

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 142<sup>nd</sup> Edition – January 1, 2006**

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

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



**October White - Alaska Highway - Takhini burn viewpoint. (2004)**

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

### **POLITICS**

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

There was a time when I was young,  
I was naïve and trusting,  
Then I met a politician who  
Was out upon the hustings.  
He taught me all the finer points,  
About deceit and guile,  
Like how to screw your neighbor,  
While you greet him with a smile.

He said, “it’s not a crime, you know,  
To lie and cheat and scheme.  
The lining of his pockets,  
Is any politicians dream.”  
“And though the opposition squawks

About the cream, I skim,  
Would he be any different,  
If the job had gone to him.”

You see, he said, it’s natural,  
To skin the unprotected.  
For that’s the aim of anyone  
Who ever got elected.  
And if by chance, they find you out,  
And accuse you of the wrong  
Just hold your head up grasp the flag,  
And say, “I’ve done no wrong.”

He never shirked his dirty deeds,  
But carried on for ages.  
To list his indiscretions would  
Require many pages.  
When finally caught, red handed,  
He couldn’t well defend it,  
So he was banished from his seat,  
And promoted to the Senate.

© 2001 Gus Barrett.

## **MOCTEL 141**

I am just enjoying the Moc Tel 141 and chuckling to myself. That Gus is something else really, and his poetry for this time of year still has me laughing. I have his book of poetry and spend an hour each evening catching up on it. I did learn something on the poet and artist trying to get into heaven where the poet made it. I had not thought of it before as both require skill, patience and a lot of time. Looking at a painting you remember one scene, that of the one before you. But reading poetry you have to use your mind and scene after scene slides across your inner vision. No discredit to painters for sure, as most of us have several works on our walls to look at daily. So one uses optical vision and the other the vision of the mind, both being a pleasure.

Attached you will find the article on the Yukon Rose, and Marc Johnston's work. Cheers,

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden*shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

Many thanks to Phyllis Simpson (LePage) for a copy of the Whitehorse Star printed November 18<sup>th</sup> 2005. There she is afloat again in Dawson. – Henry

Many thanks to Dan Davidson for giving his permission to share his story with the MocTel readers. Dan also supplied digital colour photos for this edition. – Sherron



**The Yukon Rose has a rebirth and her keel rides the Yukon River again**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson (In Dawson City)

## **The rebirth of the Yukon Rose soldiers on**

From the Whitehorse Star, November 18<sup>th</sup> 2005 by DAN DAVIDSON, Star Correspondent.

It's mid September and Marc Johnston looking quite pleased with his progress as he squats in the interior of the Yukon Rose and lines up the boat's drive shaft below the floorboards.

The *Rose* has been in the water for several days at this point and the dry wood has soaked up a lot of the moisture it was missing after a long time on shore.

Except for a brief dunking the previous summer, which later involved a lot of pumping, the *Yukon Rose* has been high and dry most of the last three decades or so.

She has also changed shape before. On that auspicious day of April 1, 2001 when she was lifted and shifted from beside a home on Third Avenue to the American Highland

compound out on the Klondike Highway, she had pretty much moulded herself into the ground.

A lot of rebuilding later, Johnston hauled her to the banks of the Yukon River in the summer of 2004, and promptly sank her in the river.

The launch trailer broke, the *Rose* dropped nose first, slid into the water and sank like a stone when several of the planks in the hull popped off. Johnston had to spend the fall, winter and spring working on those problems when he wasn't making a living in his consulting business.

Launchings and Extractions have proved to be a problem ever since. However, it's one he hopes to solve, because the eventual business plans for the boat sees her coming in and out of the river several times each summer in order to be the support boat on a sort of historical adventure tour route from Whitehorse to Dawson.

This we discussed earlier over coffee and white noise at the Riverwest coffee shop on Front Street, choosing to be inside rather than out in the sun because on that Friday afternoon the mosquitoes were on a mission to stock up as much as possible before the next evening frost.

The *Rose* is "just fine" said the former Whitehorse journalist come restorer.

"Our launching was as usual somewhat dramatic. As expected, it sank, but it settled on a ledge under one side and leaned over dramatically and got everybody really excited."

