

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 105th Edition – March 13, 2005

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



Dinner Guests

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

ODORIFEROUS ODIE MacWHINE

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

In a forest up north in The Yukon,
In a cabin constructed of pine,
Lived a trapper, alone and neglected,
Odoriferous Odie MacWhine
The name was bestowed by his mother,
As she suckled the babe in her bunk,
And she noticed a strange emanation,
An overpowering odor of skunk.

As Odie grew up into manhood,
All alone with the fauna and flora,
The young ladies would always ignore him,
Because of that distastful aura.
Yet he fell for a girl of the Tlinget,
A beautiful maiden named Nell,
She was also enamoured with Odie,
But she couldn't put up with the smell.

Then Odie, alone in his cabin,
Soaked his body with lotions and scents,
And he dressed in the finest of deerskin,
Then off to her tepee he went.

They entwined in a wild rage of passion,
As the maiden discarded her skirt,
But she fainted and fell, overcome by the smell,
When Odoriferous took off his shirt.

But Nell was a girl of conviction,
And at last when she rose from her bunk,
She went out to Odoriferous' trap line,
Where she captured a venomous skunk.
She returned to her tribe in the darkness,
And there in her tepee she stayed.
Where she sat on a trunk and petted that skunk,
Till it lifted its brush and it sprayed.

Poor Odie, so sad and dejected,
Remained in his cabin alone.
Until Nell came around and connected,
And he took her to wed as his own.
Now they're both living back in the forest,
In that cabin constructed of pine,
Folks call them Odoriferous Odie,
And Noxious Nellie MacWHINE.

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HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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CRACKING UP

While building a fire and getting water for the tea I looked up and saw the sky was blacker.
I groaned. More rain.

Tom returned. He chained the dogs under the bridge approach and told Whammy and Chan to take the powder shelter; he and I would sleep under the bridge.

We gave each of the dogs a squirrel and fried the remainder for ourselves. They tasted pretty good. I wished we had a dozen more. The coffee was hot and tasty and after a lousy smoke we called it a night.

The dogs made a fuss when we joined them. It hurt to look at them. With all the suffering they had gone thru they still wanted nothing more than to be loved. They each got a good night pat. Chee Chee and I curled up in the robe.

Some time during the night it had started to rain. I stretched out and my foot went into a puddle of water. We were sleeping at an angle head high, and a good thing I guess. The roof had leaked, ha, and the bottom of my bedroll was a lake. I jumped up cussing and poured the water out. I was so darn tired and mad that I just crawled back in and slept with my knees under my chin.

My eyes seemed to be glued stuck, but in the back of my mind I thought I could hear someone yelling. I struggled up and listened. Tom was also sitting up, pulling his pants on. Whatever it was it was getting louder.

It was Whammy. He was running and slipping down the bank to reach us. God, the first thing that entered my head was that Chan had passed away. What else could drive Whammy out in the rain and dark?

The dogs were on the end of their chains, growling and barking at this howling, mad creature. Whammy stood over the bedroll shouting above the dogs.

"Did you hear it? Did you hear it?"

Tom and I looked up at him. *"Hear what?"* we yelled.

"I heard an airplane," he roared, *"an airplane, did you hear it??"* We shook our heads and Whammy started to cry. *"Chan didn't hear it either,"* he said, *"but I heard an airplane, I know I did."* The tears rolled down his cheeks and I thought he was cracking up.

Whammy struggled up the bank to his shelter and I lay in the cold wet robe trying to get back to sleep. I wondered how in the world I would ever get this thing dry if it kept raining. I tossed around, trying to keep my feet out of the puddle, cussing the day I ever left home. I was feeling so sorry for myself I wasn't even hungry.

I looked down at the faithful mutts chained at my feet and thought how nice it would be if I could chain them to a moose quarter. They had lost a lot of weight and were footsore, yet all I had to do was look at them and they would wag and wiggle all over. Too bad people weren't as grateful for a meal and a little love.

It was so still, with the stillness that only comes with fog. The roar of the river was muffled and the drizzle fell softly as snowflakes. Only a short while ago Whammy thought he had heard an airplane. I looked out from under the bridge. Daylight was just breaking. From the looks of the sky even the birds were on radar. Low cloud scudded across the ground and visibility was zero.

Tom sat up. He was restless, and had probably been awake half the night trying to figure out what to do. I looked over at him. *"Things look pretty grim, don't they?"*

"The Lord will provide, Mrs. T.O.," he said, answering me with a grin. Tom always said this when the going got rough, and he fully believed it. For him, the Lord always did provide.

