

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 193rd Edition – February 11th, 2007

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



Wheaton Valley

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

How We Found Salvation

By Robbie Benoit cordrush@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Woke up hungover, one Saturday morn
my wee red eyes out of tune
Reached over and turned, the T.V. on
for some Saturday morning cartoons
I dozed off somewhere, between Bugs Bunny
and that classic Yosemite Sam
But when I came to, that preacher was screaming
how my soul was gonna be damned

He ranted and raved, about fornication
pornography and sinning
He screamed at me, about the evils he'd seen
and what a sinner I had been
Good grief, I thought, this guy is a nut
he's got a screw loose somewhere
Then the camera zoomed in, for a full face shot
and I saw his icy glare

He screamed at me, with a sudden shriek
are you totally blind, you scum?

Then I scrambled around, to retrieve my teeth
up off the linoleum
I made to grab, the remote control
and wipe him off my screen
But then Rex Rolex done screamed out loud
Don't you dare switch channels on me!

By the time I peeked out, from behind the couch
I was a one man congregation
He bellowed at me, to repent my sins
and that "he" was my only salvation
He carried on, for an hour or more
until I was a quivering wreck
Then he told me, to get off my knees
and go write him a cheque

So with cheque in hand, I made for the post
to mail my contribution
Where I met three friends, I'd been out drinking with
performing the same contrition
Were you all up, watching funnies this morn
laying back and feeling low?
And by chance did you catch that Rex Rolex
and his Super Salvation Show?

You bet we did! We're here with our cheques
Isn't that why you're here?
We're sending our money, to Jesus and Rex
rather than buy more beer
Then I checked the address, on our envelopes
not to notice, I must have been blind
Since when did Jesus switch postal codes?
And move to South Caroline?

Why that Rex Rolex, is a total scam
while he's smiling on T.V.,
He's really running round in a big limousine
flashing 900-2-SAVE-ME
At four-ninety nine, per minute guys
I think we ought to check
To see if there's any, possible way
that we can call collect

So we talked to a nice young southern belle
said we'd mailed our cheques that night
But too bad we had, no touch tone phone

could she put us through all right?
Don't stay too long, on the prayer line sir
she said with a sweet southern flirt
Mr. Rolex watches the phone bills close
but just this once won't hurt

Then that computerized, dial-a-prayer
came in real loud, and clear
It had a voice like one of them Japanese cars
they came out with just last year
That phone call started, three weeks ago
and my phone is still off the hook
I figure the bill is about fifty grand
I've cost that dirty crook

I'll hang it up, in three more days
that's the phone calls billing date
I can hardly wait, for Saturday
to see old Rex's face!

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 21 Cont'd DAWSON CITY

While winter flying in the North is often no picnic one has to go some to beat the summers. During May, June and July there is no darkness and one can get in some good long flying days. The only problem is the danger of not realizing how long one has been in the air and get overtired.

The phenomenon of June 21st fascinated even the longtime residents. Behind and east of Dawson City is the Midnight Dome, a 3,000 foot backdrop for Dawson which is about 1,000 feet above sea level, and from the Dome there is a panoramic view - eastward looks up the Klondike River, the south up the famed Bonanza Creek, to the west the Sixty Mile Road the "Top of The World Highway" loops over the Sixty Mile hills, and northwest down the Yukon River. To go to the Dome on June 21st has become a tradition since 1898. Vast quantities of food and beer, film and cameras are taken up the switchback road for the celebration. At midnight the sun just barely dips behind the jagged peaks of the Ogilvie Mountains 40 miles to the north, the Yukon River gleams all purple and gold. It is an unforgettable experience which never stales. I did a considerable amount of flying on the 21st of June, and in the Arctic I have seen the sun well above the horizon all night.



View of Dawson City from the dome.



Pat and daughter Fay on Anson A/C.



Pat in caribou parka.



Bank of Commerce during spring break-up at Dawson City.



My grandson Kelly and our friend Dr. Allan Duncan.



Beaver A/C tied up at McQuestin Lake.



Pat with Cessna Crane A/C.



Two Hiller 360 helicopters. First helicopters to do top survey in Canada, 1949. Fairchild 71 in back.

I will always remember a flight I made when I didn't appreciate the beauty of the midnight sun, however.

