

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 108th Edition – April 10, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Raven's Smooching

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

GEORGIA

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

When I first saw my Georgia,
It was love upon first sight.
Now after many years I sleep
Beside her every night.
Therefore, I must confess I'm forced
To lead a double life,
On the one hand there's my Georgia,
On the other there's my wife.

When Georgia's in a gentle mood,
She can be so soft and warm,
But if she gets her dander up,
She becomes a raging storm.
No matter what her mood may be,
Angry, calm or gay,
I can not wait to wake and walk
Beside her every day.

She has a multitude of friends,
Who follow her each day,

And though it makes me jealous
I cannot drive them away.
For everyone loves Georgia,
They come from far and near.
I guess if I'm to keep her
I'll have to learn to share.

When I'm alone with Georgia
I forget my other cares,
Oblivious to passing time,
Enraptured with her wares.
My wife is understanding though,
She is quite content to wait,
For Georgia's not a girl you see,
Georgia's just a Strait.

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"Georgia" is putting on a show for us this morning. A herd of **sea lions** have been feeding out there all morning. Right now, well fed, they're basking just under the surface with only the flippers visible.

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett



Migration time - this was taken this morning at about 7 a.m.

Lots of activity on the water these days.

Ducks heading north for summer.

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett – (his view at Qualicum Beach)

HEELS & HEROES

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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TOURISTS

One of the miners picked us up in the morning and drove us over to the cookhouse. We had a good breakfast and felt almost normal. While we were finishing our coffee Bill Day appeared. He told us they had flown Chan to Edmonton last night, that he was in pretty bad shape and they didn't have the facilities here. Canadian Pacific Airlines had a flight into Norman twice a week and Whammy had left on last night's flight.

"Well," I said, laughing, "there goes a well earned thousand bucks, and he didn't even say good-bye."

"Just think of the experience, Mrs. T.O.," Tom remarked, "you couldn't buy that for a thousand bucks."

"Who would want to?" I retorted.

Tom had finished his breakfast and Bill invited us over to the mess to eat with his crew. I couldn't eat another bite, but Tom could and Bill was getting a big kick out of Tom's appetite.

The crew told us how they had been in Watson Lake when the news broke that we were missing and believed lost on the Canol Road. They had been waiting in Watson for weather and Bill asked them if they wanted to go look for us. The crew was all in favor. They sorted out what gear they had in the aircraft and made a drop. They donated their cigarettes, all the emergency rations, and one fellow donated his chute.

This was a surprise to us and we said so. The airman said they were issued only one chute and if anything happened to it they either had to buy the next one or pay for the lost one. However, he felt under the circumstances it was worth it.

The weather was sour and below limits when Bill left Watson Lake. The tower raised heck, but the fact Bill was Airforce they couldn't stop him and off into the blue he went.

After they left Watson, to the horror of the tower the weather got progressively worse the further north they went. They got onto the Canol on the divide around 222. When they were about 50 miles from where they found us the ceiling went to the deck, it was socked in solid ahead of them. Bill had to abort and they were all disappointed. The following day the weather was out again and it wasn't until the third day they could search again.

One of the fellows said they sure were glad they could help and if it had happened after tomorrow they couldn't have, they were leaving for Ottawa. Tom and I looked at Bill. He explained that they were thru on photo and would close the base tomorrow and head for Ottawa the day after. It took a minute to sink in, but this was another example of "*The Lord will provide.*" We were very lucky.

After much gossip Bill asked us if we would like to tour the wells. We jumped into a jeep and made like tourists. The town was a company town and most of the houses were identical. They had bunkhouses for the single men and a huge cook house and recreation center. The tanks storing the oil were immense and lined the riverbank. All the oil went out by barge until the Canol Road was built. It was the oil from these wells that was intended to supply the north during the war. However, the pipeline did not prove economical on a peacetime program so they shut it down. The refinery was dismantled in Whitehorse and taken to Alberta by truck. I asked about the old Fort, but it was 50 miles downstream so we didn't see it. Tom had been there before the war but I was hoping I could visit it.