Speaking softly he said, *"I went over the cable last night while you slept. There was nothing to it. I found some pulleys and bed springs. I think I can rig up a carrier and get you all across."*

Raving at him would be useless, it was done, but I thought what if he had fallen in the river? We never would have known what happened to him. Was Tom cracking up, too? *"The Lord did provide."*

While sitting looking at each other I was sure I heard a low drone. Tom had unconsciously cocked his head. I knew the sound was getting louder, but after thinking Whammy was losing his marbles I wasn't about to admit I was losing mine. Obviously T.O. felt the same as he said nothing.

When the loud drone could no longer be ignored I asked Tom if he could hear a plane. Grinning and shaking his head he replied, "Yes."

Leaping out from under the bridge we ran to the shelter. I had forgotten about my clothes and was donned in my long johns, looking anything but glamorous. Chan and Whammy were standing staring at the sky, listening intently. *"Your plane is coming back, Whammy,"* Tom said.

Whammy was too overjoyed to answer. None of us thought that this could be any other plane but one looking for us. Never dreaming it could be a plane just flying over, not even knowing we existed.

Tom yelled at me to get a fire going. With that he grabbed the axe and dashed for the timber to cut some brush and green poles. He was going to make the biggest smoke the north had ever seen. Whammy rushed after him and started sawing on the tree with a jackknife; he nearly ended up with his hand chopped off. Tom brushed him out of the way and shoved a pile of green boughs into his arms.

Chan came running out of the shelter dragging a blanket behind him. He proceeded to run up and down the road waving the blanket like mad. Where he got the energy we still don't know.

I stood in my long johns, watching all the activity. The fire was crackling at my feet, the roar of the engine getting louder. It just had to be an airplane looking for us.

The weather was still sour, low stratus covered the hills. The ceiling couldn't have been 500 feet above the terrain, in the canyon it was right on the deck. Looking up the road instead of overhead was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in my life.

"There he is!" I yelled at the men.

Following every bend in the road, little more than 200 feet overhead, flew a beautiful silver plane. Not shimmering and silver as in sunlight, but ghostly and dull in the drizzle. Banking over the bends in the road he appeared to be going so slow that we never thought he would get to us.

The smoke was rising in great billows. He just couldn't miss seeing it. The roar of the engines was deafening, and when he flew over our heads and gave the age-old sign wagging his wings emotion filled our throats and we couldn't do a thing but watch this wonderful silver bird.

We were grateful that he had found these four miserable souls in the middle of nowhere, souls that were positive they had been forgotten by man and God.

FREE DROP

The pilot made a tight turn and on his next pass his speed was much slower. All eyes were lifted to the thrilling sight, and as he flew over our heads he dropped something out of the plane. Suddenly a little parachute opened and floated slowly down.

Tom retrieved the treasure and, to our amazement, it was attached to a can of Spam. There was a note tied to the 'chute, but before we read it we ate the can of meat. It was delicious.

What the pilot was thinking as we ate ravenously who knows, but he patiently circled. The note read, "Glad we found you, will return to Norman for supplies. If there is anything you require in medical aid the code card will explain how to spell out your needs."

While we read this note another 'chute came fluttering down. If we needed a stretcher or doctor, wave our arms. We didn't wave. Another pass and another little 'chute, we were getting a feed of Spam. This note asked us to stay where we were and not start walking.

Where would we walk to, I thought, or couldn't he see the bridge was out? Well, Les hadn't noticed it was gone and this fellow was busy.

He disappeared in the low cloud and returned for another pass and dropped another 'chute. We had been too busy eating Spam and reading notes to layout any messages, so he surmised all were well and said he would see us again soon. With a waggle of wings he shot upward, clawing for altitude.

The roar of the engines died to a low drone and the drone to silence. We were appalled by the stillness. What a glorious sound the plane had made.

Tom asked Chan if, when the plane returned, he wanted them to bring a doctor from Norman. Chan said no, there was nothing a doctor could do; he would have to get to a hospital. In spite of our joy at being found, Chan's illness was uppermost in our minds.

You never heard such eager speculation as the four of us conjured up. We would eat until we dropped. We would have a cigarette in each hand. What a glorious time for all.

The plane had just left and Whammy was already crying about what it would cost him. My God, I thought, all he thinks of is money. Only an hour ago he would have spent a million for an airplane. Well, he couldn't dampen our spirits now.

In one of the notes the pilot had written that there was a rescue party on the way from Norman Wells on foot. There would be five miners and a Mounted Policeman. If they needed anything spell it out in code and it would be flown out. We assumed the rescue party was close and should be along today.

When some of the excitement had died I noticed my attire. Lord, I better get some clothes on. Rushing back under the bridge I put on my well pressed slacks and starched shirt. I hugged our family and told them they would each get a steak real soon. I rushed back up to the road.

