

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 202nd Edition – April 29th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Junco's are back

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

SAGE ADVICE

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

He's a rookie out of Depot,
Spit and polish to the core.
He's been trained and groomed for action,
Still, a little bit unsure.
Now with graduation over
And his boots and belt a gleam,
He's off to be a Mountie
And fulfill his life-long dream.

At a small two-man detachment
He is welcomed with a smile,
By a Constable, much older,
Who has "been there" for a while.
A man who bears the battle scars,
Of rugged beats he's trod,
This man will be his mentor,
His protector, and his god.

This mentor says, "stand easy lad.
They've trained you well I see,
Now, forget the things they taught you
And just take your cue from me.

We're here to police a mining camp,
A rough and ready crew.
They work hard and they play hard,
And they'll ask the same of you."

"Respect their right to have their fun,
They've earned it all week long,
Each Saturday is party night,
There's women, wine and song.
If you receive that midnight call
To come and stop a fight,
You're bound to be outnumbered
But you must Maintain the Right."

"In a brawl there is just a single rule,
A boxing match it's not,
If you decide to enter into it,
Use all the tools you've got
But if you feel you're over matched,
Just pick it up a notch,
Forget the rules of Queensbury
And kick him in the crotch."

"While he is thus diverted,
To protect the family pride,
Your riding crop's effective
When it's properly applied.
Then treat him as a gentleman,
When forced to lock him up.
It doesn't win you medals but,
They'll respect you as a cop."

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 29 – Part 2

WHIRLY BIRDS

With all the exploration and drilling going on north of Dawson I found I had more work than I had helicopters, so I leased two from Ralph Banks who had a leasing business in California. The arrangement with Banks would provide a pilot and an engineer with each helicopter.

One very good pilot who came with a machine was Skeet Northern. He was one of the few pilots who had been trained to fly helicopters without any fixed wing experience. It was the strangest thing to listen to this ex-Army pilot who had never flown a fixed wing and thought they would be flown the same way as one would a helicopter.

Because Skeet seemed to have an affection for bars we had to keep him out in the woods. His engineer, John Harrison, was similarly inclined so both were assigned bush jobs - Peel Plateau was about 200 miles north of Dawson.

On this type of flying the pilot goes out with the copter in the morning and is usually gone all day and when he returns at night the engineer gets it ready for the next day. The engineer has a lot of time on his hands.

They had been out about a month when I got a message from the camp boss making it clear that I would have to get him a new helicopter crew. So the next day I flew the Cessna 180 to the camp and heard the boss' tale of woe.

During the days with nothing to do John had set about to make a still. There was plenty dried fruit and sugar at the cookhouse and good engineer that he was he made a copper boiler and the necessary tubing and hid the creation in the bush away from camp. There was no doubt from the effect it had that it was very good moonshine. Fish had his suspicions about the source of the booze and one day while out for a walk he came across the still.

He could have reported it to the police, but he just wanted to get that helicopter crew the hell out of his camp.

So I shuffled some crews around and got a promise from John there would be no more distilling and had no more problems.

Later Skeet was on a geological survey on the Alsek River, a fast running river draining into the Pacific from the mountainous region which includes Canada's highest peak, 19,523 foot Mount Logan.

The crew was camped on the Alsek and the helicopter would take them out to the particular area where each man was working then pick him up and fly him back to camp in the evening.

At the end of one day Skeet went to pick up a crew member who was at the 5,000 foot level but there wasn't enough room to land where the man was standing so Skeet went in close to indicate that he wanted the man to move a short distance to where the helicopter could land.

Just as Skeet was maneuvering to point out the spot, the man made a flying leap and grabbed on to the freight rack on the side of the copter.

Small helicopters are touchy creatures and it is essential that the centre of gravity be kept within a certain range or they will run out of travel on control.

It was a steep mountain side, but Skeet managed to keep clear of it, but the copter went into a flat spiral, turning round and round and falling in to the valley. There were several flat sandbars along the Alsek and Skeet got the helicopter partly under control and made a run on landing with his passenger still clinging to the freight rack.

