

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 107<sup>th</sup> Edition – April 3, 2005**

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

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



**Magpie**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca) (In Whitehorse)

### **TSUNAMI**

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

Christmas time, a time of peace,  
Vacationers from round the earth,  
Gathered on that distant shore  
To celebrate the Savior's birth,  
Families from many lands,  
Content and basking on the sand.

Then by some freak of nature's plan,  
Not understood by you or me,  
A giant tremor shook the earth,  
From deep beneath the placid sea.  
The sea, in anger, roils and raves,  
Creating mighty tidal waves.

On shore the hordes of people stared,  
In horror, fear and disbelief,  
As giant waves came rushing forth  
To sweep the land beyond the reef.  
In fear they fled for higher ground,  
A sanctuary never found.

For onward rolled the angry seas  
As through the land it ripped and tore,  
Destroying homes, uprooting trees,  
And washing all away from shore.  
While those who fled the tidal wave,  
Were fleeing to a watery grave.

Entire towns were overcome,  
And borne away into the deep,  
Thousands swept to pain and death,  
With few survivors left to weep.  
Parents torn from little ones,  
Torn from sisters, brothers, sons.

And then the sea was calm again,  
Lapping at the burning sand,  
While an eerie silence loomed,  
O'er the ravaged empty land.  
Survivors stood in agony,  
Staring numbly out to sea.

Only time will heal the wounds,  
Time will take the hurt away,  
But people watching round the world,  
Will nevermore forget that day.  
The day the Master called the roll  
And claimed three hundred thousand souls.

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### TSUNAMI – TIDAL WAVE



Forwarded by S Sunita/IN-India/3M/US on 12/28/2004 05:06 PM  
Rec'd from Gillian Campbell 12/30/2004 6:00 PM

# HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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## CARCAJOU

Shortly after daylight the familiar drone of a thousand horses filled the air. Flying low looking for the cat, he looked like he would scrape his wings on the canyon walls. Everyone stood in the yard watching the maneuvers of our gallant pilot. Flying over our heads he wagged his wings, then with a wild roar he pushed the throttles forward and banked steeply, climbing in a tight turn, and headed back to base.

An hour later the party was ready to travel, well rested and filled with a hearty breakfast of hotcakes, bacon and eggs. The runners were worn pretty thin on the sleigh and, with more miles of rock and gravel to travel over. I hoped they would hold together. The faithful old 8 puffed and snorted along in spite of the hole in her side.

Tom, the Indian and I walked ahead of the cat. It was a beautiful morning. Frost covered the ground and the canyon was glorious again. Whammy got cold and joined us. He was still mumbling about the story Les had told the Mountie. Now that his belly was full he was a little put out that he was supposed to be in a state of collapse.

The miles fell away and we broke out of the canyon. The country was as flat as a table. I couldn't believe it. As far as we could see nothing broke the monotony. As we looked back the mountains rose high and the snow lay on the peaks. It was the last of the mountains for a thousand miles across the arctic.

We didn't stop for lunch but munched on sandwiches I had made. The cat skinner wanted to get to the Carcajou before dark. The cat was pretty well on its last legs and he hoped he wouldn't have to do a major overhaul at this stage of the game. Nor was anyone anxious to pack stretchers. If the cat did poop out, Chan and the miner with the bad foot would have to be carried.

I felt like a million and was enjoying the walk with Tom and his friend. He told us some wonderful stories of his tribe. His wife was in the hospital in Edmonton with tuberculosis and only a few of the tribe were left. They had all been wiped out with the deadly disease. When he was a little boy he used to go with his family and the tribe to the great divide between the Yukon and the Northwest Territories, where they would hunt all fall for the winter's meat. In the winter they would return to timberline and trap, then return to the divide in the spring and hunt beaver. Late in June they would build skin boats and ride the wild Gravel River down to the Mackenzie and sell their fur. They were a rich happy tribe and when their famous chief died the Indians took to the ways of the white man and it was the end of them. There was sadness in his voice as Paul told us the story of the famous Fort Norman Indians.

In later years, while hunting the divide, Tom and I found one of the graves. It was still in good condition with a white picket fence hewn out of spruce and painted with flour and water. Tom figured about seven people were buried there.

We reached the Carcajou River late in the afternoon and I was amazed at how wide it was. From bank to bank it was a mile in width and I wondered how Les had gotten across. Even a strong swimmer would end up far downstream in that current. Before I could express my thoughts the Mountie told us that only a few days ago they could wade the river, but with the rains it was running in flood.

Our cat skinner was grinning from ear to ear. He patted the tracks on his iron coach. "Sure glad we're here. The old girl wouldn't make another five miles. She was heating up pretty good trying to pull that sleigh."

The miners had a couple of long river boats tied to the beach. Here we go again, I thought. Tom, Paul, our dogs, the Mountie, one of the miners and myself got into one of the boats and the rest of the bodies struggled into the other. We also had a mountain of gear. The motor roared to life after numerous pulls on the rope and the usual cussing. We sped away from the shore and 50 yards from the beach the motor quit. I looked at Tom and he just burst out in gales of laughter. I could have spit. Somebody was going to drown me yet and I didn't think it was one bit funny. Holding my breath I thought I'd bust when the motor finally sputtered to life.

