

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 111th Edition – May 1, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Crocus (the saffron plant, herbs of the iris family)

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca

DAWN PATROL

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

On patrol one winter morning,
It was many years ago,
No sound but for the crunching
Of my footsteps in the snow.
In the pale gray arctic dawning
The frost fog hugged the ground,
In the midst of total solitude,
I slowly made my rounds.

Not a breath of wind was stirring,
It's a peace one cannot buy.
The smoke from rustic cabins
Rose straight upwards to the sky.
The acrid smell of wood smoke,
Rising from the blackened flu,
And the smells of frying bacon
And strong coffee "on the brew".

'Round the corner on the board walk
A tall young stranger stood.
Mukluks reaching to his knees,

Face masked by parka hood.
He looked a little shaken up,
So lonely and forlorn.
His breathing, white and steam like
In the half light of the dawn

I approached with trepidation,
Feeling wary all the while,
But as I neared he turned about
To greet me with a smile.
Exchanging little pleasantries,
We passed the time of day,
I offered him a breakfast,
At a small, all-night café.

We talked for 'most an hour
'Til the town began to stir.
Then he left me with a handshake
And a "glad I met you, sir"
I never saw that boy again,
I hope he found his way,
And I really have no notion
Why I thought of him today.

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Tink and Chee Chee hunting

Photo courtesy Jeanne -Connolly- Harbottle

Chee Chee

By Jeanne Harbottle

Lovable, laughable, courageous, timid, cranky, bossy, noisy, but always loyal. Chee Chee, 5 lbs of energetic canine.

Huddled under the floor of a shack, shivered a small black and white bundle of fur. I coaxed, pleaded and cajoled, but, she ignored me. As last resort, I crawled under the floor and hauled her out. She didn't bite, but she never quit shivering. For sixteen years she shivered, she shivered with cold, excitement, rage and disgust.

Her hair was short, but, her hackles could raise two inches. Her tail curled tightly over her back, her legs were long and her ears like a black bear. Her eyes were black when happy and emerald green when mad. She never barked, she screamed and it would raise the hair on your head. She was aloof, but demanded a place in the bedroll. She bossed and scolded man and dog, she was queen of all she surveyed.

Swishing along on snow shoes, Chee Chee followed daintily in my tracks. If I suddenly swung the tail of the shoes she would let out a scream that you could hear ten miles. I know I jumped higher than she did. The initial shock over, she would perch on the tail of my shoe holding up one paw. She wasn't hurt, she was shivering.

Ptarmigan were thick and Chee Chee made a hundred miles a day trying to catch them. They didn't fly high or far and would land only 20 feet away, light enough not to sink on the fresh snow she was scurrying through the willows mile after mile.

Sitting by the camp fire on a brush mat, Chee Chee would curl up in the snow under a tree and shiver. Never would she come close to the fire to get warm. In the tent she would stay outside till the bedroll was laid down, and this had to be done first or there was no living with her. She would scrape the tent wall to get away from the crackling fire, lying with her nose tucked under her tail and disdainfully eyeing me as I cooked the dog food.

She loved to hunt. She would circle a porcupine or a grizzly bear. She only harassed wounded game if one was shot in a bunch. She would circle and scream, the poor beast would eye this midget with utter dismay. She was like lightning leaping and circling around the animal till it lay on the ground. She then rushed up and tried to pull it away. She would hang onto a ram until the last second before it fell over a bluff. She'd dance under the nose of a bull moose, like a nat after an elephant.

She would nip the rear of a grizzly and be a half mile away before he swapped ends. She could herd a porky back to camp and proudly sport one quill in the end of her nose. She would drag in grouse, squirrels and spruce hens. Rabbits were child's play; she brought home what she didn't want.

She would follow a fresh wolverine track as quick as a wink and be gone for an hour, always coming back with a grin on her face and I was always expecting her to disappear.

Big Spot our wheel dog was her favorite, she would rush back through the day to say hello as he worked in harness. In summer she would get so provoked at all the willows hitting her she would crawl up and ride on his pack. One time when she got too nosy and got caught in a trap, our team could have won the world championship. Never had they moved so fast, she was screaming like an eagle and when we got there, the whole team was circled around her. They didn't move till she was free and then every one of them sniffed and licked till she was off and running again. She wasn't hurt, but she sure shivered.

She could spot a squirrel 30 feet up, squeaking till it fell to the ground. If you missed God forbid, she would be so disgusted looks would kill.

She even got up in the middle of the night and dragged us out to follow her into a dark den; not very healthy crawling into a den at night. She wouldn't take no for an answer and we were hungry. She screamed and danced into the corner of the den and I expected a mother grizzly to bore down on us any second. I shivered. There in the brush sat fat porky. We got it, rushed back to camp and cooked it. Chee Chee knew things were desperate.

