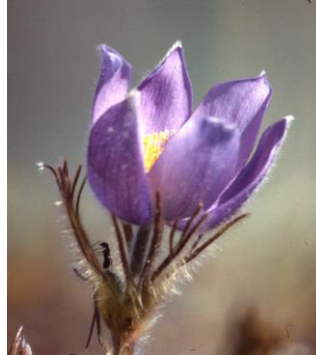


MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 160th Edition – May 14, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Ant on Crocus

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

KELLY LEE

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

When you were just a little girl,
Maybe two or three,
You'd often come to Qualicum
To visit nana and me.
You loved to walk the sandy beach,
Collecting pretty shells,
And often, clinging to our hands,
Go wading through the swells.

And when you finally tired out
You'd always come to me,
And, with your special blanket
You would climb upon my knee.
You'd give me hugs and kisses,
And beguile me with your charms,
And then, without a whimper
You'd fall asleep in papa's arms.

Now you're a young lady,
All grown up and fancy free.
A busy life with little time
To visit nan and me.
But that is as it should be,
And I love you just as well,
Because, to me, you'll always be
My little "Super Kell".

JUST ARRIVED

Gus and Blanche (Holbrook) Barrett have welcomed their first great-grandchild, Adam Andrew Falkenberg, born May 7, 2006 born to grand daughter Kelly Lee (Harper) and husband Kevin Falkenberg. (See below,) Gus has written a letter to Adam to be included in a copy of Gus' book and kept for Adam to read when he is older.



Great-grandma Blanche with Adam Andrew Falkenberg.

Hi Adam,

7 May, 2006

You surprised us by arriving a little earlier than expected, however we were real happy to see that you arrived without any major damage or troubles.

Sorry that this old world that we are welcoming you into is not as perfect as we would have liked. It is somewhat battered and tired in spots. Through the centuries we humans have made vast improvements in our world and our living conditions as each generation have tried to make things a little easier and a little better for their children. Though it's been done for the most part with all the best of intentions, we have made many mistakes. At times we have left a lot of hurt and destruction in our wake for others to clean up. I guess that is why we refer to ourselves as being "only human".

Maybe yours will be the generation that will get it all together, and realize that we are all meant to exist on this planet so we'd better make the best of it. A heavy load to place onto such tiny shoulders, but really all we ask is that you do your best. Just accept your challenges as you grow, and give it your best shot. That's all that anyone can ask of you, and remember that you have a large and loving family who have been, and will be, there to help you through it. Your future looks bright, the possibilities – awesome.

With much love, from your great-grandfather,

Gus Barrett

DRIVING NEW FORDS TO MAYO



N.C. Co. Early 50s Driving new Fords to Mayo
Photo courtesy Bill Weigand



Left ?, right Garth Holmes
N.C. Co. Driving new Fords to Mayo -
Early 50s
Photo courtesy Bill Weigand



Crossing the Pelly with the new Ford cars. Early 50s
Photo courtesy Bill Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston)



Arrived at Mayo with the new Fords

Bill Weigand – 1951 or 1952?

Photo courtesy Bill Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston)

N.C.- Northern Commercial Co. had the Ford dealership, I think it was Ford and Monarch cars. I'm not sure when it became Whitehorse Motors. Perhaps Gordon Tubman or Moe Grant would fill us in some more accurate dates.

Bill

MY BOOK OF YUKON MEMORIES

Copyright by Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Memories Of Whitehorse (Continued from MocTel 159)

Soon smelly little oil heaters stood in the corner of many Whitehorse living rooms, including ours. Whenever they were called, Ryder's Fuel Service, (owned and operated by the sons of Whitehorse's wood dealer, George Ryder) faithfully delivered needed stove oil. Our outdoor oil tank was one of the ever-useful forty-five gallon drums, perched on its side beside the house, with a trapdoor on the upper side, and a tap near the bottom. Oil was drawn from that outside drum, carried into the house and poured into a little five-gallon tank that perched on the back of the oil heater. Eventually we acquired a furnace that Earle installed in the dirt basement, which was accessed by both an outside entrance, and an inside cellar trapdoor cut into our kitchen floor.

Weekly laundry flapped on the clotheslines that adorned our neighbours' yards and ours. A wide gravel driveway provided parking and playground space. A few petunias planted in small concrete rings were our only attempt at landscaping. Topsoil was difficult to find, and the common belief was that if your home looked too good, taxes would go up. Consequently few people landscaped their property.

In the fifties, there were no subdivisions other than those provided for the Army, Air Force, RCMP and Department of National Defense personnel and their families. First

Nation people lived downtown, often near the river on what had always been their traditional land until Indian Affairs arbitrarily moved them about a mile from downtown, into tiny inadequate housing in the Marwell area, now an industrial subdivision.

Whitehorse was a sleepy little town that roared to life on weekends and paydays. Yukoners prided themselves on being hard-drinking, hard-working and hard-living. Individuality and colourful characters were much admired. In the 1950s and 1960s work was plentiful, wages good, society lenient, regulations few, and no one cared whether workers were certified or not, as long as they could do the job.

Whitehorse had a large population of single men. They had lingered in the North long after the 1898 Klondike Gold Rush and the construction of the 'Alcan' (Alaska Highway) in 1942/43. They survived by living in shacks and doing seasonal work. When they could no longer go mining, or hold down a summer job, they worked at whatever odd jobs they could find. Pensions were extremely low or non-existent, and most of these men considered handouts degrading.

