

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 106th Edition – March 27, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Candle Ice

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

OUR FALLEN HEROES

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)

I had a dream the other night,
While safe at home in bed.
I saw four young men passing,
In their brilliant coats of red.
They were riding jet-black horses,
And went streaming through the sky,
While far off in the distance
I could hear the people cry.

As the riders passed before me,
I was summoned from my bed,
And I watched as they saluted,
Then one turned to me and said,
“We have tried to do our duty,
We have stood the final test,
Now to you we pass the banner,
Hold it high and do your best.”

“We have stood to serve our country,
Took the blows and bore the pain,
Now we offer you the challenge,
Let our deaths be not in vain.
Do not let the force of evil
Win the battle that we’ve fought,
Lest all who’ve gone before us
Were sacrificed for naught.”

Then I wakened in the confines
Of my comfortable domain.
And I thought of four young Mounties,
Who so recently were slain,
I thank my God for men like those,
Who walk the streets alone,
That we may sleep in peace tonight,
In the safety of our home.

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"This one has been difficult to write since we old police types seem to be joined at the hip for life after finishing training, however I just felt like writing something.
GB"



In remembrance of the four members in Mayerthorpe Alberta.
A painting that has been done as a Memorial to our four slain RCMP officers.
Fwd by Elwood & Marion Lyle who rec'd from friends in AB.

HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

Copyright belongs to Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, BC

THE RESCUE

"Ten miles," mused T.O. "Well, they should be here in about three hours. I guess I'll go back across the river and string up the bedsprings. We can cross in the morning."

Whammy and Chan looked at Tom, speechless. He hadn't told them he had gone across on the cable last night. Now Whammy thought he was crazy. There was a rescue party coming, let them do it, after all that is what he was paying them for.

Tom ignored Whammy. I knew he was thinking of Chan, and the quicker he got medical aid the better, if Tom could hurry it along, so much the better. I didn't like the idea but he had already made it on an empty stomach. I guess he could do better on a full tummy.

We watched him swing and sway across the cable. I thought he would never get to the opposite shore. When he just hung, getting his wind, I was sure he had played out and couldn't go any further. Finally, after eons, his feet touched the ground and I breathed again. Lord, I had been so scared for so long I wondered how the normal folk live.

It was getting dark when Tom finally returned on his sling. He had a bedspring hung on two pulleys and he pulled the spring across the cable by hand. His arms would be six inches longer if he kept this up.

While sitting around the fire chewing the fat we were startled to hear a loud *"Hello!, anyone over there? Hello!."*

Tom jumped up and fired the rifle twice. The voices yelled back, *"Got any grub over there??"* I don't know how they figured on getting it, they surely couldn't swim for it and they didn't know Tom had a sling on the cable. They wouldn't even know there was a cable it was so dark.

Tom yelled back, *"Yeah, I'll bring some over."* And with that he gathered up a pile of vittles and headed for the cable.

Whammy, Chan and I waited patiently. He was gone for so long we were going crazy wondering what had happened. Maybe he was stuck in the middle of the cable. Horrible thought, but then I was getting used to horrible thoughts.



Sitting on the remains of the Little Keele River Bridge where plane found us.

Tom Connolly, Jim Chase & Chan Wilson

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle. (photo not clear but proves the point.)

Tom eventually returned and told us the rescue party had just been rescued. Now who is crazy? Ironic, yes but true.

It seems they had been out of grub for two days. One of the miners had run a spike into his foot and they had to leave him at camp 31 in Do Do Canyon. They were glad to hear that we weren't stretcher cases; they would get back to their wounded buddy quicker than planned.

"*Stretcher cases?*" We all shouted in unison. Tom grinned, saying, "*It seems our friend Les told them we were starved and sick.*" I just groaned.

"*The Mountie told me,*" he continued, "*that they found Les 18 miles from Camp 9. He had collapsed on the road. They had him in the hospital for shock and exposure. When he told them there were three more men and a woman collapsed on the road every miner at Norman volunteered to walk in and pack us out.*"

We couldn't believe our ears. It seemed the first 28 miles of the Canol Road from Norman Wells is still maintained and patrolled by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was on a routine patrol they found Les. Nobody had ever heard of us, or that anyone was on the Canol. Brother, I thought, Whammy and Chan would have a stroke. The Mountie, told Tom it was compulsory to notify the R.C.M.P. in both the Yukon and Northwest Territories of any plans to venture on the Canol Road.

The air was blue. What Whammy and Chan weren't going to do when they got out of this mess. I could picture Les hanging by a rope, his bosses keeping him company.

I bade them all good night. The day had been wild and exciting and terrifying. Crawling down the bank in the dark I could hear our family whimpering. They could hardly wait to see me. Giving each of them a hug and feeling their full tummies, I snuggled into my wet robe and died.

It was a brisk, cool, frosty morning when I peeked out of my robe. Chee Chee growled at being disturbed and I laughed. Sam and Jeep were on the end of their chains, wagging from head to tail.

Tom was gone, so I struggled out of the kip and up to the road. The men were gathered around a roaring fire drinking coffee. The aroma was wonderful. "Well," I said, "*what will it be, steak and eggs or bacon and eggs?*" Some sadist answered, "*Both* "

So we had both.

After breakfast Tom took a load across the river while the rest of us packed the gear. We really had a pile of stuff. The rescue party was stirring around across the river and we were anxious to meet them.

By the time Tom had crossed most of our gear and was ready for me the day was well along. Chan had gone early in the morning but it was slow, hard work. The pulleys didn't slide very easily on the rusty cable. How Tom kept it up I'll never know.

Chan had taken Jeep, Whammy had taken Major and I was to take Sam and Chee Chee. When Tom got the spring loaded and called for me I nearly balked. The load looked tremendous and Sam had most of the room. So with my heart in my mouth I crawled aboard the ferry. I mumbled something about after all this I hope I don't get dumped in the river and break my neck. It was 75 feet to the water. However, my remark was ignored, as I suspected it would be. Tom was busy and tired but I glared at him anyway.

We chatted like monkeys when I met the ground crew. I was immediately appointed chief cook and bottle washer, but it was better than not having anything to cook.

One of the miners was a first class mechanic and operator so he was busy examining the cat. The Mountie was a young blonde fellow, not over 25, who had been stationed in Norman for a year. The following winter we heard he was in the hospital in Edmonton. While driving his dogs in 50 below weather his lungs were frostbitten.

The mechanic finally found the trouble with the cat. A piston had gone thru the cylinder wall. He was not to be daunted by such a minor thing, ha. Filling the hole with an old mattress, he fired up the starting engine and in short order had the cat coughing and spitting to life. The men hooked an old sleigh to the cat and we were in business.

