

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 156th Edition – April 16, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Carcross Road in Valley Bottom – April 4, 2005

Taken from at or near the Alaska border.

Photo courtesy of Elwood & Kerry Lyle (In Whitehorse)

Elwood Lyle elyle@telus.net (In Kelowna)

We are looking down on Skagway Summit at the Fraser Customs station at the base of the far Mountain, about centre. - Elwood

FIRST LOVE

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

Way back when I was in grade eight,
I still thought girls were second rate
Until I met a little girl of twelve,
As cute as one of Santa's elves.
An attitude so bright and sunny,
Lips so soft and sweet as honey.
'Twas puppy love I will agree.
But I fell for her and she for me.

My grades declined, although I tried,
My mind was elsewhere occupied
With day dreams of a pretty face.
My schoolwork now took second place.

I packed her books and walked her home,
I even wrote for her, a poem,
And while it did get her attention,
It caused me after school, detention.

We were not into heavy dating,
Some movie shows, or winter skating.
Of many walks we two could boast,
We made a pair for wiener roasts.
And so it went, grade nine and ten,
Until there came a moment when
We realized that, in the end,
We were not lovers, only friends.

Yet, though no lasting pact ensued,
It was a pleasant interlude.
If we met today I hope I'd find,
Her life has been as good as mine.
For later, though it wasn't she,
I found the girl that was for me.
Why do these thoughts occur today?
'Twas so long ago and far away.

© 2001 Gus Barrett



Carcross Desert

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

TUBBY TUBMAN BECOMES A YUKONER

Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)
– written by her father Gordon ‘Tubby’ Tubman (In Vernon)

Chapter II (continued from MocTel 155)

In early December, 1942, I received a telegram from the N.C. Seattle office, asking me to go to Whitehorse, to assist in setting up a Caterpillar parts stock. This was to service the equipment used in building the Alaska Highway. I replied that I did not know anything about the machinery business. One of their people thought I did, however, and he wanted me to assist in this challenge. I accepted, not really having much choice.

This meant, of course, leaving the gal who was to become your mother, in Dawson. This went over like the proverbial “lead balloon”. A week or so later, I was on my first plane ride, to Whitehorse.

Arrival there was a real shocker! When I last saw Whitehorse, it had a population of four hundred and fifty. This had now risen to twenty-thousand, with a mix of U.S. troops, U.S. contractors, Canadian troops, and Canadian contractors. Probably ninety percent of the population was American. It seemed like all the flat ground was covered with Army barracks and tents. In spite of the bitter winter cold, at this stage, there were still acres of tents for American army personnel.

My first home was the Whitehorse Inn, occupied mainly by Americans. One thing to be said for it: it was warm. My roommate turned out to be Pat Bell, the guy who opened his big mouth and got me transferred. I had met him in Dawson when he was on a trip through the Yukon for the N.C. He was the company “big gun”, as far as Caterpillar parts were concerned, in Seattle. I was to assist him in their new venture, or at least try.

When I arrived in Whitehorse, a nucleus of a parts depot had already been set up. Its main business was with large U.S. contractors, working on separate contracts on the Highway system: airports, pipelines, an oil refinery, and on the road itself. The location of our parts setup itself was in the so-called Dowell Area, named for the major contractor there. In this area were warehouses (large reused, prefabricated structures, dismantled and moved from the States), huge machine and repair shops, mess halls, Army barracks, etc. Our warehouse contained our parts depot at one end and a U.S. Army Engineers supply base at the other. This is where I met and became good friends with Gene Nelson of North Dakota. He was a G.I. with the Engineers.

A Caterpillar representative, Walt Jones, worked in our office. He knew nothing of the parts business but functioned as a P.R. man for Caterpillar. To say that I had a Hell of a time to start with is putting it mildly. Of necessity, I was “thrown to the wolves”. The contractors needing parts right now were not easy on me at the start. It wasn’t long

before everything started to fall into place. I then got on famously with the very ones who had almost eaten me for breakfast in the beginning.