Climbing out of the boat I stared into the faces of at least 50 curious people. There was so much activity going on that Tom and I started down the beach to tie up the dogs. We heard one of the airmen yell, "*Where is the woman?*"

The Mountie said, "*She and her husband just walked by you with their dogs.*"

"*You mean that couple were in the party that was lost?*" said another. "*They sure look in good shape to me.*"

I really believe they were disappointed that I was mobile. Tom and I brewed a cup of tea waiting for the organized confusion to settle down. There were at least 20 air force men there and I asked Tom where he thought they were from. "*God knows, Mrs. T.O., maybe we are at war again.*"

The Mountie finally called us and, gathering up the gear and our dogs, we piled into pickups for the 20-mile ride to the Mackenzie. I just got comfortable, it seemed, when the truck stopped. We must have been flying to get to the river so fast. Of course, shanks mare isn't famous for speed.

Jumping out of the truck I looked across the majestic Mackenzie river, the lifeline of the arctic and most of northern Canada. Where we stood it was just four miles across. Brother, I'm glad we didn't try to drive the jeep across something like this.

## NORMAN WELLS

Tied to the pier was a 50-foot launch, that belonged to the oil company, it sure looked good. This was more my style, big, safe, and inboard. Wow.

When we got to the other side it was dark and we were again met by a huge crowd. I think crowds scared us, so Tom and I stood off to the side and watched the commotion. While we were feeling a little let down and tired a tall fellow in uniform came up and introduced himself. *"I'm Bill Day,"* he said. *"I was the pilot on the Dak. I am sorry I didn't meet you at the Carcajou but I landed on the other side and let my crew out, then flew over here, and when I got to the beach they had gone and left me."*

How ironic, I thought, the man who had done so much, who was so well known by us without ever seeing him and the one man that should have been the first to meet the ones whose lives he had saved, had been left behind by his crew.

Bill was a flying officer in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He and his crew had been stationed at Norman all summer doing photo work. They had spent most of the summer mapping the Nahanni.

We were so glad to see him and had so many things to ask him and tell him that we all started talking at once. Bill laughed and said, *"When I saw you from the air, Jeanne, I thought you were a squaw and Tom was a half-breed. I never thought of a white woman. When we didn't see your dogs we thought you had eaten them. It was quite a thrill for us to find you and carry on a rescue operation."*

*"You were thrilled,"* I remarked. *"You have no idea what 'thrilled' is. Your plane was the most beautiful sight in the world and I fell madly in love with you not even knowing who you were."*

Both Tom and Bill laughed and our conversation was brought to a halt as someone else came and got us. Bill tagged along. Our new friend was the mine manager. *"Mr. Connolly,"* he said, *"we have taken Mr. Chase and Mr. Wilson to the clinic, but would you and your wife like to go over to the cook house and have dinner?"* It sounded wonderful.

The manager ushered us into the cookhouse and told the cook to give us whatever our hearts desired. He would be back later to take us to our lodging. We were a little stunned, everyone was being so kind and wonderful to us.

Talking a mile a minute we tried to tell Bill how we felt about the rescue. I thought he'd die when we related our idea of a free drop. He told us that when the crew saw us eating the Spam, they were horrified. One of them yelled, *"My God, sir, they are eating that stuff."*

We just didn't have time to tell everything in one night. While we were sitting talking our host came to get us. Piling into a station wagon, we were ushered into a well furnished, cozy company house. Mr. Cain said, *"This is yours as long as you are in Norman Wells, and if there is anything you need or anything we can do for you just ask. I will come back in an hour or so and take you to meet some curious people."*

It was all too wonderful, a lovely big bathtub and lots of hot water, big fluffy towels and soft rugs. This was living. My Lord, I might be clean but I'd never be classed as one of the best-dressed females. The press was out of my pants.

When we were on our way to visit I asked the manager if there was any place I could send a wire to my mother. We had been told our story was on all the major radio stations and was written up in **Time** magazine. If mother had not heard of our disappearance someone in the family would have let her know by now. Mr. Cain drove to the office and sent my telegram.

Les was at the home when we arrived. He looked wonderful but was quiet. He had been in Norman over a week and obviously knew everyone. The office staff and their wives were there and we met the doctor who had written the note telling us not to eat. When I told of how we reacted to his instructions everyone laughed. He was good-natured but I think he thought us mad.

The women were curious to know how and why I was along on the trip. When they heard I was a trapper's wife they couldn't believe it. I suppose they, too, thought I should have been a squaw. We told of some of our experiences and the worry about Chan.

Mr. Cain said he had received a wire some time ago from Johnson's Crossing asking if their jeep was here. He didn't know what they were talking about until Les arrived. Tom and I just looked at Les. Words were unnecessary.