She kept track of every dog in the family, and one night when one of our labs disappeared she woke me up in the wee hours. It was 10 below and the slough was frozen. I had to go; I followed her in my nightgown, boots and jacket. She led me down to the river to the slough and there half way out was our poor pup hanging onto the ice. He had fallen through. I had to wade out to him breaking the ice as I went, it wouldn't hold me. Chee Chee never left my side, hopping along the skim of ice still solid. When I got to Happy, he was nearly solid. How long he had been there I don't know, how he hung onto the ice I'll never know. He never whimpered when I carried him home, his trusting brown eyes never leaving my face as he lay cradled in my arms. He was so cold and wet I was sure he would get pneumonia. Chee Chee watched every move as I wrapped him in warm towels, gently rubbing his fur. Then layed him on the oven door. She sat close to him till he moved, then a screech to let me know he was alright. Wagging her little hind end with joy.

My life has been made richer by the wonderful little dog. She brought laughter, tears, and happiness. She was true to her breeding, proud, regal and aristocratic. Chee Chee was a Tahl-Tan bear dog.



After that Happy loved the oven door.

Photo courtesy Jeanne -Connoly- Harbottle



A porky Tahl-Tan bear dog.

Photo courtesy Jeanne -Connoly- Harbottle

ARCHIE CLOSE

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Archie Close was a real farmer and always had horses and cows in his barn on 2nd Avenue. He had two farms, one being about a mile out of town, and the other possibly three miles as it was out past the Mayo airport. It would be in the 1920s that he married Margaret Ross, and settled in their place in Mayo. He and Lou Titus were the ones that outlined the present Mayo Cemetery about 1929. Archie had prior been a Mason, but was no longer active as there was no Lodge. Because of his past belonging to Masonry, when they laid out the Masonic plot he said to Lou Titus, "That North-east corner is mine" in a joking way. It is a part of Masonic ritual that only a member would understand. There was an unauthorized Masonic club in Mayo where old members met, but was not recognized by Grand Lodge of B.C. When I got my first Book of Constitutions there was

an entry in it on the unauthorized Masonic Club in Mayo that was in their terms illegal and was not to be visited.

The Close children were just a bit younger than me, Annie being the oldest. So we grew up in Mayo together and were constantly good friends. There was Annie in Whitehorse, Bob who died in an air crash in the RCAF, Jim who had a charter airline in Watson Lake, Alvin who is on our Yukon list, and I lost track of the youngest, Muriel.

In 1968 when I was Master of Northern Light Lodge in Mayo, Archie was getting on in years and in hospital. In his farmer's way he asked my Junior Warden, "Who is ram-rodging the spread?" When he was told it was me, he asked that I visit him, so my Junior Warden and I visited him in the hospital. He told us about how he and Lou Titus had laid out the cemetery, and about the North-east corner being his. He said it was a joke at the time, but time had caught up with him and that is where he wanted to be buried. Archie was taken to the old man's home in Dawson, but he only lasted a couple of months and was returned to Mayo for burial. We as Masons upon request handle the service in full regalia. The service was held in the Church of England by Masonic members and friends and Archie was transported to the cemetery for burial. His casket was confusing as the head and foot looked identical, but we knew his belief of rising and facing the East. We had the second short ceremony at the cemetery and the casket was lowered by straps into the grave. At that time my Junior Warden sidled up to me and whispered, "The casket is the wrong way around!" Somehow, in coming out of the church into the vehicle and back into the cemetery, it had become crossed. So I asked him to have all members stay behind till after all family had departed. At the time what was going through my mind was, "If we did that, Archie would come back and haunt us for it!" So up came Archie, we checked to make sure, and He was buried for a second time. Then we proceeded to Archie's home where the family was providing refreshments.

It was not for several years later that in Whitehorse I told Annie what had happened, and she said she was wondering why we stayed behind. But had put it down that maybe we had a secret service that the public was not to see. Annie had quite a chuckle from that one!

So Archie was in his grave to his liking and will rise up to face the East.
Henry.

TEACHERS REUNION

Hello Sherron,

Greetings from balmy Yukon, we are currently in a "high pressure area" and so the temps are around the plus 20 mark. They tell us it won't last though.

We're having another 'happening' here in Whitehorse, and this goes out to all former Yukon teachers. The YTA is celebrating the 50th anniversary July 8 - 10, 2005. For further information contact Ruth Armson at rarmson@klondiker.com. Over 90 teachers have already signed up - - see you then???