We enjoyed our tour and were so grateful to Bill and his crew for all they had done. I knew we could never repay him, but we would never forget them. He told us that

Whammy and Chan would not have to pay a cent as it was on the Canadian Government. I was nasty enough to say, "*Too bad.*"

"*Well, Tom,*" Bill said, "*how about lunch?*" He knew he couldn't fill Tom up so it was off to the mess. After lunch Bill took us to the mine office where we thanked Mr. Cain for all they had done for us.

Bill said he had some work to do so he took us back to the house and said he would pick us up at the cookhouse tonight.

Les finally appeared and told us that there would be a plane from Carcross to pick us up in the morning, weather permitting. He said he had lost everything on his wild walk but that he was feeling fine and none the worse for wear. We didn't remark at all on the trip and figured it better to chalk it up to experience.

After Les left I sighed a sigh of relief. We had been prepared to walk back to the cabin and it would have been late in the fall when we got there. If Les's company would fly us it was wonderful. I didn't realize at the time the tremendous responsibility his company felt about the situation. We were nothing to them and had only come on the trip at Whammy and Chan's insistence. Les certainly was not to blame for that.

We spent the remainder of the day thanking people who had been so kind to us. Our dogs were back to normal and Chee Chee was the pride of the town. Tom ate every chance he got and it seemed to me we were always sitting feeding our faces. He just couldn't get enough to eat.

Bill was tickled to death with Tom's appetite and as soon as we finished dinner in the company cook house away we went to the mess. Things were rather hectic for Bill, he was trying to get squared away to leave and stuff was stacked all over the place. The crew wandered in and out and we spent the evening telling tall tales. Bill finally took us to our little house and another day had gone.

BAMBOO BOMBER

Les picked us up early in the morning. "*The plane is here,*" he shouted, "and he is in a hurry to get going." We gathered up our dogs and bedrolls and jumped into the pickup. Les went to the cookhouse and we had breakfast, gulping down coffee with a sense of urgency.

Whistling onto the runway, there in all its glory sat an Anson aircraft. The Anson was a training plane during the war and was made entirely of plywood. It was affectionately called the "Bamboo Bomber."

Bill and his crew were having a ball watching us get loaded. They kidded with **Herman** the pilot and asked him if he would like a tow.

When Tom was loading the pups Sam got in a half hearted growl and got a whop on his ear for the trouble. I thought Tom would lose an arm but Sam was well behaved for a change. He could probably remember the 4x4. Jeep and Major were gentlemanly and quiet.

Herman Peterson was an old time bush pilot and well known in the north Tom was glad he was flying us back. **Ray Farrel** was Herman's engineer and as anxious as Herman to get airborne.

Bill had given Tom a pile of surplus cereal and he was frantically throwing boxes of shredded wheat and corn flakes in the tail of the Anson. Herman was having apoplexy. When we couldn't get another box in the plane Herman shook his fist at; Bill and slammed the door. We waved to all the fellows and I tried like monkeys to talk thru the tiny windows.

Les went up front with Herman. The three of us sank into seats, Tom with Major between his legs and Chee Chee on my lap. Herman put the engines through a run up and as we taxied away Bill gave us the V-for-victory sign. I felt a little sad leaving a friend.

At the end of the runway Herman held the brakes till the tail was high and we started to roll down the strip. We rolled and rolled and rolled and I thought we would never get airborne. Suddenly the ground fell away and we were off into the blue.

The flight to Johnson's Crossing was five hours over some of the roughest terrain in the North. Herman knew the country well and was anxious to get this flight over with.

Major and Tom were petrified, I don't know who scared whom but I could have knocked Major's eyes off with a stick. The poor little mutt just sat rigid between Tom's legs and stared into his' face.

I was in my glory. It was a beautiful day and Herman only flew inches above the peaks. The wings seemed to scrape the peaks. When I mentioned to Tom how wonderful it was, he looked at me with complete disgust and said, "*Mrs. T.O., you must be nuts, there is nothing normal about flying.*"

Tom hated airplanes. In later years he thought he would learn to fly, but after 40 hours dual the instructor told him he would never, never be a pilot.

