

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 149th Edition – February 26, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Curious Red Fox

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

Friends living out of town a bit feed this female fox regularly - just a treat or two. Taken through the glass doors hence the reflections because she will not come up the steps if the door is open even a crack. She's in prime condition. Apparently she even brought her kits for a visit last spring. Hopefully I'll be there this spring when they come.

Take care.

Doug

PONDERING THE MARKET

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

While prices of houses soar higher and higher,
In my dreams I become a big real estate buyer.

But I find, while I haggle and prognosticate,
The place has been sold and again I'm too late.

I just wasn't slated for wealth, I assume,
Or to make it real big in the real estate boom.

I am always behind, the proverbial tail,
Never ready to buy when a bargain's for sale.

A friend owned a shack on the outskirts of town,
Overlooking an outhouse sunk deep in the ground.
A sweet odor exuded from huge cedar trees.
Thank God, in this country there's plenty of these.
On assessing the market, he realized now
He could sell the whole package for six hundred thou.
Put a sign in his window, and waited until
A tree hugger offered him three quarter mil.

Another old chum, when his kids finished school
Owned a house at the lake with a spa and a pool,
When he found it was time to cash in and have fun,
He traded it all for a place in the sun.
Sold all his possessions in the land of the snow,
Bought a fifth wheeler and decided to go
Down to the desert and see how it feels
To follow the sun in his palace on wheels.

It seems everybody is making a buck,
With a little hard cash and a wee bit of luck,
They'll buy up a rock pile, then after a time,
Put up for re-sale "a potential gold mine".
Sometimes the mind boggles, there's just no foretelling,
The change that occurs between buying and selling,
The place that you bought as a "hobby pig farm"
Sells as an "estate, with aroma and charm"

While fortunes are made by this selling and buying
Some of us sit here just weeping and crying,
Living on dreams in our single room flat,
(With most likely a huge second mortgage on that.)
And thinking of all the big dough we'd be making,
If only, "back then", a few chances we'd taken.
We'd be living it up in that sweet land of plenty,
If we had been born with foresight, twenty-twenty.

© 2006 Gus Barrett.

HENRY BREADEN

News from Lura Breaden advising that her dad Henry Breaden is home from Hospital and will be returning for appointments with doctors for tests and treatment. We are hopeful that Henry will take on the challenge as he did some years back and beat back the cancer.

Get well Henry. We need you. – Sherron

The following two pages submitted by Judith (Chappell) Parkes jparkes@telus.net (In Vancouver) as part of several pages taken from 'Imperial Oil Review' – Apr. - May 1948.



The New Look in Whitehorse, as worn by Mrs. L. H. Dennison. She is seen here in the line-up waiting her turn at the bank. Parkas and mukluks are standard fashions among the women in the Yukon. The trim outfit worn by Mrs. Dennison is muskrat

WHITEHORSE... Home of a Vigorous People

THE GRIM, uncompromising Yukon that Robert Service described at the turn of the century, is a different country now.

In those days Whitehorse was a conglomeration of tents and shacks—a stopping-off place with an uncertain future. The tents are gone. Long ago the shacks were replaced by permanent dwellings and stores. In many respects life became as one with the other towns and communities of Canada.

As the largest centre of population in the Yukon Territory, Whitehorse enjoys a stability that even the boom of the war years did not dislodge. She looks back on the wartime boom with respect most surely deserved, but recalls the population figure of 50,000 at one period as though such fantastic variances are part of the scheme of things and should not be allowed to upset basic living.

As key-point in relation to highway, railway, airlines and river transport, Whitehorse has every reason to feel that she is destined to become, before very long, the metropolis of the new Canadian far north-west. If you are in doubt, you have only to ask any citizen of Whitehorse ●



Great piles of wood like the above line Whitehorse streets during fall and winter months. This scene might suggest extreme cold but Whitehorse does not have as severe winter conditions as other sections of the Canadian northland