Merton Friesen mfriesen02@yahoo.ca

A MESSAGE FROM JOYCE YARDLEY

My late husband, Gordon Yardley, and son Ted, were some of the actors in the movie that was made in 1971 called "**Challenge to Be Free**" starring Mike Mazurki, and directed by Taye Garnett. Much of the winter scenes were filmed close to Dezadeash Lake in the Yukon, where my husband and I owned a tourist and fishing lodge. I tell the whole story of the filming in one of my books "Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners." By the way, the movie I'm talking about is available in DVD at Amazon.Com. It's been "digitally re-mastered" after all this time! I was thrilled to be able to purchase one from them.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca

www.dataspan.ca

Full Cast and Crew for

Challenge to Be Free (1975)

Directed by - Ford Beebe & Tay Garnett

Writing credits - Anne Bosworth, Tay Garnett, Chuck D. Keen & Thomas Thompson

Cast (in credits order) -

Mike Mazurki Trapper

rest of cast listed alphabetically:

Vic Christy Frenchy

Fritz Ford Sargent

Tay Garnett Marshal McGee

Jimmy Kane Old Tracks

John McIntire Narrator (voice)

Bob McKinnon Buck Dawson

Patty Piper Indian

Roger Reitano Eli Zane

Brian Russell Storekeeper

Alex Van Bibber Great Rifleman

Connie Yardley Housewife

Gordon Yardley Supply Officer

Ted Yardley Officer Cabot

Produced by - Chuck D. Keen

Original Music by - Ian Bernard

Cinematography by - Chuck D. Keen

Film Editing by - Ford Beebe

Also I came across this article in the 2003 Saturday edition of the Globe and Mail .

Thought it might be of interest to some of our group, so I contacted Tom Hawthorn (who

wrote the article) and have his written permission to post it in MocTel , if you'd like to do that.

He also gave me the URL of a terrific web-site, with a poster advertising the film, plus lots more... it is: www.imb.com/title/tt0074299/posters - Joyce Yardley

Robert McDowell 1908 -2003 Obituary He Hunted the Mad Trapper

In 1932, the young Mountie saw comrades shot as he chased the desperate gunman across the frozen wilderness of the North

BY TOM HAWTHORN

He was the last of the Mounties who hunted down the Mad Trapper of Rat River. Constable Robert McDowell, who died last month at age 94, was a member of a posse that chased a desperate gunman across the frozen tundra of the Northwest Territories in 1932.

A party of 21 Mounties, trappers and natives tracked the man, who went by the name of Albert Johnson, for weeks in -40 weather — a pursuit that gripped radio listeners and newspaper readers in the grim opening months of 1932, a year of deepening Depression.

Two men were dead and two others grievously wounded by the time the dramatic manhunt ended on a frozen river in the Yukon. Mr. McDowell is believed to have been the last living witness to events that inspired several books and a Hollywood movie.

The Mounties called the famous case the Arctic Circle War, even though their enemy was a lone gunman. To the police's chagrin, the desperado became a folk hero to some people, who found in his beef with authority an echo of their own frustrations in a time of deprivation. The uncertainty of the trapper's identity even after so many years has only added to the allure of what transpired in that frigid hinterland.

It all began on a minor matter. A complaint by Loucheux trappers about traplines being tampered with led the RCMP to send Constable Alfred (Buns) King and Special Constable Joseph Bernard to call on a stranger who had built a log cabin in a clearing near the banks of the Rat River. When the trapper refused to open his door, the pair returned to Aklavik.

A search warrant was issued and two more were added to the party — Special Constable Lazarus Sittichini and Constable McDowell, a first-class musher whose narrow

face, tall forehead and dashing moustache gave him a passing resemblance to the movie star William Powell. The quartet set out with two dogteams on the morning of Dec. 30, 1931, armed with rifles and sidearms.

They arrived at the cabin on New Year's Eve shortly after daybreak, which occurred about 10:30 a.m. Constable King, a beefy man, approached the cabin in the morning calm. "Are you there, Mr. Johnson?" he called.

The response was a sharp crack as a bullet fired from a .30-30 rifle tore through the closed door and into the officer's chest.

The wounded man staggered for cover. More shots rang out from the the cabin, one narrowly missing Constable McDowell. He reached for his Lee Enfield rifle on the sled and returned fire at the hut as his injured partner crawled to safety.

Constable McDowell dumped supplies from the sled to make space for Constable King, the flow of blood from the bullet wound already stanching in the below-freezing temperature. The four officers retreated. The trip to the isolated cabin had taken nearly 28 hours. It seemed unlikely their wounded comrade would survive if the return took that long.