There was a 45-gallon drum in the front of the cabin and after we had been cruising about three hours Ray moved up and Les helped him pump the gas from the barrel out to the wing.

Well, that about did it. I thought Tom would bail out. He cussed and raved that Herman had been flying on the deck all the way and why the heck didn't he get altitude,

now the idiot was gassing from a barrel. What if it got an air lock? Well if I ever thought I could dream up horrible thoughts, I couldn't hold a candle to Tom when it came to his fears of flying.

We passed within a short distance of our cabin. I tried to get Tom to look but he wouldn't. He and Major just sat in stony silence.

Close to Johnson's Crossing the terrain was not so formidable and Tom perked to life. He looked out at the familiar country and started talking a blue streak. In another 40 minutes the engineer told us we would be in J.C.

It was late when Herman made his pass over the short strip at Johnson's Crossing. He had buzzed the camp to let them know we were here and before we rolled to a stop a pickup was waiting for us. When Tom jumped out of the plane he reached down and kissed the ground. I don't know who was more shook, the pilot at his lack of faith or his wife at his show of emotion, unheard of for a mountain man.

While we were talking to Herman he told us that he had never flown Les down the Canol Road. When they got on the divide the weather was out, so they flew down the Gravel River. They ran into weather on the way back and came straight across. So now we knew, four people had nearly lost their lives because this ex-army officer had lied.

We never saw or heard of any of these men again. Les, Whammy or Chan.

Twenty-one days with the wrong woman.

THE END – *(a short epilogue to follow in next weeks edition.)*

MEMORIES AND QUESTIONS FROM Donna (COWLING) (Needham) Mclean

How great to get your last issue. So nice to read Ralph Lortie's article too. I do so remember him playing hockey with Benny Sheardown. That arena was sooo cold. Mary Lou Foster.....I have a picture taken on my birthday with you, Benny Sheardown, Lois Sheardown, Darlene... not Howatt..Curtis Gislison. We look so cool leaning against Moms fence at Fourth and Hanson. I think..a CPA house.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of Patsy Kerry, Joyce Plementos, the Wanjuk girl or Penny Bissell and her sister Candy? Lord their mom made fudge from heaven.

I'd also like to know the whereabouts of Vi Cletheroe. Her gram raised her in Whitehorse out behind the old steam plant. She was native to the region. Any Tyzia out there.

Thought Percy and Mabel were a wonderful choice for the reunion. Except the ladies at the table and I got into deep discussion

Where are all the native people from the Yukon? I do think it would be a wonderful idea to try to find some of them and include them in the Yukoners. Years ago my dad paid to publish a book on Yukon natives entitled their own Yukon. I believe Jim Robb was involved. The book I have is in all my Yukon gear in storage. It was dad and moms hope that this book would be in schools in the north. Will give you more info on that when I find you some more odds and ends from those great days. Does anyone out there know Doug Woods, Brian Hugo, or names of people from that time?

I understand Jim Robb finally got some recognition from the government in the order of Canada? Is this so? (*I sent the Jim Robb Special Edition on to Donna. – Sherron*) Read parts of the telegraph to mom, Muriel Needham and she just smiles. So for that I do thank you.

Do any of the old, speaking gently of course know where the lady ball players may be who are, Mary Tobacco, Jackie Curry. I do know Jean Dierek, June Fitchener or either Redford sister aren't accounted for.

Imagine what a team those old gals, of which I was one could teach the younguns. One thing I do remember vividly...Burnie Burnett of Town Toggery bought our team snazzy black and white uniforms.....boy that was a pride giver. Tho she passed away many years ago, no one on our team will ever forget her sitting behind home plate to cheer on her team and hollering at umpires.....go home you farmer, you're blind as a bat.

When Bernie was in hospital in Whitehorse I went to see her, and tho she tired rapidly she sure rallied when the team was discussed bless her heart.

Take care all, tis a wonderful thing to know where and if or how you are.

Oh Ralph.....dad bought Town Toggery from a Mrs. Burke and her gentleman friend who was the undertaker.

Don't know the boat story but would love to know more.

Just for fun.