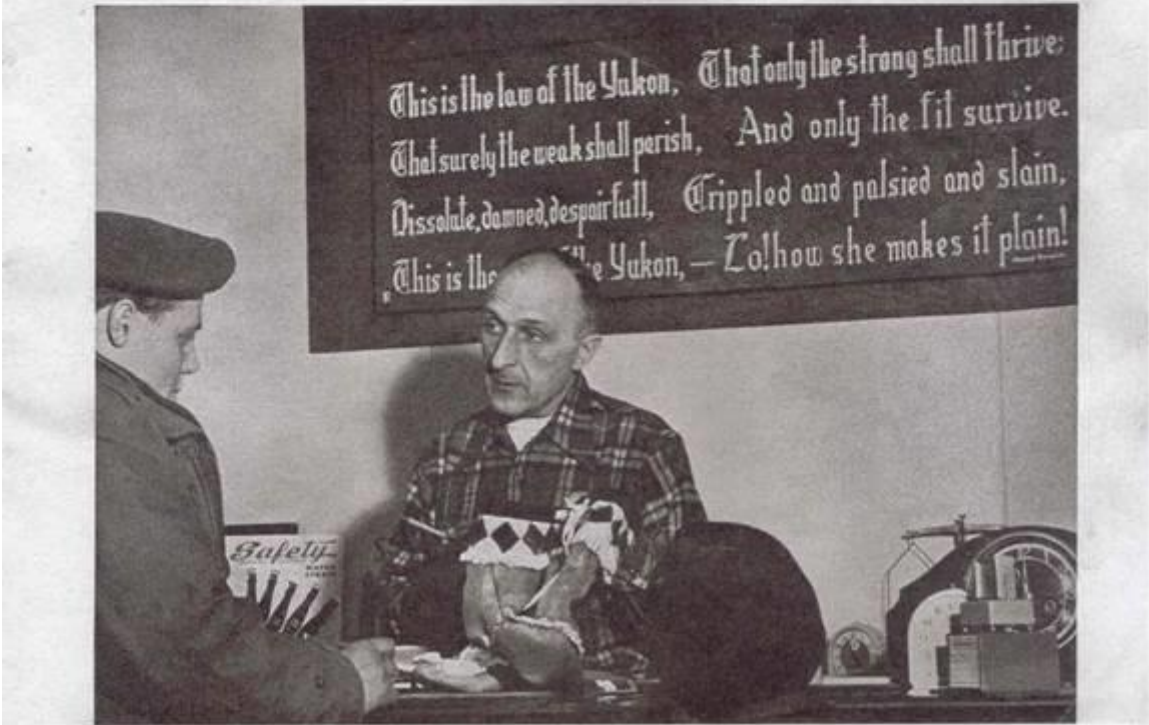


"Stampede John" Stenbraten earned his name in adventuresome ways. He was in the vanguard of almost every important gold stampede in the Yukon and Alaska. He is seen as he samples ore



A Whitehorse "sky scraper" is this rustic "apartment house". The idea is the result of heating problems and the builder figured the stove in the lower room will heat all the floors

The Robert Service code for the north can be seen on the wall behind R. Gordon Lee, who is Whitehorse district member of the Yukon Territorial Council. Mr. Lee operates a specialty shop selling novelties to tourists who are flocking to Whitehorse



Note the caption on the "skyscraper" photo "The idea is the result of heating problems and the builder figured a stove in the lower room would heat all the floors." It seems Mr. Berringer was a thinking man.



Dredge #4 – Bonanza Creek – 1959

The dredge was still working, the flag is flying and the lights are on.

Photo courtesy Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca (In Parksville)

BROADCASTING FOR YUKON SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS

Hi Sherron

Here is a story about broadcasting and the Sourdough Rendezvous. I do a regular feature for CKRW Radio in Whitehorse called Yukon Nuggets. They are historical sketches of Yukon events and are heard each morning just before 8am. This is one of them. I am also including a photo of a way to young Les McLaughlin decked out with press accreditation on my bowler hat. And a Press Pass. Not very elegant indeed! This year the Rendezvous runs from Feb 23rd to 26th. Their website is:

<http://www.yukonrendezvous.com/>

Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com (In Ottawa)

Yukon Nugget: Sourdough Rendezvous for February 9th, 2006

In the early 1960s, the Whitehorse business community, headed by Rolf Hougen, decided to revive the tradition of staging a winter carnival. In the late 40s and early 1950s, Whitehorse had held such carnivals, but they had failed for lack of attention.