Chan was sadly looking at his blanket, what a mess it was, covered with mud and sticks and soaking wet. Chan had kept this blanket spotless the whole trip and now look at it. He grinned, and I helped him shake off some of the big hunks. It wasn't a very good drying day, but he draped it over the willows in hopes.

In little over an hour our wonder bird returned. We could hear the low drone of the engines throbbing in the distance. Suddenly he appeared, flying low and heading straight for us. He flew over and on his next approach a huge bundle fell out of the plane door. We watched it tumble toward the earth and when we expected a horrible crash a beautiful 'chute opened, settling a 45 gallon drum only 50 feet away. What a beautiful drop. It was perfect.

The pilot circled while we dove into the barrel. We must have been a sight from the air, like a bunch of chipmunks in a nut cache. When we finished our search and read the note the doctors' from Norman had written we were terribly disappointed. We were to have not one single morsel of solid food. Soup, cereal, medical supplies and instructions to eat slowly and lightly until our stomachs were in better condition. We unanimously agreed we were in fine shape and that what we needed was food, good solid food, and lots of it.

Our guardian was still circling and Tom quickly read the code card. "F" for food. There were yards and yards of cloth in the barrel on which to spell out the code, so Tom immediately set to building a huge letter F.

When the pilot made his pass and saw the huge F, he wagged his wings and headed for Norman Wells.

Whammy was still digging in the barrel, and with a whoop and a holler he appeared with two packs of cigarettes. Tom and Chan were making soup so Whammy and I thought we would relax and light up a tailor-made. What a shock. We coughed, choked, reeled around like drunks and fogged up like a couple of addicts. We had never dreamt the effects of tobacco on an empty stomach could be so violent. Never let it be said we were cured, though, our determination paid off, and we were soon puffing away like pros.

Smoking and drinking our soup, we again heard the low drone of our hero. A long, low pass and whoosh, another huge 'chute opened just above the ground. A perfect landing for a 45 gallon drum.

We loped over to have a peek. On top of the pile were the thickest, juiciest, most mouth-watering steaks you ever did see. Underneath were bacon and eggs, bread, butter, cans of fruit, vegetables and just everything you could name.

The pilot made another low pass and as our' heads popped up a tiny 'chute came floating down. He had written a note saying he had two more drops but they were Free.

We had little knowledge of the aviation lingo in those days so Whammy immediately assumed we wouldn't have to pay for this drop; it was on the house, kindness itself from a bighearted pilot.

So we stood and waited. Whammy was sauntering up the road when the plane roared overhead. In seconds, with a thud that shook the ground, a sack landed within 15 feet of Whammy. On target.

Whammy jumped 10 feet and we stood gawking at the bundle on the road, thinking maybe the chute hadn't opened. When we finally reached it there wasn't a chute attached. It was a big gunnysack full of meat and bones for the dogs. I was the happiest gal alive. I could kiss the thoughtful guy who remembered our wonderful dogs.

We saw an angel return and all of us scrambled off the road. We sure knew now what a 'free drop' was. Flying close enough to touch us, the door wide open, we saw a fellow push another bundle out of the plane, again an earth-shaking thud. This time it was books and magazines, also the latest papers. Wow! These fellows thought of everything!

Tom suddenly laughed, and then he spluttered, "*My God, we'll need a DC-3 to pack the stuff away.*" Funny, oh yes! Hilarious! My back ached at the thought. Even on a full belly Whammy and Chan might manage a package of soup.

We all waved as the "3" returned. He waggled his wings and headed for home. It's fantastic, I thought. We have been entertained, fed, inquired about and watched over without a word spoken. We didn't even know who they were.

I made a beeline under the bridge with all the meat I could carry. Our family was going to get the steak I promised them. They were so excited I thought they would wag in two. They were so busy and so hungry they forgot to growl at each other.

Relaxing around the fire, full of good food and content with the world, we allowed the miseries of the last few days to fade away. If only we could get Chan out all would be well.

Late in the afternoon the low drone could again be heard in the distance. We couldn't imagine what the pilot could have forgotten, unless it was a portable bathtub. We waited patiently until the great bird flew over our camp. The pilot tossed a small chute out the window. This time it was a message to tell us the ground party was only 10 miles away. With the familiar wag of his wings he headed for Norman.

The following is a copy of the note that was dropped from the aircraft, attached to a can of Spam, followed by a food drop. Jeanne says they ate the Spam and then read the note. This saga is not over yet, but at least there is hope again. – Sherron

Jeanne's writing on right side of the note reads: – note dropped to us by DAKOTA on Canol Rd rescue. On the left edge of this side is the balance of the message from the other side, see below – this reads: before repeating. The Tr. of Merthiolate is used where you would use iodine.