It was about 10 in the evening in the middle of June when I received a call from Dr. Allen Duncan who said he would like to get to Old Crow as soon as possible. The RCMP detachment there had sent a message that an Indian woman was hemorrhaging and in critical condition. By 11:30 we were all ready to take off on the 250 mile flight due north to Old Crow.

It was a beautifully clear night, not a cloud in the sky, flying was real pleasure, the deep green timbered hills beneath us, and the sun in the north sky making deep purple shadows in the valleys. It was a rare night, or day. . . .

About 40 miles north of Dawson the sun was above the horizon and straight ahead of us, the direction of Old Crow. It didn't really look like the sun, more like a great glowing ball of fire. We were actually looking down into it or it was shining up into our eyes. After we had flown into it for about an hour my vision was affected - a bad condition for visual flying.

There was no way I could avoid looking at the sun, so I took a compass heading, and put my head below the instrument panel, then every so often I would take a quick look to make sure I was on the right track. I know I was damned glad to arrive at Old Crow and land on the sandbar where the Old Crow River runs into the Porcupine River, less than a mile upstream from the village.

There were several people to meet us and they quickly took Dr. Duncan by small boat to the village where he attended to the patient and when he returned he said the mother and new baby were all right - a northern version of a house call.

Dr. Allen Duncan took all these emergencies in his stride. I doubt if there is anyone who lived in the Yukon during the past 40 years who hasn't heard of Dr. Allen Duncan. He went to the Yukon about 1930 and during the 20 years he lived there he practiced in Whitehorse, Mayo and Dawson. After he moved to Vancouver and set up practice, Yukoners continued to see him. It is the rare occasion that one goes into his office in downtown Vancouver and doesn't meet one or two Yukoners in the waiting room. Besides being a respected doctor, he is a friend to his many patients.

To get back to flying in the midnight sun, helicopter pilots found it difficult especially in the older type helicopter with its large plexiglass bubble. There was no instrument panel to duck behind for relief.

But this wasn't sufficiently unpleasant to make me change my mind about the pleasures of summer night flying in the north.

One pilot I had working for me was a chronic complainer, an excellent pilot, but he always found something to complain about. For instance he was out on an early morning trip about 150 miles north of Dawson and on his return he flew over town so I went out to the airport to pick him up. On my way out I thought "What a beautiful day this is, even Red can't possibly find anything wrong today." I greeted him, "Well Red how was the trip?" He scowled at me and said, "That damn sun was in my eyes all the way home." It was? He was flying south in the middle of the day. . . oh well I guess some people enjoy finding fault with everything. With Red that was just his way of expressing himself.

There are many beautiful, secluded lakes in the Arctic and every so often on a day with a temperature of 70-75°F I would land on one of these beauty spots in the tundra and think how great it would be to go for a swim. But as soon as I would get out of the aircraft the attack would be on - millions of mosquitoes would come out of the moss and any

thoughts of a dip would soon be gone. The wretched things would be out in full force early in the spring and about the time they would become less numerous, the middle of July, the bulldog flies would appear, at least that was the only printable name they had, and could they ever bite, in chunks. Before summer was over the no-see-ums had their turn. Nasty little beggars; noiseless, vicious, which can just about drive a man mad by biting him behind his ears and in his hair to the point where some people become infected from their bites.

There were times that by the time I got the aircraft unloaded at some Arctic camp the cabin of the aircraft would be filled with insects. I would take the spray can, spray the cabin, close the windows and doors and wait for a few minutes. When I got back in the aircraft the floor would be covered with mosquitoes and flies, only then did I consider it safe for me to get in and fly the aircraft.

When travelling in the Arctic one should have emergency food but if you don't carry a good fly net and insect repellent you won't last very long, not sane, anyway.

* * *

I did a fair amount of Arctic flying during 1947-48 when there was a small gold strike on the Firth River which has its headwaters near the Yukon-Alaska border and has its mouth in the Arctic Ocean near Herschel Island.

One of the prospectors who made the find was Ankor Hoidal of Dawson City. Ankor prowled the wilderness just prospecting, probably always hoping to find another Klondike. (He was on a prospecting trip when he was killed in a plane crash in the Bonnet Plume Lake area in 1958.)