The revived carnival would be called "the Sourdough Rendezvous". It featured winter stuff like beard judging contests, can can dancers, bed races, vaudeville shows and of course, the annual Yukon sled dog races.

These were held on the Yukon river starting in front of the old White Pass railway station. It was a two-day event on a ten mile run down the Yukon river, into the bush on the other side and back to the White Pass station.

The only place you could see the mushers, except at the start and finish line was at the old Whitehorse dump site that overlooked the Yukon river about four miles from the White Pass station.

The dog races were extremely popular and brought mushers from all over the Territory including Old Crow. Stephen Frost and Paul Ben Kassi were crowd favourites.

During the sixties, I was assigned to describe on live radio, the start and finish. One year, our technician brought in a heavy back pack with a radio transmitter in it. It would make us much more mobile but it weighed about 40 pounds and, I needed help to put the thing on.

Once loaded up, I looked like rocket man or a poor man's version of Buck Rogers. Not very elegant, anyway.

We also had a mobile transmitter in the station's technical truck and the announcer could sit in the warm vehicle to describe events like the dog races. This transmitter had more range and so it was to be used at the dump where an announcer could report the progress of the dogs from inside the heated truck.

One year, as I got ready to cover the start of the races in front of the old White Pass train station, the thermometer registered about minus thirty with a wind.

It was bitterly cold standing around on the ice of the Yukon river as about fifteen dog teams left at one minute intervals. Cam Cameron was the race master and he had a heated shack on the ice, but I had to stand outside to get the colour and excitement of the yapping dog.

Meanwhile, fellow announcer Jack Graham was in the tech truck down the river by the dump getting ready to report the progress of the race once I finished describing the teams as they left the starting gate. It took about thirty minutes for all the teams to leave. Though I was bundled up pretty good, I was freezing, and the back pack was getting heavier by the minute. My voice was also becoming hoarse because of the extreme cold. Meanwhile, Jack Graham was sitting inside the heated vehicle at the dump holding nothing more than a microphone.

Finally, the last team left the starting gate. Here was my chance to get into the heated shack on the river and sit down. I described the last team as it darted down the river and said:

"Now lets go down to Jack Graham who is going to describe the race as it passes his vantage point at the Whitehorse dump."

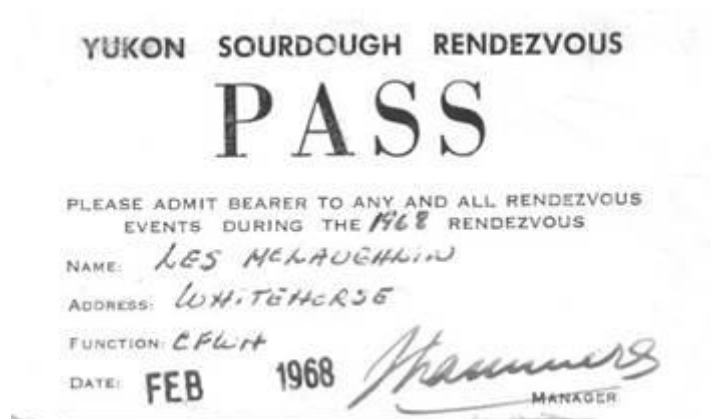
Then, as I started to walk toward the heated shack, I heard Jack Graham in my headset as he said:

"No dogs here yet Les, back to you." I was trapped. So this year when the Rendezvous holds the 8th annual Hougens group and White Pass dog sled races on First Avenue, if you see an announcer wearing a Buck Rogers back pack, show some compassion. It's not nearly as glamorous as it might appear.



Les McLaughlin

Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin [leslorn*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa)



Courtesy Les McLaughlin [leslorn*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa)

Rolf Hougen has an excellent website. If you go to this site:

<http://www.hougens.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1945>

you can read about the first Whitehorse Winter carnival and also explore Yukon historical subjects and view photographs.

Best regards:

Les McLaughlin [leslorn*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa)

LORNE SMITH

Just a note you might want to put in the Moc-Tel that Lorne Smith has been in the hospital with a rather serious heart attack. We have visited him the last couple of days and he is doing very well. Good enough to start bribing the nurses with Easter eggs....Ha, ha.