Loading the gear and the bodies on the sleigh we headed for Norman Wells and civilization.

The grinding of the steel runners on the gravel and the slow pace of the cat drove Tom and me wild. We jumped off and started walking and two of the miners joined us.

It was the first time since we lost the jeep that I really enjoyed walking. I drank in the beautiful scenery. The peaks rose high and rugged, covered with the first snow. Fifty miles away was the mighty Mackenzie River. I could hardly wait to see it.

Tom and I were still walking ahead of the cat and we saw a fellow walking toward us. When he joined us he said he was from Norman. He was an Indian and a fine looking man. He was telling Tom that he and a friend had been hunting sheep on top of the mountain two or three days earlier when he saw the airplane that found us. While they were up there they had been bombed. We waited, thinking he was scared by the wheetigo (Indian witches). He went on, saying that a small plane had flown over them and threw something out. When it hit the ground it had exploded. They investigated and in the sack of food was a box of matches. This was also a free drop, so when it hit the ground something had to give. They never saw the plane again.

While Tom and the Indian talked I watched him walk. I had never seen anyone float over the country the way he did. He didn't walk on the road but off to the side in the buck brush, and every step was like he had springs on his feet.

Tom looked at me and said, "*See you in camp, Mrs. T.O., we are going sheep hunting.*" Tom loved to hunt sheep and in a strange country he would be in seventh heaven. I watched them literally lope up the mountain, thinking to myself, what's a few more mountains or miles to a bushman?

I was walking alone now and Whammy decided to join me. He was getting cold on the cat. Chee Chee had gone with Tom, but Major snuffled along with us. It was late in the afternoon as we headed down from the summit and toward Do Do Canyon. Whammy asked me why I didn't ride. I told him I enjoyed walking and it was too noisy on the cat. I couldn't stand the racket and it was too slow. He mumbled under his breath that I was crazy.

Walking along and talking, Whammy was getting some circulation back in his bones. The cat was a half-mile behind us and we could hear the rumble of the tracks on the road.

DO DO CANYON

I was telling Whammy how the American Army had hauled in every pebble to build this part of the road. Then, every spring, it was washed out with flash floods. One spring the mail truck was caught in one of the floods. The driver and his passenger couldn't go anywhere, so they stood on the cab and barely escaped being washed away. The water

rushed over the hood of the truck and soaked the mail. There wasn't much of the road visible where we were walking.

Whammy agreed the engineering was impressive, saying, "If that cat doesn't end up on the rollers after scraping over this stuff, we will be lucky."

The steady drone of a thousand horses drowned out the rumble of the cat. Our flying guardian had returned but, not expecting to see a cat on the road, flew over us and headed for the Keele River. In a matter of minutes he was back, flying on the deck, banking every curve, looking for his wards. Every time I saw this beautiful plane it was a thrill. He spotted the cat, climbed for altitude, made a tight turn, and, pulling off power, soared over us dropping another small chute.

The pilot was glad to see we had transportation and were on our way to Norman. If we needed anything for the cat let him know. He could fly out anything from filters to tracks. The operator was quite happy with the way the cat was operating and didn't think he would need anything. If all was well, then, would we wave. So on the next pass 20 arms flew in the air waving frantically. With a waggle of wings the mighty bird climbed into the blue.

I thought Whammy would strangle. "Boy," he said, "is this costing." I couldn't help but laugh poor Whammy and his badly bent pocket book. With a full stomach and transportation his tune had sure changed.

The sun was low and the canyon walls loomed above us. Whammy puffed along beside me. Suddenly he stopped, put his hands on his hips, and yelled, "*Dammit, woman, do you have to run?*" It was so unexpected I just howled. I was only walking my normal speed. Giving up in disgust he waited for the cat.

Do Do Canyon was weird. Long pinnacles of sandstone balanced precariously thousands of feet high. Fantastic shaped shadows covered the canyon floor, creeping up the canyon wall as darkness descended. A small river crossed and re-crossed the valley, cutting a deep shimmering necklace from wall to wall.

The sound of the cat had died in the distance. I was walking faster, wondering where I was and how far it was to camp. It would be a hairy walk in the dark.

Major snuffled along at my heels plunging in and out of the creek having a ball. Running up beside me and shaking his energetic little carcass. I didn't need any second hand water, I was getting my share slipping and sliding over the rocks.

I thought that maybe I should wait for the cat, but it would be a long time reaching me and I would freeze if I stopped. Thoughts tumbled thru my head. What if I met a bear? I didn't have a rifle. If the creek was too wide and deep to wade, what would I do? I

couldn't build a fire and dry out. There was nothing but rock and water and sheer walls reaching to the heavens. Very little of the road remained and it was tough going.

I raised my eyes to the weird fingers leaning over the valley and thought, one of them could easily be shaken loose from the vibration of the cat, and it would fall on me. My speed increased. Every few yards I had to wade the creek again. In some places it was above my knees.

I felt so alone in this fantastic world of rock. The sky was getting darker and darker; I was walking faster and faster, horrible thoughts running thru my tortured mind. The canyon was narrow in many places and close to a mile wide in others; it was like being squeezed in a subway. What if I fell in the creek and hit my head on a rock, nobody would ever find me.

Major was as happy as though in his right mind and I could have kicked him. I seemed to be wading in and out of water every 10 feet. Darkness came swiftly in the canyon and I was petrified. "I stumbled on rocks and tripped over my own feet. Slipping and nearly going down in the water had me numb with fear. How many more miles and how many more times would I have to cross this mad, tumbling, bubbling creek that was trying to drown me? I was beginning to hate water and there was nothing beautiful about Do Do Canyon now.

My legs were getting weary and my chin was resting on my chest. I could hardly see the ground and only knew I was walking to my doom. Finally, picking my chin off my chest and looking into the distance, I could see a small light. Well, I thought, this is it: hallucinations. Next thing I'll think I'm on the hot sands of the Death Valley. As I slipped, stumbled and cursed my way over the rocks the light got bigger and brighter, it must be the camp.

Running as best I could, with Major bounding alongside, we made a beeline for the light. When we approached the building we didn't even slow down but burst thru the door like we had been sent for.

Lying on the bed with a huge bandage on his foot was a man I had never seen before. A pot of coffee was brewing on the stove and Tom and his newfound friend were butchering a nice ram. What a wonderful sight.

Nonchalantly I took off my jacket and poured a cup of coffee. The wounded miner was somewhat amazed to see a woman barge in alone.

The Indian turned to Tom. "*This your woman?*" he said. Tom nodded and the native remarked, "*She sure walk good.*" Tom grinned. Little did they know it was the longest, most terrifying walk I had ever taken.