Today, I am a firm believer that, if you are thrown into the middle of a tough situation, you learn much faster and it stays with you. Perhaps you should visualize the conditions under which we worked. The temperature could go to sixty below (Fahrenheit) and Whitehorse always had wind. These warehouses were not insulated, just wooden shells about thirty by five hundred feet. Our office, at this time, was about fifteen by twenty, built into the warehouse, with double walls but still with no insulation. It was heated by an oil heater, which shared the available space with desks, counter, filing cabinets, and four to six people. The volume of business transacted here was unbelievable. Just as we go things well-organized, word came through that we were to be taken over by the U.S. Army Engineers. Pat Bell decided to head back to Seattle and get a commission in the Army. The Engineers requested that I stay on and work for them as they didn't have anyone with the training to handle the job. This I did, after checking that it wouldn't jeopardize my standing with the N.C.

This meant another real adjustment, working in a civilian environment one minute and a military one the next. My boss, Engr. Capt. Campman, was a prince of a guy and his successor was the same. Most of the help were G.I.'s from all over the U.S. but mainly from the Deep South. Good bunch, but not long on work, and if you didn't watch them, they would be down on their knees, shooting dice. Later, we were to supplement help by hiring local people, mainly my friends from Dawson.

As I was one of the first Canadians to be hired by the Army, I was subject to the same medicals and vaccinations as Army personnel. The Medical Officer (M.O.) found I had poor eyesight (I knew this), so they issued glasses, no charge. This was one of several sets, as they were usually in my pocket, where they would get broken. The vaccinations were a combination vaccine, spread over a number of days. I had the first one and damned near died. I didn't go back for the next one. One day, I got a call from the C.O. about the M.O. report that I had not reported for my second shot. I explained to Campman what had happened, and that I had had my first and last shot. He pointed out that, without the shots, I couldn't work for them. I replied that that was too bad but that was the way it was. I didn't hear any more about it.

The Engineers decided that our small "Cat" parts depot would, henceforth, handle parts for all of the major construction equipment for the entire Alaska Highway. These parts started to roll in; it fell to me to identify them. As this was done, other staff placed them in stock. Bear in mind that, at this time, I knew nothing about this other equipment! To handle all the paperwork, a wing was added to the warehouse, for an office. It was big and had ample room for the necessary office staff. Yours truly supervised stock control.

Some of the happenings around our plant may be of interest to you. One bitterly cold morning, I arrived at work, after my usual half to three-quarter of a mile walk from downtown, in the pitch dark. I noticed a huge fire. I thought our depot was on fire. As I got closer, I could see it was a huge bonfire, burning close by. It was as big as our

Burnaby House! About twenty men were standing around it, all black G.I.'s. I asked what was going on and they said they were freezing. I nearly fell over when I realized that they had not been issued proper winter clothing. I told them to come into the building, and I would see if I could do anything for them. As I was always the first at work, they were all crowded around the big drum heater while I lit it. I got the heater going in short order, and had them take off their boots and outer clothing. A lot of those black and pink feet looked close to frostbite to me. As soon as the Captain came in, I told them that these men would be in "sick bay" damned soon if they were not properly outfitted. Even though they were not "our people", he took care of it. I was sure the fair-haired "whitey" with those fellows, as they were not used to that kind of help from whites.

Another time when I walked to work in the morning, it was abnormally cold and windy. I expected to be able to take off my mitts and warm my hands over the oil heater long enough to get some feeling back into them, before doing anything else. This particular morning, I held them there for a minute or so before it dawned on me that the damned heater was off. By this time, all feeling had gone from my hands. I went out into the warehouse, got the door of the drum heater open, grabbed some paper and pieces of wood and jammed them in. All movement was gone from my fingers; I had to pick these things up as if my hands were stumps. I couldn't strike the matches, had to put my hands in my armpits to get some life into them, but still couldn't strike individual matches. I got a handful and struck them all at once and threw them in. Luckily, they caught, and my hands went in next. Did they ever hurt when life was coming back into them!