If you have been eating limited rations or have had no food at all then don't gorge yourselves. Eat small amounts at 2-3 hour intervals until stomach begins to feel comfortable. Start with the most digestible soups and for the first 18-24 hours lay off solid heavy food as meat bread etc. a small amount is O.K. but take it easy

In the 1st aid equipment there are a lot of nitroglycerin tablets. They are for anginal heart pain if necessary. Dissolve one tablet under tongue when necessary. Wait at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hr

(to be continued)

My Dad's Mementos of Hockey Championships, 1972

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

In 1972, my father **Leo Lortie**, was the equipment manager (as I recall) for two prominent Whitehorse hockey teams. In recognition of his hard work for these teams, he received a plaque and a trophy.

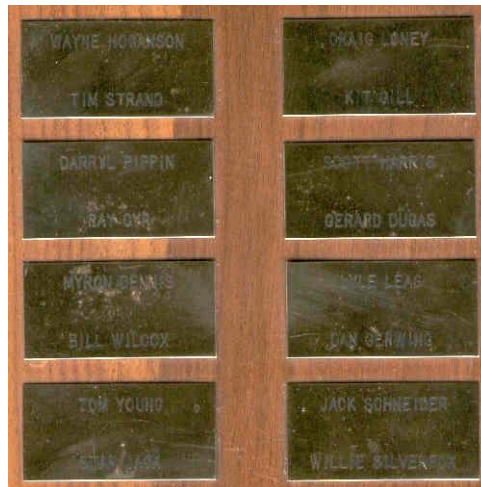
The plaque was presented to him by the **White Pass North Stars**.



The upper part of the plaque is engraved:

LEO LORTIE
"THANKS"
White Pass North Stars
1971 LEAGUE CHAMPIONS 1972

The lower part consists of eight plates engraved with the players' names. They are (down the left side): **Wayne Hoganson, Tim Strand, Darryl Pippin, Ray Cyr, Myron Dennis, Bill Wilcox, Tom Young, Stan Jack**. On the right: **Craig Loney, Kit Gill, Scott Harris, Gerard Dugas, Lyle Leas, Dan Gerwing, Jack Schneider, and Willie Silverfox**.



[I apologize for the poor quality of these images. The engraving is very fine, and my scanner just didn't do the job.]

My **dad** was also with the **Yukon Hockey Team at the Arctic Winter Games in 1972** at which **they won the Gold Medal**. Afterward, the team gave Dad this trophy.



There is a good amount of historical information about the **Arctic Winter Games** on the **CBC site** <http://archives.cbc.ca/IDC-1-41-1194-6703/sports/arcticgames/clip1>

The Cowards

(a true story)

by Karen Shaw kshaw*interchange.ubc.ca

"Mommy! Mommy!" cried The Little Ones as they burst through the cabin door. "The Big Boys are throwing rocks at us and calling us names!"

Drying their tears, The Mother responded, "Sit down, My Little Ones. No matter where you go ... in this tiny northern village or in the biggest city, there will always be Bullies. I cannot always be with you. Listen carefully, here's what you must do. Always stick together. Stick up for each other. Never cry. Never, never let them know you're afraid. Remember to hold your head up and keep calm. You have to go right back out there and let them know they can't push you around."

The Little Ones returned outside and decided to visit their friend at the end of the block. Halfway down the road they were surrounded by the Pack of Bullies.

"Back for more?" The Bullies' Leader sneered.

"The Cry Babies are back!" His Brother teased.

"Did you run to your mommy?" another bully challenged.

One Little One reached out and took the Other's hand.

"We want to see you run again. Run Cry Babies! Run Cry Babies!" the gang chanted. Suddenly, a stone whizzed through the air and grazed a Little One's arm. Hot tears welled up in the Little One's eyes. The grip was tightened on the Other's hand. Together, with measured steps, they held their heads up and continued down the road.

"Aw! You're no fun!" The Leader spat. "Let's find some other cry babies."

Buoyed by their victory, The Little Ones returned home to recount the incident to Their Mother.

Still, the terrorism continued. The Big Boys would attack the Little Ones but whenever The Little Ones stuck together and stood their ground, The Bullies gave up.

After one such encounter The Little Ones decided to ask the Leader's Mother for help. They plucked up their courage and knocked on her door. When the door was opened, a snarling dog stood beside The Woman.

"You have Bad Boys!" The Little Ones blurted.

Before they could continue, The Mother threw back her head and roared with laughter. "I let My Boys fight their own battles!" she shouted. "Now get out of here you, You Conniving Little Tattletales or I'll sic my dog on you!"