"But now it has been in the water for three or four days, everything's sealed up and we are doing just what we were supposed to do."

The other way to do this would be to flood the boat from the inside before launching it, but the seams were so loose the water would have poured out. Pre caulking to avoid the problem altogether would probably result in sprung planks as the wood swelled.

So the *Rose* sat in the water with two pumps working, then one, and then none, while the planks swelled and the boat, fully supported by water after years of rearranging itself to fit cradles on land, straightened itself out.

It's not as dramatic as one of those compressed bathing sponges for children that come in the little capsules and turn into elephants in the bathtub, but the effect is somewhat similar.

This was better than last year. Johnston has done boat revivals before, though he laughs and says it "might be a stretch" to say he knows what he's doing this time.

This one has some new features. His prior projects were down in British Columbia, where conditions were different and wood not so dry.

“The last boat I did was a steamboat in Victoria. That took me five years and half the size of this one.”

How dry is it here? “When we started out, some of the gaps between the planks were half an inch, which was a bit much for me to stomach. You could see through it quite plainly. I was ... worried. It had sat a long time and it was that dry.

“Part of what I was having trouble with is the extreme dryness in the Yukon. Meteorologically speaking, we live in a desert, and it gets really, really, really dry here and things shrink.”

Johnston has shopped all over North America to get mechanical parts for the *Rose* and to get the right wood, all of which came from moister climes.

“When I brought oak up here to bend into ribs, I (used) a little meter which measures the water content of wood. It was in the neighbourhood of 27 per cent. By the time I’d finished actually bending (the planks) and using that stock, (it) was down to seven per cent just from sitting there. The last ribs I put in I was steaming five or six times as long as I was the first ones.”



Marc Johnston and the drive shaft.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson (In Dawson City)

A straight boat was needed at that time so he could install the drive shaft and thus figure out just where the engine needed to be placed.

He's behind schedule, but thinks next summer will be the year he finally gets into business.

"I expected to be operational by now, but some organizational difficulties along the way have slowed me down and I'd rather do it right than do it quickly."

END

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I am happy to see that Marc is making progress with the Yukon Rose, and will be delighted to see him at long last into the project on the river that he first envisioned. Mark and his friend visited us here in Nanaimo in November just prior to the Whitehorse Star printing that Phyllis sent to me. We really enjoyed their visit, and of course Marc and I got into a discussion of planks seams and caulking. Alice and Anne got into their discussion of early Mayo going back to the latter 40s. Anne lives at the old Brown ranch at what we used to call 17 mile on the Stewart River. We hope that they will visit us again, and have more time to really get into northern things and reminiscing the Yukon.

I still remember in the 1930s when Frank Slim used to bring the Yukon Rose into Mayo, for I never missed a boat or a float plane if I could help it. There was one particular trip that I remember in my mind's eye, the Yukon Rose had gone out and in about two hours I heard the whistle again. What had happened was that after leaving Mayo, I suppose it was a deck hand that attempted to split some wood for the cook stove. In the process the axe had slipped and he had badly cut himself. When they came in, the fellow was quilted on the barge and was taken to the Mayo General Hospital.

It meant that Frank had to take the Yukon Rose out by himself that likely did not bother him too much. Frank Slim was born at Marsh Lake in 1898, so at that time would be in his latter thirties and not afraid to tackle anything. He and I had worked fairly closely on the river, but not together. The last time was when we took the Keno to Dawson where both engineers had never been down the Yukon as well as the skipper. So it was up to Frank and I to get her to Dawson.

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

## **DORIS McMURPHY & LILLIAS FARLEY**

December, 2005

### **Doris McMurphy**

I hope I can add some information on Doris McMurphy and Lillias Farley. My name is Herb Wahl, and I was posted to the Whitehorse Weather Office in late 1949. In the early fifties, I successfully courted Dorreene Fleming, who was one of four teachers renting

210 Elliott Street. The other teachers were Dale Sheridan, Hazel Grey and Doris McMurphy.

Doris had remained a spinster to take care of her mother somewhere on the Prairies. On her mother's death, Doris moved to Whitehorse to teach. In many respects, Doris was a large, dour woman, but she could teach English. She, to a degree, angered the other high school teachers, in that her assignments frequently made it difficult for students to give much time to other subjects.

