

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 242nd Edition – March 2nd, 2008

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



Front Street [Dawson] at -45 on February 8/08.
We've been in the deep freeze for two weeks now.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)

By R. O. (Bob) Harrison rh007*telus.net (In Calgary)

The Harrison family had a sawmill that was powered by a steam tractor. The tractor was brought under its own power from the railhead at Houston to Wistaria over the existing wagon road. Bridges had to be reinforced to handle the heavy weight of the tractor. Dad was the fireman and Uncle Bill, the engineer. Dad said he was real busy cutting wood to keep it going.

The sawmill was set up on the lakeshore in Harrison Bay. We kids had great fun playing on the log booms and we were also given the job of watching for fires that might be started from sparks from the tractor smoke stack. The mill supplied lumber for many houses in the area, including the community hall, the school and the church. The mill closed for good just after my earliest memories. The tractor was a great place to play, as was the blacksmith shop.



Grandpa & Grandma's house at Wistaria

Christmas Day was always at Grandma and Grandpa's house, and included all of the Harrison clan. Ootsa Lake usually froze just before Christmas, and was good skating until there was too much snow. We would then clear a space for a rink until it would drift full of snow, or it snowed again.

We had great fun in the winter, toboggans, skis, sleighs, there were lines set in the holes in the ice for Ling (Burbot) which are excellent eating. Summer was barefoot time, spent playing in the Lake on sunny days, picking wild berries, when I would sooner go fishing. I did not know at the time how important this wild fruit was to our diet. We could not raise any fruit trees because of summer frost.

My first fish was caught using a long, thin willow pole and a short line at Eastern Lake, a small lake near Ootsa Lake, which was well stocked with rainbow trout. I still remember that day. One of my summer jobs was to bring the milk cows in for milking from the pasture. I did the milking. One afternoon, when looking for the cows, I heard the unmistakable sound of an aircraft. The pasture was mostly poplar covered, and I could not see the sky. So I ran as fast as I could to the top of a hill, where I could see. I got there just in time to see and admire the aircraft fly by.

Another memory is the annual school Christmas concert. The first stirrings were a fundraising, which was usually a dance at the community hall. After the funds were raised, the total amount was divided by the number of students and allotted to each kid. They would then go home and shop in an Eaton's catalogue for their presents, up to the amount allotted. Their order was turned in to the teacher, and low and behold, these presents would magically appear under the Christmas tree at the school concert at the community hall.

There were lines to memorize for the plays, many rehearsals at school, and then the real rehearsal on stage in full costume. And finally, the big event arrived. The whole community would be at the concert. Plays were presented and Santa always arrived to hand out the presents. After presents were opened and admired, benches were pushed back against the wall, the floor cleaned up, and the dancing began and would last until the

wee hours. Kids would fall asleep on benches or among coats in the coatroom. It was truly a big social event.

There was always a school sports day in the spring that included foot races, high jump, broad jump, pole vaulting, sack races, and lots of fun things. With picnic lunches and ice cream, the whole community would be there to watch us. Also, there was always a 1st of July picnic with sports activities, ball games, etc. followed by a dance at the community hall.

Halloween was a fun time. Jack-O-Lanterns were made from large Swede turnips as summer frost prevented us from growing any of the squash family. We would make the rounds trick or treating on horse back, mostly tricking. Our neighbours were widely scattered, being a minimum of a half-mile to six or seven miles away.

On occasion, rocks would appear on the kitchen stove for warming. This would indicate a house party somewhere and we would be going. The stones were placed in the sleigh to keep our feet warm. And away we would go, the horses sometimes pulling us up to fifteen miles. On arrival, the team would be put in the barn, fed and taken care of. The party began. We kids would play until we could stay awake no longer, and then we would also be put down for the night. The parties usually lasted all night. The rocks would have been re-heated and we would return home in the morning after a big breakfast.

We often heard wolves at night in winter. They would come and attack our dog once in a while. It seemed as though they hated dogs. They would kill a lot of moose and deer on the frozen lake. They often chased an animal over a rock bluff on to the frozen lake, the fall crippling the animal for the kill. After they had a good feed, they seldom ever returned so coyotes, ravens, eagles, and foxes would take over.

I remember a dog we had which was very smart. In late afternoon he would start to make noises and was letting us know that it was time for him to go and bring the milk cows in from the pasture. I was glad to turn that chore over to him. He just started to do it without training. Now if he could only do the milking!

In the late spring, when the going was good on the frozen lake, I would hook the dog to my sleigh and when a flight of crows were going up and over the lake, I would tell "Chummy" to "Go get 'em", and away we would go in hot pursuit of the crows. After a mile or so, I would break it off by telling him to go home. He would then turn around and pull me back to the house.