The coffee tasted wonderful, and slowly I forgot the agony I had gone thru and thought how nice it is to be with people.

We could hear the rumble of the cat echoing along the canyon walls long before it reached the yard. Tom put on another huge pot of coffee and I started frying sheep steaks. What a treat, good food, shelter and friends.

When the door opened and the bodies poured in they were numb with cold. Whammy was vibrating from one end to the other. "*You should have stayed with me, Whammy,*" I said jokingly.

Chan looked terrible, he was so tired, but it looked like the rescue had done more harm than good. He was completely exhausted and had difficulty getting his breath. Poor devil, we felt so helpless.

Everyone was drinking coffee and yakking up a storm. When dinner was ready we ate like we were still starved. Our new friend was thrilled to see everyone. He said his foot was pretty sore and hard to get around on, but when we looked at it, it was healing well and was not infected. Lucky we had the cat, he could ride home.

I took our pups a great feed of meat. They had ridden on the sleigh all the way and were happy to see me. Sam's feet were pretty sore, poor fellow. Thank goodness they wouldn't have to pack any more this trip.

How wonderful to stretch out in my robe. The day had been long and exciting. Only one more day and it would be all over. "*The Lord will provide.*"

(To be continued)

TEN BOOKS LEFT

I am returning ten copies of **Jack McCallum's** book – **Old Bold Pilot, Flying the North**. We took them to Vancouver in case anyone wanted one only to find out it is not encouraged to sell at the event. So if anyone is still interested contact Mark or Sheri at Hummingbird Press Box 1089 Sicamous, BC VOE 2VO or 250-836-4486. The price for a copy shipped within Canada is \$25.00 and make your cheque payable to Jack McCallum.

FOR DRY SKIN

I have found the best remedy for cracked/dry skin (on feet especially) is good old Vaseline - remember how we kept our kids' behinds from getting diaper rash!!

I rub some of that on the soles of my feet every day before putting on my socks. Seems to help somewhat.

Joyce Bachli [megareporting*klondiker.com](mailto:megareporting@klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS BEARD CONTEST

In your 102nd edition there was a picture of Al Oster. There was a quote referring to his beard growing ability during the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous “I was pretty wooly compared to Rolf Hougen’s display at the time. His beard was awful. A little patch here and a little patch there was almost an exaggeration”

Well, Al’s memory is questionable. I was a prize winner. I’m enclosing two photos as verification. The first one shows Brigadier General Bob Jones, Commander of the Northwest Highway System measuring my beard with Bill Walker of Northern Commercial looking on. The second one shows Fred Collins, Commissioner of the Yukon, making the prize presentation to Rolf Hougen for the “most unique beard” with Jack Worsell observing. So there Al, at least I was a prize winner.

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



Brigadier General Bob Jones, Commander of the Northwest Highway System measuring my beard with **Bill Walker** of Northern Commercial looking on.



Fred Collins, Commissioner of the Yukon, making the prize presentation to Rolf Hougen for the “most unique beard” with Jack Worsell observing.

BEARD GROWING

In response to Rolf's beard notoriety. I surrender peacefully. I agree his beard may be "unique", although somewhat short of marvelous. It's better than mine and deserves recognition it's plain to see. Anybody can tell at a glance there is a superior beard structure somewhere in there ---- compared to my growth that is. I never even came close to winning anything, but I did get put in the "Keystone" jail lockup on Main Street for my meagre-growth beard growing effort, and it cost me a buck to get out, almost froze too, and I received an oversized orange colored button that says "Beardless Sourdough", which is nearly as good as "Unique". Hey what so!! . Those are the memorable, precious events and days that make up "My Book of Yukon Memories". Unforgettable !!. Lots of "uniqueness" too.

"Cheechako's Beard"

Al Oster [alosteryukon*jetstream.net](mailto:alosteryukon@jetstream.net) (In Salmon Arm BC)

YUKON WEBSITE

<http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/carcross/>

I found this in my favorites, forgot all about it. It is beautiful.

Merna Hensley terrtor_1@hotmail.com (In Ohio)

THOMPSON WEDDING 1947

Here is another photograph from 1947 of the RCMP Thompson wedding. Overseeing the signing of the book is Rev. Chappel of the Anglican Church. I took the photographs.

Regards, Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com



**Mr. & Mrs. W.W. 'Tommy' Thompson Wedding, Nov 25, 1947,
Rev. Chappel officiating.**

Photo courtesy of Wedding Photographer Rolf Hougen. marg*hougens.com (In Whse)

That was kind of Rolf Hougen to forward our wedding pictures. I always admired Rolf for being such an adventurous business person and for staying the course, and improving living conditions in the Yukon. The church photo is of Cst. Ray 'Brick' Bradford, Sgt. Reg Kent, Bell Lethbridge, myself, canon Chappel and my lovely new wife Maxine.

Tom Thompson mactom*shaw.ca (In Surrey)

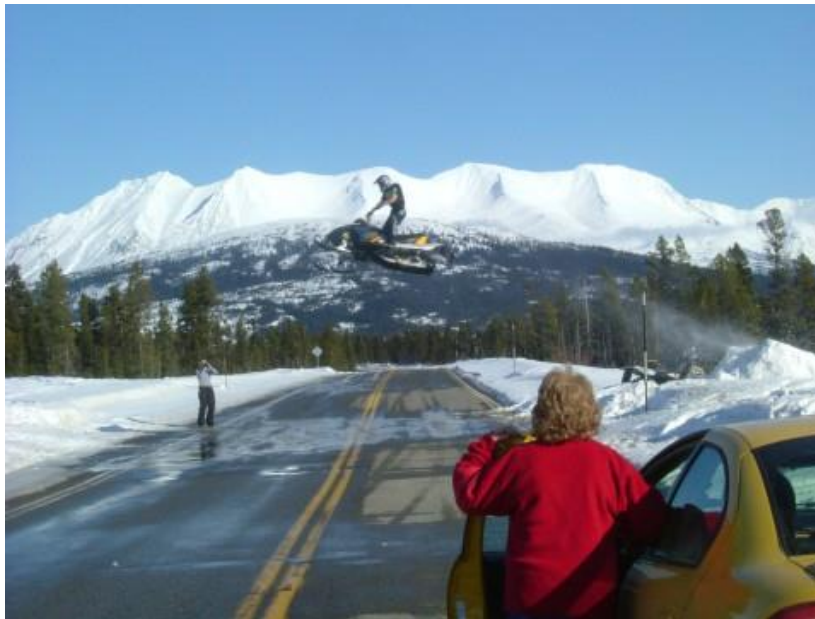
CAN YOU HELP WITH INFORMATION

Sherron, would you please insert the following into an issue of Moccasin Telegraph:

Peggy D'Orsay, Yukon Archives Librarian, Lillian Nakamura Maguire of the Yukon Human Rights Commission and Charlotte Hrenchuck of the Yukon Status of Women Council are seeking information for an updated biography of Lucille Hunter and her family (her husband, Charles, daughter Teslin (Teslina) and grandson Buster (Carl)). The information gathered will be used in a Black History exhibit profiling Black Yukoners who lived or worked in the Yukon from 1897 to the present day.