When the rest of the crew told me the story I couldn't help but think that it was a good

thing Skeet was the pilot. Not many pilots, other than Skeet, with his exceptional training and skill, could have pulled it off.

A short time later Skeet and John returned to California and I heard some years later that John had died but Skeet was still flying helicopters. What a pair those two were. John Harrison did make good moonshine; even the camp boss said it was the best.

* * *

As I have said, helicopters are touchy and their fatality rate is high. We were lucky in that all the years I was in the business we lost no lives and only wrecked two copters.

In 1958 one of our Bell G2 helicopters was flying for Western Minerals drill rig in Peel Plateau. The float aircraft was flying supplies and equipment to a lake about 20 miles from the drill rig, then the helicopter would pick up the load from the lake and take it to the drill rig.

On the last trip of the day, it was getting dark, but posing no problem, when the helicopter came in for a landing, straight in on its usual pad. When it was about 2 feet off the pad the landing gear struck something and the helicopter was slammed on its side.

The pilot got out unhurt, and then the investigation started as to what had caused the accident.

It soon was apparent that while the helicopter was away, one of the workmen on the drill crew stretched a steel cable about 2 feet above the copter pad, one end fastened to the drill rig and the other to an anchor in the ground.

When the pilot came in the copter struck the cable, tipped over, the blades struck the cable and the helicopter was a total wreck.

Of all the dumb things to do, when they knew the helicopter was using this landing spot. Fortunately no one was injured and the oil company was held responsible for damages.

* * *

During the spring of 1959 I purchased two Hiller 12-E helicopters giving us four of this type. That spring we had plenty of work lined up and in a few days we had them both out on contracts for the summer.

One contract was with a mining, prospecting company on the Redstone River, N.W.T. about 200 miles north and east of Watson Lake, Y.T.

The helicopter pilot was Justin Ripley who had trained in the Korean War. By the time they had been on the job two weeks I had made one trip in with the float aircraft, landing with supplies at Bell Heather Lake in the Redstone Valley.

Just a few days after I had visited them I was in Dawson City; I received a radio message which had been picked up by an oil company working not too far from Dawson and relayed to Dawson City. I cannot remember the exact wording of the message, it was sort of mixed up in the transmission, but I understood it read that the Hiller 12-E was a total wreck. This was little short of a catastrophe, we simply didn't have a helicopter to spare and it would take some time to replace it.

My Chief Engineer, Bert Ormson, and I took the Cessna 180 float aircraft and headed for Bell Heather Lake via Watson Lake where we gassed up. Before landing on Bell Heather

we could see the helicopter lying on its side and it looked wrecked all right. There was no one around; the camp was about 8 miles away.

We landed, tied up the Cessna and walked over to the helicopter; it looked like a dead bird as much as anything.

We walked around it; there was a buckle in the tail boom, indicating that it had taken a lot of side strain, both front and back tubes which hold the undercarriage were bent. The helicopter was lying on its side because the two legs on one side were broken off.

I said to Bert, "If only we had this thing sitting level I would start the engine and see what it sounds like."

There were several good trees close by, so we cut some poles to pry with and to make blocks. After we had it all blocked up and level and sitting solidly, I got in and started the engine. It ran fine, everything else appeared to be running okay. It just had no legs on one side.

We cut a dry tree of about 6 inches in diameter, and then cut blocks the same length as the legs. We had plenty of rope and wire, so we tied the wooden legs on by tying wire between the legs. When we were through this was probably the strongest part of the helicopter but we were still not sure it was flyable.

I got in, ran it up and checked everything I could while it was on the ground before taking off. It was now or never - so I took off. It was a little rough but not too bad, and we thought it would make it to Watson Lake.