It was a bitterly cold day with howling winds. A desperate flight was made across choppy tundra and into groves of stunted spruce through which trails had to be broken. The men hoisted the sled on several portages before gingerly returning it to the frozen ground. They mushed all through the darkness of New Year's Eve, celebration forgotten in the mad dash to save their comrade.

Constable McDowell completed the 130-kilometre trek to Aklavik in just 20 hours, arriving at the hospital at about 7 a.m. on New Year's Day, 1932. His reward was a shot of brandy at the RCMP detachment, while his friend under-

went surgery.

Inspector Alexander Eames then led a posse of seven men, including Constable McDowell, who were joined along the way by Charlie Rat, a native guide. They were accompanied by 42 dogs, and among their supplies was 20 pounds of dynamite.

They arrived at the hermit's cabin to find it fortified and occupied. Once again, Mr. Johnson refused to answer calls to surrender. Instead, he fired through small holes in the walls as the posse riddled the cabin with bullets. After several hours of gunplay, Insp. Eames ordered some of the dynamite to be thawed, a difficult job under the circumstances.

Sticks were thrown against the cabin. Several failed to ignite, others did little damage. At last, it was decided to toss a large bomb onto the roof. The cabin collapsed in the explosion, but when the policemen approached behind a spotlight, Mr. Johnson shot it out.

The 15-hour siege was a failure. The posse returned to Aklavik. Meanwhile, the first report of the injured Mountie had been sent to newspapers. The latest developments about the Mad Trapper caused a sensation.

A second posse was formed, including two members of the Royal Canadian Signals, marking the first time that two-way radio had been used in police work in Canada. On Jan. 30, an advance party of four stumbled across Mr. Johnson, who shot and killed Constable Edgar (Newt) Millen. The trapper fled across the Richardson Mountains into Yukon.

The RCMP needed help covering so large and inhospitable an expanse of land, so an airplane was called in to help with the search (the first order of its kind for such an operation) and airlift supplies. Wilfrid (Wop) May flew north in a single-winged Bellanca to join the hunt. Mr. May, a bush pilot and First World War fighter



RCMP

Robert McDowell enlisted in the RCMP as a teenager in 1927.

The Arctic Circle War



BERNARD BENNELL / THE GLOBE AND MAIL

acc. was familiar with danger and gunplay: It was he that the legendary Red Baron (Manfred von Richthofen) was chasing when the German was shot down and killed.

Mr. May soon spotted the Mad Trapper's trail on the frozen surface of the Eagle River. On February 17, the banner-headline pursuit of the Mad Trapper finally came to an end when Mr. Johnson rounded a bend and came face-to-face with half the posse. In a shootout witnessed by Mr. May circling above, the trapper wounded Staff Sergeant Earl Hersey. Mr. Johnson was grievously hurt when a bullet struck ammu-

munition in his pocket, blowing a hole in his hip. The fatal shot was a bullet in the spine. A 48-day, 300-kilometre manhunt in frigid Arctic weather was finished.

Police found \$2,410 in cash, as well as gold fillings, on the trapper's corpse. He had no documents on his person or in his cabin, and his real identity has remained a mystery for more than 70 years. Although the media dubbed Mr. Johnson "the Mad Trapper," there was no evidence he was insane. In fact, he was highly skilled at Arctic survival and, in his desperate flight, had achieved an astounding midwinter crossing of the Richardson's.

Books about the case have proved popular. *The Death of Albert Johnson*, by F.W. Anderson and three other authors, has sold steadily in several editions since first being published in 1968. Less successful was the 1981 movie *Death Hunt*, which starred Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

George Robert McDowell was born on Aug. 18, 1908 in St. Vital, Man. He was one of nine children — three boys, six girls — born to parents who worked a modest market garden in St. Vital. The parents fled after the disastrous Red River Flood of 1950, settling on an orchard in the small Okanagan town of Oliver, B.C.

After enlisting in the RCMP as a teenager in 1927, Mr. McDowell served in the Northwest Territories before he was selected for a posting at Canada House in London. He also had later postings in Atlantic Canada. He retired with the rank of corporal in 1955, joining his parents on their B.C. orchard. He had lost all four fingers on his right hand — not from frostbite in the Far North, but from an accident with a paper shredder in a Halifax office.

Mr. McDowell, who had a reputation as a penny pincher and a savvy player of the stock market, lived alone until November, when he moved into an Oliver nursing home. He died on Feb. 20. He is survived by three sisters.

Special to The Globe and Mail

The attachments above are "reprinted with permission". —permission given to - Joyce Yardley



L to R Fred Aylwin, Al & Mary Oster, Barb Aylwin, Sherron Jones, Blanche Barrett, Connie and Stan Hegstrom and Gus Barrett – April 25, 2005 at the Jones’ in Vernon.