Please forward responses to: peggy.dorsay@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

EXTREME OUTDOOR SPORTS ?



Skagway Summit – March 13, 2005

Yesterday I was skiing on the Skagway Summit. ... A beautiful day as is evident in these pictures. .. some pictures we took of kids hot-dogging on snow machines. They looked like they were having a lot of fun. Taken in B.C. The jumpers were at Log Cabin.

My friend took the pictures. We were skiing on Sunday, March 13th, 2005, on the Father Mouchet Trail which was quite slick. Beautiful day though.

Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

GILLIAN CAMPBELL IN DAWSON

I would like to pass on a note to say how wonderful it was to see Gillian and the boys after so many years.

Gillian is made for this role or the role was made for Gillian. I have never seen anybody that can get the audience involved like she can. After being indoors all winter it was a real treat to go and see them perform.

I know it was very tiring for them to perform so many times in such a short time and I would just like to say how much I appreciated it. I wish that I had a digital camera so that I could have taken some pictures for you because they looked absolutely fabulous.

I would also like to say that I think you are doing a fabulous job with the MocTel, such a great idea. One of these days when I can afford it I will have to get a printer so that I can print so that my Dad can read it. I keep asking him if he knows this person or that person or can you tell me something about whatever.

Anyway I just thought I would tell you about Gillian.

Pat Webster pwebster@yuknet.ca (In Dawson)

Thanks Pat, your gain was our loss, glad you were able to get out and enjoy her. Gillian had planned to go to the Vancouver Yukoners banquet until she was approached to go to Dawson and naturally she was excited to go. I did think about her on Saturday night and wondered how her 'gig' was going. So thanks for your enthusiastic report.

It would be nice if there is someone out there in Yukon with a used printer they do not have use for and could pass it along so you can print the MocTels for your dad. I am sure he would enjoy them as much as many of the other old timers. – Sherron

LOOKING FOR INFORMATION - (for MocTel Tribute)

I AM STILL LOOKING FOR STORIES AND OR MEMORIES ON **MOE GRANT**. ALSO, I'M LOOKING FOR STORIES/MEMORIES ON **ROLF HOUGEN**. A LONG STORY, A SHORT STORY, A ONE LINER IS FINE. I WOULD BE THRILLED TO RECEIVE ANYTHING. IF YOU CAN HELP PLEASE SEND YOUR MESSAGE TO: DONNA CLAYSON, YTDogTeam@Telus.net

YOU MAY ALSO TELEPHONE ME COLLECT AT 1-780-992-1316.
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

Donna

BOYD'S, PERCHIE'S, JIM HUNTER & GORDON TUBMAN



**Quiet Lake, Kip Boyd, Clive Boyd and Jim 'Red' Hunter holding the fish.
Howard Perchie still in the boat.**

Photo courtesy Gordon 'Tubby' Tubman



Quiet Lake 1952

L to R- Kip Boyd, Mom (Gussie Perchie), (Unknown bending over at the lake). They were cleaning fish (a big job that day!) Brother Dave Perchie, Bert Boyd, Clive Boyd, Jim 'Red' Hunter, Dad (Howard Perchie) in the boat still. - Madeline

Photo courtesy Gordon 'Tubby' Tubman (In Vernon)

Yes Sherron. I do remember this trip and I can identify the people. I'll check with Clive first and get back to you with the names. It was an awesome trip with most of the fish being caught right from shore!

The first picture is Kip, Clive and Jim 'Red' Hunter holding the fish. My 'Dad' Howard Perchie is just behind Jim (still in the boat).

The 2nd picture is on the same trip. On the far left Kip, Mom (Gussie Perchie), (Unknown bending over at the lake). They were cleaning fish (a big job that day!) Brother Dave, Bert Boyd, Clive Boyd, Jim Hunter, Dad in the boat still. It was probably one of the most successful trips to Quiet Lake. All of the Boyd and Perchie families were there!

Jim Hunter was known as "Red" and the fish on the rope weighed over 100 pounds (and they sure were good cooked over an open fire!). As I remember there must have been at least thirteen Family members there and I don't know who took the pictures.

Madeline Boyd mboyd@internorth.com (In Whitehorse)



Mrs. Bert Boyd & Gussie Perchie 1953

Photo courtesy Gordon 'Tubby' Tubman

Brother Dave will probably tell you the same thing. These two were a real pair and always game for most anything. It's Catherine 'Cathy' Boyd with my 'Mom' Frances Perchie (always called Gussie) I don't think many people knew her real name. Picture may be taken at Braeburn or Quiet Lake as we frequented those places often.

Madeline Boyd mboyd@internorth.com

Sherron, the one with the axe is my mother. The picture was taken at Quiet Lake about 1952. The other lady in the picture is my sisters' mother-in-law, Clive Boyd's mother. As you can see it was an excellent fishing trip.

Thanks for sending it. Dave Perchie daveandlouise@shaw.ca (In Peachland)

It was a surprise to me to realize that Dave and Madeline are sister and brother. – S.

Dave also recently sent along a recipe book that had been his mothers. It is my plan to type some in and share them with you as I get time. Here are some of the names that jumped out at me. – S.

To name a few there are recipes by Helen Milne, Mrs. Pinchin and Edy and Zoe Cousins (who I did meet when I was there). Also interesting to see Mrs. Black and Gladys Hoggan and Mrs. Tubman, Maribeth's mother and grandmother.

It always amazes me how these coincidences go. I sent out the photos before I went to Vancouver for the Yukoners Banquet and when I returned there were not only the replies from Dave Perchie and Madeline Boyd but also a mail from Dan Boyd. When I realized he was Madeline's son and Dave's nephew and they were identifying both his grandparents and many other relatives, I gave him a little insight and this is his reply. It seems he will learn from the photos too. – S.

Thanks Sherron

It's amazing how the internet is allowing people to come back together, reminisce about the past and piece some of history back together that might have otherwise been lost for ever.

Mom and Dad (Clive) are doing very well. Dad, at age 76 got his very first computer the other day and has joined the surfing world. Never thought we'd see the day but it just goes to show, you're never too young.

Great pictures you sent Mom, she recognized everyone in them. They're all related to me but I would have never figured out who they were. Fishing sure was good in 53!