When the three other teachers moved on, Doris purchased and moved to a small house across the street from Ione Christensen, 25 Takhini Avenue. Doris became more of a recluse; however, Ione and Betty (Mrs. Charlie) Taylor ensured Doris had some social life.

Somehow, Doris became acquainted with a John Steinbratten (Stampede John). John was an opinionated and learned prospector, and knew Alaska and the Yukon well, searching for the motherlode. John and Doris' relationship must have been interesting, but they were kindred spirits. They also purchased a small cabin in Atlin, B.C., where they both passed on and were buried.

### **Lillias Farley**

Lillias Farley was also on the teaching staff when Doreene was. Lillias had lived in Vancouver and was from "High Society". She was a well-trained artist, and associated with some of The Group of Seven. She was well-bred and fashionable.

Lillias had a brother, Art, who had been in Africa, at a rubber plantation. When Art's wives' and family died, Art came to Whitehorse to work for the Electrical Company. Lillias elected to come to Whitehorse, and they lived in a small house near Fifth Avenue and Main. It was an interesting house, since they had many African artifacts and sculptures.

Lillias was the art teacher for much of the Whitehorse school system. She inspired many students in art and sculpture. During the time, Lillias did a major mural in the Whitehorse courtroom, and occasionally continued to relate with "the artists" in Vancouver. Among her students in Whitehorse was a Kathy Regehr. They became good friends, and Kathy became a recognized fashion designer in Canada and the United States.

Lillias and Art became residents in YTG senior housing known as the PanAm Building. Their class and breeding was evident in their décor and entertaining. Doreene received some excellent recipes on special dishes.

It was enjoyable to be in their company despite the mutual bantering. We became involved, in that the units were split level and, despite our protests, Lillias would come down those stairs to see us to the door.

Art became increasingly infirm and passed away. Lillias succumbed shortly after. To the best of my knowledge, the Farley estate came to Kathy Regehr.

## **A PICTURE FOR THE READERS TO PUZZLE OVER**

Attached is the group picture from Gladys and John Hoggan's wedding Sept. 4, 1922 in Stewart City.

The only identified people are the centre folks: J.E.F. (Cap) Hoggan, Catherine Hoggan, John W. Hoggan, Gladys (Gaundroue) Hoggan, Florence Hoggan, Walter Troberg.

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



**Gladys and John Hoggan's wedding Sept. 4, 1922 in Stewart City.**

Photo courtesy [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) Maribeth Mainer (In Burnaby)

## **THE TALE OF CHEECHAKO BOB**

By Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

Hi this tale takes place in the Junction in 1963. I was working at my Dad's café along with two other girls Carol Hume and Bonnie Bastine. In the summer C N T sends out a lot of extra men for telephone line maintenance and Microwave work for the tower on Paint Mountain. As usual most of these fellows are from the south, Cheechakos we

called them. They were great guys out to have lots of fun as were we. Carol and I picked a real city boy Bob Fox was his name, and talked him into going snipe hunting with us. We picked a time very late at night, as we were in the land of the midnight sun, and set out to catch some snipes. Now the way to catch a snipe is to get a large gunny sack, a flashlight and head out to where you know the snipes will be running around in the dark catching worms. We drove about 3 miles up the village road to a nice flat area, stopped and turned the car around. This looked like a good spot so we got our sacks and flashlights out and we walked in about fifty yards or so. Now the way to do this is to get the sack in between your legs holding it open with both hands, the bottom of the sack on the ground and hold the flashlight in one hand but trying to shine it on the back part of the sack. You then walk around slowly whistling to attract the snipes, they see the light and run for it running right into the sack, bang you got them. Well we got Bob all set up and away he went, doing a great job holding that sack between his legs and whistling away. We then snuck back to the car, drove back into town, laughing all the way and leaving him to walk home alone. Bob showed up at the bar about an hour and a half later, we were there with the rest of the crew and we all had a good laugh, thank god Bob had a great sense of humor. Many a poor cheechako fell for that one.  
- Moge.