Totally defeated, The Little Ones retreated down the stairs. They could hear The Mother still laughing and the dog barking as they raced home.

When The Little Ones started school, the attacks got worse. Because there were few hours of daylight in the little northern village, the children had to walk home in pitch darkness. Choosing a new site each time, The Bullies would ambush and beat up any younger children who happened by.

When The Little Ones urged Their Mother to walk them home from school, she answered, "I can't do that. I have to make supper. You're not babies anymore."

When they pleaded with Their Father, he replied, "I can't do that. I can't leave my work. You're old enough to stick up for yourselves."

When they begged Their Teacher, she responded, "I can't do that. I have to finish my work and prepare for tomorrow. Once you leave the school grounds, you aren't my responsibility."

"We'll wait for you. We'll sit so quietly and read. You'll never know we're here. Besides, you go right by our place," they tried again.

"No. If I make an exception for you, I'll end up babysitting the whole town! Run along like the rest of The Kids," The teacher demanded.

The Little Ones had no choice but to brave The Darkness and Whatever else lurked there.

"Help! Help!" The Little Ones screamed as they burst into the cabin. "The Big Boys ... "

There was no need to explain. While blood gushed from One's nose, The Other's black eye was quickly swelling shut.

Immediately, The Mother began first aid. "Where are your jackets? And your boots?" she asked. "Where did this happen?"

Listening for the answer while he donned his parka and snow gear, without a word, The Father grabbed a flashlight and headed into the darkness and howling snow.

When he returned with their winter apparel, the freshly bathed Little Ones were bundled in

layers of blankets and nursing their wounds with cups of steaming cocoa.

"I am so sorry, My Little Ones," The Father said through tears. "I feel I've let you down. I never wanted My Children to be fighters. I'd hoped you'd learn better ways to settle your childish squabbles." The Father took a deep breath and cleared his throat before continuing. " ... but taking your coats and making you walk home barefoot is going too far! You don't have to take this anymore. Here's what you must do."

Both Little Ones listened intently.

"You already know about sticking together; now you have to learn to fight back. The next time Those Boys threaten you, look around and pick up the closest thing. It can be a rock, or a stick, whatever. Wave it over your head and say in your bravest voice, 'You come one step closer and I'll hit You with this!' Those Bullies might test you. Once you've given the challenge you can't change your mind or they'll beat you up worse than ever and never let you forget it! You have to carry through with your threat."

A few days later as The Little Ones returned from school, The Bullies surrounded them.

"Back for more?" The Leader sneered.

The Little Ones looked around. There were no rocks. There were no sticks. Everything was covered in a deep layer of snow! One Little One spotted a Coke bottle and immediately seized it. Flinging it high overhead, The Little One exclaimed, "You take one step closer and I'll crack this over your head! Who wants to be first?"

"You grab the bottle," The Leader ordered His Brother.

"Not me! You get it!" The Brother protested.

Each of the gang echoed The Brother's response as one by one they disappeared.

Flinging the Coke bottle high overhead once more, The Little Ones re-enacted the incident for Their Parents at supper. The Mother laughed. The Father cheered when he heard how each Bully refused to follow Their Leader.

There was a sharp knock at the door before The Boys' Dad stormed into the cabin.

"What's this I hear about Your Kids going after My Boys with a broken beer bottle?!" he blurted. "I demand you put a stop to this immediately!" he hurled at The Father.

"A broken beer bottle?" The Father questioned. "Would you like to see it?"

At Their Father's request, The Little Ones reluctantly acted out the scenario again.

Noticing the black eye, bruises and cuts, The Boys' Dad asked for details.

"Your Sons have been terrorizing My Children for years. When they made them walk home barefoot without their jackets the other night I realized it was time for a change. I've decided to let My Kids fight their own battles."

New anger flared in The Boys' Dad's eyes as he swallowed hard. "My Boys won't give you any more trouble," he promised as he returned to the night.

Watching The Man disappear, The Father turned back to the supper table. "My Children, I am so proud of you! Do you see what your courage has done? I could have stuck up for you but Those Boys would have just waited until my back was turned. Did you notice they couldn't tell Their Dad the truth? They invented the broken beer bottle rather than admit their fear. All bullies are cowards." Taking The Little Ones in his arms he repeated, "Yes. I am so proud of you, My Daughters, so proud."

*** Dedicated to the memory of The One who held my hand ***

If you haven't tried Alf Bilton's site here is another chance and listen to him recite this poem. <http://www.polarcom.com/~abilton/>

Trails North Advisory by Alf Bilton

Some folks are brought up on hot dogs while others are raised on pat . (Looks kinda like gunk from raw wiener, squished an' the skin thrown away). Things got ugly when they intermingled, right here on the infamous day, When a new kitchen crew, acting haughty, looked like huffing our coffee away.