There was usually a fair amount of excitement in this particular area of Whitehorse. I guess it was the hub of the working base of the highway; U.S. Army Headquarters was in a different area. As one of the purposes of the highway was to allow building of emergency airfields along its length, this became the staging route for military aircraft flying from the U.S. to Alaska. As most of these planes did not, at that time, have large fuel capacities, they had to land fairly often. Large numbers of bomber and fighter aircraft, etc. would arrive in Whitehorse daily. The Whitehorse Airport, now only a commercial airport, is located just above the town. It was well-equipped to handle all air traffic.

The flights of fighters and fighter-bombers, perhaps six to ten in a flight, got their kicks from dropping in at maybe two hundred feet, and buzzing our area. Needless to say, the buildings felt like they would vibrate to pieces. Complaints were made to superiors, but to no avail. Luckily, no one ever crashed in town.

Many of these planes landed in Fairbanks, Alaska, and were turned over to Russian pilots for flying to their homeland. I had occasion to go to Fairbanks during this period and, in one of the bars, saw many of these Russian pilots. They would take a drink, vodka of course, and chase it with a chocolate. Seemed strange, but they all did it.

There was much gambling in Whitehorse generally and our camp was no exception. The games were all high-stakes; they went around the clock. Many of the troops and civvy

workers were professional gamblers. Some of our G.I.'s would take in the games on their lunch break. One of them told me he had made enough at one sitting to buy a car after the war. He had been a pro in civvy life. Every once in a while, someone was caught cheating. He would either have his arm broken or be knifed for his trouble. Generally, there was not much trouble, considering the mix of people and the primitive conditions under which everyone lived.

Life in downtown Whitehorse was interesting. Because of the predominant numbers of U.S. Army and civilian personnel, there were large numbers of U.S. Military Police on patrol. They tended to assume control over Canadians as well. I tried to get into the restaurant of the hotel I was staying at, only to be told that it was "off limits" because of some sanitation problem. Of course, this meant U.S. folks only but, since I had on an U.S. Army parka, they naturally included me. Fortunately, an R.C.M.P. constable who knew me came and set them straight. Every once in a while, the R.C.M.P. Inspector would have to contact his equivalent in the Provost Corps and tell him to "cool it" with the Canadians. To be fair, the U.S. Medical people did inspect the eating places; I don't think our medical people had the manpower to do it.

I was fortunate in that a number of my friends moved to Whitehorse during this time. They had come from Dawson to get in on the action, and some of them did quite well.

One man had a trucking outfit in Dawson, which he moved to Whitehorse. Those trucks were on the go all the time. He was a bit of a boozier. The first time I went to see him, probably my first day in Whitehorse, he and some of his drivers, also known to me, were half-looped. They had a four gallon gas can sitting on the wood drum heater in the office. Everyone made me welcome. They poured me a drink and told me to help myself to a piece of chicken, motioning to the can. I looked in and saw an almost raw chicken, floating in warm water and gas residue. It was hardly warmed up but they were eating it like Kentucky-fried. I passed that one up!

Another friend from Dawson, Arne Anderson, was staying at another hotel that was strictly run by a Swedish couple. Each winter weekend, Arne and I would head across the Yukon River, to the hills beyond. Arne was born to ski; I was hard pressed to keep up. I managed, and our weekends never dragged. As neither one of us liked to stand in line at the liquor store (booze was rationed), I had friends in Dawson send us periodic booze shipments by plane. We picked up on the weekend to have on hand after our day of skiing. Usually, the forty ounce bottles of Scotch and O.P. rum did not last long as it became known to our friends that this regular shipment was in town. So many men had left Dawson, either to the Army or to Whitehorse, that the Dawson liquor store was caught with an overstock.