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca

Oldtimers & Rhymers

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

A bunch of old timers, some artists and rhymers
 Having fun in the Okanagan,
 Overeating with glee, when a blind man could see
 That really, we should have been joggin.’
 Stan was recalling when the white stuff was falling,
 And wondering where did the snow go,
 When Fred glanced about, and uttered a shout,
 “My God, I can see Ogo-pogo”

It came in from the heat, dripping mud from its feet,
 And it peered with a horrible scowl,
 Then it sat on its bum, downed a pitcher of rum
 And released a bloodcurdling howl.
 We were all sore afraid of the entry it made,
 And would like to have run from its sight,
 But we’d all just abused a good portion of booze,
 And were all somewhat tipsy and tight.

So we strung it along while Al sang it a song
 Of the Klondike and ninety eight trail,

While we fed it more booze til it started to ooze
Straight alcohol out from its tail.
Bill swore the big snake had come out of the lake
And when sober, would wander back in,
But I wasn't buying, and I swear I'm not lying,
The bugger came out of the Gin.

© 2005 Gus Barrett

Gus & Blanche planned a trip to Vernon, from Qualicum, so we invited them to stay over and then invited some others to help round a great group which had a wonderful visit. Al & Mary Oster came from Salmon Arm, Connie and Stan Hegstrom of Sidney, were in Kelowna helping with the boat show on the weekend and stayed over to join us on Monday after golfing a round up our end of the valley. Fred & Barb live here in Vernon and knew the Osters while the rest of us had not had the pleasure of meeting them before.

We reminisced, looked at Yukon memorabilia and listened to Hank Karr CD's.

As they left Al gave me two new CD's which he has made and are not yet released. I spent the rest of the evening and the next day listening to lots of tunes I hadn't heard before. Thank you Al and do let us know when you have them ready to sell. Al does have CD's available from his home, so you can always contact him at alosteryukon@jetstream.net

Also sent a message to Hank Karr to tell him we were listening to his tunes, here is his reply. – Sherron

A MESSAGE FROM HANK CARR

Sounds like there was allot of fun and reminiscing, with old-time Yukoner's, good for you, wish I could have been there.

We are in midst of planning a concert at the Art Center in late June with Canuck's Ed, Red and Ray, Gene Brown who also recently released a CD title Breakin Wild Horses, also some other guests, this was our group in the 70's Gold Fever Band, I think it'll be fun for us and our Yukon audience, as soon as we tie this down I'll be back to you with an outline that may be a worthy story for Moc Tel. talk to you soon, thanks again.....

Hank Karr hkarr@northwestel.net

To order a copy of "Breakin Wild Horses" go to Gene Brown's website
<http://www.genebrowncountry.com/>

Part of a message from Gus Barrett -

Thank you so much for the great evening. Meeting the Aylwins and Osters was really special. As for the Jones Hotel, due to the special entertainment and other goodies received we have increased your rating from our usual maximum of five stars to a new level of SEVEN stars. That should get you a lot more visitors, which I am sure you need.

WINNING ENTRY IN THE EDMONTON JOURNAL – “MAIN STREET IN CANADA” CONTEST – April 1982

MAIN STREET, WHITEHORSE, YUKON, - 1950

Three dirt blocks – everyone U turns – anywhere.
Wooden slat sidewalks.
The Yukon River flows cold and clear on the north end.
The Keno and Klondike, one magnificent paddlewheeler
are drydocked by the White Pass Yukon Railway station.
Taylor and Drury’s store – fresh produce – usually Wednesday.
Two small banks – an account in each so’s to offend neither.
The Whitehorse Inn – Wigwam Harry, drunk and dirty
sleeping on the front porch.
The Capitol Theater – Nellie Dennison, letting poor kids in free
The Whitehorse Star – all the news we already knew – the ink
stains on your fingers. They discovered Edith Josie.
The Kee Bird Stores – my Mom and Dad, - cash was fine,
your word for credit was fine too!
Native in mukaluks, young men in R.C.A.F. uniforms, and
Locals in darn near anything.

Main Street, Whitehorse, Yukon
Donna Cowling McLean dj_mclean@shaw.ca

(Winning letter and prize – from Bill Bean, Assistant City Editor.)

A MESSAGE FROM JIM ROBB

Sherron, in Moccasin Telegraph 108 Donna (Cowling) Needham had the following questions. Jim Robb has sent a letter answering these questions to me and I have retyped it below:

Questions from Donna (Cowling) Needham

- Does anyone out there know Doug Woods, Brian Hugo, or names of people from that time?
- 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.