Hockey was my favourite game to play. I used to go out and find a willow tree that had the right curve and fashion it into a hockey stick. Us kids would clear a rink on the lake and play using our willow hockey sticks and frozen horse terds for pucks.

We had a radio that a neighbour had made complete with a head set and on Saturday night, during the hockey game from Toronto and Foster Hewitt was the broadcaster, Dad would tune into the game. Any noise out of us kids was forbidden, as the radio was not a good one, it had lots of squeals and poor reception. Oddly, the best signal came from

Watruse, Saskatchewan. Later when we had a better radio, we kids always listened to the Lone Ranger. Mom and Dad listened to Lum and Abner, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, etc.

I was teased mercilessly by two of my uncles. One scenario they teased my cousin and I about was that some Indians were going to come, put us in sacks, and take us away with them. My cousin and I (when we were 6 to 8 years of age) were going from my house to his when we saw and recognized a boat tied up about half way between our houses. We saw our chance. If we destroyed the motor on the boat, they could not take us away! So we threw rocks at the motor, did a bit of damage, and left. When the Indians returned and saw what had happened, they talked to our parents. I was sleeping over at my cousins place when his father, one of the teasers, found out about it. Did we ever get our bums paddled!

I do not recall him ever teasing again. The other uncle never stopped. If I saw him coming down the road, I would hide. Once he asked Mom where I was as he wanted to tease me. But there was no way she would tell him where I was.

Dad was the hunter for the Harrison clan. I remember going with him across Ootsa Lake to Fox Lake, a small lake that was a good place for moose. When the waterweeds were growing, and had boat access, we would just sit on the hillside, and wait for a moose to show up. Dad had his 30-30 carbines, while I had my trusty sling shot, loaded and ready. And, yes, we did bring home a moose. Another fun thing we kids did was to take our slingshots and hunt for the paper nests of bees. The game was to hit them and knock them down. We would often come home with fat lips, fat ears, or eyes swollen shut from bee stings.

I recall one spring when four or five of us kids snow-shoed the five or six miles to Eastern Lake to fish through the ice. We made a large hole through the ice using ice chisels and, using hand lines, we started catching fish. As soon as you put a hook in the water, we had a fish. There was almost a steady stream of fish coming out of our hole. When we stopped, we had far more fish than we could pack. So, it was back the next day with a packhorse to bring the fish out. There were excellent twelve to fourteen-inch fish, which were canned. Not one was wasted.

I remember in 1937 the dedication of Tweedsmuir Provincial Park in honour of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir.

(This is the largest park in B.C. which covers an area of more than 981,000 hectares in the west-central region of the province; it is roughly triangular in shape and is bounded on the north and northwest by the Ootsa-Whitesail Lakes reservoir, on the west and southwest by the Coast Mountains and on the east by the interior plateau. The park was named for the 15th Governor General of Canada, John Buchanan, Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield.)

A large camp was set up on Entata Lake, the first lake below Ootsa Lake, which was staffed by mostly local people, local guides, local river boats, and there were four float-equipped Norseman aircraft of the Royal Canadian Air force. Often one of these would

fly by and I would rush out to see it. The camp was there for about three weeks and created badly needed employment for a few people.

To be continued



The sun shines through the haze on 5th Avenue (by St. Mary's Church).
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Sunshine Paradox

By Dan Davidson

Luminous ice-fogged sunshine haze
sits upon the earth;
mocks our avenues and days
with signs of nature's mirth.

Sunshine should bring warmer weather
so we have been told;
this light's touch is a frosty feather
tickling us with the cold.

We bundle up in parkas thick
as down the streets we lurch,
and hope this winter's nasty trick
won't linger into March.



Dawson – Fog - Feb. 8/08

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

Dawson City, 1962

A Yukon Nugget – By Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa) and Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

After years of neglect, Dawson City in the early sixties had the classic look of a rundown ghost town. But plans were underway to spruce up the most famous gold rush town in the world.

In 1962, the federal government began an effort to restore some of the old gold rush buildings and turn Dawson City into a tourist mecca. The centerpiece of this effort was the Palace Grand Theatre built by Arizona Charlie Meadows at the turn of the century. Meadows was a veteran of the wild west shows having worked with Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill's wild west shows in the United States. On his way to the Klondike, Meadows picked up loose change by shooting spots off a deck of cards. He also carried with him a portable bar selling booze to stampeders at various camps along the way.

To build the Palace Grand, Meadows used lumber from two steamboats he had bought. By the spring of 1899, the theatre opened and featured a stage play called Camille.

Charlie Meadows would also stage wild west shows of sorts at his Grande Theatre. But it didn't last long. For all intents and purposes, the gold rush ended in the fall of '99, just two years after it began.

For years the Palace Grand stood as a run down reminder of those glorious gold rush days at the turn of century. Then, in June of 1962 the restored Palace Grande opened with a sparkling ceremony which included the opening of a new Broadway play called FOXY. The star of this light hearted musical comedy was Bert Lahr, who had gained world wide fame as the cowardly lion in the famous movie The Wizard of Oz.