His discovery caused quite a little excitement in Dawson and a mini stampede was underway. Some gold was found along the Firth River but not enough to offset the cost of operations in such a remote area.

To get the claim stakers to the Firth area I would fly to Aklavik, NWT, and work from there where I would get fuel, then it was about 150 miles from Aklavik to where the main strike was, 40 miles from the mouth of the Firth River. There were no lakes nearby, so I landed the ski equipped Fairchild 24 on the open tundra alongside the Firth River Canyon.

The weather in the Arctic is changeable. All can be calm and quiet and almost without warning a 40 mile an hour wind will come up.

I remember one trip I made to take in two young prospectors, Joe McKay and Chester Evans. As usual, we stayed overnight in Aklavik and at daybreak, with a strong north wind blowing we took off for the Firth River. We followed the coastline to Herschel Island, then flew up the Firth about 40 miles to where we were going to land. When we landed there was a 40 mile an hour wind from the south - typical arctic weather - a north wind and a strong south wind 40 miles apart. As we unloaded the aircraft we had to tie the light items down to keep them from blowing away. A little ways over along the river there were some small trees growing and the boys were going to carry their equipment over near the river and build a camp. We were all unloaded, I was ready to take off and was saying goodbye and wishing them luck, when one of the fellows said that last night in Aklavik he had written a letter to his mother and wondered if I would mail it in Dawson. He started to hand me the letter and somewhere between his hand and mine the

wind caught the letter and whistled it away. The last we saw of the letter it was high in the air carried by the wind and that was the end of it.

The two young fellows prospected for some time and did find gold but only a small amount.

The winter of 1947 when I flew in to Aklavik I saw the RCMP MV St. Roche frozen in the ice at Herschel Island. It looked sturdy but very small in all that vast field of ice and one could only admire Capt. Larsen and his crew who sailed it through the northwest passage from east to west. It would be July before the ice would have freed them to complete the journey. When I saw the St. Roche in the Maritime Museum in Vancouver I remembered the last time I had seen it.

To be continued

OLD PHOTOS



Team Photo #3 – Ladies Army Team



Team Photo #4 – Ladies White Horse Team

These photos are from my Uncle Les and Aunt Shirley Middlebrook. I am not sure who anyone is but Whitehorse sure had a very competitive baseball league in the 1950's.

If anyone can name any of those in the photos, please indicate the photo number and the position in the photo. Send that information to me and I will keep track of the replies and pass them on to my aunt Shirley Middlebrook. If there are several named we can run these photos later along with the names.

Mike Paolera mpaolera*telus.net (In Osoyoos BC)

YUKONER JACKIE MILLEN DIED RECENTLY IN WATSON LAKE

Hi Sherron,

I was wondering if you would print the following brief history about my mother who was a Yukoner for many years, and who died recently.

My mother, Jacqueline (Lachapelle) Millen, arrived in Dawson City in the early 1940's. She'd graduated from nursing school in Montreal, and to the surprise of her French parents, she took the train west, first to Banff, where she nursed at the Mineral Springs Hospital and then to Victoria where she continued to nurse under the direction of the Sisters of Ste. Anne. These resourceful sisters soon noticed her boredom, however, and suggested a working 'holiday' in the rugged north might cure it.

In early summer, she arrived in Dawson on one of the paddle wheelers and began nursing at the Catholic Hospital. Soon, she was known as the French nurse, her accent and her dictionary unmistakable giveaways to her background. She fell in love with this small city of perfectly aligned streets and avenues laid out on a river plain at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers. It's architecturally designed public buildings, well-kept homes and yards, summer gardens, and surrounding hills held her attention as did its self-reliant and resilient people.

One day, she remarked the musical choices and deep voice of a young man who announced on CFYT in his spare time. His name was Les Millen, another recent arrival, who worked on Dredge 4, delivered the mail around the Loop, and hauled trappers with sleds and dogs to distant locations. They met; they married; and, they made their home in Dawson. In between his Canadian postings during the war as an instructor in marksmanship and as a member of the military police, they had four children: Louise, Madeleine, Leslie, and George.