After cake and coffee and lots of yakking we were returned to our little house. The clean white sheets and lovely soft bed were more than my weary bones could stand and I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

(to be continued)

## **GILLIAN'S TRIP TO YUKON**

We had such a wonderful time.. The weather was perfect although flipping well FREEZING ha Ha Ha ..Staying AT "Bombay Peggy's" was a plus.....I LOVE that place the two girls who own it are wonderful ladies.. Wendy and Kim....they provide all those little touches....in the foyer.. a glass of port or sherry...the bedrooms are so comfortable....plus they have the old type baths there and oh boy soooo nice to soak in...the little bar that is attached we did a Show in....and it was so cozy.. an old Piano that Billy Costin played sounded great .. and my two Sons Jason and Richard Bass &

Drums...we had a really good old singalong in there...Mark & June.. who were our Sponsors own the General Store.. and it was their 25th Anniversary .. Also Marks 50th Birthday.. We felt honored that they asked us to come up to Dawson and Celebrate with them.....were wonderful to work for.. I just cant say enough about their kindness and generosity.....we were very late in getting back into Whitehorse after the last Presentation of the Awards they asked me to do...at the Banquet instead of out on the Ice like the first...time..Glen ex Mayor.. asked me to stay later and I said that was fine.. as the Parents of the Winners wanted to see their children accept their awards..when we left Dawson.. after 15 Performances.. in 4 days !!!!.. we were pretty tired...but very Happy. We did Shows.. on the Frozen Yukon River.. all the Saloons plus Banquets ..also @ Diamond Tooth Gerties...also the Snake Pit.. Ha Ha Loved that.. Old Native Friends came to see us..I used to help make beds with them also I was a waitress helping out as well as doing the Shows at the Palace Grand and taking care of my two little Guys.....so we arrived in Braeburn Lodge .. @ nearly 2.a.m. Bless him ..Steve had waited up for us....and had hot soup.. and some of those enormous Buns of his....we bought some to take back home...he was just going to go to bed...we then started off again back to Whitehorse and we arrived in Whitehorse about a few minutes to 3.a.m... and Mark said where is your over night bag.. well I had forgotten all about that and packed everything... no toothbrush..etc.. so I thought.. not to worry.. look after it tomorrow.....well next morning we were up at 6.30.a.m. to leave on the 8.a.m. flight back home.....and my Son Richard knocked on the Door.. and said.. Mark asked me to give this to you Mom.. and there was a tooth Brush and Paste also a Hair Brush for Edward and myself.. YUP Mark is a very special person indeed....My Husband.. Edward who is my second Husband much better than the first...is the Wind beneath my Wings.. he is such a treasure.. when I am doing Shows.. he is always there for me when he can be.. When he is Racing sometimes he can't come with me.....His Horses are in training now at Hastings Park.. he and his partner have 12.. LETS HOPE THEY CAN RUN....I hope that I have given you some interesting information.....when we were in Dawson we went to see Fran Hakonson.. what a Dear Lady she is...also saw Bill.. Wendy and Lenore.. Lenore now owns Butterworths' Old Store...used to love going in there in the Old days when Aunt Louise and Pretoria would invite me in for tea....that was special....and Jack was a riot.. We used to write to one another.. I am sure I still have his letters somewhere....he was a crack up... so funny.. nice man.....also saw Madeline and John Gould.. they came to two Shows.. also saw Harry & Vi Campbell... Vi is as glamorous as ever.. I have so many stories and when I start writing I get carried away.. I just don't want to miss anybody.. also I saw Evelyn Dubois.... that was such a nice visit too....she has a beautiful Home and what a View !!!

Love Gillian [gillianklondikekate\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca) (In Vancouver)

## **QUERY FROM RALPH LORTIE**

I just read MocTel 106, and the bio by Donna Needham McLean sparked a thought - or rather, a question. It seems to me that there was a family, also in the clothing store business (perhaps prior owners of Town Toggery), of which some members were lost at sea when a ship went down, about 1952. Was it the Andrea Doria, or was that years

earlier? Surely someone, Rolf Hougen or Gus Barrett perhaps, can remind us of this tragedy.


Regards, Ralph Lortie [rlortie001\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga ON)

**School Days, 1954–1958, Grades 6 to 9**  
**Whitehorse Elementary – High School**  
 By Ralph Lortie [rlortie001\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

I have fond memories of school days. A few photographs, that I have previously submitted to the Moccasin Telegraph, tell a bit of the story. Here I would like to share parts of my report cards from grades 6 to 9, which I value mainly for the signatures of home-room teachers and principals.

Many times over the years I nearly threw these away, but now I'm glad I didn't. They are my closest ties to the school where I grew up.

**Grade 6 (1954-55): Mrs. Margaret Rhamey, Principal: Mr. Stan Hovdebo**



**BRITISH COLUMBIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS**

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**INTERMEDIATE DIVISION REPORT CARD**  
**Grades IV, V, VI**

**TO THE PARENTS**

This report card tells you how your child is using the opportunities which the school provides to acquire knowledge and skills. It also reports on the development of the habits, attitudes, and ideals that will enable the child to live usefully and happily.

Children vary greatly in scholastic as in other natural abilities. That child is fortunate whose parents are friendly, helpful, and encouraging, irrespective of the level of his or her scholastic ability.

A happy and successful life depends in very great measure on effort, character, habits, attitudes, and interests.

Name Ralph Lortie

Grade 6B September, 1954, to June, 1955

School Whitehorse

School District \_\_\_\_\_  
Name and number.

*Margaret J Rhamey*  
Teacher.

**GENERAL PROGRESS**

The school considers each child as far as possible as an individual person who has his own rate of learning and who will develop mentally, physically, and socially according to his own abilities and opportunities.

Only by the co-operation of Parent and Teacher can the school do its best work. Therefore, if there is any information concerning the welfare and progress of your child that you think would be helpful, or if there is anything in this report that you would like to discuss, you are cordially invited to confer with the Teacher or Principal.