But first we flew over to the camp and landed right beside a tent. The flap was yanked open and it was almost worth wrecking the copter to have seen Justin Ripley's face when he saw the helicopter. He was growing a beard and the bug eyes and open mouth in that black growth had to be seen to be believed. I will never forget it. He just didn't believe his eyes; he walked over to the copter to check the registration then just stood and shook his head.

"Come on Justin" I said "Time's a wasting and we want to make Watson Lake today."

The three of us got into the helicopter and flew down to Bell Heather Lake and loaded up with gas. From there Justin flew the helicopter and Bert went with him.

We arranged to meet at a lake about half way to Watson Lake and I took extra gas in the Cessna, getting in some time ahead of them. The copter was functioning alright because they came in at the time we had estimated. It sure as hell was a funny looking rig with its wooden legs, coming in for a landing.

We landed at Watson Lake about 11 p.m. - getting a little dark. The next morning I phoned the Hiller factory at Palo Alto in California, told them the parts I needed and they sent them air express to Watson Lake. I sent a metal man out from Whitehorse to put a patch on the buckled tail boom and in about four days we had the copter ready to go back to work. When we first had seen it lying on its side I wouldn't have bet a cent that it would be flying within 4 days.

We tried to figure what had caused the accident in the first place and the best Justin could come up with was that just as he was landing the copter went down on one side and he had thought that the machine was going to roll over. He came in on collective and when

the copter came off the ground it started to spin like a top. He thought the tail rotor had gone. He dropped it about 4 feet while it was spinning and the legs were broken off. We thought he must have landed with one skid on a rock and when he cut the power it slid off the rock, this was when he thought it was rolling over. He must have come in collective with not enough rpm's to give control in the tail rotor. All the possibilities kept us in conversation for awhile, but the main thing was no one was hurt and the helicopter was salvaged.

To be continued ...

THANK YOU FROM COMMISSIONER OF YUKON

Thank you for continuing your great work, Sherron. I was so pleased to be a part of the Vancouver Yukoners event again this year and to see old friends and acquaintances as well as meet others who attended.

A public "Thank You" to the organizing committees and folks who continue this wonderful tradition. It is definitely a unique club and so marvelous to see faces light up with recognition and a buzz in the room that could go non stop for hours. Well done.

Geraldine Van Bibber
Commissioner of Yukon

geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca

Tuskegee Airmen

I THOUGHT THIS WAS SO VERY INTERESTING...AND I WAS SO VERY HAPPY FOR DEBBIE WINSTON WHO USED TO BE DEBBIE MURDOCH..MARRIED TO JIM MURDOCH WHO OWNED THE "FRANTIC FOLLIES"AND THEY LIVED IN THE YUKON FOR MANY YEARS.. SHE IS A WONDERFUL FRIEND OF MINE....AND HAS BEEN SINCE I WAS WITH THEM AS LEADING LADY FOR MANY YEARS...JIMS PASING WAS VERY SAD.....BUT THIS NEWS IS WONDERFUL AND SO VERY INTERESTING..IF YOU NEED MORE INFORMATION I AM SURE SHE WOULD GIVE IT TO YOU...LOVE GILLIAN

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

From: Debbie Winston
To: 'Gillian Campbell'
Sent: Sunday, April 01, 2007 4:46 PM
Subject: Tuskegee Airmen

Hi! I just got back from Washington DC. The presentation was made on Thursday, March 28th in the rotunda in the capitol building. It was packed, and George Bush was there, which I didn't expect. Also Nancy Pelosi, Colin Powell, Charles Wrangell, Senator Levin, who was a big push behind the bill, and four more Washington biggies whose names escape me just now. I am going to try ordering a CD of the two hour ceremony and speeches from C-SPAN. Someone told me they were going to sell them. Medal replicas were given to surviving Airmen or their widows or wives, but family members of deceased Airmen have to purchase our own. You can see a picture of the medal (which I just ordered) at www.usmint.gov . My Dad's name was Harry P. Winston. His name is on several lists on assorted websites about the Tuskegee Airmen. It was fascinating being there. I can see why people want to work there and feel important. There was a reception at the Library of Congress, which is such an ornately decorated building. I would love to be a tourist for a week there just looking at monuments. As congressman Wrangell pointed out, those exquisite buildings were built by slaves. My brother took a lot of photos and will send me a slide show of the ones I picked out. I have to download those that I took and see if any of them are any good, and I'll send them along! **As Edith Josie said, end the news.** Love Debbie

ELDORADO – DAWSON LANDMARK

Good to hear you and Bill got home safe.