Eventually, Arne, who was an excellent carpenter and contractor, scrounged enough lumber, etc. to build a house for himself. I, of course, worked with him on weekends. When it was completed enough so that it was liveable, we both moved in. Shortly after, we added a third member to the household, an old Swede, Jack Roos. He was a prince of a man, tall, skinny, with slow movements and voice. He, too, was an excellent carpenter

and worked with Arne. We got along famously, and for three men, kept the place reasonably clean and neat. There was never any friction about who cooked or cleaned and it all got done. The first winter was a “heller” for cold. We ran out of wood and, as the term went, we “moonlight requisitioned” from the pile at the school next door. (*Actually across the street, Lambert Street School*) No one ever said anything about it, but there was a path worn in the snow between the pile and our place.



The Gang gathered at Arne Anderson's

From left to right, the men are (I think I have this right!)
Harry Fatt, Gene Nelson, Ernie Wilby, Tubby Tubman, Arne Anderson
Photo courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer

Harry and Arne were friends who also made the move from Dawson; Gene was the American from North Dakota; Ernie was one of the younger kids from the days on the "Ark" on Saanich Arm. - Maribeth

We had an outhouse at the back of Arne's property, about forty to fifty feet from the house. This was normal at the time but I would have preferred to have it inside. I caught a severe case of the “trots” and in a few days lost twenty pounds. It got so bad that I could no sooner lie down on my canvas army cot than I had to get up and run down the trail. There was no time to get dressed in the ten to thirty below weather. Luckily, it passed off without my getting pneumonia. Sanitary conditions in town were terrible. I wonder how a typhoid epidemic was avoided.

We had a good time in Arne's house. Jack made the occasional batch of potato champagne, real “skookum” stuff that went down like sake. Our house became the gathering place for the old Dawson friends and the new American ones. Occasionally, Poppop (the grandkids' name for Johnny Hoggan) would come in from the airport he was working on at Snag, and stay with us. He fit right in. He had moved from Dawson after I did, to take a supervisory position on the construction of the Snag airport.

Although I had good friends in Whitehorse, and some good times, my job was demanding. Perhaps I need not have put my heart into my work after the U.S. Army took over, but I was not built that way. After the area was dropped as a war zone, my

employers tended to relax as the pressure was off. Perhaps I just wanted to keep busy, to make time go faster until your mother and I could be together again.

Sometime during the early months in Whitehorse, it was established that we would be married in Dawson. Poppop gave us his blessing and the date was set for Nov. 15, 1943. Poppop and I both took time off work and waited and waited for the weather to clear. Flying was primitive in those days. Poppop and I were wearing Arne's floors out, pacing around and weather-watching.

As luck would have it, on the fourteenth, there was a brief break in the weather. We arrived in Dawson the day before the wedding. As usual, from this point on, your mother took over the programme. So ended the single life of Dad. From here on we will document our life together.

(The End)



Woodpecker

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Earl Stephinson, Malcolm Brown and Frank Powell
Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright

This picture is from when we lived in Whitehorse. Men were fined [*during Sourdough Rendezvous week*] when they didn't have a moustache or beard. My father of course is in the middle, Malcolm Brown.

Bonnie (Brown) Wright [bonruby*telus.net](mailto:bonruby@telus.net) (In Port Hardy)



Judy Reber and Bonnie Brown
Picking Crocuses across the Yukon River from Whitehorse
Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright

My little friend and I were across the Yukon River picking those flowers. We never kept in touch. Someone might know her in your Telegraph lineup. – Bonnie (Brown) Wright
bonruby@telus.net (In Port Hardy)

MURPHY AND THE HONEY WAGON

Hi Sherron: I've thoroughly enjoyed this Moc Tel. Here are two pictures of dad's that might start some stories. Murphy and his Honey Wagon and the gentleman with the white beard. I remember him because he was always around the Army Officers Mess when dad worked there and I liked his dogs. And as for Murphy, I remember the story dad always told when he showed us this slide. He said he was driving up the Two Mile Hill one day and saw the Honey Wagon on the side of the road with Murphy up on top of the wagon. So, dad stopped to see if he could help but Murphy said "no", that he was okay but he had dropped his jacket IN the wagon. There on the end of a long stick was this dripping jacket. Dad asked if he was going to keep it and he replied, Hell no, I just want my lunch that's in the pocket. We always found that tremendously funny but I highly doubt it was true.