Does anyone remember Bob Sheardowns fiddle playing and what he and Margaret did for a living? Think they were related to Archie Gillespie but not sure. Lois Sheardown last I had any news of her was in Watson Lake after Jim died.

On a more cheerful note, we are alive to enjoy wonderful memories.

Donna (COWLING) (Needham) Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca

DISCOVERY

By Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

(Excerpt from Al Oster Song Folio. Copyright © 1992 by Northland Music Co)

In 1894, Robert Henderson, a tall wiry Scotchman from Nova Scotia was prospecting for gold in the creeks of the Klondike. He was convinced that somewhere in this area there should be a noteworthy concentration of gold, or maybe even a Mother Lode. He traveled from one creek to another prospecting as he moved along and found a favorable amount of color on Gold Bottom Creek. As he traveled along he passed the news of color on Gold Bottom to other prospectors working their way along the Klondike creeks.

Near the mouth of the Klondike River in August of 1896 he met George Carmack and his two Indian companions Tagish Charley and Skookum Jim. He told Carmack of his Gold Bottom discovery and advised they should head in that direction and to continue on over the hill into the next valley and try prospecting along Rabbit Creek (Bonanza Creek today); and if he should find any traces of gold to be sure to pass the information back to him as soon as possible. Carmack agreed this was a fair exchange of information.

On August 17, 1896, Carmack, Tagish Charley, and Skookum Jim discovered a significant deposit of placer gold on Rabbit Creek. Carmack decided they should stake and record their discovery and rename the creek Bonanza. They staked the Discovery claim and the #1 claim below Discovery in the name of George Carmack. The #1 claim above Discovery was staked by Skookum Jim, and the #2 claim below Discovery was staked by Tagish Charley. The news travelled fast and it wasn't long before all of Bonanza Creek above and below Discovery were staked and recorded by other prospectors, some of whom had been working as far as 150 miles away. News of the strike however was not passed on to Henderson by Carmack as promised, and by the time he heard of the strike it was too late. Gold had also been discovered on Hunker Creek, a short distance from Bonanza, and Henderson managed to stake and record a claim adjoining the Discovery claim on that creek.

On July 16, 1897 the ship Excelsior docked in San Francisco carrying news of the gold strike in the Klondike. The following day the ship Portland docked in Seattle with a rumored ton of gold aboard from the Klondike. The news spread like wildfire throughout the world and the now famous Klondike Gold Rush of 1898 was on. The ports of San Francisco and Seattle became the major supply source of goods, tools and other materials required by stampedeers heading north. Ships heading north to Skagway were loaded to capacity.

Meanwhile, back in the Klondike, Joe Ladue, a shrewd, instinctive sawmill operator and store owner at Ogilvie, 60 miles to the south of the Klondike on the Yukon River recognized that a horde of prospectors would soon invade the land and require lumber, food, supplies and other amenities when they arrived. He therefore moved his sawmill and store from Ogilvie to the mouth of the Klondike River where it flowed into the Yukon River and proceeded to set up the townsite of Dawson City. The Stampedeers were already on their way and by late fall of 1897 there were 1500 newcomers camped in tents along the Yukon River in the new townsite waiting for the wrath of their first Arctic winter encounter. Many were ill-prepared for the experience and suffered untold hardships before spring arrived.

By the summer of 1898, the population of Dawson had grown to over 30,000, and it was the largest town west of Winnipeg. They gave it the nickname of San Francisco of the Northwest. Several outlying communities such as Grand Forks, Hunker, Dominion, etc. sprang up overnight in the valleys closer to the claim workings. The hills and valleys teemed with activity both night and day, and it was truly a Bonanza for gamblers, prostitutes, dance halls, theaters and saloons. But, the hectic hustle, bustle, and prosperity

would last only until 1900, and then decrease rapidly each year thereafter until all the outlying communities became totally abandoned. Dawson City dwindled to a population of approximately 3500 by 1910. The last of the dance halls closed in 1907, and by 1920 only 800 people still remained in Dawson. The 1920's saw Dawson become a company town under the influence of the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation who acquired most of the old mining claims on the creeks. They brought in huge Gold Dredges and for the next 40 years the Dredge would be the main source of employment for Dawsonites. The creeks and valleys of the Klondike resounded with the sound of motors and huge steel buckets grinding and ripping up the gravel from the valley bedrock. The population remained at 600 to 800 persons.