You are especially invited to a conference with your child's Teacher as suggested below.

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**ATTENDANCE RECORD**

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
Days absent	—	—			—	—	—	—	—	—
Times late	—	—			—	—	—	—	—	—

Each day's or half-day's absence affects to some extent the child's progress. A child should not be sent to school, however, if ill or suffering from a cold.

The habit of being "on time" is important in life. Parents should ensure that the child leaves home early enough to reach school "on time."

**PARENT'S SIGNATURE**

First Report Mrs. C. Lortie

Second Report Mrs. C. Lortie

Third Report Mrs. C. Lortie

**SCHOOL PROGRESS FOR THE YEAR**


Advanced to 5<sup>th</sup> year in school. *Hovdebo*  
fifth, sixth, seventh

Date June 23, 1955

*M. Rhamey* *S. Hovdebo*  
Teacher. Principal.

When re-ordering please quote FORM R-2. K0M 353-2574 (4)

**Grade 7 (1955-56): Miss May Nelson, Principal: Mr. Stan Hovdebo**

  
**BRITISH COLUMBIA SECONDARY SCHOOLS**  
**SECONDARY REPORT CARD**  
**Grades VII to XIII**  
**TO THE PARENTS**  
 The aim of education is to provide the student with an opportunity to acquire knowledge, habits, and skills, and to develop traits, attitudes, and ideals that will enable him to live usefully and happily. Students vary greatly in scholastic as in other natural abilities. That young person is fortunate whose parents are friendly, helpful, and encouraging, irrespective of the level of his or her scholastic ability.

Name Ralph Lortie Division 10  
 Grade 7 September, 1955 to June, 1956  
 School Whitehorse High School  
 School District \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home-room Teacher May L. Nelson

When re-ordering please quote FORM R-3.

**TEACHER'S COMMENTS**  
 Third or Final Report: *Ralph's marks have fallen off this last report.*  
 Fourth or Final Report (if given): *Ralph has been promoted to Grade VIII. Ralph is a fine all around student. Good luck Ralph, do enjoy you in my class.* *M.L.N.*

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
Days absent	5 1/2	2 1/2	2	-	-	1/2	1	-	-	-
Times tardy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Only by the co-operation of Parent and Teacher can the school do its best work. Therefore, if there is any information concerning the welfare and progress of your son or daughter that you think would be helpful, or if there is anything in this report that you would like to discuss, please see the Principal or Teacher as soon as possible.


**PARENT'S SIGNATURE**  
 First Report Mrs. L. Lortie  
 Second Report Mrs. L. Lortie  
 Third Report Mrs. L. Lortie

**TRANSFER OR PROMOTION**  
 The following points should be noted:—  
 (1) Pupils are not automatically promoted from year to year in any grade or subject.  
 (2) Promotion in a subject or grade is generally dependent upon the standard achieved during the school-year.  
 (3) Grades of D and E during the year are indications of probable failure in a subject or grade.  
 In case of doubt, Parents should confer with the Principal.

Assigned to Grade Eight School \_\_\_\_\_  
 Date June 28, 1956  
 Teacher M.L. Nelson Principal S. Hovdebo

75M-255-4534 (4) (This is not an official transcript of credits.)

**Grade 8 (1956-57): Mr. H. Osborne, Principal: Mr. Claude Campbell**

  
**BRITISH COLUMBIA SECONDARY SCHOOLS**  
**SECONDARY REPORT CARD**  
**Grades VII to XIII**  
**TO THE PARENTS**  
 The aim of education is to provide the student with an opportunity to acquire knowledge, habits, and skills, and to develop traits, attitudes, and ideals that will enable him to live usefully and happily. Students vary greatly in scholastic as in other natural abilities. That young person is fortunate whose parents are friendly, helpful, and encouraging, irrespective of the level of his or her scholastic ability.

Name Lortie, Ralph Division 8A  
 Grade 8 September, 1956, to June, 1957  
 School Whitehorse High School  
 School District \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home-room Teacher H. C. Osborne

When re-ordering please quote FORM R-3.

**TEACHER'S COMMENTS**  
 Third or Final Report: *An excellent record and student.*  
 Fourth or Final Report (if given): \_\_\_\_\_

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
Days absent	0	1	0	1 1/2	1/2	1	5 1/2	0	0	1 1/2
Times tardy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0

Only by the co-operation of Parent and Teacher can the school do its best work. Therefore, if there is any information concerning the welfare and progress of your son or daughter that you think would be helpful, or if there is anything in this report that you would like to discuss, please see the Principal or Teacher as soon as possible.

**PARENT'S SIGNATURE**  
 First Report Mrs. L. Lortie  
 Second Report Mrs. L. Lortie  
 Third Report \_\_\_\_\_

**TRANSFER OR PROMOTION**  
 The following points should be noted:—  
 (1) Pupils are not automatically promoted from year to year in any grade or subject.  
 (2) Promotion in a subject or grade is generally dependent upon the standard achieved during the school-year.  
 (3) Grades of D and E during the year are indications of probable failure in a subject or grade.  
 In case of doubt, Parents should confer with the Principal.

Assigned to Grade IX - Whitehorse Elem. High School \_\_\_\_\_  
 Date June 28, 1957  
 Teacher M.H. Statu Principal C. Campbell

10M-855-6960 (2) (This is not an official transcript of credits.)

