

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 103rd Edition – Feb. 27, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Ice Sculpture – Sourdough Rendevous - Whitehorse - 2004

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

NOBAWDY HOME

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

A Mountie went to Dawson town,
In service to mankind,
Downhearted when he thought about
The girl he'd left behind.
He knew that while he stayed up here,
In this god-forsaken place,
He'd never find another with
Her beauty, poise and grace.

That very night, 'round midnight,
On his first all night patrol,
He chanced to meet a damsel,
At a local watering hole.
She'd a face reserved for angels,

And a form so neat and trim,
He knew in that first moment
That this jewel was meant for him.

“Hello, My name is John”, he said.
“I’m here to serve mankind.”
“I’d like you with me to replace,
The girl I left behind.”
“Thank you, kind sir,” the lass replied,
“I’ll join you when I can,
You see, like you, I came up north,
To serve the needs of man”.

“We each serve in our way”, he said
“I’d guess you’d be a nurse,
Or kindergarten teacher, teaching
Little children verse.”
“I don’t teach little girls,” she laughed,
Just fathers and their sons,
And though I’ve never met you sir,
I have known a lot of Johns.”

“So, while to all the Mounted Police,
My bonny hat I’ll tip.
I can not accept your offer of
A long relationship.
But if, in time, the hardships of
Your service gets you down,
Come on up and see me,
I’m the Madam of this town.”

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HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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FRUIT, ANYONE?

Our thirteenth day started out beautifully. The sky was a clear blue and the sun shone brightly. The fall air was crisp and frost lay on the ground. Food or no food the air was invigorating. Let us hope we could live on it.

The last of the mush went down the hatch. All we had now were biscuits and fruit, part of which would be gone in the morning. I was glad we had lots of coffee and tea. At least we could smoke and drink.

We packed the dogs. How hard it was to watch them look at us with trusting eyes and know that unless we got a gopher or something they would go hungry again tonight. I hated every minute of it and cursed the day Les was born. We still believed he had lied about flying over the road and wondered if some day we would know the truth.

Whammy wanted Tom to put part of his pack on the dogs and I could have strangled him. The dogs were as tired and hungry as we were. They were doing their share and evidently Whammy was tired of doing his. If he had put so much as a sock on one of those dogs I would have shot him. The blast he got from all concerned convinced him he would be wise to carry his own pack and pipe down.

Tom and Chan took off, the dogs trotting behind. Whammy picked up his unsightly crutch and away we went. Snowshoes had a purpose in the snow but this was the first time I had ever heard of one used for any reason other than walking. He looked rather foolish as he hobbled along and I just had to laugh. Part of his bandage was hanging beneath a trouser leg, now tattered and ragged. He surely looked like an orphan.

Tom and Chan had taken their bags of fruit. Whammy and I were munching as we walked. The sun was getting warmer and we shed our jackets, piling them on my pack. I hoped Tom didn't notice me carrying anything of Whammy's; he would have blasted us both. I thought it might help and it wasn't heavy. Yet!

We crossed a small creek and started climbing again. Whammy slowed as the road got steeper and we were almost crawling. We broke out of the timber and, as far as we could see above us, the road climbed and climbed. It was so steep that switch backs had been built, a mile long and upward for miles. We were a couple of hundred feet above sea level when we left the creek and the summit was 6500 feet, so we had a long climb. I could see Tom watching us and thought he suspected Whammy would balk any minute. Climbing is tough at the best of times, but when a guy is hungry, weak and out of condition it is really rough. Whammy leaned heavily on his crutch. It helped him tote his weight.

We would climb awhile, stop, get our wind and climb again. I had turned to say something to Whammy but I couldn't see him. There was nothing but boulders and grass so I must say I was astonished. Suddenly he popped out from behind a rock and, red in the face, hustled back to the road.

"What in the world struck you?" I asked. "It's bad enough on the road. What in God's name are you charging off in the buck brush for?"

He cussed and raved and, grabbing his bag of fruit, threw it a mile down the mountain. I couldn't believe my eyes, it was all the food we had, he must be crazy, stark raving mad. When he had satisfied himself he had seen the last of the fruit he said, "That gol darn stuff

gave me diarrhea and I'm weak enough." With that he took off for the biggest rock he could find.

Poor Whammy, I laughed until I could hardly stand. Not only did he have to suffer the indignities of being with a woman but there wasn't much to hide behind. The higher we went the less he would find. However, my sadistic sense of humor kept me in stitches and I had to share it with Tom and Chan.

When I caught up to them and told them what had happened they both followed Whammy's example and threw their fruit down the mountain. Neither of them had eaten any and it hadn't bothered me, so only Whammy would suffer such indignities. As I have said, Whammy was always good for a laugh.

We were climbing Abraham Plains and going up the long switchbacks the steep climb was almost the undoing of Chan and Whammy. They were completely beat. When Tom wasn't looking Whammy would hand me his pack. I just couldn't refuse, he was in a weakened condition and it wasn't that heavy.