After the war, Les worked for the NC Company before applying, with encouragement from Noel Pennington, then Collector of Customs, for the position of Customs Officer in Dawson during winter and at Little Gold on the Yukon – Alaska border in summer. His

application was successful, and after Noel's retirement, Les became Collector and remained in this position until his death in Dawson in September 1969. Jackie left the Yukon in 1965, but continued to nurse until 1968 when she began work in Edmonton for the fledgling AADAC.

Soon, she was aware of a need for families to learn wholesome ways of relating to each other and received approval to institute a recreation program that included members of the addicted person's immediate family. Together, they took lessons in badminton, tennis, kung fu, swimming, canoeing, horseback riding, golfing, and at Henwood, the main facility, they danced several times a year. This last event was the most difficult as they'd not been to a dance without having first had alcohol. Prior to one of these dances, some of her clients told her there'd been a sudden change in plans, and it would be a masquerade. That night, she surprised everyone with her unusual attire but received their congratulations for staying and enjoying the evening. As for the pranksters, she insisted they dance with her, and they did with much laughter at the spectacle they made.

In the 1980's, Jackie returned to the Yukon, first to Mayo then to Whitehorse where she lived in Riverdale. In 1997, she moved to Watson Lake at the invitation of her four year old granddaughter, Kyla Millen, and she made her home there until her death in October 2006.

Throughout her life, Jackie was surrounded by people who enjoyed her wit, her compassion, and her generosity. She was interested in people of all ages, shapes, sizes, colors, and creeds, and listened to their stories with deep attention to know them well. She is survived by her children and her grandchildren: Kelly (Louise), Casey (Louise), Greg (Madeleine), Jessica (Madeleine), Grady (Leslie), Trevor (George), and Kyla (George). In her lifetime, she gave many the gift of love, and that is perhaps the best accolade she leaves those who knew her, for it lasts forever.

Sincerely,

Madeleine Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

ARCHIE GILLESPIE

Anne Domes was asking if anyone remembers **Archie Gillespie**. I remember him. Although I have no particular story to tell, in my mind I see Archie as being on the move and I remember him as being a talented writer. This would have been from when I lived in Dawson City.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw)

Hello Anne

As you probably know, **Archie Gillespie** was Margaret Sheardown's brother. Of course, we Lorties knew Sheardowns very well, being neighbours. Archie visited Bob and Margaret once in a while. I always remember Benny, Danny and Lois talking fondly about their Uncle Archie.

Please feel free to forward this to Sherron.

Best wishes. Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

HARVEY BURIAN REMEMBERS BRIAN McGEACHY

Hello Brian & Faye,

Just wanted to say hello and to welcome you to the Moccasin Telegraph. It's good to hear that you are "signing on". Sherron has done a fantastic job of starting and keeping this publication going, providing a means of connecting with old friends and sharing our remembrances of "days of old". It's a bit scary to think that we are now considered the "old" (well....maybe not THAT old!) folks now! It seems just a year or two ago we were the kids. Hopefully we still are at heart!

I've only had the privilege of meeting you once or twice, Faye, but Brian and I go back a long ways. I have a couple of photos of you, Brian, along with Si Mason-Wood, Dean Cole, Allan Miller, and Larry Jurovich at my 12th birthday party in 1956 held in our old log home on 4th Avenue in Mayo. There is another of our school flutophone (sp?) band that has you and I along with other students, including Warren Smith, Geneva Siteman, Peter Allen, Larry Jurovich, Ronnie Morberg, Clinton Moy, Robert Hager, Helen Barwise, Gloria Blindheim, Julia Moses and Albert Moses. I think that one was taken sometime in the mid to late 1950's.

I remember your mom and dad well and the red taxi's they drove. Seems to me they were all Fords, right?

I was up in Whitehorse last September to celebrate my Aunt Martha Collins' 90th birthday and had a chance to chat briefly with your brother Mike and Heather at the birthday event held at the Gold Rush Inn. I had hoped to get out to Tagish to visit Mike and Heather but time didn't permit. You probably remember my Aunt Martha who cooked at the Stewart Crossing Lodge for a few years when the Jack and Mary McDermid ran it.

Hope the foregoing has stirred up a few memories. Sherron is always happy to receive accounts of our days in the Yukon for the MocTel, so if you feel the urge to contribute, please do so. By now you will probably have read some of Henry Breden's stories which always evoked more memories and often resulted in more stories to share.