Enjoy. Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)



Murphy and the Honey Wagon
Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span



Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span

I remember Murphy the honey wagon man well, he came quite frequently to the Hub Café when I worked there, but the other gentleman does not ring a bell. Hope somebody can help. Happy Easter to all Moc Tel readers.

Anne M. Domes octavia13@northwestel.net (In Faro)



Bill was looking at photos for sale on e-bay recently and found this one and I thought we should send a copy to Weldon Pinchin and see if the vehicles matched his memory of the Cabs that once changed hands in a game.

The following is Weldon's reply. – Sherron

I am way behind, thanks for the Whitehorse Inn picture. There is a story here just on the building itself. In my day it was just one third the size. The back was added on, notice the height difference; that is a story. The front from the main building over to the far right is another story someone should write about.

Congrats to Alex Van bibber. My dad was the M.C. at the rodeo in Champagne for a number of years. Alex & my dad were great friends, along with the Chambers family, as well Alex Davis & his wife Louise.

Alex Davis ran a big game hunting business out of Champagne for years. His wife was native, he was white. This is a whole different story [a good one to] I will write about it this winter for you.

Just love it all. Keep it up.

Warm regards

Weldon Pinchin [pinchin*gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com) (Mayne Island)

Hi Sherron, yes, I have lots of things to tell about the Whitehorse Inn, as I got my first job there in the Whitehorse Bakery when arriving in Whitehorse in 1953 and I stayed for about 4 weeks in the Bakery and then for over 3 years in the Restaurant as a cook.

Will write more, soon. Anne Domes [octavia13*northwestel.net](mailto:octavia13@northwestel.net) (In Faro)

I asked Fred Aylwin about a photo that his wife Barb had shared with us. Also where the locations was of each of the cafes in the early 1950's. He also replied to my query about weather at home. Love the analogy his mother Amelia (Besner) Aylwin had for a bit of blue sky. – Sherron

The picture Barb has was taken in the Whitehorse Inn cafe in 1954 the Hollywood cafe was on Front Street (First Avenue) about mid block between Main and Elliot Street; it was owned by Harry I think his last name was Chan. The Hub cafe was on Main Street across from Whitehorse Motors (now Yukon Travel); Mary Tobacco proprietor and I think Frenchie Dorien had some interest in it also.

It didn't rain in Vernon yesterday or not in our area anyway and today the sun is trying its best to shine through, at present I can see enough blue sky to make a pair of pants for a Dutchman (one of my mothers pet sayings).

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

I think it is even so, that the first name of Mr. Chan, who had the Hollywood Cafe on First Avenue, was Harry. He made the best Won Ton soup. His son George had the restaurant in McCrea for many years. I also remember Mr. Lee - he was involved with Tourist services way way back. Interesting, it all comes back. Anne Domes



Another photo found recently for sale on e-bay. Is anyone else surprised to see men using this means of transportation; riding on a flat car? Was this method used to transport people from White Pass or Bennett or Carcross to Whitehorse once the railway was completed in 1899?

A MESSAGE FROM AUDREY VIGEAU

I would like to thank each and every one of you that send in material. It is very educational for me and also very interesting to learn about some of the people that I do know of in the short time I have lived in the YUKON { 18 yrs }.

Please keep up the good work.

Thank You

Audrey Vigneau vigneau*yknet.ca (In Dawson)

MESSAGE FROM VANCOUVER YUKONERS ASS'N

As our newsletter was already put to bed by the time this item arrived, if possible, could you please add it to the Moc Tel.