Many a conversation was interrupted as Whammy retreated behind a rock. He was as weak as a cat. However, when Tom saw his pack on my back he roared at Whammy, telling me to give it back, but as soon as Tom turned his back I got it again. Finally Chan took exception to Whammy's thoughtlessness and said, "Jeanne, I would lie down on this road and die before I would hand my pack to a woman."

"It's all right," I said, "the days of chivalry are dead."

Whammy blew his top and stated, "Any woman that lived in this God forsaken country didn't need chivalry." Little did he know how right he was. You just gotta be tough.

We slowly got higher and higher. Tom was stopping more often for Chan and Whammy and I kept throwing his pack back and forth. He still kept a pretty steady retreat to a rock and between the two of them I had to pack one.

Tom started a small fire halfway up the mountain and we drank some tea and ate a biscuit. Huge thunderheads were building over the mountains and Tom and I looked at each other. Seldom in the summer on a warm day could you avoid a thunderstorm. Everything seemed to be testing us, we couldn't beat the elements, and we couldn't even join them.

Where in God's name was the plane Chan expected, what was the matter with the people in Johnson's Crossing? They wouldn't know we were on the expedition unless Thorpe mentioned it, and he was probably still at the Macmillan River building a bridge. They were well aware of the hazards of the Canol and knew these men had families and businesses to get back to. If I ever got the chance they would get an earful from this gal. Likely Tom would have something to say. He well knew the consequences when men go into the brush poorly equipped.

Groaning to our feet we slowly struggled on. Whammy clung desperately to his crutch and Chan was getting lower and lower to the ground. We weren't going to make many miles today. I wondered how Les felt, going over this mountain in the dark. I bet he ran as much as he could. What a desolate place and not a stick for shelter.

Thunder rolled and crashed over our heads. In seconds we were drowned in a deluge of water. It poured down in buckets and we were soaked to the skin in minutes. Brother, what next? The Old Boy was really throwing the book at us.

Half drowned and miserable we steadily and slowly climbed the Plains of Abraham. How appropriate. "The sheep to slaughter."

TERROR AT MIDNIGHT

The storm passed and, wet, bedraggled and tired, we plugged on. Toward late afternoon we reached the summit. At our feet lay thousands of miles of bush. The view was breathtaking and a little terrifying, for as far as we could see we knew we were the only souls around. We felt like the last people on earth and looked like the first. What the best-dressed tramp will wear. As yet we hadn't run out of soap and kept pretty clean. The men shaved nearly every day, so they were beardless.

Walking slowly along the Plains it was eerie. Not a tree and as flat as a pancake. The grass was short and only sparsely scattered buck brush. Small clumps of boulders popped out of the earth as tho stacked by humans. The wind blew in a straight sweep with nothing to stop the wailing.

Silence again had taken over, and each with his own thoughts lifted one foot in front of the other. Steam rose from the dogs' packs and from our clothes. The smell of wet wool and wood smoke was pungent. No wonder we hadn't seen any game, we would probably asphyxiate any unsuspecting animal.

A mile or so in the distance we could see a shelter, it looked wonderful to our tired eyes. I was hurrying Whammy. I should have known better. He nearly threw his crutch at me, and if he had he would have fallen flat on his face. As it was I got his pack again. Chivalry?????

I thought we would never get there, the shelter loomed larger and larger and behold, there were two. Tom hurriedly rushed the dogs into one and we struggled into the other with Chan and Whammy. I didn't have to worry about dinner, we could eat at our leisure, biscuits, anybody?

How weary we were, hungry, yes, but bone weary. Even the usual menu game was forgotten. We sat quietly and listened to the fire crackle in the potbellied drum stove. Someone long ago had left a nice pile of wood in this shelter. They must have hauled it from the valley, as there wasn't a stick on the summit, not even a lonely balsam.

We bid Chan and Whammy good night and headed for the other shelter where we could keep an eye on our family. Seldom were we out of sight of each other.

As tired as I was I lay wide-eyed and stared at the ceiling. The dogs were flaked out and Major was snoring up a storm. We had left the door partly ajar. It would be too hot for the dogs with it shut. I felt every muscle slowly unwind and fell into a deep sleep.

We were wakened by Chee Chee, she was yapping in Tom's face and wouldn't quit. She would run out the door and back again. After numerous trips and ear splitting yips Tom finally got up. "*O.K! O.K! Just wait a minute,*" he told her. Pulling on his pants and grabbing his rifle he followed the frantic little black dog.

Chee Chee led him to a cave in the ground and Tom was all for coming back. He was sure she had found a bear and he wasn't about to disturb a sleeping bruin in the dark. However, Chee Chee had other plans and she just kept up the awful yapping and running in and out of the cave. Finally, deciding he couldn't let a little dog get the best of him, he braced himself against a possible onslaught of fur and followed her in. She had found the biggest porky we had ever seen.

Rushing back to the shelter with his treasure, we woke up Whammy and Chan and had ourselves a barbeque. It was delicious and our family had a thick soup, rich in nourishment and with lots of bones.

We went back to bed full and content, thankful to the little dog that never quit bunting. Chee Chee seemed to sense our plight and played a big part in saving our lives.