Many will remember Lorne & Mary Smith at the Stardust Motel and Gas Station in Haines Junction...They have three children, Glen (still in Haines Jct.) and Karyn & Graham in Victoria. They also have two granddaughters, children of Karyn's and I think Graham has two girls also.

If anyone would like to "Cheer him on" or give him a laugh or two. His home address is:
Lorne Smith
155 Tait Rd.
Nanaimo, B.C. V9X - 1C3

Lois Tremblay granny9t@shaw.ca (In Cedar)

MAYO STUDENTS REUNION AND HENRY

Enjoyed yesterdays MocTel, and have started to "dig" up a bit of material for you. The following recipe is a family favorite. I also am sending you later today a picture from the first Rendezvous in '62. I want to write a little short story to go with it so will try and get that off to you today. I had hoped to get this picture off to you earlier but, my life has been so hectic this past month, that there never were enough hours in a day.

Meanwhile, getting back to the latest edition of MocTel; I enjoyed Don Machan's story about his visit with two of his former students. I know both girls, and think that was such a neat thing for them to do. I look forward to seeing what kind of a reunion Don has up his sleeve for his former students. That should be a great thing to do. I must get a note off to him as well today. I especially enjoyed his recipes from the old Mayo Cookbook (in earlier editions of MocTel). Talk about a nice piece of history owning that book. I would love to see it myself; as all those familiar names brought back many memories of my days in Mayo.

Thanks for keeping us up to date on Henry. I am so sorry he is as ill as he is. I just love that mans mind. I feel like we have all been dealt a blow that we can only pray has a positive outcome!

Take care,
Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

COMMENTS FROM MARIBETH MAINER

I was busily printing off my usual 3 back-issues when I came across the treasure trove of Whitehorse-in-my-day items.

I remember Mr. and Mrs. Cyr. Noelle is my age. I felt I had to introduce Sally Greenwood to her (we were at Lambert Street School; the Cyrs at the Catholic school) because both of them shared the horrible burden of being born on Christmas Day. Noelle had the worse burden for having been saddled with the Christmas name, which topped Sally's supply of green and red smocked dresses.

I went to grade one and two in the ex-army buildings that were set up to expand available space at Lambert Street school. I chuckled when I saw the winter boots on teacher and child in Judith's Chappell's picture. No insulation in those floors and the teacher got to sit next to the stove.

Prince Philip opened our new school in 1952; Governor General Vincent Massey opened the new Catholic school a couple of years later. The Alaska Highway had made the baby boom hit a little early in Whitehorse.

I have been doing a lot of thinking around the neighbours to my grandparents in Whitehorse. Growing up in apartments adjacent to stores (NC, Rexall Drugs), I spent as much time as possible at my grandparents, John and Gladys Hoggan's place at 505 Jarvis. (Must remember to send the picture of me floating in a washtub in the water of spring melt 1948.)

Mr. Hancock, the locksmith, lived on the townside corner of Jarvis. I see in MocTel that he died recently. I remember he was a nice man, more tolerant of us kids than other childless neighbours. Then there were the Thibaults: Greta and Henry and their kids Emile, Shawn, and Shannon (mentioned as Mr. Hancock's caregiver). On the other side of the Hoggan's were two cabins on one lot. One of them was occupied for a time by Marjorie Stevenson (my aunt) and her daughters Joann and Roberta. Next was Tom Campbell's warehouse and next to that a long building that must have once been an single story army building that had been made into 2 or 3 rudimentary apartments.

Across the alley from that, were the Smith's who had daughter, Jean. Next door to them when I was really little was the Portlock house, with son Tom (a big kid). Later, Judge Gibbon, second wife, and daughter Barbara occupied that one. There were a couple more houses with adults only so, of course, I do not remember their names. Then Tom and Jean Campbell, with Bob, Neil, and Bev. On the corner were the Butterfields, perennially building a house around themselves. He was our PE teacher at the new school. She, I believe, was an artist in North Van in later years. The only one of their kids whose name I remember is Diedre, my age. I think she had 2 brothers.