**Mrs. Claus, the Grinch and Santa.**

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)



### **Snow Plough on Overland Trail**

Photo courtesy Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

It is a photo from my album that my mother had of Dad on the overland trail 1923 - 1928. If you notice the snow blade was either identical or the one shown that was stored about 1/2 block from our place in the Territorial Government yard. There was also an Adams leaning wheel grader and the big roller used to roll the airstrip on the Stewart River. All of them used to be pulled with a cat. The snow blade I think was built local the same as the roller and had runners instead of wheels. In those years, if the old-timers did not have something they just built it. I hope that Mayo has saved the old plough for history the same as their first Horse hauled Fire pumper. It was left about 1/2 block west of our place. – Henry.

*I asked Henry if he was at his computer as many hours a day before, as he has been since the MocTel started. I know I spend a lot more hours a day at mine. - Sherron*

The answer to your question is that prior to Moc Tel I was into Family Research and have that all wrapped up. Then you and I got into the Yukoner list that hopped into the Moc Tel. I can say that I really enjoy it as it brings back so many memories of yesteryears that would have been lost. It brings to reader's maybe some interesting reading and shakes up their grey matter so that they too want to remember some of their own experiences. So I think it is a win win proposition. And there is Mom Moc Tel keeping it all together? Overall, I think it brings Yukoners together and not withering away in their own corners. The 2005 picnic was a good example of this.

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

**“Whatever Happened to the Top of the Bill, Larry Peters?”**  
**“Britain’s Al Jolson” , “an 18 yr old Sensation”**

Submitted by Ralph Lortie [rlortie001\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga)

After months of trying to find documentation of the career of **JIMMY McGARRY** in Northern Ireland, I have finally found it. I contacted The Belfast Telegraph and a fellow at the Telegraph sent me images of three clippings from the newspaper. These clips clearly indicate that Jimmy (as Larry Peters) was a wonderful singer and, at one time, topped a bill with Ruby Murray in the early ‘50s.

15 MAR 1997 9

# Remembering Ruby

**R**UBY Murray, hailed as a star of radio, stage, screen and television, could only manage to be second on the bill at a variety concert in Coleraine town hall in the early 50s.

Never mind, Ruby who died just before Christmas went on to become a legend and a memorial service is being held for her tomorrow in Richview Presbyterian Church on Belfast's Donegall Road (3pm).

But whatever happened to the top of the bill Larry Peters "the 18-year-old sensation" hailed as Britain's Al Jolson that night in Coleraine when admission was half-a-crown at the door?

(And please, please, don't ask who was Al Jolson).

Look at the other names on the programme — Conne Stewart, Ireland's Danny Kaye, juggler Joe Devoe and May Maloney who could play accordion, saxophone and sing and dance etc, etc.

Such versatility; imagine asking the Spice Girls to give us a tune on the squeeze box and then come up with a little jig after a rendition of Wannabe.

Leslie Mann, who was on the bill too, would love to hear if the Great Danelli is still a Wise Man of the East.

And who did win the shop and factory girl singing contest that spring night in Coleraine?

I'll be reading the lesson at Ruby's farewell in Richview and they'll play Softly Softly on the organ.

I'd like the one about the angels away up yonder playing their harps for me at my funeral. How about you?

**M. K.**

## TOP FLIGHT STARS OF VARIETY

### TOWN HALL, COLERAINE

### THURS. \* FRIDAY \* SATY.

### 3rd. 4th. & 5th. March

Commencing at 8 o'clock sharp

Greatest Variety Show ever presented in Coleraine

- ★ **Larry Peters**  
Britain's Al Jolson. 18 year old Sensation
- ★ **Ruby Murray**  
Radio, Stage, Screen and Television Star
- ★ **Conne Stewart**  
Ireland's Danny Kaye and No. 1 Funnyman
- ★ **Joe Devoe**  
World's Greatest Juggler
- ★ **Kay Maloney**  
with Accordion, Saxophone, Song & Dance
- ★ **Leslie Mann**  
The No. 1 Songman Just back from U.S.A. appearing Thursday night only
- ★ **Helen Carter**  
Britain's Youngest Broadcasting Star
- ★ **Great Danelli**  
Wise Man of the East

**Surprise Item!**

You may win a Prize

● Added Attraction

Shop and Factory Girl SINGING CONTEST

Terrific Prizes for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, also one week's engagement at next Coleraine Show.