It was drizzling in the morning and Whammy was bushed. He told Chan he just couldn't make it, every bone ached and he would just sit and wait for the plane. Chan talked him into trying and Whammy groaned his way out of the sack. I looked at Chan. He looked like death warmed over. I felt so sorry for him and thought if anyone should stay in bed it should be Chan. His eyes were hollow and his cheeks were sunken, even his skin was yellow. Yet he never complained or asked for any favors. Whammy could afford to lose 20 pounds, but he was 20 years older than we and it was showing.

My heart ached for them but I could not go against Tom, regardless of how hardhearted he seemed. Compassion would not get any of us to Norman Wells and Tom was using the same psychology he had used with me last winter. I was getting pretty close to the balking stage myself. I thought I'd rather sit down and starve, than keep walking it wouldn't be so exhausting.

Again Whammy leaned on his crutch and Tom and Chan took off up the road. I hoped Whammy could make a mile or so before the usual cry of "Ask Tom to stop."

Before long we were soaked and the drizzle did little for our dispositions. Whammy said he was going to catch pneumonia. Well, he wouldn't be alone. Strangely, though, none of us even caught cold.

We got over the plains and started down the mountain to timberline. The visibility was poor and we couldn't see much but it would be nice to be off the windswept prairie.

(to be continued)

Y.P.A. Sports Days / Track Meets, 1954-1958

Ralph Lortie [rlortie001*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

A few days ago, I was browsing the Hougen Group website, and on the page for 1954 (see link below) I saw that Mr. Hougen noted that the Y.P.A. Sports Day that year was a success, and that Peggy Jamieson was voted May Queen.

<http://www.hougroup.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1950s/1950s.aspx?year50=1954>

It occurred to me that I had memorabilia from that Sports Day, and later ones, so I thought I'd put together my recollections.

The Y.P.A. (Young People's Association) Sports Days, later called the Y.P.A. Track Meets, were held on the long weekend in May, hence the coincident May Queen pageant. Some years the weather was beautiful, but cold and miserable in others. The ball park at the Civic Centre would be all prepared and marked out for the events.

Competitions were held for boys and girls in 3 or 4 age groups. The 16-18 year-olds were Class A, then Class B for 13-15, and so on.

Events included races (100 yds, 220, 440 and the Mile) and Jumping (high jump, broad (long) jump, and sometimes the pole vault and the hop, skip & jump). Other events such as the softball throw also took place.

For each event, ribbons (and corresponding points) were awarded, red for 1st place, blue for 2nd, yellow for 3rd. Later in the week, trophies would be awarded to the most successful athletes in each class, and a Grand Aggregate Trophy went to the one with the most ribbons or points.

I remember racing against Willie Lee in the 100-yd dash, and fierce high-jumping competition with Malcolm Dawson. I was a good sprinter, jumper & ball-thrower, but never ran the 220 or longer races. My legs were too short.

Probably the best track athlete of the day was Darlyne Howatt. She could run like a deer. I threw away my ribbons long ago, but could never bring myself to part with my Y.P.A. trophies. With no digital camera, I've resorted to using my scanner to make images of these treasures of my boyhood. I hope they bring back great memories for many readers, as they do for me. I seemed to have done well in even years, and badly in odd years. A bit strange.



1954 & 1956



1954



1956



1958



1958



1958



Vic Ponisch at his place beside the Allen's
Johnson Crossing – Jan 31, 2005

Photo submitted by Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net)

TEA FOR TWO

(a true story)

by Karen Shaw [kshaw*interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:kshaw@interchange.ubc.ca)

"Nap time," Mom announced ... maybe more for her sake than ours.

Exhausted from the heat, Sister found her way to her bunk.

"No," I insisted, "Dolly and I would rather have a tea party outside."

"Well, if you promise to stay close to the cabin and out of the lake that will be alright,"

Mom replied. Thrilled at being left on my own, I snatched up Dolly, my sand bucket and remainders of a tea set. Mommy gave me two raisin cookies for the party.

Outside I placed Dolly on a chair beside the big stump. The cold mud from this morning's rain squished deliciously between my toes. I went down to the lakeshore and filled my sand pail with cold water. On the way back to the table I loaded my pockets with cranberries. I placed the cookies and cranberries on leaf plates. Since my teapot was with the missing plates, I used my little bucket to fill the tea cups.

"More tea, Dolly? Do you think you'll finish your cookie?" (Dolly rarely ate cookies.)

I reached to pass her some more berries. That's when I saw him. At the edge of the forest he sat watching us. Of course I wanted to run up to him, throw my arms around his neck and tell him how glad I was that he came. I knew he was thirsty and hungry. I beckoned him to come to the table and poured him a cup of water.

He stood up, threw back his head, sniffed the air and yawned. Cautiously, he came forward and took the place I offered.

"What's your name?" I asked. I wasn't sure he understood People. He just put out his pink

tongue and licked the water out of the cup. He had the loveliest black coat. "Maybe they call you Blackie?" I tried again wondering where I could learn to speak Horse.