A squatter's village called Whiskey Flats flourished beside the river until the mid 1950's, when residents were evicted and the shacks bulldozed down. Rotary Peace Park and the historic sternwheeler Klondike, as well as the entrance to the Robert Campbell Bridge took over that space. During its heyday, hundreds of tiny shacks had stood shoulder to shoulder, separated by an occasional outhouse or battered travel trailer. The land between the railway tracks and the crown land along the river was owned by White Pass & Yukon Route. It had been given to them early in the century as a railway grant. Residents of the Flats came from almost all parts of Yukon society – old-timers, newcomers, and families – people who worked, and those who didn't. The only ones who weren't represented in the flats were the Armed Forces and Federal Government people, who had housing provided for them. The Flats were a haven for those who believed that taxes and rules were for other people. They were also the only option for most newcomers.

The shipyards were about a quarter-mile down river, past the White Pass Depot and near the Yukon Laundry. Massive sternwheelers, some still in service, sat brooding on their slips, evoking nostalgic dreams of the world famous Klondike Gold Rush. About a half-mile downriver from the boats, another little shantytown known as Moccasin Flats hugged the river. That was where Earle and I rented our first Yukon home from Peter and Irene Berg. A bit farther downriver another collection of cabins of various shapes, sizes and materials was called Sleepy Hollow.

One of Whitehorse's most infamous characters, Harry Fieck, known to all as 'Wigwam Harry' lived in Sleepy Hollow in a little shack built of scrap lumber, cardboard and a piano box. Harry was best known for his speed and endurance at digging basements, outhouse holes and wells. Wrinkled, snaggle-toothed and wiry, he was also renowned for his ability to consume alcohol and for his willingness to dance his own version of the jig in the bars or on the sidewalk. Much of his time was spent in local establishments such as the beer parlour and Rainbow Room cocktail lounge in the Whitehorse Inn.

It was rumoured that Harry was an English remittance man, but in truth he was born in Stratford, Ontario, in 1900, and came north in 1942 to work on the construction of the Alaska Highway. The story told most often about Harry is of the time he dug a basement

for a local fellow. When he went to collect his pay, the owner wasn't home, and had not left Harry's expected payment with his wife. The tale varies, but the basic story is that Harry promptly filled in the basement hole, with the dirt he had removed and with anything else at hand. He refused to come back and re-dig the hole.

I can personally attest to his hole-digging ability. In the summer of 1964 I was on staff at the Girl Guide camp at Chadburn Lake. The hole for the outhouse had been dug by Harry. That little building sat perched on a side hill, overlooking the camp. The hole was so deep and the structure so flimsy that children, teens and adults alike were fearful of caving in to its depths. Eventually a carpenter was hired to build a secure, child friendly seat and the place became useable. (Harry Fieck died in Whitehorse in 1977).

The Flats continued to provide a haven for the Yukon's less ordinary residents, like Andy Hooper. Born in 1900 on a farm near Guelph, Ontario, Andy came north in 1942 looking for work during the building of the Alaska Highway. He worked for the United States Army until the highway was completed. Then he, like so many others, stayed on. He outfitted a former U.S. Army four-wheel-drive truck with a heavy-duty winch, and went into the moving business. He maintained that there wasn't a building in Whitehorse that he couldn't move. Hooper and a family of children that he raised lived in and ran his business from an old house in Sleepy Hollow. The children were often seen helping Andy move buildings.

George B. Clarke was another holdover from the early days. He was born in Scotland in 1905, raised and educated in Toronto, and came north in 1943 ostensibly to write a book, *a la* Robert Service. Very small and physically fragile, he was known locally as Brittle Bones because of his tendency to suffer bone fractures. The story was often told of an incident when he had just been discharged from the local hospital after having a broken limb mended. A female friend rushed up to him, gave him a hug, and broke his neck. George was the community's self-proclaimed Man About Town, and that's how he identified himself in the letters to the editor and columns he wrote for the *Whitehorse Star*. He drove taxi, did a bit of bootlegging and earned a living any way he could. After the City of Whitehorse installed parking meters on downtown streets, he was known as the city's first meter maid. He cheerfully made his rounds, often with one limb or another in a plaster cast. George had come north for one year, hoping to write a book of verse. He stayed for many years, marrying his lady friend on St. Valentine's Day, 1966. (To be continued.)

Last Nov 20, 2005 in MocTel 137 one of our readers said –

“I think it's safe to say that we are all somewhat concerned about the O&M cost on this new facility. I personally believe we can afford it but only time will tell. To help Moc Tel readers gain a better understanding of the operating plans for this new facility, I've asked the City of Whitehorse's Manager of Sports and Recreation to provide some comments as to the operating costs and how things are going so far. I expect you will have something from them in a few days.”

Dan Boyd

I haven't been able to get a reply from Dan this week so will use this story to bring those of you who may be interested up to date. – Sherron

Centre's operating costs much higher than thought

Courtesy of the Whitehorse Star

By Matthew Grant, Staff Reporter

City council is set to deliberate cuts to municipal services in the wake of information the Canada Games Centre's deficit will be \$500,000 more than originally anticipated.

In an interview this morning, Mayor Ernie Bourassa said council is awaiting a report from city administration which will highlight concerns that the city's new Games centre will have a deficit of \$300,000 to \$500,000 more than budgeted for due to higher operating costs and lower-than-expected revenues.