Today, every year on August 17, all the Yukon joins Dawson City to once again re-live the romance and intrigue of 1898 in a Yukon Public Holiday called Discovery Day. Dawson becomes alive with dancing, song and celebration. Tourism has now become a major industry featuring many historical site restoration projects that preserve the fabulous Klondike Gold Rush heritage. Klondike legends and history will survive forever in poetry, song, books, publications, and several Public Archive storage chambers around the world. ★

YUKON GOLD (Al Oster)

Key of "D" & "A" * 3/4 * Medium Waltz * Copyright © 1960 by Northland Music Co.

- (1) In the /d gold rush /a7 days of the /d Yukon / ,
 Oh /bm many / long years a /d go /
 /bm Gold was the / word, and the /g cry was /d heard
 Let's / find that /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .
 They /d came from the /a7 wide world /d over /
 They /bm fought with the / wind and the /d cold /
 Down the /bm river they / came, /g chanting the /d name
 Of / gold, /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .

Chorus #1

Now /a Carmacks and /e7 old Tagish /a Charlie /
 And an / other man /e7 called Skookum /a Jim /
 On / Bonanza they /e7 made the dis /a covery /
 Of /e7 gold and the / miners came /a in /a7
 They /d staked every /a7 hill in the /d Klondike /
 /bm Looking for / old mother /d lode /
 They /bm fought and they / tried, and /g many men /d died
 For / gold, /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .

- (2) On the /d Klondike they /a7 built Dawson /d City /
 /bm Oh how the / town did /d grow /
 The /bm fever ran / high, and g this was the /d cry
 It's / gold, /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .
 With / dance halls, the /a7 music, and /d gambling /
 The /bm whiskey like / water did /d flow /
 A /bm fortune was / made, by /g gamblers who /d played
 For / gold, /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .

Chorus #2

In /a Gold Bottom /e7 Creek and Bon /a anza
 A / fortune lay /e7 there in the /d sand /

They / came by the /e7 thousands to /a find it /
With /e7 shovels they / dug up the /a land /a7
They /d staked every /a7 hill in the /d Klondike /
/bm Looking for / old mother /d lode /
They bm fought and they / tried, and /g many men /d died
For / gold, /a7 Yukon / d Gold / .

- (3) Now the /d gold rush in the /a7 Klondike is /d over /
The /bm dance halls are / ancient and /d old /
Every /bm where you can / see, the /g true mem /d ory
Of / gold, /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .
And / Dawson is a /a7 romance in /d history /
And /bm many are the / stories /d told /
Of an /bm old mining/ town, where a/g fortune was/d found
Of / gold, /a7 Yukon /d Gold / .

Go to Chorus #2

* * * * *



Morning - Bennett Lake

Photographer is unknown to MocTel.
Photo was a forward to Gillian Campbell.

FORBES FAMILY OF MAYO

When I did the scan of Vic Foley, I noticed on the same page Kenneth A. and Hilda Forbes. 1934 and 35 they lived across from us in a frame building that in later years Karen Shaw grew up in. Their daughter Mary, used to chum with my youngest sister

Vera, but older than me by 3 years. Something that was not covered in the Gold and Galena was that Ken was sawyer in the Lefebre sawmill just over from us for those years. Up to that time, Charlie Matheny, our next door neighbour was the sawyer, and when he passed away it left a vacancy. Charlie was a finished carpenter and had part of his home set up as a shop. In my mind's eye, I can still see the bird hotel that he built and had it on about a twelve foot pole. It was white with a red roof, and about 20 separate compartments for the swallows that occupied it each summer. In 1936 the Forbes' moved to Elsa where Ken was in charge of building the new mill and we lost track of our blonde friend. Mary was a very nice person, and I often wondered where they eventually went to. During the war Ken's skills would be in high demand as he was an expert craftsman.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

VIC FOLEY

One other thing you might find interesting: this is the Denny Boyd column from the Vancouver Sun of 11 Feb 1967. Some of it is not quite accurate, but it's still worth reading.