He looked at me with his brown eyes and reached for the berries.

Oh well, I thought, they were just for decoration anyway.

With a snuffle-snuffle he gobbled down Dolly's cookie.

I offered him more tea but he just gulped down all the water from the bucket. I was just going to tell him that he had to work on his manners before the next party when he threw back his head, sniffed the air and loped back into the bush.

Seconds later Dad's truck stopped beside the cabin.

"Did you see Blackie? Did you see my horse?" I asked Dad.

"At Mayo Lake? There are no horses here," he laughed. "I bet your mom has supper ready. Run down to the lake and wash up. While you're at it, make sure you scrub that mud off your feet!"

Sure enough when I entered the cabin, Mom was adding the finishing touches to the potato salad and had the cold fish on the table.

"Did you see my horse today, Mommy? Did you see Blackie?"

"No dear, I didn't see a horse. There are no big game hunters for miles around. We're the only ones in this part of the Yukon. No horse could survive on its own during the winters here."

"But," I insisted, "I had a horse visit me for tea today ... a big, black horse. He drank all my tea, ate all my berries and ate Dolly's cookie. Please believe me."

"Did your horse have a long, long tail?" Daddy asked.

"No."

"Did your horse have pointed ears?" Mommy asked.

"No."

"Did your horse say 'Whinnie. Whinnie-e-e-e'?" asked Dad.

"Don't be silly!" replied my mother. "Everyone knows a horse says, 'Neigh. Neigh-h-h-h!'"

"He didn't say any of those things," I answered.

"I think you've had sun stroke," said Mom.

"I think you're tired," said Dad.

My parents both looked at each other and said, "Bedtime will be early tonight."

"I think you need a pet," said Sister. "How 'bout tomorrow we catch bugs?"

Nobody believed me.

After breakfast the next morning Sister called, "Grab your jar. I know where there are giant beetles!"

Dad whistled us back and reminded us, "Chores first, play later." He assigned my sister to help with the dishes. Pointing to me he said, "You can help me outside. You can begin by putting away your toys from yesterday."

I gathered my cups in the bucket, tucked Dolly under my arm and turned to go back into the cabin. Dad stood staring at the mud. When he looked at me his eyes were huge and he had no colour in his face.

"Ruth, get out here quick!" he called to Mom.

She looked to where he was pointing, stifled a scream and fell into his arms.

"What kind of tail did your horse have?" Daddy asked.

"It was kind of short."

"What kind of ears did your horse have?" asked Mommy.

"They were furry and round."

"And what did your horse say?" asked Sister.

"He didn't say much. He didn't speak People. He sort of went 'snuffle-snuffle' when he ate and he yawned a few times. Do you believe me now?"

"Well," said Dad, "the mud tells me you had a visitor yesterday, but the footprints tell me it was no horse. You served tea to a bear!"

CONTACTING THROUGH MOCTEL

Hi Sherron since I am a new "recruit" to the news, I just want to say how much I enjoyed the two that I have had and the contact I got from Shirley Leng, who as you know also lives in Vernon.... I haven't heard of her in years, also I plan to e-mail Gillian Campbell, who I met on her very first visit to Whitehorse, we actually travelled on the same plane got talking and found we had lived near each other in England and our dads were on the same airforce base, and she and my sister had gone to the same dance class (I think) what a lovely talented woman., she is. Anyway thanks again and I will send my 20.00.

June Stubbins jrstubbins@shaw.ca

YUKON – “A WAY OF LIFE ! – WITH VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE”

I have enjoyed each and every one of the Moc Tel. All the hard work put into doing this project does not go unnoticed and is greatly appreciated. Reading the Moc Tel has brought back so many fond memories of the Yukon that I still miss very much. It's not just a place to live it's a "Way of Life!" with very special people.

After reading your last letter I was compelled to chip in somehow and send a contribution of some sort- so here is a delicious recipe for you if you would like to publish it.....Cheers.....

Debbie Nelson, Dundas, Ontario (20 years in the Yukon). celticme@sympatico.ca

P.S. Keep up the good work!

CLARENCE'S DC – 4 STORY

Clarence's DC-4 story brought back memories. I was flying for GNA at the time and had flown the crushed Cessna 180 just the day before. For Clarence's information the 180 registration was CF-LRP. I believe Joe Redmond was a F/O on the "four" at the time.

Cheers,

Lyle Coleman lylecole@telus.net

THANKS FOR MOCTEL

Dear Sherron: Your Moc Tel is so appreciated; it seems like such a small price to pay for so much enjoyment. I really look forward to receiving mine each week. I thank the lady for giving the breakdown on the computers as to keeping them clean and virus free...always open to ideas on how to go about this....Each week I am in contact with friends from the Yukon, when I arrived in Whitehorse in 1953 I started work with the DND, RCEME and Henry Breaden was working there at the time, as was his father. I lived on Strickland Street beside Harry Fromme, and in the 60's went to work for him at General Enterprises, and was there when Bud Harbottle was G.E.'s pilot and had the pleasure of meeting Jeanne who has been a long time friend.