Back on Jarvis Street, the fire chief lived across the street, Blaker's, with his ever-expanding family. The Kerluke's lived on the hill-side corner before moving out to Burnaby (and changing their name to Kerr) a few years before we moved. Pete Kerluke and Dad had met on the boat going into the North and were good friends until Pete's death in the 60's.

Email is acting up today, so I'll send the picture another day.

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

SOURDOUGH RENDEVOUS - 44 years ago



Does anyone know these girls ?

Photo courtesy Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

I really don't know if this picture will be what you wanted regarding the Rendezvous. I only have two from that year and really, they are probably only interesting to the people that are in the picture!!! But I will take a stab at it and you can see what you think. As this picture was taken 44 years ago during the first Rendezvous it might be difficult to find out who these ladies are. During that week of the Rendezvous all the local stores dressed in period costume to suite the mood of the festival. These two ladies with me made their own costumes. I can't sew a straight line (then or now) and so a very kind lady whose name escapes me, made my outfit. The store is Taylor and Drury's and the lady that made my outfit worked in our coffee room. I think her name was Mrs. Cameron. She was a very lovely "motherly" person who took us all under her wing, and made such nice goodies for us each day to have with our coffee break. Anyway I'm rambling on and not getting to the point of the story here. As I said, I can't recall the two blond ladies with me (I am on the far right). These other two ladies worked in the Notions department of T&D's and both lived up at Camp Takhini, as their husbands were in the army.

I left the Yukon shortly after this to join my family in Alberta. I lost touch with these gals but it would be interesting if anyone recognizes them.



Does anyone know this girl on the left with Karren (North).
Photo courtesy Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

This is such a poor copy of myself and this gal. It could be due to the fact that the picture is 44 years old and our quality of film wasn't that great in those days. This is taken in T&D's Shoe dept. where I worked. The gal on the left only worked with us for a few months. She was traveling around the world with another friend. Both were from Australia and off to see Alaska when they left the Yukon. I think Mrs. Cameron made her costume also. I just can't bring up her name; unfortunately I don't have Henry's marvelous memory for such details. I had hoped to come up with something more interesting, because I had such a good time during that Rendezvous and it was a thrill to be a part of it.

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

RENDEZVOUS PAST

Sherron: you were asking for some past Rendezvous pictures.
I am sending a few from several hundred that are in my files. The 2006 Rendezvous is underway today. [Feb. 24, 2006]

Regards,

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



1950 Carnival – Main Street Parade



1946 - Whitehorse Winter Carnival



1947 Carnival – Mary Mac Bride Queen, Gloria Cyr left



1948 Carnival- Insp Kronkhite & Chief Jim Boss



1950 Auctioning the Garter



Whitehorse Winter Carnival 1948
Photos above courtesy Rolf Hougen (In Whitehorse)



1950 Carnival – Kangaroo Court – Johnson, Hamilton, Rowa, VanRoggen



Ice Sculpture – Rendezvous 1969



Rendezvous '69 - Flour Packing



Rendezvous '69 – Margaret & Rolf Hougen
Photos above courtesy Rolf Hougen (In Whitehorse)



Rendezvous '70 The 'gals' at Hougens



Rendezvous '70 The 'guys' at Hougens

Photos above courtesy Rolf Hougen (In Whitehorse)

MUSICIAN WANTED – VANCOUVER YUKONERS BANQUET

I just very recently became a "director"Vancouver Yukoners Banquet
April 8th

We need a pianist to open the evening with O Canada. It appears that last year the organization had to pay a professional. I was wondering if you could include a (request, plea) for said pianist in the next MocTel in case any readers are attending and are musically inclined. Anyone interested could contact President Jim Boyes at 604 538 3175 or email him: aliceboyes@shaw.ca

With sincere regard
Helen Munro aka Fitch hmunro@shaw.ca (In Port Moody)

ATTENTION FORMER MAYO STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

Dear Sherron:

This may seem a bit premature, nevertheless I would appreciate your indulgence in communicating my message, through MocTel, to all those Yukoners who attended Mayo Elementary-High School, during the years 1953-55 and 1958-61, and all teaching staff during those years. I am extending an invitation to all the students and teachers, with whom I had the pleasure of association during those years, to join me for dinner on the evening of the day in which the Vancouver Island Yukoners Picnic is held, usually in August. I will provide more details at a later date, and with your permission I will advise MocTel subscribers with updates, eg: a list of those planning to attend, etc.