A man's individual wealth depends on the coin that he counts. If he counts only that which he can fold or jingle, he can still be a poor man. But if he values memories; if he has banked pride; if he prizes health and if the sight of the North Shore hills when the air is clear can enrich his day, then he can call himself a rich man, in the same income bracket as Vic Foley.

Vic Foley is 64 now and he is happy and by his own standards, he is a wealthy man. He made over \$100,000 fighting professionally and most of it is gone. But he doesn't miss it because, years ago, he started counting other things on his personal ledger.

He is the cook in a Yukon mining camp but he is currently stopping by to visit relatives in Vancouver. At lunch yesterday he was saying, "No I don't have a great deal of that money left that I made out of boxing, but I'm not worried; there's no sweat. I have a few investments, I have a job that I enjoy doing and, outside of a cold once in a while, I am healthy

LIKED MONEY, NOT FIGHTING

Back in the '20s, Vic turned pro in Vancouver, after being an amateur for only three months. A slick, sweet-boxing bantamweight, he was a main-eventer after just six pro fights, he won the Canadian title in 1924 and he was to fight three world champions before he retired after a seven-year career during which he lost only six times. During those late '20s, he was the toast of Vancouver.

He says, "I had about 105 pro fights and my average purse was \$1,000, less 25 per cent which went to my manager, Deacon Allan. Twice, I made \$3,000 out of a fight. It was

good money then, and at that time, all I was interested in was the money. You see, I never liked fighting. Getting into a ring with another fellow, and banging each other around, it just isn't natural."

But the money drive has left Vic now. He can even laugh when he tells how he, somewhat of an expert on mines, just didn't get around to buying any Dynasty stock, which jumped from 40 cents to \$22 a share.

But back when he was more money-conscious, he turned pro because Deacon Allan offered him \$25 a fight. That was in 1922 when Vic was fighting for nothing and making a living in Harry Duker's sign-painting shop. Two years later, he won the Canadian bantam title before a roaring Vancouver crowd in the Denman Auditorium. Recalling that night, Vic says, "It was Dec. 8 and I was up against Howard Mayberry. I was the most surprised man in the house when I knocked him out in the third round of a 15-rounder because us little fellas just weren't supposed to have knockout punches." He kept that title for two years before losing it to Bobby Eber in Toronto.

CASSIUS CLAY IS A MARVEL

He remembers his last fight well. "It was in Tacoma against Young Farrell. I had the fight in hand all the way and in the last round, I put him down. But he had moxie and he climbed back on his feet. I didn't want to hurt him or put him down again so I carried him through the round. The crowd knew what I was doing and they gave me the greatest ovation I had ever heard. Back in the dressing room I could still hear those cheers and I decided it was the perfect time to retire."

The fight game today? Well, it's a bit hard to keep up with things in a mining camp in Mayo, five hours north of Whitehorse, but Vic is still vitally interested. (Last month he met George Chuvalo in Ottawa at a sportsmen's dinner.) "I have to say one thing: Cassius Clay is a marvel. I would rank him with Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, and Joe Louis as the four greatest of all time. He has such wonderful boxing ability and he dominates all of his fights. He is only 25 and I can't see anyone taking his title away before he is 30."

We finished lunch and then Vic Foley, walking firmly and straight, went his way. He will be in town for another week and then he will go back up north to his job as a bush cook up in the country where they count their wealth in a different kind of coin.

> If you are able to point out the discrepancies in Denny Boyd's story I would be happy to place them as a footnote. – Sherron

Sure! The errors as I see them:

- 1) Vic boxed for six months as an amateur, not three.
- 2) He fought at least 115 matches, not 105, and lost 18 times, not six.
- 3) Vic's last fight was not against Young Farrell, whom he only faced once, in

Sacramento. He may have been thinking about his second-to-last fight, which did take place in Tacoma, against Petie Miller.

I am off to Victoria tomorrow for a week to visit the provincial archives.

Regards,
Greg Nesteroff gregnesteroff@yahoo.ca

IT HAD TO BE SAID

Hi Sherron.....thank you so much for forwarding this message to me.....it conjured many emotions and memories for me.