Many thanks for your many hours on the MocTel, but mostly for just keeping something so valuable alive. Sheila Becker [snbecker*shaw.ca](mailto:sbbecker@shaw.ca)

JIM ROBB

Thanks Sherron. I've known Jim for many years and was delighted to hear he had been named to the Order of Canada. In a previous life, I was public relations manager for Reader's Digest and I was able to convince the art director to purchase one of Jim's paintings for the Canadian company's corporate collection. I can't remember if it made the back cover or not, but I think it did. In any event, he is long overdue for recognition and should be taking his place alongside the likes of Ted Harrison.

It brought back many memories when the profile mentioned Lilius Farley. She was my art teacher all through high school and a mentor as well. I remember her talking about teaching Jim techniques etc. She became the mentor for other students as well. Catherine Regehr who is a Canadian fashion designer in Vancouver was in my class and she later went on to study fashion in Paris – maybe a topic for another profile some day.

Bonnie Venton Ross [bonnie.ross*cgi.com](mailto:bonnie.ross@cgi.com)

Note: Ralph Lortie pointed out that Lilius was spelled incorrectly in the special edition so I corrected the two copies online last Tuesday. – Sherron

OUR POET IS ROAMING IN ARIZONA

Finally got access to the computer room here at Mesa Spirit. Have been here for a couple of weeks and have had rain at some point during every day since then. However, at least it's warm.

Have spent the last couple of hours reading e-mail from my home address, including three Moc/Tels, and really enjoying them. Also cancelling out numerous garbage e-mails that have accumulated since I left.

We stopped at the gambling halls in Laughlin for eight days on the way down here. Had a

great time and, while we didn't make any money, neither did they. So I guess that makes us winners.

Had hoped to do a lot of hiking in the desert while here but rain has made the trails too treacherous. However weather has not affected the Happy Hours, and we are spending a lot of time visiting old friends from years back.

Hope you and Bill had a great vacation, and sorry to hear of your computer woes on returning home. Keep smiling and to steal a phrase from the good old Whitehorse Star masthead – “Illegitimus Non Carborundum”.

The Barretts (Gus & Blanche) sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

JIM ROBB

Brilliant, Thank you so much... just wonderful. Didn't JIM look so handsome in his MONKEY SUIT. Thank you so much Sherron, so very interesting. We have two of his originals framed. When you do come down here you must come and look at all our prints of Jim's... quite a collection.....Hugs Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca

Very nice Sherron.... Thanks for all your work....
Sincerely, Lois & Larry Tremblay granny9t@shaw.ca

Terrific tribute, and I especially like the picture of Jim in his tux. Wow.
Bev Buckway balc@yknnet.ca

SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS HAIRY LEG CONTEST

I don't know if you have seen this yet, but thought it might possibly be a bit of humour for the Moc Tel. <http://www.flashnews.com/news/wfn5050221J23226.html>

Sorry I missed you when you were in the desert in January.

Margaret Underwood yukon180@hotmail.com

NEWS FROM MARSH LAKE

We were up to our ears in our annual Marsh Lake Loppet, ski race. Once again it was a huge success with 297 skiers. There was a special tribute to Peter Milner who passed away from cancer three days before the race. Peter and Jan were instrumental in starting this race 11 years ago and it was a huge loss to all who knew him. Bucky and I were having tea with

him about 2 weeks before and he looked wonderful and said he hoped to be out here on race day. Life is so very fragile isn't it?

We have so much snow this winter, it seems that Bucks has done nothing but shovel, certainly keeps him in shape!!! It will be a mess when it starts to melt but like the idea of all the moisture in the forest in the fire season.

Are you and Bill going to the Yukoner's banquet in Vancouver? We have wanted to go for years and finally we plan to be there this year and looking so forward to it. I would dearly love to come to the Okanagan one day but it certainly won't be this year. There are so many people there that we would love to visit with and we enjoyed the pictures last year of the "party". I have to go to Vancouver again in April for my heart check and then don't want to leave the Yukon for the rest of the summer!! We were away 5 weeks last summer and it was fun but don't want to do it this year.

Looking forward to one of our grandson's coming home from Kelowna for a few days at spring break. We plan to go to the Skagway summit for a day or two. Kyle is bringing a friend so am sure they will want to snowboard there. Bucks and Rob were up there last week on snow machines and said the snow was awesome except when they got stuck!!!

Would be nice to see you in Vancouver. I hope Henry and Alice might come over also. Will have to send them a note.

Take care,

Hugs, Shirley Keobke keobkens*marshlake.polarcom.com
(Mar 1st address) mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net

JIM ROBB

Just read your tribute to Jim Robb. It was just wonderful! His art work is beyond words. I have always enjoyed his "bent" on what was around us. As a result I used to look at things (little things) in Whitehorse differently. Trying to see if I could see them like he did, never worked, but it gave me something to do!