- 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.

Answers from Jim Robb

To answer some of Donna (Cowling) Needham's questions: Hello Donna – I hope things are good with you.

Doug Woods was one of my best friends. Sadly he passed away awhile back. He is missed by many.

And about the book: Your dad – Jack Needham, put up the money to create a book about First Nation People called "Their Own Yukon".

It was written by Julie Cruikshank with myself assisting with collecting and photographing "people of the recent past".

Although little or no money was made for the people involved, the book was the first done of its kind, and it was when it came out in 1975, one of the biggest pushes for the pride of the First Nation's People's in the Territory.

Without Jack Needham's assistance the book would never have happened. He deserves a lot of credit for this. The photograph collections that were in the book are now in the Yukon Archives.

Julie and I, and I think Jack would have liked one of the First Nation Organizations to republish the book for the general public as well as the schools.

We are waiting upon their interest to move on this. As far as I know the First Nations have the legal rights to republish the book. Many, many of their families would like to see the book come out again so I hope this will happen.

Also Donna asked what Bob and Margaret Sheardown did for a living. I believe they were in the dry cleaning business, and, yes, Archie Gillespie's sister was Margaret Sheardown.

Best Wishes, Jim Robb

My Mother's Softball Days

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

Having helped Rusty Reid put the LADIES SOFTBALL MocTel together, I'd like to tell you a bit about my mother's ball playing days in Edmonton. In high school, CONNIE TAYLOR (Lortie) pitched for the West Edmonton High School. On weekends, in

tournaments not governed by league rules, Mom occasionally pitched for men's teams, in baseball as well as fastball. I don't think she ever considered playing in Whitehorse, even though she was only 32 when we arrived in 1948. However, she hadn't played for about 12 years.

When I was 10 or 12, I used to play catch with her in the alley (beside the Civic Centre arena) behind our house on Hawkins St. After 20 minutes or so, I had to call a cease-fire because my glove-hand was getting sore. Mom could really fire that ball, and with accuracy, too.



West Edmonton Girls High School Team, 1934-35.
My mother is in the back row (second from the right)

Ladies' Softball Federation Cup, August 1935



SNOW FLEAS

Finally getting to enjoy #110 after many disruptions. The one on the iceworm cocktails was great, and they were served here in Nanaimo in 1974 when my sister married. As Gordon was with the City of Nanaimo, the Mayor of the day, Frank Ney, the founder of the Bathtub Races, took one of those and drank it right down. I have seen where some have been trying to be good sports, drank that wiggly thing in the bottom and immediately had to run for the bathroom. Guess it was mind over matter as they were just spaghetti with red eyes.

One thing not mentioned and that was snow fleas? I am not kidding as I have seen them myself and completely sober. In the spring when the snow starts to melt from the sun in the afternoon, you could see them, small like a no-seeum but they would buzz across the surface of the melting snow. How they came to be there is anyone's guess, but I had forgotten about them completely until the ice worms subject came up. It is something like the candled ice where you could easily not see it unless you looked particularly for it.

One of Rick Mortimer lines read where the Pelly ran into the Stuart and then the Yukon? In the real early days it was the Lewis River to the Pelly and the Yukon River from thereon. But the Stewart River does not enter the Yukon for another 107 miles from the mouth of the Pelly. It was more common that if you were headed downstream you never travelled by steamboat as who had money for that? Cut a few logs to make a stable raft, a rough paddle or oars and away you went. But a very interesting and enjoyable write-up. (just don't worry about me picking?)

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

A MESSAGE FROM NORWAY VIA GILLIAN

Dear Sherron.. I received this letter from on of the Gentlemen that was involved with the Dog Sled Racing in Dawson.....I am so touched.. Love Gillian

Subject: **Greetings from Norway.**

Hi Gillian , Thank you very much for your nice postcard.

I enjoyed my stay in Dawson very much and especially your performances during the World Championship. Your show is fantastic !! Many thanks to You, (+ your husband and your sons) and to Mark (at the grocery store) who made it all come through.

It's interesting to hear that BCTV is covering the World Championship. We are working on getting the next one, (2007) to Sweden (the country "next door"). Let's hope we will be able to get national coverage then too. I am afraid that the entertainment will not be as good as in Dawson. :(

May be we'll meet again at the Olympics in 2010 ? BTW I might be in Dawson again next winter. We are working on a project for developing skjoring over there (following the dogs on skis.) That will improve the youngster's physical activities and hopefully get them to do something else then watching TV and computer games all the time.

Looking forward to hearing from you again. Let's hope we'll meet again soon.

Best regards from your biggest fan in Norway

Arild Eidsvold

NEIL MCLEOD

Hi everyone, We had a bit of a scare down here in the banana belt.