Entries taken at Town Hall from 6-30 by

**Eddie Sowney**  
Compete and Produce

**ADM. : 2/- & 2/6      Pay at Door**

● Please come early and avoid disappointment ●

*To refresh readers' memories about my earlier articles on Jimmy, I will summarize the story, with new information from two of Jimmy's nephews, Paul McGarry & Paul Sowney.*

Jimmy McGarry was an Irish singer with a marvelous voice. He had toured with Ruby Murray in the early '50s, using the stage name 'Larry Peters', and was billed as "Britain's Al Jolson". Ruby became a huge recording star in the UK. Jimmy gave up show business and came to Canada in 1953, to play soccer in Montreal. He then worked as a cook on CPR passenger trains, and at the Chateau in Lake Louise, Alberta, where he teamed up with Irish pals Mike McCoey, Paddy Kane, Barry Adams, and others. They went to Vancouver, where Jimmy performed at the Cave and the Palomar Club (where he went on just before the Mills Brothers). Jimmy & Paddy then went to Whitehorse in 1955, where Jimmy tended bar and entertained on a casual basis.



Mike McCoey, Paddy Kane, John Bergin & Jimmy McGarry

One Sunday in early August of 1957, Jimmy came to the house to see my mom. Although he was 27, he had never learned to drive. He had bought a car, and my mom was giving him lessons. That weekend, however, Mom was out of town. So he asked me to go with him, and off we went, up the Alaska Highway, then northward on the Mayo Rd. Jimmy seemed to be doing well, as far as I knew, but he had been up late the night before, and was sleepy. Just as Fox Lake came into sight, Jimmy dozed off. The car went off the high shoulder, and rolled 5 to 8 times. When the car stopped, I was sitting upright in my seat, totally pain-free. I found Jimmy about 30 feet away. About 15 minutes later, a northbound car stopped. We put Jimmy on the back seat, and the man & his wife drove us back to the Whitehorse hospital. Jimmy fell into a coma that night, & died of his injuries a few days later. The funeral was attended by a hundred or more. Jimmy's sister, Gloria, and her two children (Paul & Gloria) came from Montreal, Quebec, and stayed at our house.

*In the clipping above, the writer asked, “But whatever happened to the top of the bill, Larry Peters, the 18 yr old sensation ?” so I told this story, more detailed than above, and put it on the Ruby Murray website ([rubymurray.org](http://rubymurray.org)).*

*The other clippings I received from The Belfast Telegraph are about Ruby’s leaving Belfast to start her career in England. Jimmy McGarry (as Larry Peters) was there to see her off.*

**Souvenir Programme**  
1175

**Grand Farewell**

**Variety Concert**

At the Ulster Hall, Belfast  
On Tuesday, May 3rd, 1949  
To RUBY MURRAY



B.B.C. STAGE AND TELEVISION  
SINGING STAR.  
LEAVING IRELAND MAY 7TH 1949.

30 JUL 1986

**PRICE**  
3d

PROMOTOR:  
MR. SAM KIRKWOOD

The programme of Ruby Murray's "grand farewell" concert in the Ulster Hall.

# Ruby Murray in the making

IT was the spring of 1949 and a young singer of real promise was going off to the big smoke to seek fame and fortune.

So her friends in show business put on a farewell concert in the Ulster Hall to send the girl on her way.

Her name was **Ruby Murray**, who did indeed go on to startling success. Her five hits in the charts simultaneously is a record that's never been broken, not even by the Beatles.


But in that spring of '49 when a seat in the balcony at

the Windsor Cinema on the Donegall Road cost about 8p and the souvenir programme for Ruby's concert was just three old coppers, the girl wasn't thinking that far ahead.