**Grade 9 (1957-58): Mrs. Thelma Thompson, Principal: Mr. Campbell**

GOVERNMENT OF YUKON TERRITORY  
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
SCHOOL REPORT CARD  
GRADES VII - XII

Name..... Lortie, Ralph.....  
Grade..... 9..... September 19. 57..... to June 19. 58.....  
School..... Whitehorse Elementary-High School.....  
Town or Locality..... Whitehorse, Yukon.....  
Teacher..... Mrs. Thompson.....

STATEMENT OF PROGRESS

Assigned to Grade..... *9*..... Date..... *June 26*..... 19*58*.....  
Teacher..... *Thelma Thompson*..... Principal..... *Mr. Campbell*.....

Mrs. Thompson was a rather stern teacher but underneath that façade, she was a sweet lady, and I am among many who will not forget her.

Of course, all the cards are signed by my mother, Connie Lortie, who died in 1982.

Let's hear from schoolmates who also have good memories of these years.

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

**MRS. HUNTER – FIRST BLACK LADY REMEMBERED**

By Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

About Mrs. Hunter.

I know she did laundry in a tent for the American army during the building of the Alaska Highway. And a very good job, she did, I hear.

I know she had mining claims on Thistle Creek because my grandfather used to "walk the claim" for her at the intervals required.

My first recollection of her was as my babysitter when she still had some sight but sat on my feet as I lay, sick with some communicable disease of childhood, on the couch. Many recollections of loooooong phone calls to my grandmother, some of which I had to take my turn with if Nanna was busy.

Also, being sent with goodies to visit her in her cabin at the foot of Burns Hill, and staying for the obligatory visit just like I had seen Mom and Nanna do when I was younger. Cabin piled everywhere with boxes of clothes she would not wear because she was saving them to beat out the fire she was sure would happen. Boxes of canned and boxed food everywhere, delivered from the NC, usually by store manager, Owen Williams himself, ordered but not opened. Fully blind by 1955 but keeping the necessary pathways clear to feel her way around. Always dressed in layers topped with a plaid doeskin flannel shirt.

People worried about her; tried to offer assistance; respected her obstinate independence. I have never heard anyone talk of Mrs. Hunter without the utmost respect.

A quiet chuckle maybe, after hearing for the umpteenth time about her daughter, Teslin, being "the first white child born in the Yukon". Mrs. Hunter was the first black person I met so I could not understand what all the fuss was about in the States in the 60's. I guess our parents and grandparents did more for us than teach us how to give charity directly and respectfully.

Maribeth Mainer

## **VIC FOLEY**

By Tom Tait [tom\\_tait@telus.net](mailto:tom_tait@telus.net) (In Coquitlam)

I was the "Relief Agent" for Canadian Pacific Airlines in 1950 and was doing a two week posting in Mayo.

I had a day off mid week and the owner of the town's Taxi service asked me if I would like to accompany him on a run to Keno where he was making a delivery of laundry to the Northern Lights Hotel and to Bombay Peggy's "house". I jumped at the chance.

My driver dropped the laundry and me off at the Northern Light and introduced me to Vic Foley.

He then proceeded to Peggy's where he delivered her laundry and negotiated the price for service.

It turned out that Vic and I had attended the same high school in Vancouver "King George".

I wasn't born when he attended but it still gave us a common interest that generated an hour or so of reminiscence. During this time the cost of delivering Peggy's laundry was taking place.

As I recall;

Vic was a championship boxer and during his career had defeated Jimmy MacLarnin but not when MacLarnin was the World Champion in his weight division. He was a great story teller and kept me and a number of pub patrons entertained with stories of his exploits. He also managed to sell a lot of beer, but not to me of course because I was only twenty and the drinking age back then was twenty-one and if you believe that you probably believe the cabby collected cash for delivering the laundry.

## **Vic Foley name brings Memories**

The name of Vic Foley brought back some more memories. I first knew Vic in Mayo before he went to Keno to live, but saw him at the Northern Lights Hotel in Keno where he was tending bar. He and I got into a discussion, and he was selling stock in a Yukon Brewery that was supposed to be built in Whitehorse. Vic was quite heavily invested himself, and I thought it had to be a sure winner! So I invested fifty dollars which at that time was a bit of money.

In the spring at Mayo, when people were needing fresh stuff especially after the long winter, everything was promised on the first steamboat. So what was the first boat loaded with? A barge load of fuel oil and a deck load of beer! So for sure here had to be a winner, but that stock never did come to fruition for the brewery was never built. Many years later Alice and I looked at that stock certificate and decided to garbage it for nothing had happened. I kind of wish now that I had saved that piece of paper, for it would have been a great conversation piece and a chuckle of bygone days in Yukon.

Another thing that was mentioned in the Gold and Galena was when Vic worked for Fred Mathews and Dick Mercure in the Chateau Mayo Hotel. During the winter, Dick was still running a trapline as he had for many years till the winter of 1948-49. His area was about 80 miles below Mayo, and he had taken his winter supply down by steamboat in the fall when he was establishing for the winter. Some time later in the winter Dick died of a heart attack and fell in front of his cabin. I don't know who found him, but whoever it was unfortunately had to shoot the dogs as they were pretty well starved to death. Dick

was moved into the cabin for safety while it was properly reported. Even though Dick was dead the dogs did not touch him even though starving. So this goes to show the loyalty of a dog team, and they likely kept any wild animals at bay which saved Dick. It was reported to the RCMP in Mayo, and my father drove Bud Fisher's RD-6 down the old winter road to retrieve his body. When Alice and I flew into Mayo on January 22nd 1949, Dad was down on that trip. She first saw her new father in law on an RD-6 when he came in from that trip, and her first experience of what Yukon living was going to be like.