That new Canuck cook an' his pearl-diving buddy, a Yank, both aspiring grace, In the kitchen conspired to risk being fired, just to upgrade the 'class' of the place.

.....

We're a red-necked bunch that show up for lunch at the old Trails North cafe; We like whiskey served neat, an' our waitresses sweet, an' coffee just made the old way. Those you don't mess around, when the boys are in town, or else there'll be Hell to pay. But that new kitchen crew seemed to miss every clue, an' decided to serve us Latt .

Though the waitress did try, to warn the new guys, she just couldn't and finally flew; So, she wasn't there when that devious pair tried to launch the new milk-sotted brew. Well, the pearl-diver served ... an' every head swerved, as a hush fell across the whole room.

The concentrate glare curdled milk everywhere. Too late then, he recognized doom.

We'd two outriggers slung, an' the hangin' rope strung, an' was fetchin' that miscreant pair; When old Sergeant McPhee, of the R.C.M.P. bellowed, "Boys, you'd better take care!" "Though I fully agree, such a dastardly deed rates a hangin', right now an' right here; If we hang 'em high, don't be thinking just I, will do paperwork all of next year."

"There are dudes 'way out East, pants neatly creased, pulpin' forests for forms that we'll fill, I'll just bet what you wish, we'll have no time to fish, or to hunt, or to ski-do the hills. Though no judge in this land wouldn't quite understand, what we're doin' needs doin'; there's still All those forms to fill out, hangin' even one lout. But, you boys just do what you will."

Well, that did give us pause, for though not fearing laws, we all had a common worst dread. There was not a man there wouldn't pick grizzly bear, over paperwork, to loom o'er his head. The discussion commenced; for though everyone sensed that justice must somehow be done, We'd be victims again if this durned hangin' led, to our loss of a whole year of fun.

Then the Sergeant proposed, "Do you boys suppose, that a warnin' might better suffice;
Somethin' else hung on high, warnin' those who might try, such crimes have a pretty stiff
price?"

In the end, what we hung was neither durned one; that pair was turned loose on the nation.
We hung two flags you see. It's called 'effigy'. One Canuck, an' one of Yankee persuasion.

Now some other stops too, hang that warnin' for you, up an' down the Alaska Highway.
Where the two flags you see, you can even get tea, but ... it's best you don't mention Latté.

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A TRIBUTE TO THE FOUR MURDERED MOUNTIES

Sherron, You may wish to print this.

Pat King patkingis@shaw.ca (formerly RCMP)

Below is a poem by policemen about the 4 murdered Mounties.

As four Mounties stood and faced their Maker,
Which most sadly comes to pass,
They bowed down to see their boots were shining,
Just like their first academy class.

"Step forward now, young Constables
How shall I deal with all of you?
Have you turned the other cheek down there?
Or have you all been true blue through and through?"

The first Constable, with squared shoulders,
Said "No sir, I guess I ain't,
Because those of us who carry such weighty badges
Can't always live like Saints."

The second confessed he'd worked most Sundays
And that at times his talk was rough,
And that to control such senseless violence,
Sometimes words were not enough.

The third confessed he'd never took a penny,
That wasn't his to keep,
Though he'd worked a lot of overtime
When the bills just got too steep.

The last Constable stated that he never passed a cry for help
Though inside he had occasionally shook with fear,

"And once," he said quite meekly,
"I've wept unmanly tears."

The Constables all agreed together, that they were not sure
If they deserved to rest amongst the best,
Because their life had been one of serving,
And so they were used to having less.

"But if you do have a place for us here,
Well...it need not be too grand,
We don't expect, nor have had too much
So if you don't...we understand."

There was silence throughout all of heaven
While the Saints nodded together as they stood,
And the Constables stood quietly shoulder to shoulder,
For their final judgment...bad or good.

"Step forward young police Constables,
You have borne your burdens well,
Come walk a beat on Heaven's streets;
You've done your time in Hell."

It appears this poem was written by Detective Larry Wieda, Boulder Police, Colorado and Constable Ian Barraclough, Vancouver Police, Canada. That gives us some indication of how the Police Universe pulls together.