On the bill to speed Ruby on her way, says Billy Ferguson, of Templepatrick, who lent me the programme were Archie Coates, Betty McAdams, Bobby Talbot, the Finlay Sisters, Kathleen Byrne, Jim Davies, **Larry Peters** and Bob Maguire among others.

Wonder what happened to them all?

# The day Ruby left town



16 APR 1988  
By Eddie McIlwaine

THE "Softly Softly" girl, Ruby Murray was 53 the other day — they played her best-known song of all on BBC Radio 2 just for her — and that reminded Jim Magill of Fivemiletown of the time Ruby first went off to seek fame and fortune in England from little Benburb Street, Belfast.

It was merry May 1949. Ruby was on the way up, the English music hall scene was beckoning, so promoter Sam Kirkwood put on a farewell show in the Ulster Hall.

And hundreds of fans turned up to give the girl who now lives in Torquay an emotional send off. She was barely 14, a little waif, but everyone loved Ruby even then. And already she was being called a singing star of stage and television.

"Softly Softly" the hit song and "Quite Contrary" the BBC TV show on which she became an overnight sensation were still years away, but in 1949 Ruby had already been discovered by her native city.

"It was a remarkable evening," recalls Magill, "the audience kept referring to Ruby as the new Vera Lynn and at the end of the performance they would hardly let her leave the stage."

Ruby is still a favourite singer today and her record of having five hits in the British Top Twenty simultaneously still stands.

On the bill with her that May night in '49 were Bobby Maguire, **Larry Peters** (Britain's Al Jolson), Archie Coates (of Felix Mendelssohn fame), Gus Hughes (the lightning cartoonist) and Bobby Talbot (the musical wizard of many instruments).

Roddy's Bar at the corner of Broadway and Donegall Road was advertising in programme, the Windsor Cinema in Donegall Road was showing the big picture from 1.30 every weekday afternoon and Boyd's Pharmacy in the city was selling Magnarid to cure smoker's cough at half-a-crown a bottle.

"I remember the night well," says Ruby today, "you'd have thought I was never coming home again."

But whatever happened to Sam Kirkwood?

## *Harry's Conditions For Hire*

by Alf Bilton [abilton\\*polarcom.com](mailto:abilton*polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse)

There's a long list of tales with which to regale Cheechakos who come to the fire;  
But above all the rest, among those they like best, is *Harry's Conditions For Hire*.

He was known all around as the best to be found for workin' with barrow and spade,  
Diggin' cellars and such, and he didn't cost much; but was firm on just how he'd be paid.  
Taking nothing in trade, he refused to be paid, with a cheque or a promise for later;  
But for just a small fee, any hole you might need, could be done by the old excavator.

"Simple cash on completion, no frill, no deletion!" were the terms quoted those who'd  
inquire.

Most of those thought it fair, would agree then and there, to Harry's conditions for hire.  
Harry worked fast and as soon as the last of the dirt was up out of the hole,  
He wanted cash pay; then he'd be on his way, to drink up his latest bankroll.

Then there came the dark day when a man wouldn't pay, claiming Harry had finished too  
fast;  
Said he'd only some cheques 'til the bank opened next, as the day's banking hours were  
past.  
But old Harry knew that the guy had a crew coming early to frame the foundation;  
And spotted this trick set up just to prick the bubble of his reputation.

He went back at night when he couldn't sleep right, to make sure it wouldn't happen  
again.

He was already gone when they found out at dawn, that old Harry had filled it all in.

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So, where did it come from?

This is a fair approximation of a story long told about one of the local characters who hung  
around Whitehorse for many years. Harry Fricke apparently did refill a basement  
excavation, with hand tools only, in just one night. He lived in a piano crate in a  
shantytown area and kept body and soul together doing odd jobs like his digging contracts.

This poem and commentary may not be reprinted or reposted without the author's written permission.