Henry Breden [hjbreden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

Here is one I sent to Sherron on Vic and one of the fellows, Dick Mercure that he worked for in Mayo. So Vic and I were both stockholders in the Yukon Brewery that never came to be. It seemed to be a sure shot at the time, but never came off. Of course I know Dick and Maggie Wallingham very well as they bought my parent's home when my parents moved to Whitehorse. Maggie and I attended the same school. I first met Jean and Wilfred Gordon in 1945 when they moved from Dawson to Mayo. I was working on the BYN Co. M.S. diesel river boat, Neecheah, and they with their 5 year old daughter, Betty travelled with us. We only had room for the crew on the boat, so Jean and Wilfred along with Betty made up their beds on the barge we pushed. We had a good trip and remained friends over the years. My goodness, Jean must be getting to be quite an age, but she has had a very busy life. I still remember that her maiden name was Matheson. If you wonder how I would be on a river boat, I was on river transportation from 1942 to 1950, actually nine seasons.

Thanks for the photographs, and that mid photo is the Vic that I remember. I know that Sherron will do justice to the memory of Vic as an outstanding Yukoner. As time goes on, many of the older names surface and in most cases I have met and knew these folks. As Sherron says, "Just give that fellow a name and you have another story!" Have a nice day.

Henry.

## **VIC FOLEY**

Thanks Henry, that's terrific stuff. Love the bit about the phantom brewery, and the intriguing story of Dick Mercure's demise. I have a few specific questions for you as well:

- 1) Did Vic ever talk about his boxing days? Were people aware of it? Did he do any amateur boxing while you knew him?
- 2) Did he ever discuss his family? Did you know he had a son?

3) Do you recall where and when you first met him? I'm trying to track his movements: I know he was at Glacier Creek in 1935, and reached Dawson by 1939 or 1940. He was still in Dawson as of 1948, but may have gone somewhere else in the intervening years. Then on to Mayo, I guess in about 1949, before arriving in Keno sometime prior to 1951. From at least 1958-62, he was in Whitehorse, and then by 1967 back at one of the camps near Mayo. I'm not exactly sure when he left Yukon, but it was before 1976.

4) Was was his personality like?

> My goodness, Jean must be getting to be quite an age, but she has had a very busy life.

She told me she's 87. But she's certainly still with it. She said she helped send Vic to Ottawa in 1967 for the sportsmen's dinner where he met George Chuvalo. It was part of the centennial celebration, and Vic went as the Yukon representative. She also suggested I phone her brother George in Oregon, who knew Vic in his Dawson days.

> If you wonder how I would be on a river boat, I was on river transportation from 1942 to 1950, actually nine seasons.

Interesting. One of my other interests is the SS Tyrrell, a steamer that worked the Yukon and Tanana rivers from about 1898 to 1920, and then was dismantled in 1932. It was originally bound for the Stikine, along with its sister ships Moyie and Minto, but none ever went there. The other two instead ended up in the West Kootenay district, and became some of the longest-serving ships in steamboating history. They weren't retired until the mid-1950s. The Moyie is preserved as a museum at Kaslo, B.C., while the Minto was burned in 1968. Both are quite well known, but the Tyrrell seems much more obscure. I was pleased to find two pictures of it on the Yukon Archives website.

By the way, Vic's more-or-less complete fight record can be found here:

[http://www.boxrec.com/boxer\\_display.php?boxer\\_id=010106](http://www.boxrec.com/boxer_display.php?boxer_id=010106)

Regards,

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

### **Yukon River Steamboating**

*A man from Port Angeles, Washington wrote to Donna Clayson requesting some information by way of the Moccasin Telegraph. We thought Henry would have the answers and this is his reply. If anyone has information about Magic Lanterns we would be happy to hear about them and pass the information along.*

How the devil can a man write a book about something he does not know? But I guess he is deeply into Magic Lanterns that used to be very common in the early years when I was a kid. I remember them being used in the Anglican Church in Mayo in the 1930s for Sunday School instruction. But I will get back to the information that is needed.

First, the distance from Whitehorse to Dawson by river is 460 statute miles. To give you an idea of the cost of travel, the fare in 1942 from Mayo to Whitehorse was \$68.00 . So based on mileage I would say from Dawson to Whitehorse at about \$50.00 at that time. If you want to go way back in history to the early part of the century when the BYN had competition on the river, it was so fierce that you could make the trip for 5 dollars. They very soon got together with Herb Wheeler of BYN and stopped that foolishness before they all went broke.

Going upstream the boats ran all night using a 1000 watt searchlight to light their way. But downstream they tied up at dusk, usually planned to land at a wood stop and take on wood during dark hours. At daylight they were away again. Going upstream the older skippers used to tie up below Rink Rapids if it was getting dusk or foggy and wait for daylight. But in 1948 with the Nasutlin we ran both Rink and the Fingers upstream at night, for our First Officer, Brian was good in fog and not afraid of Rink at night. On the other hand, Bill Goodlad our skipper was not afraid of the Fingers. Going downstream, leaving Whitehorse in the evening, it was planned to hit Five Fingers and Rink Rapids in daylight.