Dan Boyd dboyd*northwestel.net

Rolf Hougen suggested that this might be a good place to start archiving information on alpine skiing in the Yukon. I can offer quite a bit on the last 20 years but not much from 1940 to 1970.

I know there a lot of people out there that remember it very well and I think all we need to do is start the ball rolling and give people a venue to write in.

Speaking of that, here is a recent photo of our local Ski Hill, Mt Sima. Photo by Randy Shewen. You can see the race course being set down the center run, for the Western K2 Alpine Championships (March 19-22).

Dan Boyd dboyd*northwestel.net

We also learned at the Vancouver Yukoners Banquet that there is a large ski facility in Whitehorse. A brochure was placed on each table. It looks like Dan will be the one to tell us more about that. – S.



Mt. Sima – Whitehorse – March 16, 2005

Photo by Randy Shewen forwarded by Dan Boyd

Sherron, this weekend the Western Canada Junior Downhill Ski Championships was held in Whitehorse under the Chairmanship of Jim Bell.

I'm sure your readers would be interested in viewing the great Intermediate ski hill that now exists in Whitehorse, named Mount Sima. It is located near the former Whitehorse Copper Mine, a short distance from McRae.

Many will remember the Roundell Ski Hill sponsored by the RCAF and the later, larger, Haekell Hill near the Mayo Road cutoff.

If you want details of the development of Mount Sima you could contact the person who was the 'driving force' in it's development, Dan Boyd at dboyd*northwestel.net I am attaching a photo.

Regards,

Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com

COMMENTS FROM MARIBETH

Yes, the pictures were taken by Dad; otherwise he would have been in at least some of the pictures. The boat itself belonged either to the NC or to a group of NC employees.

Talk to Dad about skiing in the early years because he has lots of stories and knows the names of others who are still around. When I called to report on Vancouver Yukoners, one of the stories he told was of Tina Brasseur and one of the Heath girls, as small

children, scaring the adults as they hurtled down the Dawson ski hill, looking like they were going to hit the telephone pole at the bottom, but swinging wide just in time. Mom and Dad both skied in Whitehorse as well.

When the Commissioner was talking about developing a ski hill near the old coppermine, it brought back memories for me of a ski meet out there when I was elementary school age and why I never, ever wanted to ski downhill again. My grandfather strapped on my new skis, set me at the top of the hill and let me go. No ski lessons. No instruction. My felt boots strapped in with leather straps and buckles. I figured out really fast how to angle to the side and get off that slope! From there on, it was cross-country only for me.

I do admit to being the same kid who was willing to toboggan down the hill above Whitehorse ("Burns Hill"), risking trees and a twisting path, getting dumped more often than not, but doing it again and again. Tried it with my sleigh about once per winter and judged that too dangerous, each time.

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

The Big Dipper Route – by Danny Bereza

Dan was at the Vancouver Yukoners Banquet and I was able to obtain a copy of his book hot off the press. I haven't had a chance to read it yet, but he did send us a few chapters some time back and I enjoyed his stories.

For those who do not know Dan, he was born in Vancouver but lived in Dawson for a few years when he was very young. His mother worked as a cook for Archie Fornier at his ranch near the airport. He later flew for GNA out of Whitehorse from 1969-72, now resides in Courtenay and teaches flight simulation in Korea.

Upon flipping to the back of his book I see names like, Joe Redmond, Lyle Coleman, Ray Berube, Harlan Moen, Joe McBryan, Al Warner, George Laundry, and Bud Harbottle.
– Sherron

Hi Sherron, It was great to meet you and Bill at the Yukoners banquet. You have done such wonderful work with the MocTel that I just had to meet you.

You asked how people could order a copy of my book, The Big Dipper Route. I will have a website up in a couple of weeks. www.thebigdipperroute.com. In the meantime if anyone would like to order one they can contact me through my email at danbereza*shaw.ca or phone at (250) 334-3664. The price is \$16.95 plus \$2.45 postage in Canada for a total of \$19.40CAD. Books sent to the USA cost \$13.95 plus \$5.80 postage for a total of \$19.75USD.

All the best,

Danny Bereza danbereza*shaw.ca (In Courtenay)

The Big Dipper Route available in Whitehorse

Hi Sherron,

Yes I got 25 books from Danny and was going to set up a few outlets and try them out to encourage sales for him. However, anyone who wants one in Whitehorse is welcome to drop down to Willow Printers and pick one up. I read the book cover to cover tonight and being a pilot myself, my pulse was racing at times due to the circumstances he was in. I'm sure most Yukoners will recognize some of the people in the story. We are leaving for a 2 week holiday starting March 27 but our staff will know about the book and gladly hand one out for 16.95. I will try to get down to Mac's News before I leave.

Don Frizzell frizzell@polarcom.com (In Whitehorse)

“It Had To Be Said”

As a result of sending out the e-mail message “It Had To Be Said” I received several replies. Some have worked in the force, the environment, or very near it. They speak from an informed perspective. - Sherron Jones

I agreed totally with this letter ... Having worked all across the North as a Nurse and working very close with the RCMP, could see all to well some of the very difficult situations they could be put in, often working by themselves .. and I too feel for each one of them..

Rose Scrivens roses2@ns.sympatico.ca

As a former Conservation Officer, frequently working and exposed to risky situations, working alone in remote areas, I must agree with everything Cst. Steve Smith has to say here. I too feel that real change is needed to our justice system and it is time to do as Cst. Smith suggests and flex our democratic muscle and force that change.

Ron Butler ron_but@shaw.ca

Conservation Officer, Yukon, (retired)

I generally steer clear of controversial issues that may involve politics, but I think we have some serious work to do in our country and I can not keep my head in the sand on this one. So my apologizes to those who are not viewing this issue from that side of the fence.

I have asked Jim if I may share his message with our group. This message arrived after me sending out the message regarding the fallen RCMP members. As a matter of insight, Jim is married to Betty (Charlie) Taylor's sister's daughter, Peggy (Dunnnett). – Sherron

I have attached a letter that I sent to the local newspaper on this very subject. It seems that Steve and I come out of the same pod. Well I guess we did, I just came out of it quite a few years earlier, since I retired from the Force in 1990 after serving 23 years.

Jim Thoreson jimthoreson@shaw.ca

THERE ARE MORE ISSUES

6 March 2005

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I am a retired member of the RCMP. Since the tragic incident in Mayerthorpe, people have asked me if I knew any of the men who were killed. My answer is, “No I didn’t know any of them, but I do know them”. That may sound confusing, but any policeman knows that when you walk through a door, and you don’t know what’s on the other side, your life could be in danger. That holds true whether you are approaching a residence to serve a summons, make an inquiry; check any suspicious person; or make a routine traffic stop (MaryAnne Barr – take special note). By virtue of the nature of a policeman’s duties, we all “have been there” and therefore we know what it was like for those poor, unfortunate members to walk up to that door, before walking through it. Give our police force the support they need, and when you are sitting in your warm cozy living room, or office, please remember that you may not be so cozy if it weren’t for the policemen and women out there putting their lives on the line for you and your family, every day.