Growing up in small town Northwest Territories and the Yukon, the RCMP were always such a part of the community and our lives. As kids, we never feared them nor did they seem threatening, quite the contrary. They were our teachers, mentors and friends as I have read they were to the community of Mayerthorpe. In that, I felt and grieved along with them.

I will never forget July 13, 1963 when the four RCMP members Ammand, Asbil, Laughland and Malcolm were killed in a plane crash at Carmacks. I knew all four men - John Ammand and Proctor Malcolm, the best - they both were stationed in Hay River, NWT before they went to Whitehorse. Mrs. Malcolm was one of my teachers and I often babysat for them. I remember going to their house to babysit that July 13th evening and she met me at the door and told me plans had changed and they would not need me that night - I did not find out what had happened until I got home a little later. In Hay River, I had SUCH a crush on John (which would last until the accident) - I was 15-16 and working at the local bakery - he would come in every single day for a cream puff pastry - and that is what we nicknamed him "Cream Puff" - it was such fun! It was great when they moved to the Yukon, bringing a little "home" with them.

I then gained a further respect for the work being done and the difficulty in carrying out their duties when I trained in the Surrey RCMP 911 - it was a real eye-opener for me!!

That loss in the Yukon was felt by many, it was an accident. The loss of the four Alberta RCMP was so violent. I can only imagine what their families and colleagues are going through - my heart goes out to them all.

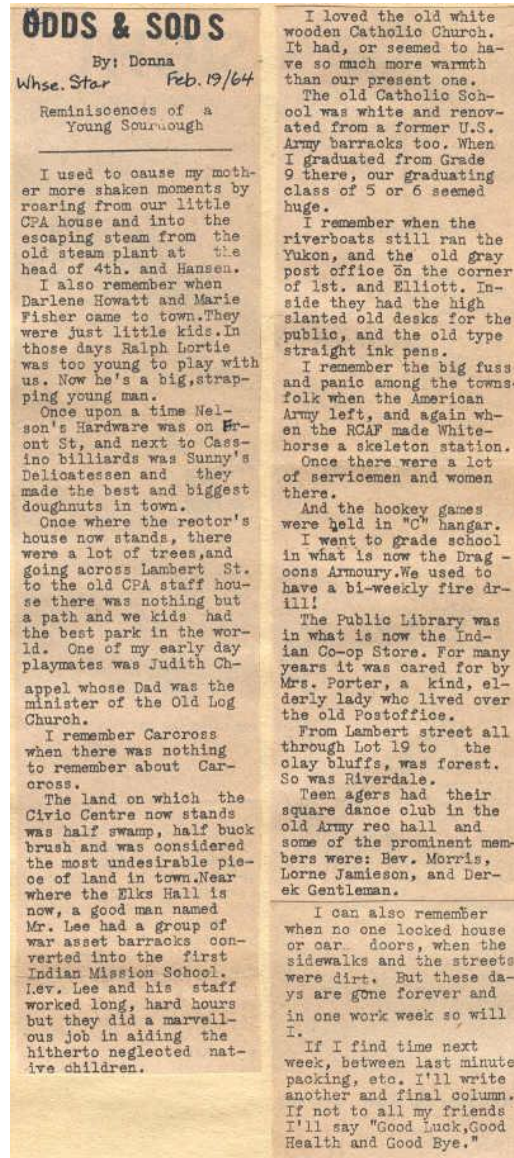
Whoa!! really got carried away on that didn't I? I so enjoy receiving the MT - feels like we are always connected. Glad you and Bill got away to Yukoners - loved the pics!!

Hope this finds you both healthy and happy.....love, Bubs Fraser (Vars)
bubs.fraser@shaw.ca

Hi, Sherron. Last night, after our conversation, I found this in my scrapbook. When I was away, playing hockey and studying at UBC, my mother saved clippings from the Star and the other paper. I found this one after Mom died.

Have a great day.

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca



DOES ANYONE KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE KEE BIRD STORE SIGN?

I read the newsletter from Vancouver Yukoners today and noted someone was lamenting the absence of the Kee Bird sign.