## OBIT

**John E. Wynes** of Hillgrove, NB, formerly of St. Albert, Alberta, passed away Friday, December 23, 2005 at the Moncton Hospital at the age of 71. **John was born April 24, 1934 in Dawson, Yukon and was the son of the late Reginald and Frances (Kazanski) Wynes.** He was a retired nurse. John served overseas during the Korean War with the Medical Corps. He is survived by four sons, Kelly of Calgary, Bruce (Brenda) and Ken, both of Saskatoon, and Michael (Angie) of Calgary; two sisters, Barb Fink of St. Albert, AB and Kathy Kipkie (Julius) of Calgary; a brother Reg (Carolyn) of Hillgrove; five grandchildren; a dear friend Marg Cormier of Greenwood, NS; as well as several nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his wife Diane McLaren. Private family Visitation was held from ARMSTRONG'S FUNERAL HOME, 33 Russell Street, Petitcodiac. The Funeral Service will be held from the Hillgrove Baptist Church on Wednesday, December 28, 2005 at 10:30 a.m. with Rev. Jim French officiating. The Interment will take place in Saskatchewan. Donations to the Friends of the Moncton Hospital or the Canadian Cancer Society would be appreciated by the family. The Funeral arrangements are entrusted to ARMSTRONG'S FUNERAL HOME, 33 Russell Street, Petitcodiac, NB. Telephone: 1-506-756-3361. [www.armstrongsfh.com](http://www.armstrongsfh.com)  
Published in the Calgary Herald on 12/26/2005.

**RYAN, Colonel E. W. "Pat",** CD (Retired Group Captain - RCAF) With his daughters by his bedside, Colonel Pat Ryan passed away peacefully on Friday, December 23rd, 2005, at the Ottawa Hospital. In his 80th year, he is survived by his wife Rita and their four children: Karyn, Vincent, Jo and Dean. He was the proud grandfather of Paul, Steven, Ryan and Simona and great-grandfather to Kayleigh. Also surviving him is his youngest brother, Jack; his other brother, Don, predeceased him. Born in Kitchener on March 22nd, 1925, he studied Engineering, in London, at the University of Western Ontario and later at the University of Michigan where he received dual Masters: Aeronautical and Electrical Engineering. Pat is one of the few veterans who served in all three branches of the **Canadian Armed Forces: piper with the Scottish Fusiliers at age 15; a pilot in the Royal Navy at 20, and a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force from 1945 until 1976. During his career, he had postings in Whitehorse, Ottawa, Washington, and Clinton, where he served as Commanding Officer.** Following his retirement from the Canadian Armed Forces, he became Assistant Dean of Engineering at Carleton University and later was editor of The Canadian Aeronautics and Space Journal. An accomplished pilot, engineer, and writer, he will be fondly remembered by his family as a bagpiper, organist, painter, avid reader and tinkerer. His generosity and sharp sense of humour will be greatly missed and never forgotten by those who knew him. We would like to express our gratitude to the healthcare team of the ICU at the General Campus of the Ottawa Hospital. As Pat supported numerous charities, memorial contributions to your favourite charity would be appreciated. A memorial gathering will be held at a later date. Published in the Ottawa Citizen on 12/26/2005.

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Please delete our e-mail address from your list

Thank you

B Hakonson

HOWDY SHERRON,

MY APOLOGIES FOR NOT CONTACTING YOU SOONER - I'M A MEMBER OF THE "SANDWICH GENERATION", ELDERLY PARENTS & A TEENAGED SON!!!

AT THIS POINT IN TIME I MUST ASK THAT YOU WITHHOLD FURTHER ISSUES AS I CANNOT KEEP UP WITH THE SHARING OF SAME WITH DEAR OLD DAD. ONE A MONTH MIGHT BE MORE REASONABLE FOR OUR PURPOSES AS DAD DOES NOT GRASP ALL THE INFO ANYWAY.

THANX AGAIN.

PAUL UYTENBOGAART

UYTENBOGAART, Paul [puytenbogaart@hotmail.com](mailto:puytenbogaart@hotmail.com) (Parents in Whitehorse 1948-52)

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron, my name is Denise Moorcraft (nee Holm). My Aunt emailed me the 139th edition of the Moccasin Telegraph, saying that I was mentioned in it. I recognized Barb's name right away, but don't really remember the incident.