My sister, Lynne and her husband Frank (Sonny) have quite a few drawings and paintings. Even a drawing of Wig Wam Harry! My sister-in-law, Elaine Kennedy, travels the Yukon selling Jim's work for him. Two years ago she brought me a picture he had of Robert Services cabin. I have waited for many many years to own one of his pictures. I was thrilled. I immediately took it in to have it framed. It is beautiful! He also did a drawing for my brother, Brian. It was a caricature of him. He looks like Einstein! How fitting, big glasses and hair all over.

I remember Wig Wam Harry a bit. As a kid I used to spend a fair amount of time at Whiskey Flats. Sonny's family, Aggie and Frank Sr., lived there and I would visit Sonny's

younger sister. We would go to "torment" Wig Wam's dog. He told us it was half wolf and half German shepherd and would rip us apart if he got hold of us. I never knew if that was true or not but gave us incentive to bug. I remember that dog "seemed" awful big though. The fence was very high, thank god, because we drove that dog nuts. It seemed to almost climb up the fence to get to us. Wig Wam would get so mad. Come out yelling. No teeth in. Couldn't hardly understand a word he was saying but there were a few in there you couldn't mistake!

Anyways, just wanted to say good story.

I am going up to Whitehorse in July for my 30th high school reunion. Man that's harsh! I guess I did grow up! But I really do look forward to seeing everyone again.

Patty (Hannah) Miller pattymiller999@msn.com

When I asked Patty if she may have confused Moccasin Flats for Whiskey Flats – SJ

You could be right about Moccasin Flats. I was just a kid; it was all one place to me! Funny, I always thought that was Wig Wams' dog, as I remember he was the one that always warned us to stay away. Oh well, kid's memories, not the most reliable. I just remember it mostly seemed to be an adventure going down there. Different from hanging out in Camp Takhini! - Patty

Cake Box 7

Memories from the Cake Box, as I remember them.

By Weldon Pinchin

George & Martha Black

It was in the fall of 1951. I was working part time for Ernie Lortie who by now had moved over to 4th Avenue. He had a Chevron station, the tire shop was to come a bit later. George Black was having his 1948 or 1949 dark blue Olds serviced at the station. He was off to Atlin where they went very often. Moe Grant's mom and dad were good friends of the Blacks in Atlin. The car was ready to be backed out of the shop. As I had the cleanest dirty clothes I was told to back the Olds out of the shop. It was late fall, we had some snow already. As you back out of the shop, just outside the shop doors, is a small ditch, before the lot of pavement. This California design was to catch the water off the floor and carry it away. Okay don't get ahead of me on this. In backing out, the ice in and on the ditch stopped the car. So I gave it more gas. The car moved side ways, the driver's door made contact with the roll up track. Then out of the shop I went. Now I had a dent up the driver's door. It was about 18 to 24 ins. long, not too deep but it was there for all to see, (including Mr. Black). A meeting of the shop hands was held, what to do, what to do??

As I was the junior man, I had to phone and tell him what happened. As the door and car were okay he wanted to be picked up at home** (on Front Street) so they could get to Atlin. Now I didn't have a driver's license yet.

Sooooo here is my thank you from a very scared young man.

He arrived at the shop and looked at the door (I was going to have to pay for this out of my own pocket). He was a quiet man when he needed to be. Remember here was a man who was in the 1918 world war, has a record in Ottawa as long as your arm. He never raised his voice, just said to me "Weldon, you owe me a favour some time and I will look after the door for you."

I don't remember how long after this I got a phone call from Mr. Black (it was in the spring time). He asked me to please go down to the house and told me where the key was. He said Martha thinks she left the iron on in the kitchen, please turn it off and phone him in Atlin on his phone. This was to make sure they had a home to come back to and the iron was okay. All was well.

Thank you Mr. Black for your way of handling this matter, I have never forgotten.

As my 8th grand child is due March 1st, I hope I will do half as good a job as you did on me.

Cheers Weldon Pinchin [pinchin*gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com)

*** As we learned from Bud Harbottle's manuscript, and other family documents, his grandmother and grandfather BIGGER and family including his mother Lillian BIGGER, came to Whitehorse soon after the White Pass railway was finished between Skagway to Whitehorse. They built a store on Front Street, later to become 'Sewell's Store' and built a home next to that. When the grandparents BIGGER moved to Oregon, T.C. RICHARDS, (who had married their granddaughter), took over the home and lived in it until he and his wife built another home. I expect it was at that time that George and Martha BLACK bought the home.*

Weldon confirms the house he visited that day to check on the iron was the house next to the Sewell's Store. – Sherron Jones

Tales of an Old bold Pilot

Dorothy Graham recently submitted a Book Review to the Vancouver Yukoners and they used it in their February newsletter. Dorothy wondered if I would like to use it in the MocTel and I said I would but I didn't want anyone thinking it was without her and Lowell's approval.

Thanks to both of you, it sounds like a book that would be of interest to many of the MocTel readers.

Here is Lowell's reply to Dorothy:

I think it would be wonderful if you sent your review to the Moc Tel. The more we share the more Yukoners stay together. I think the Moc Tel is a wonderful service, I only wish we could emulate in the newsletter what the web is best used for. If I had the time I might have become involved with it, but as always there is too little time and too much to do.