As a followup to this, there are some people who deserve very special recognition.

First, Pierre Trudeau for bringing us the “social time bomb” called the Charter of Rights. I once heard a judge from Saskatchewan speak on the Charter shortly after it was brought in. He stated that the Charter was nothing but an unemployment insurance policy for lawyers. This Charter has tied the police’s hands so tight behind their backs that they cannot do their job properly. It also makes the justice system come to it’s knees, and has removed the words, “common sense” from their dictionary, thus letting many criminals walk free, and remain a menace to society.

Secondly, Allan Rock for his infamous billion dollar gun registry that was supposed to make our society safer. Boy, has that ever worked well! All it has done is make law abiding citizens turn their guns over to the criminals.

Thirdly, Paul Martin and his Liberal government for their wishy-washy, spineless attempt to support the police and justice system in their war against drugs and crime. Under their leadership, we are rapidly losing the war on drugs. If you can’t beat the criminals, decriminalize dope, maybe that will help??? How about increasing the funding and resources for the war against crime, and providing support for the police and justice

system, and quit making the victims of crime look like the bad guys. Remove some of the bonds you have tied around the policemen's hands.

Fourth, but certainly not least, Anne McLellan, for all of the above. It's time this woman started listening to the people in Alberta and not so much to the party hard liners in Ontario and Quebec.

Our thoughts go out to the families, coworkers and friends of all the victims of this senseless crime.

Jim Thoreson jimthoreson@shaw.ca
Red Deer, AB

Thanks so much for sending the RCMP's message. It made the point – so very well.

We sent it on to our daughter, a Sergeant with the Minneapolis, Minnesota PD. It just echoed so many things she has told us about being a cop, and how law gets muddled up with politics. She thanked us and said she would definitely share it with her fellow officers.

As an aside, the Minneapolis PD sent a delegate to the memorial service held for the four Alberta RCMP's. Sounds like they and the Minneapolis cops had worked quite a bit together on training and such.

Jean Turner njturner@aptalaska.net
Eagle, Alaska

KLONDIKE SPIRIT

I asked - "Is all on target for getting your side wheeler out on the river this summer"

The guys do definitely plan to have the **Klondike Spirit** in Dawson this summer. It won't be in June, probably – although could be late June. They have sea trials to complete for the US Coast Guard, and nothing can be scheduled or planned on until then. And of course, the sea trials can't be completed until after breakup. Although we can't give any definite dates yet, we feel confident saying that she'll be in Dawson this summer. In fact, this summer might be the best time to catch a ride, before next year, when things hopefully will be up and running 100%.

Jean Turner – njturner@aptalaska.net Eagle, Alaska

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION – re VIC FOLEY

Maggie Wallingham gave me your address. I was wondering if I could put an item in the Moccasin Telegraph about Vic Foley. I'm looking for stories about him, and trying to find out when he died. He was a championship boxer in the 1920s, then moved to Yukon, where he spent the better part of four decades as a miner, bartender, hotel manager, and camp cook. He was born in Slocan City, B.C., near where I live, and by his late teens had begun boxing in Vancouver. His career as a fighter is actually very well documented, but his life afterwards not. I know he was at Whitehorse, Dawson, Mayo, and Keno, and then retired to New Westminster. I believe he was alive as of 1984 and probably lived well into the 1990s. There is an entry on him in the Mayo history book.

Maggie also mentioned you recently did an issue on Jim Robb, which I'd be quite interested in. Jim is going to put out an appeal for me about Vic when his column resumes in the Whitehorse Star.

My interest in Vic is as an amateur historian of the West Kootenay district of B.C., and particularly the Slocan, where he was born. What got me interested in him was the postcard, which I bought on eBay last year. I'd seen Vic's name in a history of Slocan before, but otherwise knew nothing about him. I haven't quite figured out what to do with my story, but want to start a website of local history, so it will probably end up there. I do have a squib about Vic on the Virtual Museum of the Kootenays, although it requires updating to include his years in Yukon. See <http://www.kootenaymuseum.ca>, click on 'Dabble,' then scroll down and click on 'Slocan's champion boxer.'

You can include my e-mail address as well as my phone number: (250) 304-2340 and mailing address: 3-306 11th Ave., Castlegar BC, V1N 1J3

Regards,
Greg Nesteroff [gregnesteroff*yahoo.ca](mailto:gregnesteroff@yahoo.ca)

VIC FOLEY

I knew Vic Foley during his time in Mayo, and the last time I saw him was when he was tending bar for Bobbie Greaves in the Northern Lights Hotel at Keno about February 1951. I had a commercial wood sawing business and had a crew at Keno for about 10 days. He was well known in the Mayo district. There is a piece in Gold and Galena page 373 where apparently he eventually went blind and lived in the C.N.I.B. residence in Vancouver where he died at the age of 90 years. It mentions too, that Vic was a sign painter by trade. (Scan attached) Yukon Archives may have something on him, but the B.C. Archives should have a date of death if it was Vancouver.

It is more than likely that you would find what you need from C.N.I.B. in Vancouver as I understand that is where he died at 90 years. Yukon Archives may have something on

Vic most likely, but his death would be in the B.C. Archives. But C.N.I.B. in Vancouver should be able to help you. If you go into Google you should easily find them. You will find an attachment on Vic from the Gold and Galena.

Cheers,

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

WHO REMEMBERS GORDON ALONG THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

Sherron I would very much like to have a copy of all of the Moc Tels.

As someone else has suggested, have you considered putting out one every second week or even once a month? That would relieve you of a lot of pressure and still carry on this fantastic tool that is bringing a lot of people back together.

I know I sure enjoy reading every one. I don't know a lot of the people mentioned in them, but there are a lot that I do know.

I was too young to remember my time at Watson Lake in 1950 & 51 or Whitehorse in 52 & 53.

I do remember all too well my time in Whitehorse from 62 to 71 and the time I spent working the Alaska Highway from Lower Post to the Alaska border and on the Haines Highway. They were fantastic years for me.

Gordon P. Berberich gord.and.em*shaw.ca

A MESSAGE FROM MARION LYLE

Sherron, First of all we want to thank you for your pictorial coverage of the Yukon Banquet. Your coverage was wonderful. I especially liked the one of you and Joy Denton --- two of our old neighbours. I also recognized a FEW of the others, but I'm sure I wouldn't have recognized them if you hadn't named them. Thanks a lot!!!