On Saturday (Apr 23rd), Neil Macleod was taken into hospital in North Vancouver after having suffered from a "small" stroke.

After a thorough going over, and a complete exhausting exam, he was pronounced healthy and allowed to go home....but according to Frances, he was complaining too much.

When I spoke to him today, he was complaining to the nurses as they put him in the pediatrics, and though he admitted his body should be in another ward, he did admit that as we age, we do have a habit of reverting back to our childhood. HmMMM..... I wonder.....LOL

I said he just found out that he was really missing the good cook at home....he remarked that this was really quite true.

It turns out that it was his blood pressure, and that he will now be on "baby" Aspirin for the rest of his life.....and he has to take it easy.

So thankfully, he is on the road to good health, and has not suffered any ill effects.

If any of you care to send him a note, he and Frances will be happy to hear from you...if nothing else to give him a hard time. LOL

Here's to all of you

Warmest Regards

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca

GUS & BLANCHE CELEBRATED



In January this year Gus and Blanche celebrated 50 years of marriage. At the time we were in California on holidays and Henry Breaden scanned this book mark that he and Alice were given upon attending the celebration. I have been moving it forward in the MocTel planning on getting a bit of a story put with it. This week when Gus and Blanche came to Vernon they were kind enough to give Bill and I our own book marks. I am very pleased to have one and have placed it with my ever growing collection of Yukon memorabilia.

It was such a pleasure to have a lovely visit with these lovebirds.
- Sherron



L to R -Heinrich & Elly Lohmann , Bruni & Klaus Hoenisch, Apr 27, 2005 Vernon
They plan to meet again in Montreal in September to celebrate their arrival in Canada 50
years ago.

Photo courtesy Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

THE TRAIL

By Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca

I wander down a winding trail
Its secrets to explore
As I go, I wonder who
Has gone this way before.
Did they come this way to find
A place to be alone ?
Or was it the peaceful silence,
Or just a place to roam ?
Along the trail and o'er the hill
I stroll along the way,
The trail winds on and time stands still
The breezes seem to say,
When your heart is heavy
And a load weighs on your mind,
Wander down this trail with me
Leave your troubles all behind.

OBIT

Gladys JORGENSON (formerly WILSON, nee HARBOTTLE) born December 31, 1906, in Whitehorse, Yukon, passed away peacefully in her sleep April 21, 2005 at the age of 98. She was predeceased by her husbands Oliver Wilson and John (Gilly) Jorgenson, daughters Gladys and Bernice, and sons George, John and David. She is survived by her daughters Muriel, Ethel, Trudy (John), Jane (Bill), and Jennifer (Bill), sons Bill (Gladys) and Jimmy (Gerry), son-in-law Charles, 25 grandchildren, 29 great-grandchildren, 7 great-great-grandchildren, relatives and friends. The family would like to thank the staff of Cartier House for all their kind and gentle care during mom's 6 years there. Memorial service will be held Saturday April 30, 2005, at 2:00pm at First Memorial Burkeview Chapel, 1340 Dominion Ave, Port Coquitlam. Arrangements entrusted to First Memorial Burkeview Chapel. Phone 604-944-4128 Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 4/26/2005.

Laurie Paul Todd passed away peacefully at Hospice House, Vernon, BC, on April 23, 2005. He was predeceased by Jean, his wife of sixty-five years, in June 2001. Laurie is survived by three sons Michael (Joyce), Terry and Stephen; daughter Jocelyn (Don) Holmes; nine grandchildren; eight great-grandchildren and brother Douglas (Dorothy) of Kamloops. Laurie was born May 31, 1914, in North Chili, New York, the fifth child of Professor O.J. Todd and Helen, and immigrated to Vancouver (UBC) in 1918. Education was his profession, **having taught in Cranbrook, Whitehorse, Vancouver, New Denver, Powell River, Tanzania, Terrace and Sechelt.** Sports was his passion, being awarded two big blocks at UBC for soccer and playing in the Pacific Coast League. He also enjoyed tennis and golf, and contributed to the organization of these sports in the many places where he and Jean lived. After Jean died, he moved to assisted living in Vernon at Cool's Pond Manor and Carrington Place where he eagerly anticipated his weekly bridge outings and continued to travel extensively with his family. A great family celebration of his life was held on the occasion of his 90th birthday. By his request, there will be no service. A family ceremony in his honour will be held this summer. Donations in his memory may be made to Vernon Hospice House, 3506 - 27 Ave., Vernon, BC, V1T 1S4. Cremation. Arrangements in the care of Personal Alternative Funeral Services, Vernon, 250-558-0866. Published in the Vancouver Sun on 4/26/2005

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Would you please update your address book for my new e-mail account

mccyr@sympatico.ca

Thanks from Terry Cyr

Effective yesterday my/our address has changed to madunn@northwestel.net

I've reached the 21st century I've gone High-speed. Have a very nice day.