"What we're projecting for year-end is the worst-case scenario," Bourassa said. "Our staff has advised us that this would be prudent.

"It could be \$500,000 higher than we had anticipated; it may come in at \$300,000 (more than expected)."

He said there are a number of factors that could lead to the ballooning deficit. They include:

- a lack of cheap energy "promised" to the city;
- a later opening date than anticipated;
- delayed tenancy of businesses using the centre;
- expensive labour costs; and
- lower 10-punch-pass sales than expected.

"There's a whole lot of factors," he said. "We're making the necessary changes."

Bourassa said council is not considering a tax increase.

Coun. Bev Buckway said this morning she too had been made aware from city administration that the costs of running the Canada Games Centre could be nearly half a million dollars higher than first thought.

"It's something that we've been made aware of," she said "Management is looking into where they can cut ... (but) the city is already running pretty lean."

According to budget figures, the city is running at a 0.32 per cent surplus. That's below the one per cent to three per cent surplus that is considered desirable.

According to Ray Goruick, the city's Financial Services manager, the Games centre was originally budgeted to cost \$3.8 million in its first year with \$2.3 million originally expected in revenue.

Buckway said while she is not happy the city could be facing a bit of a cash crunch, she believes the Games centre is having a positive effect on the health of city residents and that it's not a problem that couldn't be overcome.

Coun. Doug Graham said this morning he would vote against any small cuts to services across the board, and favours eliminating an entire program to come up with the money.

"I've heard we'll be considering trimming down some of the services; I don't agree with

that. I think we're going to have to cut out an entire program," he said.

While he doesn't anticipate another tax hike this year, Graham said, there could be increases as early as next year.

"We won't have (a tax boost) right away; I can't see one for at least a year."

Goruick said this morning the first quarter, January to March, financial figures for the Games centre were \$923,000 in expenditures and \$534,000 in revenue.

Goruick pointed out that the numbers are not yet official as they have yet to be audited.

Council is awaiting a report on the financial situation of the Games centre which is set to be released soon.

Which programs could be cut and by how much has not yet been made public.



Bonnie Brown and little friends Whitehorse 1948 or 49.

Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright bonruby*telus.net (In Port Hardy)

GILLIAN Campbell visits with Sue Ward and Fran Dowie

Yesterday Diane my Friend who has made a Documentary about Fran DOWIE and I went and picked up Sue Ward an old Friend of Fran's, who hasn't seen him for 15 Years or more. She is 93 this year and was a great entertainer, and lived at Fran's House before he married Louise. Anyway she is in a wheel chair, also forgot her hearing aid. Her eye sight is nearly nil but she is as sharp as a tack. It was hard getting her into and out of my Van. Dead weight. So we went to Lunch first. A Drive In White Spot. She though that was great and so did we. Anyway... I was really depressed when I saw Fran. He was in bed.... just lying there.. All the inmates as you may know.. have forgotten who they are.. Or who they were...he was funny making cracks about a chap that kept coming in. He said.. That's Bill Bennett..!!! He and Sue had a great Visit. When I walked in.. he knew me.. and said.. I was dreaming about you Gillian....I said OH YES FRAN. No he said I really was. We stayed quite a while... then left...Diane gave him a Book which has a Chapter all about him..in it.. So we left him reading that. Amazing he doesn't wear glasses. Anyway we will go again. We had to be careful.. as we left because the inmates....were lining up to come out with us. We are so glad that we went. I still think that Fran would be better in the George Derby Vets Home. That is where Sue is....they have so many things that they can do there. It would stimulate him I am sure...ah well I

did try a while back.. but I was told no...so I really don't know. I would not have my Parents in there unless I was unable to take care of them.

Big Hugs to you. I am going to send to you.. when they are developed Sherron the photos we took yesterday.....some people may be interested as Sue and Fran were so much apart of the Yukon for so long.....Sue bought Mary Gartsides house...and Entertained at the Palace Grande Theatre...also lived in the Flop House with me...and the other Artists....

I also just e-mailed Susie Francis his very Talented Daughter....who also has worked at the Palace Grande Theatre..1966 I believe....she said that she did have a bed for Fran at the George Derby and he wouldn't go there.. wanted to stay in Richmond. Soooo nothing we can do now anyway.. all so very sad.. he was an Awesome Entertainer and started many people on a Career on the Stage.. including me.

NOW THAT WAS A STORY AND A 1/2.... Hugs Gillian



Gillian Campbell standing, Wall photo – Fran’s daughter Susie.
Left, **Sue Ward** age 93 and **Fran Dowie** age 86. April 2006.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell



Diane Farnsworth with Fran Dowie

I could not have managed Sue without the help of Diane Farnsworth...and she was so good with Sue and Fran...she has done a Documentary about him it was aired on

CBC...and she gave him a BOOK that she has written a whole Chapter about Fran... Vaudeville....she is going to get me one too.....Thanks so much Gillian

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LAST TO SEE ALIVE AND FIRST TO SEE DECEASED – DIED IN ALASKA

Hi Sherron,

Just wanted to tell you, Bob Cameron and Henry that Bud Bodding died a couple of days ago--was a heart attack and his son was grateful that he didn't suffer and was able to be at home til the end. Bud's son, Jim called a couple days ago and yes, he died in Ketchikan.