Read the last MocTel, sorry to see that the Eldorado burned. Yes it was a landmark for Dawson City. Ron remembers it well as all the Cassiar asbestos drivers stopped there coming back from Clinton, he did when he was driving the wrecker. It's a sad thing to lose a landmark plus the people who had jobs there.

I will send you a donation for to help with the Moc Tel as I enjoy it.

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

ELDORADO UPDATE

Eldorado Hotel to Continue Operations during Repairs

by Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

April 17, 2007

By April 17, Peter and Karen Jenkins had announced to the community that business would continue in the remaining portions of the Eldorado Hotel.

Neither the two dozen rooms in the separate annex building on Third Avenue, nor the Yukon Hotel on Front Street, were affected by the April 12 fire, so the Jenkins' announced on the DCTV rolling ad channel that 'We will continue to rent rooms in the Annex and the Yukon Hotel while we rebuild the Eldorado Hotel.'

Front desk operations were relocated to a two story yellow building at 929-3rd Avenue,

across the street from the Eldorado, as demolition of the damaged portions of the main building continued.

By Tuesday the burnt portions of the second floor had been knocked down and carted away and the hotel, while a story shorter, was looking less like a disaster.



• **Eldo temporary office**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The two signs by the door of this building say “Cowboy parking” “Violators will be castrated.” The owners of the Eldorado Hotel may consider something a little more inviting while they are using the ground floor as their office.



• **Eldo Annex north**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The two sided annex building was separate from the main structure and untouched by the fire.



• **Eldo demolition**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)
Work crews finish tearing down the last of the second floor rooms.



• **Eldo stripped**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)
The Eldorado will have a new profile until the second floor is rebuilt.



• Yukon Hotel

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)
Front Street's Yukon Hotel is part of the Jenkins' holdings

ELDORADO TEMPORARY OFFICE as it looked 50 years ago.

Emily has sent along a disc of photos and comments to share with you, among them was this photo. I had just viewed this photo yesterday and then Dan's photo of the same building 50 years later came along today and so I asked Emily if I could share this one with you now. – Sherron



Photo circ 1956 – 57 taken by Emily Stillwell © by Emily

This building, a home, on the east side of Third Avenue, was sometime later moved to the other side of the street to make room for the Eldorado Hotel. I recall being inside the home. It was very nice. Notice the lean of the building due to the permafrost.

This photo was taken in either 1956 or 1957. I took another one in 2002 (46 years later,) when I visited Dawson and noticed that the building had been moved across the street.

I have many pictures taken in 1998 and again in 2002. I attended the 100th Anniversary of Dawson being Incorporated and ST. Paul's Anglican being made a heritage site in 2002. In 1998, it was the 100th Anniversary of the Gold Rush. In 1998, I was travelling with The Sask. History and Folklore Society on a bus tour.

In 1998 and 2002, I took only prints. I have some very good pictures among them. With other people taking pictures, they would not be as rare as the ones I've sent you from the 1956-57 and 1962.

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



Recent Crocus sightings near Whitehorse announced on CBC.
Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

MUSTANG NOBODY WANTED – a priceless piece of history

By Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com

This is a tale of Moe, McKenna and a Mustang. That is to say: Moe Grant, Wayne McKenna and the Ford Mustang.

The story began in May 1964 when a Caspian blue, underpowered, no frills Mustang arrived at Whitehorse Motors in Whitehorse, Yukon.