It isn't amongst the things Mom and Dad had, so if anyone knows its whereabouts and could contact you or I, I could then see about it being restored.

The correct spelling is Kee Bird based on a poem, unfortunately I cannot recall the author but it goes like this -

There is a bird up in the Yukon
It's large, and hideous and bold
It flies around the North Pole crying
Kee Kee Kee hrist but its cold

Followed of course by - every Yukoners favorite:

Winding in and winding out
Fills my mind with serious doubt
As to whether the dude that built this route
Was going to hell or coming back out'.....

Donna (COWLING) (NEEDHAM) Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca

FAVORITE SPOT TO EAT

Just a "wee" follow up on Vivian Stuart's recommendation regarding "our favorite eating spots". We are always so pleased to have visitors come our way. Both restaurants that Vivian mentioned (the Stone Street Cafe & the Red Brick Cafe) are great places to stop for a snack or a wonderful lunch. The ambience is warm and friendly and the servings more than ample.

Both owners are very community minded and have certainly found their niche in our little town of Sidney. When I mentioned to the staff that both places were given the stamp of approval by one of the owners mother's, they were "some impressed". Especially when I told them what wonderful "free" advertisement they were receiving through our MocTel. How nice to have someone with Yukon Roots in our neighbourhood. Thanks Vivienne for the "plug" our town appreciates your efforts, we hope many Yukoner's stop by and see what we have to offer.

An old Yukoner,
Karren Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net
Sidney BC

(surely someone else must be able to give us the name of a favorite spot to eat in their town. – Sherron)

Thank You to the Moccasin Telegraph

Doug Stuart and David Tognotti of the Stonestreet Cafe & Red Brick Cafe in Sidney would like me to pass on their thank yous for their new customers at the cafes, as a result of the "free" advertising in a recent Moc Tel. Thank you again and please drop in anytime.

Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Hello Sherron:

Would you please remove our name from your e-mails of the Moccasin Telegraph for the time being. We are going to be traveling for the summer and my computer gets jammed up so fast - not much memory, I guess.

Thank you again for this wonderful service,

Sincerely,

Joyce and John Doyle jjdoyle3@juno.com

DOYLE, John & Joyce jjdoyle3@juno.com (In Beaver Creek, Watson Lake & Whse) (winter traveling)

RETURNED TO THE LIST

I'm back online! Please update your email address for me to this email account:

DESMARIAS, Nancy d2doffice@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1992-96) (604)931-5495 Coquitlam

NEW ADDITIONS

My daughter Lura asked me to register her as she says I know the ropes. Lura Louise Breaden, and the reason I mention the two given names is because her address is double "1" l1lbreaden@shaw.ca . You would likely remember her from Whitehorse, born in Mayo 1967 and took her schooling in Whitehorse. Her last years and college she took here. Now that she is in business I will update her on the past Moc Tels, but would you please send her an updated list of Yukoners? Many thanks,

Henry Breaden

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Tact is rubbing out another's mistake instead of rubbing it in.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

This is my Grandmother Rogers special Orange Bread, who knows where she got the recipe. She was a remarkable lady who had 7 sons and 2 daughters and made sure that

everyone of the sons also learned to cook and not just simple things. They were all capable of preparing a full dinner with soup, bread, main course and dessert. Pretty remarkable for the time, she was born in 1860 and died in 1954 at 94.

Submitted by Dorothy Graham dorothyg*dccnet.com

ORANGE BREAD

Sliver peel of 2 oranges, cover with cold water & simmer until tender, add a scant cup of sugar and continue simmering until mixture thickens, keep an eye on it as it can burn. Cool.

2 cups all purpose flour
1 cup white sugar
1 tsp salt
2 tsp baking powder
3/4 cups milk
1 egg

Beat egg & sugar add alternately milk & dry ingredients. Fold in orange mixture and let stand 15 minutes. Bake about 3/4 hour, best if stored a day or so if you can hide it.

* don't know why you let it stand, but I am a believer

**not a misprint there is no butter in the recipe.

My kids loved orange bread so much they would carefully peel an orange and store the peel in the fridge, hint hint.

Dorothy Graham

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