Don't know if you need to put that in the MocTel as Bud wasn't known to the Yukoners.

I was very blessed to have known him, even though it was for a short time...I think I may have mentioned...Bud was the last person to see my dad alive and the first to see him dead....I never thought I'd find anyone who knew him. Just thought I'd let you know. Marilyn (Gropstis) Chase cmchase1*verizon.net (In New York State)

Marilyn is the daughter of Charles 'Chuck' Gropstis who was the pilot for Livingston Wernecke. Mr. Wernecke was a mining mogul who headed Keno and Elsa mines. Both men died when their Bellanca airplane went down off the coast of B.C. on Oct. 21, 1941. Bud Bodding was the first to find the downed plane. Bud lived in Ketchikan Alaska. Details available in MocTel Special Edition "Death is a two sided coin." – Sherron

THE FISH WHEELS IN ON THE YUKON RIVER

I moved to Whitehorse from Haines Junction in 1963. I was intrigued with my new home and walked from one end of town to the other. On the shore of the Yukon River not far from Moccasin Flats I noticed a contraption in the water. It wasn't like anything I had ever seen before so decided to explore and figure out what it was. It was tied to the shore by two ropes – one on the north end and one on the south end. There was a narrow plank stomped into the dirt on shore leading to what I later learned was a fish wheel.

Carefully I 'walked the plank' and explored this ingenious device. You could walk all around the perimeter on a narrow board being careful you didn't get hit by the turning mesh wheel. The wheel turned continuously by the river current. From the wheel was a narrow chute where the mesh would dump the freshly caught fish. This in turn would dump the fish into a holding area. As I was walking on the far side of the fish wheel the

turning wheel caught a good sized fish, placed it into the chute and ungracefully dumped the fish into the holding area. I was so surprised by this event I promptly lost my footing and was soon in the water, trying to secure a firm grip on the edge of the contraption so I wasn't whisked away by the current.

Well, I thought this was the best thing since mom's ice cream cones in the Junction and spent many, many hours in the next couple of years watching this simple, but effective device deliver dinner to whomever placed it there. I'd like to confess at this time that once in awhile I would make one of the fish my own and rush home in anticipation of a feast I haven't forgotten to this day. The fish I buy in Edmonton stores will never compare to the fresh fish caught by those wheels.

One hot, summer day I decided to check out the wheels. I was craving some freshly caught free fish. Imagine to my horror and dismay that when I got to the bank of the river the fish wheel was gone! I asked around town about it and was told that it was removed for some reason. I never again saw another wheel and wonder to this day why it was taken out (I hope it wasn't because I was stealing a fish once in a while) and if there are still some in any waterways to this day. I took numerous pictures of the wheel but I had all my belongings stolen from a caretaker while living in Yellowknife in 1971. I have found some postcards of these fish wheels on ebay.

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



Fish Wheel on Yukon River

(Image off e-bay) – Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

I've known Gina and Dona Hughes from when we were in school together and never realized all the photos and history Gina has. Had I known I would have asked to see her family collection when we were younger. I'm absolutely thrilled every time I see something Gina has submitted and look forward each week to see more of the collection. They are simply priceless.

It was rather ironic that in the latest MocTel you have excerpts from the book "Pack Dogs and Helicopters". I purchased the book less than 2 weeks ago. As a matter of fact I don't even have it yet and expecting it in the mail this week.

Your mention of the church at Bennett reminded me of something regarding another church. A small church at Carcross was apparently built by Reverend Bompas. I would love some information regarding this story if anyone knows anything. I worked with a fellow by the name of Brian Bompas, the Reverend's great-great-great grandson. Brian is looking for any family information regarding his well known ancestor. Any info would be greatly appreciated and I can pass on the info to Brian.

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

One Million Blessings in One Hundred Days Experiment.

Received this lovely message this week and want to share it with all of you. Please click on this link to see and hear the message. – Sherron
So sit back and enjoy: www.mayyoublessedmovie.com

GREETINGS FROM DAWSON CITY

Well Spring hit with vengeance on Saturday, for about 50 people living at Rock Creek which is a subdivision 20 km from Dawson on the Klondike Highway. I am sending some pictures from Lorraine to show the ice jams and the Loader taking people from their homes where the water came up 3 1/2 meters in a matter of minutes. Today one of the jams let loose and the water went down just as fast there are still a couple of jams left to come downriver. In one picture there is an orange road sign that says EXTREME DUSTY CONDITIONS the water is running down the side of the Highway from the nearby Campground. The picture of the fellow standing in his yard looking at the icebergs in his yard, he is probably wondering why he bought a house on the river bank. You may use any or all of the pictures.

Looking forward to meeting you in June.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

PS My condolences to Lionel Brasseurs Family and also to Joan Rodschat and Family, I know both families quite well. Myrna



Rock Creek Flood – May 6, 2006
Photo courtesy Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



Rock Creek buff - Photo courtesy
Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



Day two. - Photo courtesy Lorraine
Butterworth (In Dawson)



Day two. – Sign reads – Extreme Dusty Conditions.- Water running from nearby
Campground. - Photo courtesy Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



Mike Corelli's.
Photo courtesy Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



These four photos forwarded by Kathy Wedge and possibly taken by Joe Fraser.
They show a slightly different perspective and are great photos.