It had been shipped from Vancouver and arrived by train in a White Pass and Yukon rail container. Everyone in the Yukon knew about the Mustang because Ford had just introduced the trail-blazing sports car model on the worldwide television live from the New York World's fair in mid-April 1964. Price tag? Just over \$2,300 US. More than a million Mustangs sold in the next 24 months.

But not in Whitehorse. Moe Grant, then general manager of Whitehorse Motors, had not even ordered a Mustang.

Wayne McKenna, then a salesman, thinks the car was originally for Brown Brothers Ford dealership in Vancouver but that an error was made in shipping.

Since it would cost too much to ship it back to Vancouver, Ford decided to leave the car in Whitehorse for sale by Whitehorse Motors.

So the Mustang hardtop was displayed in the Main Street showroom, McKenna remembers he had an immediate offer for the car, but since he had not received the factory invoice and did not know the dealer cost, he rejected the purchase offer.

After that, many people came by for a test drive, but since it was a "plain Jane" car with a small six-cylinder engine and no options, there were no other offers. Grant told McKenna to drive the car as his demonstrator until it sold.

McKenna hated the car because it had no power or frills. Not even power steering. However, he did put about 2,000 miles on it.

Then in the spring of 1965, Doug Wooten traded in his 1957 Plymouth paid the difference and the one-year-old Mustang hardtop was finally sold.

The car stayed in the Yukon until October 1983, when the then owner moved to Edmonton. Here the Mustang remained until December 1993.

Then Lyle Ciglar, a Mustang collector from Montana happened to be visiting a friend in Edmonton who told him about a Mustang he's seen.

When Lyle saw it, he knew this was something special.

He bought the now repainted Mustang hardtop for \$5,700 US and drove it home.

Ciglar was going to restore it but never got around to it. Then in 1995, while on a long drive, the engine blew. Soon after, an automotive author writing a book of Mustang history contacted Ciglar and wanted to put a photo of the car in the book. Ciglar agreed. When Scott McMullen of Temecula, California, saw the photo he offered \$13,000 US for the car with no engine. But he had no time to restore it either so he put an ad in Hemming Motor News.

Bob Fria of LaCrescenta, California, another Mustang enthusiast, bought the vehicle that still did not run. Then Fria began a research project and discovered just how special this Yukon Mustang was.

After more than three years of work Fria could document the car as a genuine pilot plant pre-production vehicle built on March 5 1964, five days before Ford's official Mustang production run. It was one of five destined to be shipped to showrooms in Canada before the world wide release.

It was Ford's first production hardtop.

Today, a proud Bob Fria has fully restored his Yukon treasure and drives it to shows, museums and national Mustang events.

So the Mustang that Moe Grant didn't order and Wayne McKenna had trouble selling more than 40 years ago is today a priceless piece of Ford Motor Company history.



VICTORIA BC NORTHERNERS GROUP

I have just learned of group of people that are in Victoria that are Northerners as well.

They call themselves the North of 60 group and they are mainly folks who were in the NWT....but they also have a few members that are from the Yukon; Ted Harrison being one of them.

Anyway, they are having an event next Sunday from 12 (noon) - 3 pm at the Gorge Vale Golf Club. The topic is called "Springtime in the Arctic". They are bringing in a speaker, and the cost is 20.00.

I have forwarded him a copy of the Moc Tel, so he has an idea of what we are all about, and so that he may promote the Moctel to his "group of people". I realize that most of his group are from the NWT, but there are a few from the Yukon as well.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

Ray Travers has confirmed this message will get to you too late to be valid for this year but you may wish to make contact with him for future gatherings. – Sherron

I have attached an email copy of our invitation for our April 29, 2007 “Arctic Luncheon” annual gathering in Victoria. While this message says the deadline was April 18, 2007, which is our preference, we do accept registrations afterwards. If any one would like to attend next Sunday April 29, pay at the door etc, please send an email in advance to Ray Travers at rtravers@islandnet.com or call me at 250-477-8479. The cost is \$20 per person.