Regards: Lowell Bleiler

The bimonthly newsletter **SEQUOIA** published by the **Society of Friends of St. Ann's Academy** in Victoria are looking for stories of the work and travel of the *Sisters of St. Ann* in the Yukon Territory and Alaska. They are looking for contributors who may have stories which would be worthy of being included in the edition that is to be published on or about May 5, 2006. Anyone with appropriate material, please send it to Theresa Vogel, Newsletter Editor, c/o 613 Pandora Ave., Victoria, BC, V8W 1N8. Phone: 250-953-8820 or Fax: 250-953-8823. Email: StAnns.Academy@gov.bc.ca

ADVICE TO REMEMBER - Neurons

Your brain neurons must have a clear track to communicate with each other to keep doing what you do, you must have a good supply of them and the best way to keep them is use them like you do.

Elwood Lyle

DICK DICKSON

Whiskey Flats resident Dick Dickson, the only man to where a tie on fishing and camping trips



Dick and our Cocker Spaniel, Mike
Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie rlortie*sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)



Dick, Dayle Webber, me [Ralph Lortie] & Dad (Leo Lortie) out camping
Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie rlortie@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)



Dick, Mike (dog), Dayle, and Mom (Connie Lortie) out camping
Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie rlortie@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

KEEPING YOUR WORD PROGRAM IN ENGLISH

For all those wanting to change word and keep it in Canadian they must go to Word, tools language set to Canadian English, then hit the default button on bottom left it will ask if you want to make English Canadian your default language click yes and that will set it other wise it will revert back every time you enter word. I had to figure it out but it works doing it this way.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

COMMISSIONERS' TEA IN DAWSON – June 10th

Congratulations on your award, it is a great honor. I hope you will come to the Commissioners Tea in Dawson but if you can't make it we will understand. The Tea is the kick off to a fun day at The Commissioner's residence, which is a restored building in our town, we Parks Canada and IODE co-sponsor a Tea such as Mrs Black would have held on the Residence grounds, complete with table clothes and napkins, fancy cups and saucers, sandwiches and dainties, tea and coffee or lemonade, with some light entertainment for about 2 hours, if you are so inclined you may wear period costume, we usually serve 100-200 people. Tourists love it, especially if we have a beautiful summer day. We have only been rained out 3-4 times in 20+ years. Anyway we hope you will choose us. We are having a lovely sunny day today and am looking forward to some snow disappearing today Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

A SAD MESSGE FROM PATTY (HANNAH) MILLER

Hi Sherron: I am sorry I haven't replied before this. Things have been unsettling here, to say the least. Today is the first time I have turned on my computer in two weeks. Last week my son and daughter-in-law were in Puerto Plata, Dominican republic for their best friends wedding. Scott (my son) was riding a motorcycle and was struck from behind by a truck. They put him on life support right away, but gave us the impression he was critical but survivable. So I arranged, very quickly for myself and my daughter to fly down there. It took us two days to get there. But it was much worse than we imagined. They wanted to disconnect him from the respirator the following morning. I had gone there KNOWING that I was going to bring him home, one way or another. So we, my family at this end, and us there, got cracking and by that night the Canadian consulate and RBC insurance had a plane lined up and a Canadian Doctor and two nurses... and a bed waiting in Vancouver General. The following afternoon I left the Dominican with Scott and those wonderful people who treated him, with such respect and compassion, and myself as well. The treatment he received over there was not good and fairly basic. So to me, when the Doctor and two nurses arrived, it felt like the Calvary had arrived! But unfortunately Scott was pronounced brain dead (he also had a broken neck) the afternoon of our arrival they kept him on life support until my husband and my other children could be there. Also, I had to leave my daughter and daughter-in-law in the Dominican as they would only let one person on the medivac flight back. It took them a day and half to arrive back in Canada. So we donated Scott's organs and he passed away on April 10th.