CAN YOU HELP DON MACHAN

I would appreciate receiving any information about some of my former students and their families that I knew at Watson Lake, especially at Watson Lake Airport. I have often wondered about the McDonald's, a First Nations family that lived on the East side of the

Airport, and the Vic Johnson family and their daughter Grace. Vic was the Watson Lake agent for Grant McConachie when he was operating Yukon Southern Air Service. He was a powerful man who could pick up a full barrel of fuel and toss it on the back of a truck, without breaking a sweat. McConachie later became President of Canadian Pacific Airlines. Vic was working at the Airbase during my stay there. I believe Gordon and Rose Toole and their family may still be at the Airbase. Gord was with the Meteorology department of D.O.T., and had an airplane. He also had an aviation fuel sales business for civilian aircraft. George McLeod was employed by Canadian Pacific Airlines as ground crew at the Airport. I remember the Douglas family. They were great square dance devotees, and Wilf and Theresa Blezzard. Wilf was also with the Meteorology Department.

In a recent edition of MocTel, there was mention of an Art Deer. Art was a constable with the RCMP and often visited with us in our TMQ apartment at the airbase. I would be interested in touching base with him. I gathered from the MocTel reference that he was living in Whitehorse. I also remember a Polish fellow known as Casey. His name was actually Casimir. He spoke very fractured English despite the fact that he had been in Canada for many years, and coaxed me to help him to improve his English. We gave it up after struggling for several weeks. The Quinn's were also one of the D.O.T. families. There were many RCAF families who came and went. At the "Y" or Watson Lake on the Alaska Highway at the collection of Milepost signs, there were the Dalziels, Coutures, Johnny Friend and Hughie Peet. I have recently been in touch with Bonnie Dalziel and she has brought me up to date on her family. She lives on Salt Spring Island. If anyone can provide information as to the whereabouts of any of the above and any information about them I would be pleased to hear from them.

Don Machan My e-mail address is demachan*telus.net (In Qualicum Beach BC)

Sherron: Through your kind assistance I telephoned Art Deer (**current "Mr. & Mrs. Yukon"**) and he is indeed the young Mountie I had known at Watson Lake in 1951. We had a most interesting and informative conversation, and I am most grateful to you for making this reconnect possible. I informed him of the existence of MocTel and took the liberty of giving him your e-mail address. I anticipate that you will be hearing from him. Art indicated that he knew your husband, Bill, and that he had been employed, by either the Yukon or Federal Governments in a security capacity. He lives in Whitehorse and has two sons and two daughters

Thank you again for all you do.

Sincerely,

Don Machan, Qualicum Beach, B.C. (Watson Lake Airbase 1951-53;1956-58; Mayo 1953-55; 1958-61; Whitehorse 1955-56).

Hi Don, since I have worked at Valley Monuments I have done headstone designs for Hugh and his wife Nora Peet. – Sherron

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS (cont'd)

Before we left Halliday, N.D. I remember the dreadful flu epidemic which swept the country. As a nine year old I was aware that people were dying all around us. Everyone in our family was stricken except my mother who helped her neighbors and nursed us through those frightening weeks. Halliday had very few medical facilities, so my mother just had to rely on her good sense and sheer determination. Where did she find the strength to do it all?

Although I was young when I left North Dakota there were some things I remember well.

As a member of a large family I was used to lots of companionship so when the older ones went to school I was lonely and thought it a great idea when my brothers suggested that, although I was only five years old, I should start attending school, my mother was quite agreeable, to get me out from underfoot for a few hours a day.

Off we went, walking the mile from our house to the school which was a drab wooden structure sitting out on the bald prairie. There was one young, overworked teacher, 30 kids in 8 different grades in one room, a big stove (fed with the soft lignite coal farmers dug up in their fields), in the center and black boards around three walls, there were no distractions such as learning aids.

I realized that I was in strange territory but, as a 5 year old I couldn't see any reason for not enjoying myself. The teacher spoke to me several times, then, looking about 10 feet tall, came bearing down on me. I wasn't sure what she was going to do to me so I reacted and kicked her in the shins with my hard toed boots.

Boy, was there ever a hush in that schoolroom.

Without saying a word to me she went to her desk, wrote a note, came back, jammed my cap on my head, thrust me into my coat, handed me my reader and the note and told me to go home.

When my mother read the note I knew I had done something very wrong because the teacher had said she didn't want to see me back at school until I was 6 years old and had learned that pupils do not kick teachers in the shins.

* * *

On the farm in North Dakota there were no fancy playgrounds for kids, we made our own amusement and one was unusual enough that it could have caused one of us to be maimed.

Our parents were away for the day, leaving two brothers older than I, a younger sister and a younger brother to wonder how we could make the day a little more interesting.

Our house was a tall, two storey frame building with an upstairs window about 20 feet from the ground. Who knows where the idea came from. . . we got a horse halter from the

barn, attached it to a 25 foot length of rope, went upstairs to the open window, buckled one of the kids into the halter then let him down over the side, the rest of us provided the anchor. As soon as the rider reached the ground he'd tear through the house, up the stairs to help hold the rope while the next one made like a practicing parachutist.

We just had the greatest time all day - it never occurred to us that if the rope had broken or we lost our grip on it a kid would have fallen a good 20 feet.

We put everything away before our parents returned and agreed we wouldn't mention how we had entertained ourselves in their absence.