We also appreciate the letter from the RCMP officer explaining lots of things I've often figured out for myself. Did you not get permission to print the picture of the lone Mountie on his horse etc. or did someone tell you it couldn't be copied? I bet lots of people copied it. We have received it again from another source. I realize you have to be doubly careful but I always thought that anything on the net has "open house" to all.

The other thing we are wondering about, is whether or not you can help us with a puzzle of sorts. We received 3 e-mails from --- A1124. Do you have that in your contacts list? They were listed as follows. The first 2 were deleted as was the third but it did make us think someone has a new address so we are trying to trace it without opening it.

10 KB Fw: Just a Weeeeeee Bit

13 KB Something to offend everyone

8 KB Re: Yukon Bash

All have the date 3/23/20

The last one makes us wonder if it is someone we should know or whether it is someone who knows about the BANQUET and called it a bash and has got hold of your contact list.

Cheers for now,
Marion Lyle elyle@telus.net

My advice to Marion was to delete the messages and not to be tempted by something you think is suspicious. The e-mail address is not one from our group but was perhaps from a contact of a contact of hers. The bugs have the ability to steal addresses and subject lines.

I think one needs to get a gold star if they can keep free of bugs. Sure you can say you have a good anti-virus in place, but if you don't have common sense the new bugs not yet protected by anti-virus programs will get you. – Sherron

OBITS – (submitted by Bill Maylor, In Sask.)

MARTENS, Tamara Nicole born September 4, 1976 in Whitehorse, Yukon. Tamara passed away on March 15, 2005 at the age of 28. She is survived by her mother Keri Martens; and brother Jordan Martens of Coquitlam; father Kenneth Martens of Surrey as well as many family and friends. She was a woman who loved kids and will be truly missed. A memorial service will be held at the Coquitlam Alliance Church, 2601 Spuraway St., Coquitlam on Monday, March 21, 2005 at 1:30 pm. All family and friends are welcome.

Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province from 3/19/2005 - 3/20/2005.



SHUSTERMAN Samuel Jacob of Kamloops, BC passed away on March 9, 2005, at the age of 82 years. (1922 – 2005) He leaves to cherish his memory, one son Thomas David Shusterman of Burnaby, BC, as well as 2 grandchildren, Brandon and Kessiah Shusterman. Samuel was predeceased by his loving wife, Margaret Ester in 1979. He is also remembered by his longtime friends Joan and David Caulfield of Bellingham, Washington, niece Jackie (Farshid) Payrow of Moorestown, New Jersey. We will always

remember your wry smile and the mischievous twinkle in your eye followed by a hearty chuckle. That is what we will recall and that is what will warm our hearts, and maybe bring a tear to our eye. Thank you for just being Sam and being part of our lives. We have been through so much, some good and some not so good, but our friendship has held fast through it all. We love you Sam, Thomas, Joan, David, Kim, Wendy, Brandon and Kessiah. The family extends special thanks to the Marjorie Snowden Willoughby Hospice staff, Dr. Howie and close friend David Young. No formal ceremony will take place at this time. Kamloops Funeral Home (250) 554-2577
Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 3/12/2005.

No mention of Yukon, but I worked with Sam at the **Whitehorse hospital steam plant.** – Bill Maylor

Capt. Michael Manuel Drebit Born on August 9, 1923 in Vegreville, Alberta. Passed away in the evening of March 11, 2005 at Lions Gate Hospital, North Vancouver, BC. Survived by his loving family: wife Phyllis, son Dan, daughters Renee (James) Porter, Sherry Drebit, and Donna (Robert) Drabik. Captain Drebit went to sea for over fifty years, beginning on the Park ships, then with the Canadian Steam Ship Service from 1941-55, and the **White Pass & Yukon Route from 1955-70, rising to Master Mariner in that time.** In 1971 he became BC Coast Pilot No 174, and served until his retirement in 1990. He was a member of the Tsimpsean Lodge #58 Masonic Temple. A memorial service will be held at 10am on Thursday, 17 March, 2005 at Boal Chapel, 1505 Lillooet Road, North Vancouver. No flowers please, but a memorial donation in his name to the Union Gospel Mission or Lions Gate Hospital would be appreciated.
Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 3/15/2005.

GILFOIL, Howard Thomas born September 28, 1931 in Trossachs, Sask., died March 13th, 2005 after a courageous fight with cancer. Will be deeply missed by his loving wife of 46 years, Catherine, son Rob (Cyndi), grandchildren Ryan and Rachel, predeceased by his daughter, Gail. **Howard was with Whitepass & Yukon for 29 years** and spent the last ten years of his career with Seaboard Terminals. After retiring in 92 he enjoyed traveling in their RV with Kay. Services will be held Friday, March 18th, 2005 at 2PM, First Memorial Chapel, 1505 Lillooet Road, North Vancouver.
Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 3/16/2005.

I forwarded these two obits to Dick Sladden and George Hartmann. (In Vanc.) – Sherron

Thanks for thinking of us Sherron - I attended Capt. Mike Drebit's funeral today - I knew him very well - he was the Third Officer on the 'Clifford J. Rogers' on the delivery voyage from Montreal to Vancouver and he was promoted over the years and when he left the Company to go into the Pilots, he was the Senior Capt. on the 'Frank H. Brown'. Howard Gilfoil was one of the first Warehouse Employees hired by the Ocean Division and I therefore knew him well and we have kept in touch over the years - his funeral is tomorrow and I will be in attendance.

This is not a good week for the old Ocean Division. Regards, 'Dick'

Thanks for thinking of us and sending this on.

Cheers, George

Iris K. (Tim) Hough Born January 16, 1908 in London, England, died March 14, 2005 in Vancouver. Survived by daughters Jean Wilson (Leslie); grandchildren Brent Wilson (Josie), Leah (Alan) Hawirko and Angus (Jane) Wilson; also great-grandchildren Steven and Heather Hawirko and Fergus, Gavin and Hilda Wilson. Mrs. Hough was a long time resident of New Westminster and also **spent many happy years in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory as Matron of Yukon Hall**. She also worked at Heritage Village in Burnaby at the General Store. Many many thanks to all the staff at Blenheim Lodge, Vancouver for there excellent care. No service by request.

Published in the Vancouver Sun on 3/18/2005.

Hi Sherron. I'm not sure if you remember **Hans and Maria Grasholm**. They were long time Yukoners who lived at about 41 Alsek Road. Maria passed away on March 5th after a fairly long battle with cancer and her memorial service was March 12th. Hans had a heart attack and passed away last Saturday morning (March 19th). Rather traumatic when both pass away in such short order. Hans and Maria were always very close.