Cheers, Ray Travers 250-477-8479 (In Victoria)

MORE ATTENDEES OF THE VANC YUKONER BANQUET IDENTIFIED



Benny Warnsby and son Bruce



Mr. And Mrs. Graham - Dorothy, nee Wilson, is a director the Vanc, Yukoner's Assoc.



In centre is Ethel Tizya (from Old Crow) – on her right is her daughter in law and the other young lady is her grand daughter. Ethel’s grand daughter has a baby making Ethel a great grand mother. The baby girl was at the banquet as well.



Ethel Tizya’s son Mark and his wife

HORST SCHEFFAN FAMILY

In MocTel 188 Ted North shared some memories of Horst Scheffan.

In MocTel 189 we heard from Horst’s daughter Dolores Anderson in Dawson. She wrote – “I was so surprised to read a story on my father after about 35 years” ...etc.

More comments and memories of Horst came from Karren (North) Crowley in MocTel 189 who wrote – “When he met Fannie and married her in our little Anglican Church in Mayo, I was Fannie’s bridesmaid.”... etc ...

In MocTel 191 Harvey Burian mentioned Horst.

In MocTel 192 August Pociwausichuk shared memories including “I worked with him for a short while in the Calumet Mine in 1951”etc...

Below is the note I finally received from Horst Scheffan's daughter. As you can see I wrote to her in January....just a little lapse in time! Any way, I don't know if the Scheffan story is "old news" now, or if you think this is worth sharing, Sherron. What ever you decide is fine with me. I just thought I would share it with you both. As you can see by her latest note, tragedy is still plaguing that family!

So happy to have you back in our neck of the woods, Sherron.

All the best

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

Subject: RE: Mayo Memories

Date: Mon, 29 Jan 2007 20:21:25 -0800

Hi Delores

Thank you for your wonderful "newsy" reply. You have so much information regarding your Mom & Dad in this note, that it would be great if we could include it in another edition of MocTel. Would it be okay with you, if Sherron Jones printed your last note in an up coming edition? Also would you mind telling us the names of your brothers and sister? It would be nice to learn where you all live. If you are still around the Dawson, Mayo or Whitehorse area, a lot of our readers would enjoy hearing about your family. Thanks again for sharing with us.

Karren Crowley (Sidney BC)

From: Dolores Anderson

Sent: Friday, April 13, 2007 9:40 PM

Subject: RE: Mayo Memories

Good day, Karen

Sorry, it took so long to reply this time, as I have been very busy trying to prepare myself to go on a month trip to Kelowna, B.C. I went to Kelowna at the beginning of March and

returned at the beginning of April. Once I returned I was very busy catching up to everything from being away for a month. I went to Kelowna for the month, my daughter had a baby girl, this is her fourth child, so I went to stay with her for the month to help out with her other children, my wonderful grandchildren and to be there for the birth of my fourth grandchild as I did not get to see the first three being born.

Sure you can share my stories of my family if you wish; I sure was excited to read the shared stories on my dad, I will be more than happy to share what I can also. Mom and Dad had nine children, I will list them from oldest to youngest; Benny, who is living in B.C.; Bryan, he is deceased since 1999, he was in a bad vehicle accident; myself, Dolores, living in Dawson; Terance, living in Dawson; Cindy, living in Whitehorse, Albert, living in Whitehorse; Dawyn, he is deceased, boat accident in the Yukon River in 1982; Gerald, living in Whitehorse; Larry, he is deceased, house fire in 1971.