Harvey Burian (In Parksville BC)

Birthday Celebration in Mayo – December 1956



Around the table from left: Si Mason-Wood (hidden), Allan Miller, Dwight Smith (backs to camera), Harvey Burian, Dean Cole, Brian McGeachy and Larry Jurovich.
Photo Courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (Parksville, BC)



From left: Si Mason-Wood, Allan Miller (with backs to camera), Only Dwight Smith's arm is showing, Harvey Burian, Dean Cole and Brian McGeachy. Not showing in the photo but present was Larry Jurovich.
Photo Courtesy of Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (Parksville, BC)

These photos were taken at my 12th birthday party in our home in Mayo. We were living, at the time in an old log house that had been built in the early 1900s (about 1912-16) by George “Pop” Miller (no relation to Allan). The house has been vacant for a number of years when our family purchased and repaired it in 1955. We lived here until our “new” house was completed in 1964.

Mayo School Flutophone Band (part of the band) – Mid 1950s



Photo Courtesy of Harvey Burian (Parksville, BC)

Front Row from left: Geneva Siteman, Peter Allen, Larry Jurovich, Ronnie Morberg
2nd Row: Harvey Burian, (unknown behind Peter Allen) Richard Moses, Brian McGeachy, Helen Barwise
Back Row: Warren Smith, Albert Moses, Robert Hager, Clinton Moy, (unknown), Gloria Blindheim, (unknown behind Brian), Julia Moses

This photo was taken on the Panabode school building that had been newly constructed in 1953-54. The door at the back-right led to the teacherage. The desks are pushed out of the way to allow the band to stand in rows across the back of the room. Only half the band is shown. The rest of the group was on the left. Note the hats and the bags made to carry our instruments! Note also the muckluks and ski pants.

Harvey & Sherron -

Have received the photos and printed some of same - what a bunch! - it's ok with me to put them in the newsletter as long as there are no requests for autographs or flutophone concerts - I remember your dad's big mouth organ at your birthday party, and your mom's smile when we were on our way to school and she was going to work at the Chateau Mayo - thanks for the note and the pictures - Mike and Heather now live in Tagish so we visited them last summer - also saw Si Wood in Dawson and paid Jean Gordon in Mayo our subscription to the Stewart Valley Voice - good to catch up a bit after all these years - Brian and Faye McGeachy bmcgeach@telus.net (In Penticton)

KARREN (NORTH) CROWLEY REMEMBERS BRIAN McGEACHY

Hi Brian & Faye

Welcome to the MocTel family....you are going to love being part of this neat connection. First of all I certainly remember you and your family Brian....also your brother Mike joined MocTel a few months back...and I have egg on my face....I should have written and welcomed him aboard...but as usual I held back and now....I am sorry. At any rate, Brian....you are probably the same age as our brother Fred. In fact you could have been in the same grade together at school. I have a small black and white photo of the little school room that was just west of the (then) new pan-abode school. I think your teacher was Miss Kirby. As soon as our scanner decides to co-operate with our new setup, I will send it on to you. I think you are in the picture with Joey McDiarmid and Fred.

It's so neat to see your name come up on our screen...it's always like a renewed friendship when old Yukoners join the group. Faye, you will find all kinds of old Mayoites that you remember from those days. We moved out of Mayo in '59, so it was quite awhile before you arrived. I remember Brian's Mom and Dad with great fondness. They were really easy going people and always a big part of Mayo history.

My brother Ted and I are currently working on a bit of North Family history for MocTel. That might be in one of the next MocTel's, so you might recall a few more details of our family. Good for you Brian remembering our family...you could not have been more than ten years old when we left Mayo. You will hear from Harvey Burien I am sure, soon. He lives here on the Island in Parksville, and we meet at the Yukoner's Picnic in

Aug. and get caught up with each other's news. So on that note...your going to love being part of MocTel....stay tuned for lots of great reading...