Thought you might like to know.

Stan Marinoske smarinoske@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

REMOVE FROM THE LIST

Hi Sherron: Hope you enjoyed the Yukoners' banquet. I thought it went very well but I regret that I didn't get a chance to speak to you. I was headed in your direction one time but got cut off. However, I'm sure you knew a lot of people so were quite busy yourself all evening.

I also regret my reason for writing and that reason is to ask you to delete our names from the list of Moc Tel receivers. We think you're doing a wonderful job and a real service to Yukoners and ex-Yukoners but we can't seem to find the time to read all the editions. I print them off and we now have a stack at least 2 inches high - unread, as well as some not yet printed. Do keep up the good work and thank you again for all the issues we have enjoyed.

Frances MacLeod

McLEOD, Neil & Francis hifran@shaw.ca (Neil in Yukon in 1936 - 41) North Vancouver

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

This is notification of our new e-mail address it is chelsea*northwestel.net
Bill and Marlene Sparks, Whitehorse, Yukon

NEW ADDITIONS

(re-listed)

DOKKEN, Jim sandraleefd*yahoo.com (In Whitehorse) Calgary

It's Dan and Susan (Kelly) Boyd, both us were born in the Yukon and still live here.

Rolf Hougen sent us a copy of the Moc Tel and suggested we sign up for it and perhaps even send in some material.

Would you mind adding us? I can send you more info on the family and such if you like. I think my mother, Madeline Boyd is already signed up.

Dan Boyd dboyd*northwestel.net

My name is **Gaile Trafford** I was out for lunch the other day and heard all about MocTels. I was unaware that this existed and asked for the links to be sent to me and I have become addicted.

Could you please put me on you mailing list. My email is gaile*northwestel.net.
Our family has lived in Yukon since February 1982 coming from the east coast of the north island in New Zealand. This is surely a wonderful place to live and raise a family.

We would be very interested in joining the group.

Our e-mail address is masons*whtvcable.com

A little history on us: We are both at Mic Mac Motors. Ken just past his 30th year and for me it has been 15 years. How the time flies. Ken is very active with the Yukon Order of Pioneers and Macaulay Lodge. He joined Moe and the Boys music group in 81 and still looks forward to every Wed. night to sing and play his guitar. I also go along to visit the seniors. I get the odd dance in and I even get to play with the gang when they are short a musician. I'm also a member of the Whse Gen Hospital Women's Auxiliary.

Hope to here from you,

Sandra Mason

Ken came to the Yukon Mar. 21/68 to visit his brothers Art, Rob & sister Lois. He liked it so much he stayed. In June of 69 he flew back to Sask and we got married. We arrived in Whse. July 14/69 and have been here ever since. It was Ken's brother Art that worked for the Fire Dept. Ken worked at Whse Motors with Al Castagner until he bought into Mic Mac with Terry Greenwood in Dec.74. Terry & Linda separated in 81 and divorced in 82. Linda moved to Langley to be close to her mom & dad because of the children (James is 28 and Jennifer is 25) Terry remarried and moved to Langley in Aug of 86. That's when we bought Terry out. Terry is still in Langley. It was Terry's dad who passed away a few years ago. We haven't heard from Terry since he left but we hear from Linda and her family. Both Linda's brothers live in Langley and they have seen Terry every now and then. Linda moved to Oliver in the late 80s

Sandra & Ken Mason

Mom and I went to Whitehorse in 1943. I was four. Dad worked for BYN as a purser on the riverboats, and eventually he bought Town Toggery later Needhams Toggery and next the Kee Bird stores.

I went to school first in the old Hudson Bay building. This building had a bell tower from somewhere and we kids used to love to sneak out and ring the big bell. Needless to say after doing so we all ran like mad. Benny Sherdown was my biggest partner in crime.

Next I terrorized Christ the King School with Anne Dugas and Francis Rudcovitch. For grade nine, ten and eleven, I think I was banished to a Catholic boarding school in Dawson Creek. I did grad twelve in Whitehorse, with great teachers like Lillias Farley and Doris McMurphy.

I began writing womans sport and a little column called Odds and Sods. Life was good but rather than university I stupidly enlisted in the RCAF. Royal Canadian Air Force, not Farce. I wound up in Parent Quebec, a very isolated radar station. And I thought I was leaving isolation at last. Spent the last year at Rockcliffe Tri Service and came back to the Yukon a grateful civilian.

Worked for mom and dad till a brief marriage moved me to Vancouver Island. Went about with the Red Cross and so on.

Finally settled down in Edmonton as a transit driver and what was to be a years job went until I retired after twenty long years.

Came to Kelowna to help my Mom after my Dad passed away. It was tense at times, we are both strong willed but as usual we managed to laugh at most of it. I ski patrolled and loved it. Back surgery ...well prior to it I spent quite a long time in a wheelchair, both Mom and I. She is now in a nursing home, still full of beans considering all. And I am still here giving a hand.

Enjoyed the Yukoners reunion and catching up with Helen Munro, Maxine Fromme, Dawn Bethune and others.

Now I'm enjoying retirement a little, though miss the days when I was really active with skiing downhill and kayaking. And of course, I missed still the baseball days in Whitehorse. Good to be alive.

Left for good in I think 1970. Still miss the place and the people. I used to shovel the sidewalks in front of the Kee Bird store, till I was replaced by Wigwam Harry.....and career wise it was all down hill from there, lol.

Yes I would like a back issue and have more people for your list. Will be away till next weds but will be in touch after that.

Thanks

Donna (Needham) Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca

My name is Lorraine Mackie and my maiden name was Craig. I lived in Dawson City from 1935 to 1950 and now live in Nelson, B.C. lrmackie@shaw.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

No failure is ever final - nor is any success.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

PINEAPPLE POUND CAKE

Submitted by Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj@shaw.ca

1 pkg. Lemon or Pineapple Cake mix
1 pkg. Pineapple Jello
1 tin Crushed Pineapple, undrained (14oz.)
4 eggs
1 cup Sour Cream
1/3 cup Oil

Heat oven to 350°

Grease and flour large Bundt pan or Tube pan. (I used Pam Spray)

In a large mixing bowl, on low speed, mix all ingredients until combine and then beat on medium speed for about 2 minutes. Pour into prepared pan and bake for about 50 minutes until it tests done - with a toothpick. Cool on rack for 10 minutes, then turn out onto serving plate. Dust with powdered sugar or drizzle with a glaze.

I used a Lemon Cake mix, in lieu of Pineapple Jello - I had Mango, but you can use a lemon jello too.

This makes a very moist cake, and very tasty.

I got this recipe from from "The Happy Cooker"- www.wandascountryhome.com there are wonderful recipes every month, so log on.

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