Delores (Scheffen) Anderson ykonunicorn@hotmail.com (In Dawson)

JEAN GORDON – SPECIAL EDITION

Hello Sherron, A hearty thank you for Jean Gordon's story, That's a dandy and how do you get it all together when you're unpacking and getting back to home routine! I think that Curley Marback would enjoy those stories even more than I, as he lived in Mayo and I was only a one-year "wonder" in the Yukon...but have read most everything I could and still am. Like Jean Gordon, I have a wall full of books and too many magazines. Also in my 90th year, not as spry as I wish I were! (Cataract date soon, thus the big type.) I will copy this latest special edition, to give Curley, but thought that those Yukoners in Parksville, Nanaimo or closer, may like to talk to him too. He gets very bored at a Berwick Residence since his wife died, at #241, 3200 Ross Avenue, Nanaimo, V9R 1Y4; phone: (250) 729-3068 until a son hitches up a computer for him. And for your enthusiasm, thank you, *Peg*

WATSON, Peg formerly McComb pegwatson@hotmail.com (In Dawson - 1974) Vancouver Island

TAPS

If any of you have ever been to a military funeral in which taps were played; this brings out a new meaning.

Here is something Every North American should know.

Until I read this:

We in the North America have all heard the haunting song, "Taps". It's the song that gives us that lump in our throats and usually tears in our eyes. But, do you know the story behind the song? If not, I think you will be interested to find out about its humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land. During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention.

Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier; it was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted.

The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate. But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician. The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform. This wish was granted.

The haunting melody, we now know as "Taps" used at military funerals was born.

The words are:

*Day is done ... Gone the sun
From the lakes . From the hills . From the sky . All is well.
Safely rest .. God is nigh.
Fading light .. Dims the sight .
And a star . Gems the sky
Gleaming bright From afar .
Drawing nigh . Falls the night. Thanks and praise ... For our days .
Neath the sun ... Neath the stars...
Neath the sky . As we go This we know .. God is nigh*

I, too, have felt the chills while listening to "Taps" but I have never seen all the words to

the song until now. I didn't even know there was more than one verse. I also never knew the story behind the song and I didn't know if you had either so I thought I'd pass it along.

I now have an even deeper respect for the song than I did before.

Remember Those Lost and Harmed While Serving Their Country and also those presently serving in the Armed Forces.

SINCERELY CD

Just a clarification. The CD Sincerely with 12 cuts is for sale. The video that I put together and placed on Youtube featuring dancing Inukshuks was done for fun and it is not for sale. Anyone interested in the CD can sample one of the cuts, Goodnight My Love by going to the Youtube link.

Regards

Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com

From the rear label of 'Sincerely' by Les McLaughlin -

“When I was a lad growing up in the Yukon, my lifeline to the “great big broad land way down yonder” was through the crackling static of a tiny transistor radio. I’d spend endless hours, especially at night when reception was bright, listening to Elvis, Paul, Perry, Connie and Johnny and other distant superstars who, through the magic of radio, were as close to me as ice fog in the motionless cold of a crisp winter’s night. Now, with the classy assistance of some fabulous musician friends, I offer my interpretation of some songs that shaped my younger years. As you listen, perhaps you can imagine a lonely teenager with a transistor radio welcoming Elvis and other pop stars to the land of the midnight sun.”

Backup Vocals: Tracey Brown

See her at - <http://www.riproar.ca/Tracey.htm>

“CCMA and Ottawa Valley Country Music Hall of Fame inductee Tracey Brown is a self proclaimed second generation minstrel.”

Tracey does an excellent job for Les on this his first CD.

Contact Les for your copy of the CD. - Sherron

Yes, it is Tracey Brown of the Family Brown vocal group. We do three duets and she provides background vocals on six other cuts. I have been close friends of the family for many years and Tracey was gracious enough to offer her considerable talents in support of this CD. I have never claimed to be a singer and my many colleagues and friends will attest to that. Especially Hank Karr who is still trying to rid his musical memory bank of

my long ago rendition of "Freight Train." But this CD of old standards is something I have wanted to try for a long time and I am pleased with the result, enhanced greatly by some very talented Ottawa based studio musicians whom I have worked with on other projects through the years and of course by Tracey who helped me make the songs come alive.