Pat King

THOMPSON WEDDING PHOTO & NEW ADDITION

The Thompson Wedding - There was a W.W. "Tommy" Thompson in the early fifties. I remember the name very well but I can't recall whether he was still there at the time I arrived or if he had just transferred out. I talked to my friend Harry and he remembers Tommy being there when he arrived a year or so before me. I think he is currently living in the Kamloops or Kelowna area, and would probably be in his early 80's by now. This info is not very precise but may be of some help.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Other former members Pat King and Ed Ard also took a stab at identifying this photo. Thanks to all of you for the contacts you made in playing detective.- Sherron

Further checking by some detective types brought a possible telephone number so I phoned and found Mr. and Mrs. Thompson married Nov. 25, 1947 in the old log church some 58

years ago alive and well and on e-mail. As we talked Tom recalled some of the others in that photo who were the honor guard, Bud Harrison, George Lawrence, Vickerman, Brabant.

Tom also reminisced about many in the aviation field and told me he was one of the ones that carried George Milne off the mountain.

Tom seems to have a vivid recollection of his years in Whitehorse which lasted until 1954. I am sure if you were there when he was there you will find lots to talk about. He too remembers times at the Army Officers Mess. He also indicated he is in touch with several others from that era.

I have sent along the last message giving him access to the MocTels and hoping he will be in touch soon. If not and you wish to contact him, his address is mactom@shaw.ca and he is in the lower mainland. – Sherron

(New Addition)

Hi Sherron We would be pleased to be added to your e-mail list.

Received your interesting mail re George Milne and regret to say that I was delegated to investigate and remove Milne and passengers from the crash site. Will relate more about the trip at a later date. [also regarding the banana]

Respecting your 2nd e mail - sorry to say that I have never heard of Heels & Heroes, at least not in the Yukon. Re the 1948 saga - you must be referring to a pretty red head by the name of Jean Connolly, who operated a lodge at Ross River. Very interesting. Looking forward to your future e-mails.

Best regards, Maxine & Tom Thompson

DOES ANYONE HAVE A REMEDY

Do any of your readers have good remedies for cracks or fissures that occur on the fingers due to dry skin and cold weather and dry heat? Wondered if this was a problem in the Yukon during the winter? We've tried all the usual skin creams and moisturizers but nothing seems to prevent them and they are so painful! Sometimes home remedies are more successful than "store" ones. Stay warm and healthy!

Marilyn (Gropstis) Chase cmchase1@verizon.net (In New York)

GOLF CLUB SIGN

This is nothing to do with Yukon except that I suggest the Whitehorse Golf Club try this. – Bill Buchan

Beside the first tee at Spey Bay Golf Club in North East Scotland there is the following notice:

Any person (except players) caught collecting golf balls on this course will be prosecuted and have their balls removed.

BLIND TASTE TEST

At a very jolly party / dance at the Army Officer's Mess (in Whitehorse) in 1952. There was a competition to diagnose drinks while blind folded. This was held up on the stage.

The only person who could detect the difference between Scotch, Rye, Gin, Rum and Gingerale was the Army nurse!

Bill Buchan wrbuchan@shaw.ca (In Cobble Hill BC)

CLARENCE TINGLEY'S DC-4 STORY

We continue to enjoy the Moctel. Clarence Tingley's tale of GNA's DC-4 was of particular interest. I hadn't seen that picture before. After Great Northern's bankruptcy in October 1970 that airplane (registration CF-GNI) went to Eldorado Nuclear, in Edmonton. Eldorado replaced their DC-4's in the early 80's with B737. It then operated out of Toronto, primarily hauling auto parts, for four or five years, ironically returning to Whitehorse for Air North. It was written off in northern B.C. in the mid 90.s with Air North.

Please say hello to Jeanne Harbottle for us. That was quite the trek along the Canol!

Joe Redmond yukon43@telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)

Feel free to use the DC-4 info. I contacted Clarence recently and plan to look him up this summer. Haven't seen him in 30+ yrs.!

Joe

MOCTEL APPRECIATED

Hi Sherron Moctel has been a success because of your efforts and I am sure it is going to gain in popularity even more. Because of you I have been able to renew acquaintances with old friends and assure myself that others are alive and well. Through your pages I have been able to recapture a lot of the spirit of the Yukon that I thought I had lost forever.

I have been working on a fiction novel that takes place in the Yukon in the early seventies, through your readers contributions I have regained some of my memories and incorporated them in my story.

Maybe someday I will be able to tell you that my story is published and when I do it will be with gratitude for your Moc Tel.

Thanks Sherron, Michael Bellamy airmail*telusplanet.net (In Edmonton)

I asked Michael if I could share his message so that you too can see the benefit of your submissions to the Moccasin Telegraph. We can also look forward to eventually reading his novel. – Sherron

GILLIAN CAMPBELL IS HEADING TO DAWSON

Hello Sherron..... Just to let you know. I AM SO EXCITED....I have been asked to go to Dawson City to entertain at the Dog Sledding Competitions..International as well....so we are unable to go to the Yukon Ball....I am disappointed but I cant lose a chance to go to my Beloved Yukon.. Dawson City Taboot.....I am thrilled.