BOOK REVIEW

Tales of an Old bold Pilot, by Jack McCallum, as told to Stephen Hill.

I love Christmas books. My son Mark lives in Sicamous and gave me this one. It was written and printed there, and is about the Yukon, as the author puts it, it exudes 'the character of the North'.

Jack McCallum and his wife Flo, lived in Watson Lake, Beaton River and Smith River, from 1957 to 71, where Jack worked for Transport Canada, and flew for pleasure.

Each of the 38 short chapters is an adventure in itself, sometimes about his planes or his friends and neighbors. He tells of rescues, notably the 'true' story of the Flores – Klaben rescue detailed in Stan Burton's book. There are stories of hunting, supplying trappers, various near disasters, and just about any excuse to go flying.

Any Northerner will enjoy his descriptions of the people, the lakes and mountains. Several maps and pictures of planes and people are included.

Some of the others mentioned in the book are Laura and Bill Akey, Dal Dalziel, Gordie Tool, Olie Weiland, Bill Ferniuk, Vince Petersen, Jimmy Close and Stan Bridcut.

As he says "there are old pilots and there are bold pilots" but rarely are there old bold pilots who live to tell stories. I'm glad he did.

Jack and Flo are now retired and living in Sicamous, B.C. Tales of an Old Bold Pilot are available at Hummingbird Press, Box 1089, Sicamous, B.C. V0E 2V0, cost \$18.95 Cdn. Or 16.50 US plus shipping. For a copy phone Hummingbird Press at 250-836-4486.

Dorothy Graham dorothyg*dccnet.com

COLOURFUL 5%

I ordered the set of **Jim Robb's Colourful 5%** books last night, online, from Yukonbooks.com. A young lady from Mac's Fireweed book store phoned this morning for credit card information (I was reluctant to leave it online), and I have since received an e-mail saying the order has been processed.

This is their phone number and web address.

Phone: 1-800-661-0508

Fax: 1-867-668-5548

URL: www.yukonbooks.com

Sherron Jones

MY FAVORITE RESTAURANT

Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart has made the following suggestion for the MocTel and I think it is a very useful one. If you have a favourite restaurant or two in your town, let us know and we will post a couple each week. - Sherron

Hi Sherron: Another suggestion for the MocTel and I will start it if you wish to use the idea. Everyone lives all over the country and we all visit different places and having an idea of where to go for a good meal - lunch or dinner would be helpful. Everyone can send in their "favorite" spot. These 2 places I have sent you are my favorites - of course, being owned by my son Doug is likely somewhat biased :)

Vivian Stuart

lornellis*shaw.ca

#217, 3255 Cook St

Victoria BC V8X 1A4

250-383-1349

Stone Street Café & Catering

2505 Beacon Ave

Sidney BC V8L 1Y1

250-655-1166

email: hospitality*telus.net

Hours

7:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. - Mon to Fri

8:30 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. - Sat & Sun

Known for **BIG** sandwiches, homemade soups, special Stone Street salad and desserts.

Owned by Doug Stuart. Say hello to Doug when you go in.

The Red Brick Café

106 – 2423 Beacon Ave

Sidney BC V8L 1X5

250-655-1822

Hours

7:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. - Mon to Fri

8:30 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. - Sat & Sun

The special is extra BIG sandwiches, homemade soups, desserts and their own special salad.

Owned by Doug Stuart & David Tognotti - Say hello to David when you go in.

OBIT

Alex McCarter who went to school with Pierre Berton and myself died on the 14 of February in Victoria B.C. he was 86 yrs. I am now the last of the boys who went to school together in Dawson.

Alec McCarter went to school here in Dawson until 1932 when they moved to Vancouver. He lived one block from where Pierre Berton did and 2 blocks from my home. We were together quite often playing around Pierre's home or sledding on the streets, and at the boy cubs.

John

The Alec McCarter that lived in Vernon was an uncle of the Alec that just passed away.

John Gould jgould*northwestel.net

MCCARTER, Dr. John Alexander (Alec), B.A., M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.C, Passed away February 14th, 2005. Survived by his loving wife of 63 years, Peggy McCarter, and lovingly remembered by his sister Helen, brother Len, four children, 9 grandchildren and their families. Born January 25th 1918, his career as a biochemist and author of over 50 scientific articles earned him many accolades, including the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal in 1977. The last years of Alec's 45-year research career were spent at the University of Victoria (1980-1983) in Victoria B.C., where he and Peggy retired to a life in the garden with their friends and family. A celebration of Alec's life will be held at McCALL BROS. FLORAL CHAPEL, Johnson at Vancouver St., Victoria, BC Friday, February 18th at 2 pm. Reception to follow. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

<dnorman@yknet.yk.ca>:

Sorry, no mailbox here by that name. (#5.1.1)

NORMAN, Denise dnorman*yknet.yk.ca (In Dawson in '76 -90, Whse 90-92, Carcross till 98, Whse since 98)

Sherron, I appreciate all of your hard work, but I never seem to have time to read any of your articles. Please remove me from your mailing list. Thankyou. Evelyn

CHURCH, Evelyn evelync*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse since 1985)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I really enjoy the Moccasin Telegraph! I'm leaving MacBride Museum but would love to still receive MT. Could you send it to my home email, sweetpea*klondiker.com ?