Drew Dunn

NEW ADDITIONS

I heard about the Moccasin Telegraph from Merton Friesen and would be interested in getting it.

Thanks.

Delaney Barton dbarton@klondiker.com

REMOVED FROM LIST

I have enjoyed the MocTel very much, but find I don't get around to reading it much lately. This is not because the content is poor, quite the contrary. No, it is more a result of too many other things for me to read with work right now. Thanks for all you do, it is great the way you connect us Yukonners. I know my folks appreciate it too. Please unsubscribe me, awilliams@northwestel.net.

Bruce Williams

WILLIAMS, Bruce & Ann awilliams@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*When someone does something good....applaud
You will make two people happy – Author Unknown*

Reminded me of this message from Henry –

Greatness is not standing above our fellows and ordering them around; it is standing with them and helping them to be all they can be. – Henry Breaden

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca

Key Lime Pie

Another weight conscious recipe

1 low fat graham cracker crust
1 small pkg fat free lime jello
¼ cup boiling water
2 cups fat free (Astro) key lime yogurt
1 cup low or fat free cool whip

Bake crust as instructed or use already made
Pour the jello powder into a medium bowl. Add boiling

water to dissolve jello. Whisk in the yogurt and fold in cool whip.
Pour filling into pie crust and refrigerate until set.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **OKANAGAN YUKONERS' PICNIC** will be held at the **Summerland Ornamental Gardens** this year between 11 am and 3 pm on **SUNDAY, JUNE 26th**. Lunch will be at NOON.

How to get there:

As you come *south on 97* south of Summerland (down the Hill) you will come to a reduced speed zone. Just past that on your right is the entrance to the *Experimental station*. For people coming *from the south*, there is a left turn lane at the *beginning* of the 70 k zone to turn onto the road that takes you to the gardens. Look for the signs that say YUKONERS' PICNIC Follow the road right up to the end. On your left you will see a covered picnic area with a small parking lot (5 or 6 cars), just past that is the main parking lot. We use the covered area for our picnic. We should have the Yukon flag out front to identify ourselves. The lunch will be a Pot luck, so bring enough food to share. You will also need some eating utensils (knives forks plates, etc.). There is water available, but you will have to bring your own beverage. We will be collecting \$3 per person as a donation to the *Gardens* again this year.

Larry Chalmers, Secretary (*and holding it all together guy.* - Sherron)
aksala49*cablerocket.com

Bill Jones has had a couple of signs made up. They are a little less than 2ft by 3ft and will be posted on both sides of Highway 97 just before the turn off. They are a black and white sign reading YUKONERS PICNIC with a hand as an arrow which will point in the direction (away from the lake). Conveniently they fit in his black iron real-estate sign bases.

Vancouver Island Yukoners' Picnic - St. Mary's Aug. 13th 2005 - Nanoose

The Yukoners' Picnic will be held at St. Mary's Hall in Nanoose, Sat. Aug. 13th, 2005. Bring your lunch with you along with utensils and any beverage. We hope that many will join us and as it will start at 11:00 AM, how about coming early so that we can chat with old friends and not miss anyone! If the weather does happen to be adverse, there is the hall to keep dry and chat, so please come one and all Yukoners' and enjoy getting together.

For those travelling from Nanaimo, at AULDS ROAD you will see the Woodgrove Centre sign on the mall on your right. From the Woodgrove intersection on the #19 highway it is 11.6 KM to the turnoff at Northwest Bay Road where there is a signal light and a Petrocan Service Station, turn right. From north, it is 11.5 KM from the overpass of the highway from Parksville-Coombs to Northwest Bay Road, turn left. Proceed east on Northwest Bay road for 1.2 KM . Just beyond the tracks to the right is Powder Road that you turn onto and proceed ½ KM crossing another set of train tracks and you will see St. Mary's church hall to your right. Turn right into Rowland Road for the parking lot. Please set this day aside to get together with old friends that will be there.

Cheers, Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca Secretary, Island Yukoners.

The **73rd International Sourdough Reunion** will be held **September 26 - 30, 2005** at the Quality Inn 101-128 th St. Everett WA. For more information or registration forms contact Larry Chalmers @ P.O. Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0 or E-Mail at aksala49@cablerocket.com By Phone at 250-498-6887 or Fax 250-498-6458. For hotel reservations call Toll free 1-800-256-8137 .

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