service came to Canada with the notion of working as cowboy. In the fall of 1904, he made his first foray into the Yukon.

“The success of Service’s first two books of verse meant he never had to work a day for the rest of his life from 1912 onward,” said Andra-Warner. “He ended up being quite rich.”

Interviewed by the *Daily Mail* in Monaco in 1956, Service “almost casually mentioned that he thinks he may be the only living writer who has made \$1,000,000 out of writing verse.”

Service wrote 14 books of poetry, six novels, a health book and two autobiographies. He died in 1958 in southern France at the age of 84.

Andra-Warner’s book (*Amazing Stories*, Attitude Publishing, \$9.95) is only the fourth biography ever written on him.

## **A Canadian success story**

Service was the first commercially successful poet writing about Canada. After all these years, several of his books are still in print; his poetry has been continually published since 1907.

Hollywood even made three movies based on his writings. And the *Cremation of Sam McGee* started it all.

McGee died Sept. 10, 1940 and Service on Sept. 11, 1958. "They both died on almost the same day, different years, and with the time difference perhaps McGee's death would have been Sept. 11 in Europe. An uncanny coincidence," said Andra-Warner.

*Retyped by Donna Clayson*

## **TROPHIES WON AND LOST**

I have enjoyed your article on "trophy won and lost", I remember reading that book back in my years living in Beaver Creek and I think it is still at home on the book shelf in dad's basement.

The same goes for the article on "Soapy Smith" by Miss Donna Clayson. I am reminded of how many winter hours I spent reading as I grew up. During those years I did not discriminate on what I read, it was all fair game, and when you were done you traded reading material with someone.

To read the issues of Moc Tel is interesting and a reminder of days past when I did read! I have been down loading them to a file and reading them over at a later date, I have been saving them for dad to read some day.

I am home and racing through my address book trying to catch up with some people I have not heard from for some time.

Ron Hiltz [rmmhiltz\\*glinx.com](mailto:rmmhiltz@glinx.com)

## **PIONEER CEMETERY PLAN DRAFTED BY CONRAD DOMES**

Dear Sherron; I wonder, if the readers of the MOC TEL are aware, that there is a plan of all the graves of the Pioneer Cemetery in Whitehorse at the City Office and at the Archive. My late husband and his class from the Vocational Drafting Course did that and in the process, found out most of the names of the people buried there.

Anne M. Domes

## **A-golfing we shall go -----to Faro**

To many former Yukon's and Faro-ites, the Faro Golf course brings back memories of a course, very different than the usual golf greens. Lots has changed and the Club and the Town have been busy,

This year, the 7th Annual Golf Tournament is on the weekend of July 23rd. - 24th and we welcome every one. Our golf ball drop from a Helicopter (Sept. 11th.) is always a huge success with big prizes. Need more info?

E-mail me at: [octavia13@YKnet.ca](mailto:octavia13@YKnet.ca) and please put **golfing** in the subject line.

*See you at the tournament in July in Faro. Anne M. Domes*

Reprinted from “**The Whitehorse Nugget**”, Summer 1961 Volume 1 No. 1  
Submitted by Donna Clayson

### **How City Got It's Name**

According to historian Bill MacBride, Whitehorse got its name from an Indian chief who drowned in the rapids just south of town. Bill says: “Many years ago, before the white man had come in large numbers, a tribe of Indians were camped on the bank of the river just above the rapids. At the head of one of their bands was a chief named White Horse. The chief, while out in a canoe, was drowned in the rapids and, ever since, the water has been known there as White Horse rapids. Common usage has contracted the name to a single word: “Whitehorse”.

*Note: This isn't the version I have heard. Does anyone have a comment on this? -  
Donna Clayson [Ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:Ytdogteam@telus.net)*

### **Inside Out**

In the Yukon, the visitor will hear many people referring to “Outside”. What’s “Outside”? Well, Outside is pretty well anywhere but where you are right now. If you’re in Dawson City, inside could be Whitehorse but, more generally, Outside means somewhere like Edmonton, Vancouver, San Francisco – anywhere but in the Yukon. You can be in Alaska and still be on the Inside.

### **Copper Here**

Although the Yukon was made famous by gold, Whitehorse, for many years, principally before the first world war, was dependent for an important part of local business on copper mines west of town. These are located in what is still known as the “Whitehorse Copper Belt”. Though not worked now, the area retains interest and promise for mine developers. Residents hope that copper demand will one day revive these now dormant mines.

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Can now receive at my new e-mail address: [denmeve@aol.com](mailto:denmeve@aol.com)  
Dennis Eve

Hi Sherron

Please change Velma Berg & Rocky Hebert's  
E-mail address to [velberg1@telus.net](mailto:velberg1@telus.net)

Thanks Velma

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Pam has requested her name be removed from the list.

HYATT, Pam      [pshyatt@shaw.ca](mailto:pshyatt@shaw.ca)      (In Dawson 1962, Whse 1971-72) Vancouver

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*It doesn't take a lot of muscle to give a heart a lift.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Submitted by Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

### **Baked Beans**

2 cups of dry navy beans	3 tbsps brown sugar
1/4 cup molasses	1 tsp salt and pepper
1/2 tsp dry mustard	1 onion
2 tbsp ketchup	dash of tabasco & worchestershire
6 strips of bacon	

Rinse and soak beans over night in 6 cups of water.

In the morning:

Simmer beans in soaking water (enough to cover, add more if necessary) until tender, approximately 1 hour.

Put bacon and onion in the bottom of a pot, (cutting the bacon up into small cubes, and slicing the onion up), add beans.

Combine remaining ingredients with some bean liquid and pour over to cover. Bake covered at 250 degrees F for 5- 7 hours.

If necessary add more water to keep beans covered. Remove lid for the last half hour.

Hint: I have made these in a slow cooker. They cook all day while you are at work, and if you add a tsp of baking soda, you can eliminate some of the "after effects". Hope you like them.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic:

**June 27, 2004 at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens.** We have the site from **11am till 3 pm.** We usually eat at **noon.** There will be an article in the next newsletter coming out in a couple of weeks. Larry Chalmers [aksala49\\*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

## **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.** **I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now.** If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.  
– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)