All went well until the next day when my mother was cleaning the window sill and noticed a deep groove in the wood and started asking questions. My sister Norma who was only 5 years old spilled the beans and we were all in trouble.

My mother had to be prepared for any emergency. When I was about 8 years old I was out sleigh riding with the kids and finding a place with enough incline to call a hill took some doing on the plains of North Dakota, but we found one and were having a great time with three of us on the sleigh. The trail was icy and things got out of control which resulted in us crashing in to a large rock - I hit it full force with my shoulder. The kids loaded me onto the sleigh and hauled me home.

My mother examined me, decided that I had broken my collar bone, never thought about a doctor looking at it, even if there had been one close by, placed my arm in a sling, and as I remember it I was all healed up within two weeks and back in action.

During the war years we were living in North Dakota and the ladies of Halliday, as everywhere else got together to do things for the Red Cross and other organizations to aid the war effort and my mother left us kids in the care of a neighbour, Mrs. Broughton.

It was a nice, warm, early spring day and I got bored hanging around the house so slipped out to play with my pal who was the 7 year old son of the local policeman.

We decided we would go up by the railroad tracks and build a campfire and make believe that we were really out in the wilds. We got a nice little fire going when all at once a gust of wind came up, fanned our fire and the next thing we knew the dry surrounding grass was ablaze, travelling fast, billowing clouds of smoke. We tried to stomp it out but it was too much for us so we decided we had better make ourselves scarce.

Next came a bunch of townspeople on the run following the Fire Department, and we were making tracks toward home and ran smack in to my friend's father, the policeman, who grabbed his son, right behind him was Mrs. Broughton who nailed me and hustled me off home.

When my mother came home Mrs. Broughton told her what had happened and once again I was in trouble.

Fortunately the fire was stopped before it reached the building on the edge of town, or my friend and I would have gone down in history, along with Mrs. O'Leary's cow, for causing a fire which burned a settlement down, in our case it would have been Halliday, North Dakota.

* * *

When I wasn't breaking a collar bone, setting the prairies on fire or leaping out of second storey windows I went snake hunting, only these were rattlesnakes we found out.

North Dakota was a great place to ride horseback and we kids were horseback riding as soon as we could get in to a saddle.

When I was about 8 years old my two older brothers and I were riding a few miles from home when all at once the horses shied and there was a snake about 2 ½ feet long lying on the rocks in the sun. It was such a mean looking thing that my brothers and I found a good size stick and clubbed it. We were so pleased with ourselves that we thought we should take it home and show our mother how brave we had been. One of us had a piece of rope so we tied it to the snake and dragged it home.

When we came in to the yard with our trophy our father wasn't impressed at all, he gave us a good talking to, adding that if the venom from the snake's fangs had gotten on the rope anyone else handling the rope could be poisoned. We never tried to find out if he was right, we just didn't bring home any more rattlesnakes.

* * *

As soon as we were well enough to travel in the spring of 1919, once again we were on our way north. Halliday was about 160 miles south of the Canadian border and our point of entry was Portal, N.D. All our possessions were loaded onto two sleighs with 4 horses pulling each sleigh. A friend came with us to drive one of the teams and my father drove the other. We had about 15 head of loose horses so my two brothers and myself each had a saddle horse and we followed the sleighs and herded the horses.

We started out about March 1st and I remember the cold wind blowing across the prairies while I huddled in the saddle, slapping my body with my hands and arms to keep the blood circulating, a nine year old doesn't have the ability of an adult to keep warm. We didn't know anything about hypothermia, all we knew was that we had to keep those loose horses following the sleighs.

It was a long 160 mile ride and this 9 year old was glad to reach Portal and join his mother and the younger children who had come by train.

We loaded everything, including the horses and sleighs onto the train. As far as I knew there was no holdup about the livestock being vaccinated or the value of our belongings, it was all so very simple. We were on our way north again and went by train to Spirit River, Alberta, where we unloaded everything, hitched up the horses, reloaded all our goods, bumped and creaked along 65 miles of country roads still herding the horses, to our homestead at Dawson Creek.

(to be continued)

Copy of Pack Dogs to Helicopters - For Sale.

I made a mistake recently when I was ordering other books and ordered a copy of **Pack Dogs to Helicopters**, by Pat Callison, remembering I had read Gordon Tubman's copy. I forgot all about receiving a copy of my own as a gift from Daisy Callison. So I have a copy for sale.

The one I purchased doesn't look like it has ever been read, although it smells slightly musty. I bought it through Alibris.com and it was shipped from Port Alberni. It also seems copies are being sold at record prices. Donna Clayson gave me an address to try last week and said to expect to pay about \$60.00. That address replied and said they had sold out on the weekend. As of May 12th on the website www.alibris.com there are two copies for sale, one at \$75.71 and the other at \$100.95. www.Amazon.com reports it has copies from \$74.44, although when I tried to order last week I wasn't able to view any available at that price. All of these copies would be plus shipping and handling.

I paid \$29.99 plus shipping and handling, paying about \$40.00. If I were to ship it from here to an address in Canada I note they actually paid \$8.24 for postage. So anyone who is willing to pay \$48.25 can contact me at sherronjones@shaw.ca – Sherron Jones

MESSAGE FROM RON HILTZ ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

Hello Sherron, sorry it has been so long since I have got around to sending off a note to you. Anyhow a tip of the hat to your effort and the invite to the Commissioners Tea in June.