If MocTellers know of my former students or staff associates, who may not have access to MocTel, please advise them about the reunion, and ask them to contact me at (250)-752-1244. Any photos or other memorabilia they may have will be most welcome.

Thank you,
Don Machan demachan@telus.net (In Qualicum Beach BC)

DONATION

This message touched me when the donor said she hoped to order the MocTels on CD later this year; so have sent one off to her now. – Sherron

Dear Sherron
Awesome job you're doing with the MocTel; have thoroughly enjoyed receiving them. Hopefully later in the year I will be able to purchase 2003, 04 and 05 from you.

The Tribute to Moe Grant was a nice surprise, being as he's my uncle and I probably would never have read the article about him or seen all those wonderful pictures if it wasn't for the MocTel.

Keep up the good work.

Thank you, Denise (Holm) Moorcroft moorcrt@northwestel.net (In Fort Nelson)

THANK YOU DONNA CLAYSON

A special Thank You to Donna Clayson for preparing the tribute to Moe Grant and the many other tributes and stories she has put together for the Moccasin Telegraph. We are hoping there are more to come. – Sherron

MOCTEL CD'S

We have found that all three years do fit on one CD so will be happy to supply them in that format for \$15.00 plus \$5 for packaging and mailing.

Please send your mailing address with your order and a note indicating that is what you wish to the address at the bottom of this MocTel. – Sherron

OBIT

Northern musical legend dies at 75

By Chuck Tobin (Whitehorse Star online – Jan. 22, 2006)



THE MASTER AT WORK - Bill Reid is seen tickling the ivories in 1970.

Photo courtesy Reid family and Whitehorse Star.

A pillar in the Yukon's entertainment industry, Bill Reid gave more to his community than a half-century of melody – a lot more, by all accounts.

Reid – the musician, the sports enthusiast, the pilot – died in Whitehorse last Saturday

after a battle with cancer.

Described as a guy who was glued to the zest in life, whether it was never missing a gig with his Northernairs dance band, or getting his private pilot's licence at 47, Reid won his first fight with the disease in the mid-1980s after being diagnosed in 1984.

And he brought no less determination to win over cancer a second time, though at 75, he was unable to.

"Driven," is how life-long friend Gary Pettifor describes Reid.

"He was always wanting to be doing something, and if you wanted to do something, he would always be there with you."

Pettifor first knew Reid as a fireman back in the days when Reid and Pettifor's dad worked for the Whitehorse airport firefighting service, before Reid crossed over to the city's firehall in the early 1970s.

Gary joined the city's firefighting ranks in the 1978, and worked with Reid until he retired in 1985.

It's not just as a firefighter or even the leader of one of the Yukon's most popular dance bands does Pettifor remember the man who he says helped him in many ways.

It was Reid who provided Pettifor with some early investment opportunities that he continues to hold today. It was the Reids who helped Gary and his wife, Dianne, locate a cabin to buy on Marsh Lake about 10 years ago.

They would go snowmobiling together, ride their all-terrain vehicles together, and fly in Reid's plane occasionally.

Just a couple of years ago, the Pettifors and the Reids were up sledding on Golden Horn Mountain. It's not often you see seniors sledding up on Golden Horn, Pettifor quipped.

Then again, on Rusty's 75th birthday a couple of years ago, she was out waterskiing in front of their Marsh Lake cabin, and Bill was driving the boat.

They were much more than the 50-odd years of dedication they brought to the Northernairs band, Pettifor said.

"They are so community-oriented," said Pettifor, who together with Blair Corley nominated the Reids for the 2004 Commissioner's Award for Community Service. "They were just into everything together. Where Bill was the president, Rusty was the secretary. Oh yeah, they were like bookends."

When Rusty was running a women's fastball team, Bill was umpiring.

Bill served for seven years as president of the Whitehorse Flying Club from 1982 to 1989, with Rusty as secretary.