I have a whole new respect for Canada and Canadians; our health care system and our Canadian government. People just don't realize that when they go to these places they are taking chances with their lives. They don't understand their ways. I was totally lost there and had to fight like hell to communicate as NO ONE speaks English. One can hardly even make a phone call out unless you speak Spanish. When Scott was injured, he was thrown in the back of a pick-up and taken to a little medical clinic. The clinic didn't want him there so they told those people to take him away. So they had to find a taxi cab that would accept him as he was bleeding quite heavily. And away he went, sat up, in the

back seat of a cab on a 45 minute ride to the hospital. Somewhere in that time span, someone had picked Scott's pockets and taken all of his money. So when the cab driver insisted on being paid they checked for money and his pockets were empty. The cab driver was furious. The next day he showed up at the Breezes Resort (where Scott and Lindsay were staying) with a couple of very large fellows threatening their lives if Lindsay didn't pay up. He was angry because he had lost cab fares because it took time for him to clean the blood out of the back of his car. so he wanted her to pay for those lost fares so Breezes had to move Lindsay to another room (he even knew her room number) and post extra security around her and the group they had gone with. So in my mind, it must be the cab driver that robbed Scott, or someone he knew, or else he wouldn't have known that information about where they were staying. Lindsay had to leave her drivers license with the outfit they had rented motorcycles from, as security when they rented and they made her pay \$500.00 American for the damage to the bike Scott was on before they would give her back her license. So of course we paid it because she couldn't leave the country without it. No visa. What a nightmare place!

But a lot of good things happened. The Canadian consulate there was unbelievable in their concern and help. The RBC insurance was the same. Our government pulled a lot of stings to get him over American airspace and not be stopped in North Carolina when we refueled. Breezes Resort took care of Lindsay so well and was a great help to me and Alana when we arrived and put us up at no charge. Hawk Air paid our way to Vancouver and helped arrange flights the rest of the way to the Dominican. Then they paid my family's way home from Vancouver after Scott died.

You don't have to post this, I just want you to let people you know that if people go to those places they are taking chances and I would hate to see another family go thru this. Medical care is substandard, their attitude is not caring.

Anyways, to your question about Uncle Brab's dog. Yes, I remember he had a German shepherd. I don't know if it is the same one. That picture looks pretty old. But he said he had it while in the RCMP. I do know it was a ferocious thing and when we went to visit they kept it chained up and we were told not to go near it, as he was very very protective of aunt Ve and uncle Brab. Lynne and Brian will be here today (the family is all arriving for Scott's funeral tomorrow), and they will have a clearer memory as they are older than I am. :) so I will question them and get back to you.

Patty (Hannah) Miller pattymiller999@msn.com (Farminton BC)

The photo of the dog will be in the next edition of MocTel. – Sherron

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

cgladish@remax.net: Recipient address rejected: User unknown in local recipient table.
GLADISH, Chris & Belinda cgladish@remax.net (In Whitehorse 1980 -2003) 250-335-1957
Fanny Bay

Recipient address: ron1@hopeforhealth.com Remote SMTP server has rejected address GARNER, Ron ron1*hopeforhealth.com (Whitehorse 77-80) (250) 762-4890 Kelowna

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron,

I am a Yukoner; born and raised and would love to be added to your list of subscribers. Please tell me what I need to do...

My email address is tievans@hotmail.com

My name is Trish Evans and phone # at work is 867-667-3638

Thank you so much

Trish :) Evans

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Maintenance free means when it breaks, it can't be fixed.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Herbed Roasted Potato Wedges

Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

10	medium-size potatoes	
2 tbsp	Olive Oil	30 mL
1 tbsp	dried thyme leaves, crumbled	15 mL
1 tsp	salt	5 mL

Preheat oven to 425F (220C). Slice each potato into 6 wedges. Place in a large, shallow-sided roasting pan or on a 2 rimmed baking sheets. Drizzle oil over potatoes. Sprinkle with thyme and salt. Using your hands, toss to coat. Roast in preheated oven, stirring occasionally and rotating pans halfway through, until potatoes are golden and fork-tender, 35 to 40 minutes.

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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.

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