So much of the Moc-Tel brings back memories of my child hood, names like Dick Dickson, our next door neighbour in the flats, and the first TV I ever watched "Horror Show's" talk about scared out of my wits!! I think my hair stood on end for a week, and Clyde Wann!! he was a friend of my mom and dad when I was a child, Dad told me that Clyde use to visit me when I was little and even get down and play on the floor and crawl under the table and chairs with me, but dad told me he would never stay for lunch, he had to run. And the honey wagon, I remember him that fellow, and he knew every one by name even me and my dog and mom's dog.

Yes those were incredible years when I think back Sherron.

Well I have been back to work for two months now, I am still walking and timing myself over a measured distance and I am sustaining 7 km or 4.25 miles an hour and short jogs averaging a 100 yards or more. I have it in the back of my mind to do the trail of 98, and maybe I will get to do it yet, or at least I am ready to do it at a moments notice if given the chance to depart. At this time I am probably in better shape than many people, and I am certainly very lucky compared to some who were at the QE 2 hospital when I was admitted or when I was discharged. Any how, the keys are in the ignition and the motor is running and my compass is still pointing north! even though circumstances still find me here instead.

Any how would you please let me have some idea as to what the subscriber fee is this year? I would like to lend my support to the project again this year.

Cheers once more Sherron.

For anyone caring enough to help me with this project a donation of \$20.00 is very much appreciated. You may think that would make me rich, but I assure you that most do not

send any donation. Only three received this week. The number of folks who have sent in a donation since the end of last September (7 ½ months); total - 37 donations from folks living in Yukon, 5 from our Honorary members and 63 from former Yukoners. So when I say I really appreciate your help, I really do mean it. – Sherron

ARTISTIC TALENT



Painting by W.W. 'Tom' Thompson mactom@shaw.ca (In Surrey)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hello everyone: Effective **May 20th**, I will be closing my Shaw service, in the interim of moving to the Yukon, (home) I have set up a new Hotmail e-mail account for contact with all of you, this being:

Trailsendsouth@Hotmail.com

I am asking all of you to keep in contact, and to not forward on jokes, just personal info and/or pictures until I get settled in the Yukon and have another system up and running that I will have some time to deal with, until then letters etc. will fill my time to have the enjoyment of keeping in contact with you all.

Log the new mail address into memory and keep in touch.

Thanks, Carol Buzzell

OBIT

William Charles (Bill) Rendell March 27, 1943 – March 7, 2006

Bill passed away at home after a courageous battle with cancer. As a life-long Yukoner, Bill spent his childhood and school years in Dawson City. He enlisted in the army and

served in the Royal Canadian Engineers, leaving with an Honourable Discharge. He returned to the Yukon, settled in Whitehorse and was employed at the New Imperial mine before taking up a career with the Department of Corrections in 1967, where he remained until his retirement in 1990. He then took on the challenge of entrepreneurship, owning Giuseppe's Pizza, followed by Dallas 2 for 1 Pizza.

Bill enjoyed his quiet life, good books and many friends. He will be greatly missed by his son Derek (Corinne), daughter Shannon Wentworth (Gary), grandson Garon Wentworth, mother Amanda Rendell, sister Pam Charman (Dave), nephew Brian Charman, and relatives from Dawson City to Southern California, as well as many good friends.

The family is grateful for the gift of caring doctors: Dr. Denusia Kanachowski, Dr. Susan Alton and Dr. I. Wahba; gentle and caring people from Home Care: Gail, Ann Marie and the wonderful Bev; and the wonderful staff of the Medicine Chest Pharmacy. Our appreciation also for the many kindnesses and well-wishes from Bill's friends and neighbours.

DALZIEL, Robin Roy April 13, 1938 March 17, 2006 Robin was born in Edmonton, Alberta, the son of G.C.F. (Dal) Dalziel and June Dalziel (nee Mcdevitt). Raised in Northern B.C. near Telegraph Creek, Dease Lake and Watson Lake, Yukon. Educated at St. Michaels University School where he excelled in sports, particularly rugby and became Head Boy and Captain of the 1st. 15. Robin went on to U.B.C. where he received degrees in Geology and Law. He worked as a Geologist and later for the Federal Geological Survey in Northern B.C. He began his law career articling with the firm, Russell and Dumoulin in Vancouver, later becoming Yukon Prosecutor and then maintained a private practice in Whitehorse. In the seventies Robin was Council for the Ministries of the Attorney General, Highways and Fish and Wildlife in Victoria. Robin's first love was the wilderness and had a lifelong interest in the guiding industry in the Cassiar district of B.C. At the age of twelve a family friend bequeathed his herd of horses to Robin and he used them in his father's outfitting business, "Dalziel Hunting." Shortly after that he started his own guiding operation, "Cassiar Safaris." Through guiding he was able to finance his own private school and University education. In the early eighties he purchased Bonnet Plume Outfitting in the northern Yukon, which he ran for a number of years with his son, Rush. Robin will be missed for his wicked sense of humour and kind heart. His passions were rugby, the bush and poetry. He will be lovingly remembered by his son Rush, sisters Cheryl (Sue) Bradford, Bonnie Dalziel, brother Byron (Butch) Dalziel, half brother Senator Nicholas Sibbeston, former wife and mother of Rush, Roxanna Adams (nee Brand). Special thanks to Jim McClaskey and St. Michaels University School for honouring Robin with a rugby M.V.P. trophy in his name. A celebration will be held in the Yukon at a future date. MISS YOU SPIKE 242897 Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 5/12/2006.