Besides staterooms on the boats, regular meals were served by a competent galley crew for passengers and crew. Breakfast was served at 7:00 AM, lunch at noon and dinner at 5:00 PM for the shift change of engineers and wheel- house crew and Mates at 6:00 PM. Night lunch was served at 9:00 PM for those who wanted it, and there was a Mess Boy on in the galley all night to serve the crew after they had loaded wood or off loading freight at night.

The Dawson Debtor's Prison is something that I never heard of, but the Lean Law was brought in by George Black to protect workers. Some workers would spend all winter mucking gravel for sluicing, and some owners were known to skip out downstream by small boat after the sluicing was done. It was for this that the Lean Law was brought in, and is likely still on the books today.

Has Mr. Bishop ever visited the Yukon? He would have liked it in the early years.  
Cheers,

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

## **HELP FOR DRY CRACKED HANDS AND FEET**

I hope by now the person with the dry/cracked feet/hands has found a cure, if not here are a few I've tried over the years and found they work.

“Pad and Paw” a foot ointment used by dog mushers for racing dogs’ feet, not sure where you would find it. But definitely worth a try.

“Udder Butter” or “Bag Balm” used by dairymen on cows’ teats that are cracked and dry from mastitis. You can get it from any Peevey Mart or any good hardware store in a rural area. It smells a bit medicinal, but works great. My fav.

My grandmother swore by pig lard and I found my hands softened when butchering or cutting and wrapping pork. Chicken fat does the same thing. Not something I would choose deliberately though. It’s just a kind of side effect.

Gehwol Fusskraft Blue; it’s a foot ointment found in Shoppers in Whitehorse, so should be found just about anywhere. I used it after the all night Cancer Walk last summer in Whitehorse, it felt wonderful. It seems to be all natural ingredients.

Coal tar, just ask your pharmacist or check out the ointment section of your drug store. Don’t mind the name, it’s actually a white color and smells a bit medicinal I had it after a bad bout of winter dermatitis. Works well.

Good luck.

Marsha Flumerfelt [mjflumerfelt\\*yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:mjflumerfelt*yt.sympatico.ca) (In Destruction Bay)

## OBIT

Forwarded by Bill Maylor [b.maylor\\*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor*sasktel.net) (In Neilburg SK)

**ELL, Garry Marcus** Passed away peacefully amongst his loving family in the early morning hours of Easter Sunday, March 27th, 2005 in the Victoria Hospice. **Formerly a resident of Whitehorse, Yukon** Garry was born in Saskatoon, Sask. on February 5, 1947, the eldest son of Marcus and Barbara (nee Hagel) Ell of Victoria BC, formerly of Saskatoon Sask. Predeceased by his grandparents Adam and Ida Ell and Michael and Rose Hagel, Garry is survived by his mother and father, his loving companion Anita Stevens, daughter Lisa (Kerry Hogan) Ell, grandson Tyler, two brothers Ron (Germaine) and Bob (Kathryn), nephews Jeremy, Adam (Ally), and David, niece Rebekah (David) Ford and grandniece Kaitlyn Ford. Special thanks to those who cared for Garry during his final days, Anita, the Home Care Nurses, the staff at the Victoria Hospice, Father John Hannen of St. Barnabas Church and his many friends at the Sturdee Street Apartments in Esquimalt. Garry was raised in Victoria and attended school at Royal Oak. An electronics technician by trade and entrepreneur by nature Garry demonstrated his talents in many ways including the **building of a successful commercial electronic security company in Whitehorse.** Garry's success however was neither in making money nor in his electronics genius, his success was his way of connecting with people making them feel comfortable, his kindness and sense of humour. In addition, Garry was a wonderful listener. A man, who was slowly passing away spent his remaining days walking in the sand by the water. One day, he noticed footprints moving alongside his. The next day he noticed only one pair of footprints. He was being carried by God. God bless you Garry. You will always remain in our hearts. We love you, grieve for our loss, and yet, take comfort in knowing that you were an exceptional person who will never be forgotten by those whose lives you've touched. A gathering of friends and family will be held at the home of Garry's parents, Thursday March 31st, #1-7980 East Saanich Road, from 1:00 to 4:00pm. Garry's ashes will be scattered by his family in the places he loved the most,

particularly the water. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the Victoria Hospice or the Canadian Cancer Society. 58691  
Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 3/29/2005.

## REMOVED FROM LIST

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 5.1.1 unknown or illegal alias: [hill\\_rd@shaw.ca](mailto:hill_rd@shaw.ca)

HILL, David & Georgette (BERG) [hill\\_rd@shaw.ca](mailto:hill_rd@shaw.ca) (David in Whse 1957-67, Georgette 1948-67) 250-338-6821 Courtenay

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <[ndesmara@telus.net](mailto:ndesmara@telus.net)>

DESMARIAS, Nancy [ndesmara@telus.net](mailto:ndesmara@telus.net) (In Whitehorse 1992-96)  
(604) 777-0343 New Westminster

Would you please delete my name from the MocTel mailing: Mary Lou Christensen nee Foster, Nepean, Ontario (Ottawa) [louken@magma.ca](mailto:louken@magma.ca). I have enjoyed reading the weekly issues over the past couple years and, thanks to the Moc Tel, I have reconnected with several friends I grew up with back in the '50's and; however I am finding that I no longer know any of the people the stories are about and it no longer holds the same interest to me. You are doing a wonderful job and I thank you for all your hard work and efforts in putting together the Moc Tel.