Edward, Richard, Jason and Bill are going to come...Piano Bass and Drums....and we will be staying at Bombay Peggy's. Another Thrill.....I am so sorry that we will miss the Banquet...but there's always next year God Willing.

So Please feel Free to tell the world we are coming...Have to pinch myself.. Love Gillian gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca

Lucky you, can we jump in your trunk? Have a great time Gillian and Dawson go out and see our dear friend Gillian (Klondike Kate) Campbell. – Sherron

OBIT

Hi Sherron - I believe that many on the Moc-Tel list will be sad to hear that Alma Hamilton died on January 11th last. Alma was the last of the 4 Caddy sisters - Marj, Doris, Alma and Edie. They as children moved with their Mother and Father to Whitehorse in 1929 - Alma married Bill Hamilton who went to Whitehorse in 1943 as a teller for the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in 1947. Bill subsequently joined the White Pass - Alma worked for Stu MacPherson in the Drug Store. They left the Yukon in 1954 - Bill having been appointed the first Manager of the White Pass Ocean Division which was headquartered in North Vancouver.

Kindest regards to you and Bill. 'Dick' Sladden dsladden*telus.net (In Vancouver)

FRANK KOVAC

MAY 17, 1921-MARCH 5, 2005

Frank Kovac was born in Ft. William, Ontario May 17, 1921.

Frank died peacefully in his sleep March 5, 2005.

Frank met the love of his life in 1949, Arleen McKecknie, and they were married May 7, 1951. They moved to the Yukon in 1952.

Frank leaves to mourn his loving wife Arleen, children Kim (Jill) Leigh & Scott, Whitehorse, Diane (Ken) Essery, Brooke of Castlegar & Jeremy of Whitehorse, Michael (Kelly) Lindsay & Haley of Edmonton. 2 sisters in Ontario, many other relatives and a great many friends.

He will be dearly missed by all who knew him.

Submitted by Shirley Keobke mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net (At Marsh Lake, Yukon)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I NOW HAVE A NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS AS OF TODAY, IT IS:

Lschrom*houston.rr.com

Lorraine M. Schrom

REMOVED FROM LIST

I reluctantly ask this, but please unsubscribe us. Bob died on the 7th of January and I have to make some changes, I guess this being one.

Lynn Marion

MARION, Robert & Lynn rmarion*self-serv.net (Father in Yukon 1902-46 on Sternwheelers) North Bend WA (*Honorary Member of MocTel list*)

Hi Sherron, I am quite busy with work and the farm, and don't always get a chance to read this, so please delete me from MocTel. What a great venture you have created. All the best, Karen Heiberg, Horse Play Farm, Vernon
HEIBERG, Karen (formerly BOYLAN) horseplay*junction.net (In Whitehorse 1971 – 1982) (250) 260-3225 Vernon

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Do for others with no desire of returned favors. We all should plant some trees we'll never sit under.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Sherron, I just got caught up on the last 2 MocTels. I had read *Heels and Heroes* in each, until today. Had to drop everything and phone Dad half way through 103 to let him know that "Young Alec" McCarter had died. Not unexpected but I knew that Dad was due to call Young Alec. That will teach me to let issues pile up!

Someone who knows the story better than I should tell you why an 86 year old college professor gets called "Young Alec".

I have been mulling over two ideas for a while. The first I am just "running up the flag pole". The second, I am submitting as a work in progress.

Because MocTel subscribers come from widely different eras in the Yukon, I thought it might be interesting to share who were "the people in our neighbourhood" at a particular time in our Yukon life.

Many of the recipes in MocTel have sparked memories for me. I thought I might share some memories associated with recipes from the July, 1962 edition of *The Yukon Gold Rush Festival Star Cookbook*. I admit to changing the wording a bit in some where directions were less than clear. I hope I have not made any mistakes in the ingredients, however.

Elizabeth Grant's pancake recipe was a feature of Sunday mornings for generations of kid visiting the Hoggans'. 'Poppop' (Johnny Hoggan) didn't just make pancakes. He made pancake animals with stories to go with them. Then you had to decide what part of your animal you would eat first.

2 eggs
2 cups milk (made from Klim, of course)
2 cups bread flour
pinch salt
1 tbsp. sugar
3 tsp. baking powder
2 tbsp. melted butter

Beat egg yolks; add milk. Then flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder, which have been sifted together. Beat well and add melted butter. Then add the egg whites which have been stiffly beaten. Bake on hot griddle.

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)