NEW ADDITIONS

We have received an email, from our niece Terry in Whitehorse, sending us your link. We would like to receive The Moccasin Telegraph keeping us in touch with happenings in the Yukon. As old time Yukoners from the seventies & eighties we still consider ourselves as "old Yukoners" living here in Alberta, but part of us still in the Yukon.

We lived in the Yukon from 1974 till 1992. Ted drove for White Pass for three years and then decided to venture into something else. He opened up the Husky Boot Shop on Second Ave, doing leather repairs and also had retail sales in top quality boots and work boots. Then later added saddles as the demand seemed to warrant it.

We retired in 1985. Our son Ken and his wife Tish took the business over and ran it from our Mayo road location. In 1992 we moved to Alberta, to a small community out of Drayton Valley called Carnwood where we have family living close by.

We love it here, but never forget our days in the Yukon. I will be sending for your disc very soon.

Looking forward to lots of good reading. So glad to have been sent your website - with thanks to Terry Vold.

Sincerely Ted & Norma Reeder [npreeder*telusplanet.net](mailto:npreeder@telusplanet.net)

Well now I know who Sherron Jones is. You have been in my address book and until now I didn't know who you were. I have now been on the internet since fall and I did try to find the Moccasin Telegraph but to no avail. Before I had to go to the library and not too regularly at that and they kept knocking me off because I was inactive and so my mail would go undeliverable but not now. I now have internet at the house so could you please sign me up again: gmlarocque@hotmail.com

Gail & Bobo Larocque

NEW LAST WEEK

Sorry I didn't reply sooner, I was in Vancouver for a few days. We live in Calgary; have for the past 25 years.

I was born in Dawson in 1951 and left in 1956. My dad continued to mine in Dawson for several years and I spent a couple of summers up there with him.

Thanks

Al Schink alschink@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Don't let yesterday take up too much of today.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Don Machan demachan*telus.net (In Qualicum Beach BC)

Herewith are a couple of additional recipes from the Mayo Anglican W.A. Cookbook (c.1950's)

BOMBAY CURRY OF FOWL.....GORDON McINTYRE

1 large old bird
2 sprigs parsley or 2 pinches dried parsley
1 green pepper or 1 pg. pepper flakes or 1 tin sweet peppers or pimentos
1 or more onions
1 tbsp. sugar
2 pods garlic
1 tsp. each of thyme, marjoram, oregano, rosemary or what you have in the spice shelf along these lines, including savory, ginger, basil.
Salt and pepper to taste
3 cloves; 2 quarts water
1 28-oz.can tomatoes or 1 6-oz.can tomato paste plus water
3 stalks of celery with or without leaves
4 tbsps chicken fat, butter or margarine;
2 bay leaves
2tbsps. flour;
2 or more tbsps curry powder

Disjoint chicken; Season with salt and pepper. Roll in flour and fry in chicken fat, margarine or melted butter to golden brown. Then put into deep kettle with water, tomatoes, onion, garlic, bay leaves and herbs. Let simmer gently until the chicken is tender and the meat falls from bones (about 3 - 4 hours). Remove chicken from stove and take all meat from bones. Strain the liquor.

Into skillet put 4 tbsps. of fat or melted butter. Add 2 tbsps. flour and brown. Add the broth, stirring constantly, and when sauce is smooth and free from lumps, add the curry powder dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water. Put the chicken in the sauce to simmer a few minutes before serving. Now add a handful of raisins, two or three large tbsps. chutney(or strawberry jam).

Serve with rice.

(It is my recollection that Gordon was a mighty fine chef.)

CURRIED RABBIT.....Archie Lampman

1 or more rabbits	1/4 lb. butter
1 apple	2 onions
2 tbsps. curry powder	1 pt. cream
1 pt. stock	1 lemon

Melt the butter over the fire. Peel and chop the onions as fine as possible, then put them in the melted butter. Fry to light brown. After the rabbit has been properly prepared for cooking, wash well and dry each piece. After straining the butter from the onions, fry the rabbit for 10 or 15 minutes in butter, turning occasionally. Peel and core apples, and chop as finely as possible. When the meat is done, add curry powder and salt. Stir for five minutes.

Add the fried onions (Did you save them?, I hope so) Also add chopped apples and a pint of good stock. Allow to simmer for two hours. At the end of this time, add the cream and the lemon juice. The rabbit is then ready to serve. (Veal or chicken can be substituted for rabbit.)

Sherron: These two gentlemen obviously knew a thing or two about the culinary arts.
Sincerely, Don Machan, Qualicum Beach, B.C.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **Vancouver Yukoners Assoc. next luncheon meeting** will be held at the Croatian Cultural Centre, 3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver on Thursday, June 15/06, we start gathering about 11:30am/noon.

This is a new venue for our meetings, free parking with a variety of sandwiches, desserts and refreshments available at the Centre for a nominal charge.

All members and Yukoners welcome. For more information you can contact Carol Clarke at 604-325-4774 or clclarke*shaw.ca

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 25, 2006 Summerland Ornamental Gardens. For further information contact Larry Chalmers aksala49*telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic Aug 12th at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay.

For further information contact Blanche & Gus Barrett at sourdoughs2*shaw.ca

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

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