They were instrumental in organizing the Yukon's branch of the Civilian Aircraft Search and Rescue Association, and were on the ground floor for the start-up of the Yukon Sports Federation. Both have been inducted into the Yukon Sports Hall of Fame.

The Reids were presented with the Golden Jubilee Medal in 2002 by then-governor general Adrienne Clarkson.

And the list goes on, like Bill's involvement with the project to set the city's DC-3 weather vane in its place.

Born in Wallace, Nova Scotia on April 17, 1930 as the last of 12 children in what was a musical family, Reid left home at 18 to explore the further reaches of Canada, and ended up in Vancouver in 1949, where he met Rusty. Engaged in 1950, and after heading north to the Yukon in May 1951 to visit one of Bill's sisters, the Reids were wed on Nov. 21, 1951 at the Old Log Church.

Reid was a man of integrity, who was always willing to provide a helping hand, son Dave said in an interview while in Whitehorse this week.

“He did more things for more people ... he helped them with their mortgages, to get their first house, to get their first car.”

Dave described his dad as frugal but generous, generous but astute.

“It was his heart, he had the biggest heart of anyone I know,” said Dave.

As a pilot with Air Canada, Dave obtained his pilot’s licence before Bill, but it was his dad who encouraged his grandson Cameron to continue the passion for flying. And it was Bill who provided Cameron with his first airplane.

Before taking flight and earning his pilot’s licence, Dave was also among the list of musicians who played for a time beside his mom and dad, as a trumpet player for Bill Reid’s Northernairs.

Of the 12 children in Bill Reid’s family, nine of them played a musical instrument. Bill played in his first band at the age of 14. Growing up in Moose Jaw, Sask., Rusty picked up the fiddle at the age of 11.

It was after their move to Whitehorse that Bill was asked to get a band together for a dance at the Elks Hall. Bill agreed, but only if Rusty would accompany the band with her fiddle. Hence the beginning of a half-century of entertaining Yukoners, from one end of the territory to the other.

Wayne Smyth was attending F.H. Collins Secondary School when he was recruited to play for the Northernairs in 1971, at the age of 13.

Bill knew he would be needing a drummer, and was told by Dave of a fellow band member at F.H. who played the drums.

Reid sent his trumpet player, Jack Earle, to audition Smyth, who was asked if he could play a polka, a waltz, some Rumba.

“Jack went back to Bill and said, ‘Hey, I think this kid can do it.’”

For 15 years, up until 1986, when he began his pursuit as an RCMP officer, Smyth played with the band, and again from 1990 to 1993 upon his return to Whitehorse. Smyth said what he remembers fondly about Bill in his early days with Northernairs is how the band leader never talked down to him as a young kid, but treated him as the drummer, as any other member of the Northernairs.

“It was just incredible,” Smyth recalled in an interview Tuesday. “We basically went from Skagway to Ross River, and every place in between.”

He remembered, in 1977, how the Northernairs were booked to play the New Year’s Eve dance in Atlin, and how Dawson City called up late in the month to see if they could come to Dawson.

“So Bill asked them why they didn’t have New Year’s Eve on Dec. 30?”

The Northernairs were off to Dawson on the 30th, loaded up the vehicle and headed back to Whitehorse at about 4 a.m., showered, shaved, and were in Atlin for their annual gig. Bill insisted on being punctual, said Smyth. Breaks were short, and band members were expected to come to play every night.

Smyth said the reliability of the Northernairs fostered by Bill was part of the band’s success.

His favourite story of Bill and Rusty, and the Northernairs, was when the band was booked for a substantial event in Elsa.

Only when they got to the Elsa Recreation Centre, they found the black keys of the piano

Bill was supposed to tickle for the night had been cut flush with the tops of the white keys.

Off they went to Keno, loaded up another piano, and hauled back to Elsa, and up the stairs into the hall.

“And we started on time,” Smyth said. “That was just the way Bill was. If something went wrong, he’d find a way to fix it.”

When there was a young couple starting out and needing a break, or an organization holding a benefit, Bill would ask the band members if it was OK before he’d cut them a deal. And he always paid his musicians promptly.

“I was making about \$25 or \$30 a night, and when you are a kid of 14, it doesn’t get any better than that,” he said. “I tell you, I will miss that man. He was just a fantastic guy to work with.”