An old Yukon Friend,
Karren Crowley (North) kbcrowley@telus.net Sidney, BC

MEMORIES – FROM BROWNIE FOTH

Hi Sherron: I was pleased to read this episode of Pat Callison's Book, "Pack Dogs to Helicopters." (We have this book and periodically I would see Pete reading it over again). In this Chapter 21 Pat tells about Bud Holbrook's accident flying from Thistle Creek to Dawson City with Jackie Drott as his passenger. Pete spoke very little regarding this sad story. I know why it was so very hard for him to talk about this. Bud and Alice Holbrook and their 3 daughters were his family away from home. They were the first family that I met on my arrival in Dawson, March, 1951. They were equally as good to me. Pete and Bud became close friends as Pete went to work at Thistle Ck. for Bud, and enjoyed his work there.

In February/52 Pete and I were married in Quebec and returned to Dawson in time to fly to Thistle Creek with Pat. It was a fun summer as I had met several of the employees in St. Mary's Hospital where I was nursing. There was always someone with a "pick wound" whom Pat would fly in from the dredge. We lived in the Dredgemaster's little log cabin at Thistle Ck. This surely was a different way of life for me.

Pat also talks about him flying the clean-ups from the dredges to Dawson either loose gold in canvas bags or after it was retorted into a solid lump of gold. I think I once sent you a picture of Pete and his clean-up while he was waiting for Pat to fly in and take it to Dawson. I was always amazed how terribly heavy these sacks would be.

This story brought so many memories back to me so many years ago. (56 years to be exact.) On Christmas Day we had bought the house owned by 'Clear Creek Placers' on Harper St and 8th Ave. in Dawson and lived there for 13 years until Pete joined Customs and we had to move to Whitehorse for 1 year then on to Beaver Creek for 4 years.

Well Sherron, I guess I just wanted to reminisce about our past and Pat's story brought these memories back to me. Thank you for listening.

Cheers, Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock, BC)



Pete Foth – Thistle Creek – 1951 - Gold
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

SUZY COW

Hi Sherron, Please forward this to Anne Domes, as her email rejects me, she doesn't know me and I only know her through Henry, but she mentioned Suzy cow so thought she would enjoy a picture of Suzy snooping in my car looking for a Cherry Blossom. They were her favourite as they came in three's, the box, then the wrapper, and then the best part the cherry blossom, the others only came in two the wrapper and the bar. This cow was raised at Champagne I believe by the children there and became very spoiled, some how Betty & Leland [Allinger] ended up with her at Burwash, and Betty & Leland, even though he cursed her a lot spoiled her even more. If this is not what happened then Betty and Leland raised her from a calf at Burwash and really spoiled her. Anyways this cow was spoiled, she loved people, feared nothing, had a stomach made of stone, and robbed everyone blind of anything left unprotected (it did not have to be edible by humans). I had her right in my shack the year I lived there, once she came wondering up and slurped up a gallon pail of water and antifreeze, this would I'm sure have killed or made any other cow sick didn't even give Suzy a buzz. She used to push the back door of the kitchen open at the lodge, come in eat pies and anything else she could find. I loved her dearly and when cooking there on my shift she eat very well, cookies, bread, veggies you name it she ate it. Leland finally had to nail a board with the nails sticking out on the door to keep her out of the kitchen. She was well known in that area and made her rounds

daily checking for food or whatever she could find that fit in her mouth. Hhhmmmm don't recall her ever eating grass!!!! Another character of the north.

I worked for them as a cook lived in the lodge and later rented the service station from them for a year

Betty was very Finnish, she came up to work for him and they ended up getting married as happens quite often up there, e.g.. My Dad and his wife Diane, she worked for him at mile 1118 in the cafe.

They were quite a couple he was a real roughneck teddy bear and she came up barely speaking English which he pretended rubbed him the wrong way, she used to be a lot like Edith Bunker and Leland was like Archie, she flapped in half Finnish and he grumbled in all American as both him and Darrel his partner were from California. She had a big black dog named Smokey who was old and smart and he had a bigger pup of Smokey's which was white and very dumb. Darn I forget his dogs name started with an L when there was dog trouble and there was often it was always Leland's big pup in the middle of it, either up on the hill with the natives or out chasing cattle. Betty would start in English and end in Finnish which Leland couldn't understand and away they went. LOL. Loved them both.

Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)



Suzy Cow

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

MESSAGE FROM IRENE & RON TAYLOR

Hello Sherron

Just finished reading the MocTel.