Regards
Les

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

HOLM, Lesley carcrosslesley@hotmail.com (In Carcross) Delta

Hi Denise

Thought I should check with you again to see if your mother would like to receive the MocTel. I sent a copy today and it was returned.

Recipient address: carcrosslesley@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Hope all is well with you.
Sherron

Hi Sherron, sorry it took me awhile to get back to you, was away for a few days. I guess Mom has cancelled her internet, just said that she doesn't want it any more. My brother says she has trouble with using a computer and gets quite frustrated with it, so this is probably for the best, why pay for something one is not going to use, so I guess you can remove her from the MocTel mailing list for now. If she decides to give it another try I'll let you know if she wants to receive it again. Thank you for your concern.

Keep up the good work with the MocTel, I know it's the highlight of my weekend when it arrives. The last few I really enjoyed because of the Crystal Palace info as this was my neck of the highway when I was growing up. Recall many birthday's with Carolyne, her sisters and brother at the old Crystal Palace.

Everything goes well here and I hope the same for you.

Denise (Holm) Moorcroft

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron,

Mom mentioned that you had asked what was up with my e-mail after the last MT was undeliverable.

We are in the process of moving to Nova Scotia and we sold our house last month. Andrea and the girls have gone back east already and I will head back when I finish work.

So I have moved up to my claims on Hunker and now have a Satellite internet connection.

I look forward to each issue of the MT. Thanks for doing such a great job on each one.

Peter Gould (on Hattie Gulch)

hattiegulch@yahoo.ca

Yknet address no longer valid.

My address is george_millen@hotmail.com

Thank you

George Millen

NEW ADDITIONS

Please add me to the mailing list for the Moccasin Telegraph, if you need my mailing address it is Box 1073 in Dawson City, Yukon Y0B 1G0. I would also like to be able to read the two; in MocTel 191 Harvey Burian mentioned Horst Scheffen and in MocTel 192 August Pociwausichek shared memories including "I worked with him for a short while in the Calumet Mine in 1951" ...etc...

Thank you very much,

Dolores (SCHEFFEN) Anderson ykonunicorn@hotmail.com (In Dawson)

I'm a former Yukoner and would like to get the moccasin telegraph. My sister Doris Miller in Merritt told me about this, also Donna McLean.

My email address is mariem@facmail.com

Look forward to hearing from you.

We now live in Kelowna, B.C. Years I lived in the Yukon - grew up in Mayo, later moved to Whitehorse, Watson Lake then Beaver Creek. Left there in 1972.

My maiden name was Fisher. Married Al Morgan in 1960. He went to the Yukon in about 1952.

Hope this in the info you wanted.

Marie (Fisher) Morgan



Bleeding Heart

One of the first flowers in spring now blooming at the Jones'.
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

'When the power of love overcomes the love of power, the world will know peace.'

--Author Unknown

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

This one is from the Yukon Nurses Society, don't know how old but some of the people I still know in it are a lot older now than they were when this one was put out.

Curried Fruit Bake

1/3 cup butter or margarine
3/4 cup brown sugar
4 tsp curry powder
1 16 ounce can pear, cling peaches or apricots
1 20 ounce can pineapple slices
5-1 maraschino cherries

Melt butter, add sugar and curry. Drain and dry fruit. Add butter mixture to fruit and mix.
Bake 1 hour uncovered at 325 degrees.

Linda Ross

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic

Summerland Ornamental Gardens June 24, 2007. 11 am to 3 pm, Pot luck lunch at 12 noon. Be sure and bring your own eating utensils. (Knives, forks, plates etc.) And lots of food !!

International Sourdough Reunion

Will be held at the Ramada Inn in Penticton from September 19 to 23, 2007

Rooms are \$99 per couple flat rate.

For reservations call :

Toll Free 1-800-665-4966 Code word is: Sourdough 3474

ISR Registration is \$70.00

Registration limited to 175 People

Contact person is:

Larry Chalmers PO Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0

Phone: 250-498-6887 e-mail: aksala49@telus.net

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.