Thanks, Lisa Badenhurst

Please change my e-mail address to lylecole*telus.net

Thanks.

Lyle Coleman

Sherron our email address will be changed as of March 1st. finally getting high speed so you will probably be able to send the MocTel any way you want.

Shirley Keobke mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net

NEW ADDITIONS

Good Morning Sherron,

My mother-in-law Dorothy Komish gave me your address and we would like to sign on to your site. Its great fun to read. My name is Colleen Komish (Lund) and I arrived in the Yukon in 1950 in Watson Lake, with my Family Roy and Vera McDevitt (Grandparents), and my folks Jim and Reita Lund, and twin brothers Pat and Mike. My family bought the Watson Lake Hotel and we lived there until 2000, in fact I lived in the Yukon just 2 weeks short of fifty years. We, my husband Barry and myself have now moved to Salmon Arm, and are enjoying the abbreviated winters quite a bit, however I do miss home and love hearing from people at home, so sign us up, if you would please.

Our email address is bckomish*sunlite.ca

Thanks so much, Colleen Komish

Terry Greenslade phoned to have his name added to the list. I believe he said he is living in the Vancouver area. He will put together a bit of a bio once he returns from a two week trip he is heading out on soon. His e-mail address is tbgreenslade*telus.net

I told him several members of his (Harbottle) family are already receiving the Moccasin Telegraph. I hope some of you will drop him a line and don't be disappointed if he doesn't answer right away.

(For the others of you who recognize the surname, he is Ron Greenslades' son.) - Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

True wealth is what you are, not what you have.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

"Creator of Recipe is Unknown"

Sent by Debbie Nelson, Dundas, Ontario (20 years in the Yukon).

celticme*simpatico.ca

Oven Puffed Pancake

1/2-cup flour
2 Tbsp. sugar
1/8 tsp. salt
1/2-cup milk
2 eggs
2 Tbsp. butter

Heat oven to 425 degrees. In medium bowl, combine flour, sugar, salt, milk, and eggs and beat with wire whisk or eggbeater until smooth. Place butter in a 9" pie pan and heat in the oven until butter sizzles, 2-4 minutes. Remove pan from oven and tilt to coat bottom with melted butter. Immediately pour batter into hot-coated pan. Bake at 425 degrees for 14-18 minutes, until pancake is puffed and golden brown.

Orange-Wildberry Sauce for Puffed Pancake

1/2-cup sugar
1 Tbsp. cornstarch
1/2-cup orange juice
2 Tbsp. orange flavored liqueur OR orange juice
3 cups sliced fresh fruits and berries

While pancake is baking, in a small saucepan combine sugar and cornstarch and mix well. Stir in orange juice and orange liqueur or more orange juice and mix well with wire whisk or eggbeater. Cook and stir over medium heat for 5-7 minutes, until sugar dissolves and mixture thickens. Remove pancake from oven and arrange fruit over hot pancake. Drizzle with orange sauce and serve immediately. Serves 2-3

This is a wonderful recipe to make in the Fall in the Yukon when all the wild berries are so plentiful – My old friend Fran Petterson of Haines Junction used to take me berry picking to her favorite spots but of course I was sworn to secrecy as to where they were.

DATES TO REMEMBER

HI HO, HI HO, we've decided to GO, to the Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet. If you are staying at the Hyatt Friday night, March 18th, look us up. Otherwise we will be at the banquet Saturday evening.

Don't make the mistake I did last year and drive around the block several times trying to find the Hyatt. It is pretty hard to see the logo on the top of the hotel when you are driving. The address is 655 Burrard Street. Going north on Burrard, cross over Georgia and it is in the next block on the left and has underground parking. There is a map on line at <http://vancouver.hyatt.com/property/areaguide/maps/index.jhtml>

I ended up going around the blocks again to head south on that block of Burrard so I could turn into the underground parking. Watch out for the one way streets !! – Bill & Sherron Jones

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Premier Event of the Year

Annual Banquet

Theme: Yukon Dog Mushing
Date: March 19, 2005
Location: Hyatt Regency Vancouver
Tickets: \$55.00/Person

Advance purchase a must.

Cheques gladly accepted.

Mail to Mary MacDonald

#309-5166 Halifax St.

Vancouver, BC, V5B 2N6

Phone: 604-299-7533

Please provide the full names for each guest, and advise if there are any food allergy issues.

Whitehorse: Tickets available from
Gudrun Sparling
Phone: 668-3958

Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet Accommodations

The Association has negotiated reduced room rates for the evening of the Banquet. To get the low rate, the rooms **must** be booked prior to **February 28, 2005**.

Hyatt Room Rate: \$134 for a double, breakfast not included. Buffet breakfast \$19.95 or order a la cart.

Reservations: 604-683-1234 Prices firm until Feb. 28, 2005. Ask for **Yukoners' rate**.

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