I enjoyed the write up of the Wohlfarth's. We are pleased to hear they are both good.

Ernst worked at Cassiar Asbestos the same time as my husband did (Ron Taylor)

I'm not sure if they will remember us but their one daughter was a great friend of our daughter Charlene (she would love to know where Doris is now. While we lived in Whitehorse we bought all our Deli meat from them at the Delicatessen. Their meat was always fresh.

And it would be great if Sandra would pass this message on to them it would be great also would you Sandra put Doris address in MocTel so our daughter could get in touch with her.

Also would love to send congratulations to Fred and Barb on their reaching their 50th anniversary as we know them both well.

Thanks Sherron –

Irene and Ron Taylor ronaldpt@shaw.ca (In Kamloops BC)

NUTTY CLUB

Some further comments about the Nutty Club. My mother, Alice Lelievre was one of the “founding” members of the Nutty Club.

I wish I could remember who else, but if memory serves me right there would have been Alice Ravenhill, Ginny (Redmond) Fournier, Pretoria Butterworth as part of the original group. That would have been approx 1949-1952. It started out as just a social evening for them and story went that one of the husbands (don't know which one) made the comment that they were all nuts – and from that time on was known as the Nutty Club. It was after 1952 that they started putting out a Newsletter and I believe it went on for quite a few years.

I know on the evenings they came to our home, there was a flurry of baking done during the day and tea was served in the good cups and saucers with the gold nugget teaspoons. No mugs or store-bought goodies then.

We had a 2-story home and there was a square hole in the floor with a grate over it, which allowed the heat from the wood stove in the living room to come up. As kids, we would take the grate off and lean down as far as we could; I suppose to listen to the goings on. Can't remember what we heard – if anything. It was a wonder one of us never fell right through and landed on the living room floor among the ladies. I do always remember Pretoria Butterworth's infectious laugh.

Wonderful times back then. Hopefully some other daughters out there will have some memories and pass them on.

Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN

Hello Sherron - Don was chatting about the wonderful Moc Telegraph so I asked if he'd like to send a message. He would be very thrilled if you would publish the following dictation. I might also add that for all those out there who were once my buddies, a BIG HELLO from me.

Very best wishes, Sybil

Sybil (Bleiler) Edwards mail*sybiledwards.co.uk

PS Perhaps I should also add that Don is a miracle. He takes his misfortune completely in his stride. He beams with joy and is able to communicate just like old times despite being unable to operate his legs and arms.

Dear MocTel friends

I am sitting here in my hospital room at GF Strong Rehab Centre in Van with a very dear friend, Sybil (Bleiler) Edwards. I miss my contact with Moc Tel and hope to reconnect as soon as I am able to operate a laptop. I am progressing favourably and hope to be discharged in a couple of months or 3! I am receiving excellent care and treatment and hope to achieve some degree of independence at some time in the future. I have been blessed by the many friends and family who have visited, telephoned and written since my accident.

I am thoroughly enjoying my visit with Sybil who is typing this message and sending it on to you. My very best to all my friends at Moc Tel.

Sincerely, Don Machan

MOTHERS COZY CORNER

Joann

Read your article on Mothers Cozy Corner, I had to laugh about my mom and her cigarettes. Those were the days weren't they. We had a lot of fun and laughter. I think the tourists thought we were crazy, but we were like family there.

You and Lois Tremblay were great friends to my Mom and Dad and even when Lorne and I took over Mothers you guys stayed on to help us. You both will always be part of Mothers Cosy Corner; and a big thank you to both of you.

Was good to see you again Joann.

June Raymond juneraymond@hotmail.com (Near Whitehorse)

CHUCK HANKINS NEEDS YOUR PRAYERS & GOOD WISHES

Hello family and friends

This is Heather and Greg writing this email to update you on our Dad. Chuck has been in the hospital since last Sunday, January 28th. Initially, he went in because of a stroke that developed on the right side of his brain. The stroke was not as bad as it could have been, and generally affected his coordination and the perception in his left eye. The stroke was the result of a blood clot in the smallest chamber of his heart. He was doing relatively well, however, complications set in, and he was rushed to Kelowna hospital on Friday to remove further chunks of the clot that had broken away and moved down into his legs cutting off all blood to his legs. The operation was generally successful; however, he was put back under anaesthetic a few hours later to deal with another complication in his leg, which also was successful.