With all the talk of the memories of Bill’s and Rusty’s accomplishments in the community, on stage, along the shores of Marsh Lake and the side of Golden Horn Mountain, one thing sticks out above all for Nora Reid, Dave’s wife.

“What impressed me most was his love for his wife.”

In addition to Rusty, and Dave and Nora of Delta, B.C., Reid is survived by his daughter, Shelley Biden, of Penticton, B.C., and several grandchildren.

A celebration of Bill Reid’s life is scheduled for March 26 at the Mount McIntyre Recreation Centre.

OBIT

ISABELLE MORROW

G'day all! (February 22, 2006)

I just wanted to let you all know that Isabelle passed away this afternoon. A short battle with cancer, now out of pain, she's an Angel now.

Cheers, Jim Morrow jimmorrow*shaw.ca (In Langley)

REMOVED FROM LIST

Please remove my name from your mailing list. -Tnx E. Connelly
CONNELLY, Evelyn evconn*shaw.ca (In Dawson) Sidney

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron! I changed my email address and then forgot to tell you! It's now
lyndarittenhouse@gmail.com
Thanks very much! Lynda

RITTENHOUSE, Mike & Lynda (nee Pelletier) lyndarittenhouse@gmail.com (Mike in Whse 1966-86, Lynda 74-86, both except 82-85) Victoria

NEW ADDITIONS

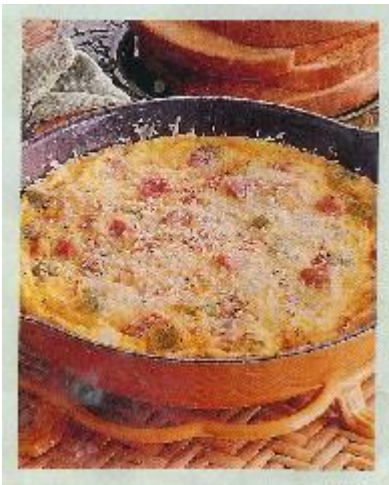
Hi again Sherron...my wife Mary has finally come into the computer age and has her own computer and would like to be added to the list. Her e-mail address is marysmickey@northwestel.net. Thank you.

Tom Mickey (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Perfection is achieved, not when there is nothing more to add, but when there is nothing left to take away.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK



This is one of the most versatile recipes, and we often use it for a quick meal. This one calls for Ham, but to your liking you can substitute Garlic Sausage, cooked Sausage, Wieners, Pork, Chicken, Turkey, Beef or anything that strikes your fancy. Just use your imagination!

PARMESAN HAM FRITTATA

This egg dish is true to Italian heritage. Italians make frittatas with many combinations of ingredients. This simple recipe is based on how many remember their grandmother or mother making this dish. You are never sure that you make it exactly the same each time.

- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper (sweet) Maybe red and Yellow too?
- 2 garlic cloves, minced

Vegetable oil (your choice)
4 eggs
Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup cubed fully cooked ham or substitute
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

It says a 6- inch skillet, but we use a 10- inch heavy skillet. Sauté the onion, green pepper and garlic in oil. Reduce heat to medium. In a bowl, beat eggs, salt and pepper. Add egg mixture and ham to vegetables.

As eggs set, lift edges, letting uncooked portion flow underneath. When eggs are nearly set, sprinkle with cheese. Broil 4 to 5 inches from heat for 1 to 2 minutes or until eggs are completely set. **Yield:** 2 servings, but we suggest you make that 4 servings unless you are very large people! Enjoy!

Henry and Alice Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

DATES TO REMEMBER

Date: April 8th, 2006

Location: Hyatt Regency Vancouver, Regency Ballroom, 3rd Floor

Tickets: \$55.00/Person, Advance purchase a must.

Cheques gladly accepted. Mail to Mary MacDonald

#309-5166 Halifax St., Burnaby, BC, V5B 2N6

Phone: 604-299-7533

Please provide the full names for each guest,
and advise if there are any food allergy issues.

Whitehorse: Tickets available from Gudrun Sparling

Phone: 668-3958

**Vancouver Yukoners' Association
Annual Banquet - Premier Event of the Year**

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

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