Mary Lou Christensen (nee Foster)

CHRISTENSEN, Ken & Mary Lou (FOSTER) [louken@magma.ca](mailto:louken@magma.ca) (Mary Lou In Whse 1941 - 1957) Nepean ON

## NEW ADDITIONS

Sorry for the delay as we returned on Wednesday night and I've been sick ever since.

My name is Anita (Craig) Mayhew born in Dawson City and lived in Bear Creek from 1936 - 1950 when we moved to Vancouver. I now live in Hudson, Quebec, just outside Montreal.

Anita (Craig) Mayhew [anitamayhew@sympatico.ca](mailto:anitamayhew@sympatico.ca)

\* \* \* \* \*

I am interested in getting access to the Moccasin Telegraph and I understand that you are the person I must contact. I was raised in the Yukon and have many friends from the Yukon that I would like to keep track of. Your name was given to me by Diane Pilloud (Harbottle) via Henry Breaden. I would appreciate learning what is required to connect to the newsletter.

Thanks, Juanita Bell (James/Redpath) [tutshi\\*telus.net](mailto:tutshi*telus.net)

I enjoyed reading my first Moccasin Telegraph and recognized many of the names.

A little of my history, I was raised in the Yukon, I moved there before I was a year old. My grandfather was Jimmy Redpath and he worked on the WP&YR boats. My Father and uncle, Ralph and Walter James went to the Yukon to placer mine and they met Jimmy Redpath there. They introduced him to my grandmother Edith, and they were married. They ran the Redpath Store which was across from the Sacred Heart Church for many years. I have many memories of that time. My grandfather Jimmy, my father Ralph, and my mother Virginia James all died in the Yukon. My Grandmother Edith and uncle Walter died in Vancouver. With the exception of my mother who died in 2002, the others all died many years ago.

I have a brother, Ralph James who still lives in the Yukon. He had an Electrical contracting business there until he retired. He now spends his summers on his houseboat cruising Tagish Lake. I usually managed a trip up to see friends and enjoy the beauty of the Yukon each year. I presently reside in Nanaimo having moved from Calgary this past year. Hope this is enough back ground, I would be very interested in any memories people may have of my grandparents or father and uncle.

I was in the Yukon from 1946-1971 and again from 1978-1987 during which I was the owner/operator of Books on Main.

Juanita Bell (James/Redpath) [tutshi\\*telus.net](mailto:tutshi*telus.net)

\* \* \* \* \*

I joined the RCMP at Halifax NS on 25 March 1947. I was immediately sent to Rockcliffe, Ont. for training. After completing Equitation and Part One training in Sept 1947, our class was sent to Regina., Sask. In Jan 1948, we completed all our training and I was sent to New Brunswick. While there I served in Fredericton, Moncton, Chatham and Newcastle.

In May 1949, after submitting a request to serve in north, I was sent to Whitehorse, Yukon. I was on various duties there and at one time W.W. Thompson was my supervisor. In May 1950, I was transferred to Old Crow, Yukon. This being a very isolated detachment in the early 1950s, one had a multitude of duties. In the fall of 1952, I was transferred to Depot Division Regina pending confirmation of a posting to eastern Canada; I was sent to Alberton, PEI and served in that Province for the next 14 years.

I retired from the Force in March 1973 after completing 26 years. I held other positions in the Unemployment Insurance Commission for the following 18 years. This gave me approximately 44 years with the Federal Government.

Since September 1977, I have resided at 96 Scott Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I. C1E 1A6, with my wife Jeannine. We have two daughters and one son; they do not live with Jeannine and I.

Best Regards, Marshall MacKinnon. Telephone 1-902-894-3774  
[wmmackinnon\\*eastlink.ca](mailto:wmmackinnon*eastlink.ca)

\* \* \* \* \*

Hi Sherron, this is Gudrun Sparling. Can I please have the link for the moccasin telegraph?

Thanks a lot. [gudrun\\*whtv-cable.com](mailto:gudrun*whtv-cable.com)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*I believe that friends are quiet angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vic Hoy [vichoy\\*vip.net](mailto:vichoy*vip.net) (In Penticton)

### Vic's Poppycock

½ cup plus 1 tbsp margarine  
1 cup plus 1 tsp sugar  
2/3 cup white corn syrup  
½ teaspoon vanilla extract  
¼ teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 large microwave buttery popcorn  
1 snack size microwave popcorn  
½ pkg pecans  
½ pkg cashews

Combine butter, sugar, syrup and salt in a heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil stirring constantly. Turn down the heat and boil without stirring for 5 minutes. While that's

happening, do the popcorn in the microwave and pour along with nuts into a large roasting pan (mine is about 18” x 12”).

Remove the sugar mixture from the heat and stir in the soda and vanilla.

Pour the mixture over the popcorn and nuts and quickly stir until well coated.

Bake at 250 degrees until dry (about an hour to an hour and a half), stirring every 20 minutes.

Remove from the oven, spread it apart and let it sit on the counter for about 40 minutes, then store in airtight containers.

## **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)