It was a very close call, and continues to be, but since returning to Vernon hospital, Dad has improved a fair bit. He is conscious and talking, and seems to still have all his faculties (he's even made the odd joke the last two days and he knew who was playing in the Super Bowl last Sunday - I didn't). He is weak, as is to be expected, after two bouts of anaesthetic. It will continue to be a challenge for him as his heart and kidneys are both very weak. They will be keeping him in ICU for the next few days.

We will keep everyone informed of his condition over the next few weeks by email as we are at the hospital a large part of the time and taking turns resting when we are home. Mom is holding up fairly well under the circumstances and wants to thank everyone for their thoughts and prayers.

Dad's sisters, Elsie and Jean are with him this morning and we will be seeing him again this afternoon.

Yours sincerely

Heather and Greg Hankins hankinscm*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

The year is 1906. One hundred years ago.

What a difference a century makes!

Here are some of the U.S. statistics for the Year 1906:

The average life expectancy in the U.S. was 47 years old.

Only 14 percent of the homes in the U.S. had a bathtub.

There were only 144 miles of paved roads in the whole USA .

The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.

The average wage in the U.S. was 22 Cents per hour.

A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2,000 per year,
a dentist made \$2,500 per year,

More than 95 percent of all births in the U.S. took place at HOME.

Ninety percent of all U.S. doctors had NO COLLEGE EDUCATION!

Sugar cost four cents a pound.

Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.

Coffee was fifteen cents a pound.

Most women only washed their hair once a month,
and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo.

The population of Las Vegas, Nevada, was only 30!!!!

Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and ice tea hadn't been invented yet.

There was no Mother's Day or Father's Day.

Twenty % of U.S. adults couldn't read or write.

Only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated from high school.

Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at the local corner drugstores. Back then pharmacists said, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."

Just Try to imagine..... what it may be like in another 100 years !!!!!!!



A Moose photo making the rounds this week.
Sure would be nice to learn more about it.

ARTISTIC TALENT



Wood carving - "For Sale"

Photo of his wood carving courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: rozdave@img.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp; 550 unknown recipient

LOCKE, Dave & Rosemary rosdavelocke@img.net (In Whitehorse) Keremeos ?

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron, my name is Sheila Butler, daughter of Ron and Colleen Butler. My husband is Lyall Insull son of Al and Joanne Insull. We were both born in Whitehorse and are currently residing in Fort St. John. Please sign us up to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. Thanks, Sheila s.butler@telus.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Life is like a parachute jump, you have to get it right the first time." Margaret Mead

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Crab Stuffed Mushrooms

16 large mushroom caps
1/3 cup melted butter
1 ½ cups flaked crabmeat
2 eggs, beaten
3 tbsp mayonnaise
½ cup minced green onion
2 tbsp fresh lemon juice
½ cups soft bread crumbs
¼ cup parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 375. Dip cleaned mushroom caps into melted butter and place cap-side down in a large greased baking dish. In a large bowl combine crabmeat, eggs, mayonnaise, onions, lemon juice and half the bread crumbs. Mix well, spoon into mushroom caps and sprinkle with bread crumbs mixed with parmesan cheese and bake for 15 min.

DATES TO REMEMBER

2007 Yukon Quest, begins Saturday February 10th in Whitehorse.

<http://www.yukonquest.org/servlet/viewnewsletter?null&resolution=1024&referer=>

Canada Winter Games, February 23 – March 10, 2007.

<http://www.2007canadagames.ca/>

Just a reminder to folks that **Vancouver Yukoner's Association Banquet** is drawing near and reservations for the dinner are greatly appreciated in advance of the event. Also note that rooms at the River Rock Resort should be booked by first week of March to get special rate. For RR Hotel reservations call toll free 1.866.748.3718

And, of course, you can email hmunro@shaw.ca or clclarke@shaw.ca for further information or a sneak peek at the guest list. :))

To reserve dinner tickets send cheque to:

Mary MacDonald
309 - 5166 Halifax St.,
Burnaby, B.C. V5B 2N6

Prepaid tickets can be picked up at venue.

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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