I was born in Whitehorse, lived at Brook's Brook for about 9 yrs., then Mile 1202 for awhile, moved to Whitehorse in 1964. Actually there's only 6 yrs. of my life I haven't lived on the Alaska Hiway. I am now residing at Mile 292 Subdivision, just south of Fort Nelson.

I'm emailing you to ask if I could be added to your mailing list for the Moccasin Telegraph. Wish I'd known about it sooner.

If there is a charge for this service, you can email me at the following address.

[moorcrtf\\*northwestel.net](mailto:moorcrtf*northwestel.net)

Denise Moorcraft (nee Holm)

Box 2 Raven Crescent

Mile 292 Subdivision

Fort Nelson BC V0C 1R0

Hi Sherron:

Hope you have had a nice Christmas. Could you please add Pat and Susan Burns to your

distribution list for the MocTel at the email address above?

We lived in Whitehorse from 68-76 and both our kids, Christine and Craig were born there.

Pat worked in forestry, and for a while as City Recreation Director, and even a bit as City Clerk. His volunteer activities included Kiwanis, Skookum Jim, Historical Society, and as the token male on the Yukon Women's Mini-Bus Society founding board. The Society operated lime-green Fleury RV's as the forerunner of the City Transit System.

Susan was active in the Consumers Association and did short radio broadcasts on CBC, and served as a City Councilor briefly before moving out in 76.

We have both been retired for five years after careers in marine transportation and food banking for Pat and University Administration for Susan.

Tim and Jan Koepke passed along the most recent copy of MocTel and I would especially like to thank you for all the work that you have been doing to share the information. I will mail a contribution to its continuing.

Regards to you and Bill,  
and Happy New Year,  
Pat Burns (In Vancouver)  
[patburnsca@yahoo.com](mailto:patburnsca@yahoo.com)

Hi Sherron,

After all this time I would like to be on your mailing list. I was born in Mayo a number of years ago and grew up there, although I have not lived in the Yukon for over fifty years I still consider it my home. I am not sure just what you need to include me in the Moc-Tel mailing list but please let me know. I think we met briefly at the summer picnic but that was a busy day and we did not talk for long. I will look forward to hearing from you. Meanwhile have a Happy New Year, Nancy Moulton [nmoulton\\*dccnet.com](mailto:nmoulton*dccnet.com)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Money can't buy you happiness, but it does bring you a more pleasant form of misery.*  
~Spike Milligan

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

### **ROASTED POTATOES WITH PARMESAN AND HERBS**

Submitted by Barbara McDougall [barbaramacdougall\\*rogers.com](mailto:barbaramacdougall*rogers.com) (In Paris ON)  
(from "Great Taste – Low Fat", Time-Life Books, 1997)

Serves 4

Working time: 15 minutes

Total time: 45 minutes

1-1/2 pounds small red potatoes (about 1 to 1-1/2 inch diameter)  
1 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil  
3 cloves garlic, peeled and halved  
3/4 tsp dried rosemary  
1/2 tsp dried sage  
1-1/2 tsp grated lemon zest  
1/2 tsp salt  
1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

1. Preheat oven to 400. If you have the time, with a vegetable peeler, peel a thin band around the circumference of each potato. In a large pot of boiling water, cook the potatoes for 5 minutes. Drain.
2. In a large roasting pan, combine the oil, garlic, rosemary and sage. Bake until the garlic is fragrant and the oil is hot, about 4 minutes. Add the potatoes, lemon zest and salt, and bake, turning occasionally, for 20 minutes or until the potatoes are crisp, golden and tender. Sprinkle the Parmesan over the potatoes and bake for 2 minutes, or just until the cheese is melted and golden brown.

FAT: 5 gm/23%  
CALORIES: 193  
SATURATED FAT: 1.4 gm  
CARBS: 32 gm  
PROTEIN: 6 gm  
CHOLESTEROL: 4 mg  
SODIUM: 380 mg

**NOTE:** I use extra lemon zest and extra Parmesan. Since my pals (and I) love to pick at the baked-on crunchy bits at the table, I use an oven-to-table baking dish.

## **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**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca)

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

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