Dawson City, 1962



It was a very formal affair. Marg and Rolf Hougen leaving their "tent city" trailer room. Many were installed by a group of Whitehorse businessmen to supplement Dawson's accomodation.



Walter Dinsdale, Minister of Northern Development with Pierre Berton at the Dawson Festival 1962.



Roy Minter with Bea Lillie who starred in Foxy.

The staging of a Broadway play in Dawson City took considerable cheek and money. The play itself didn't achieve critical acclaim and the timing of such an elaborate stage show was questionable. Dawson City didn't have the facilities to support much tourist business. It would be many years before the town would be fully restored. Yet with the renovated Palace Grand came the determination to put the spirit of the Klondike gold rush back into the Klondike.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Bert & Ellen Law

**BERT LAW:
HE HELPED PROSPECTORS FULFILL THEIR DREAMS**

By Jane Gaffin jane*diarmani.com (In Whitehorse)

(This profile about the outstanding Law family has relied on James Joseph's 1952 American Magazine article, "The Laws of the Yukon", plus Jane Gaffin's 2005 Yukoner Magazine article, "The Law Family's Grand Adventures", as well as her book Cashing In.)

The intrepid James Joseph saw the cheerful round sign announcing the Silver Dollar Lodge at Mile Post 843 and wheeled his car left from the Alaska Highway into the yard on a bitterly cold day in 1952.

The place wasn't as remote from the rest of the world as one might believe at first blush. Yes, the town of Dawson Creek, British Columbia, was 843 miles behind him and it was 75 miles farther to Whitehorse at Mile Post 918.

But on the opposite side of the road at the Squanga airstrip a telephone could link him with his editor at the American Magazine in New York City.

Mr. Joseph had reached the halfway point on the Alaska Highway, a wartime effort the American Army built 10 years before from Mile Post 0 at Dawson Creek. The 1,600 miles of road snaked into and through the Yukon Territory, and carried on into United States territory at Fairbanks, Alaska.

Tucked back among the evergreen stands was an inviting, single-storey L-shaped log

structure, about 200 feet long to house 15 guest rooms. Smoke trailed straight up from the lodge's chimney. Several log out buildings served as workshop, garage and for storage. All were framed by a mountainous backdrop and inserted unobtrusively into an eight-acre wooded landscape that looked like a Christmas card ready for an artist's palette and brush. Strains of "shrimp boats are a comin', they're comin' tonight..." seeped through the lodge's walls. Jo Stafford's voice carried a far distance in the brittle air.

In his travels, Mr. Joseph had discovered that practically everybody along the highway knew the California couple living here with their youngsters Frances, 9, Tommy, 7, and George, 5.

Tough-fibred American and Canadian homesteaders, big-game outfitters, hunting guides and lodge-keepers had enthused about the five-member Law family forging a lifestyle out of a new frontier against pressing odds. Unintended, the Laws had inspired and rekindled confidences of many fellow pioneers who were ready to pack up.

Sight unseen, the writer knew the Laws were the epitome of a well-integrated, outstanding family which was why they were selected as The American Magazine's Family of the Month.

When Bert Law (Honour Roll) heard about the accolades, he replied, "Some folks along the highway have had it a whole lot tougher than we did." He likened his family's ordeal to a picnic. "Only sometimes, there wasn't any mustard, and often no hot dogs or buns, either." The writer lifted the homemade latch and entered the low-ceiling, Technicolor living room. "Vividly beautiful Indian blankets draped rustic log couches. The yellow-pine walls glowed like polished amber. In one corner were a couple of tables covered in Chinese-red linoleum. "Bert Law's plaid logger's shirt, decking out his youthful muscularly thin six-foot frame, made a splotch of color in the already colorful room," the writer described in his 1952 article, The Laws of the Yukon.

What really impressed Mr. Joseph was the happy cacophony of blaring phonograph music and three bright-eyed children who couldn't play outside because the temperature was colder than 35 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

"Flaxen-haired Frannie, whom her father describes as 'delicate like a panther', was curled up by the hammered-copper fireplace. Oblivious of the raucous music, she was browsing through a 3rd-grade reader.

"George, a wide-eyed and chubby 5-year-old, was tacking his latest crayoned masterpiece to the wall over the Laws' 'school corner'--a cheerful, book-furnished alcove devoted exclusively to educating young Laws' minds.

"Nobody scolded Georgie for hammering tacks into the wall. The kids' drawings are A-1 priority stuff around here, Bert explained. Tommy, the family's mechanical wizard, was sitting cross-legged on the floor, fiddling with a toy steam engine."

Ellen, permed and fashionably trim, wore a dress, silk stockings and a fancy apron. She didn't look 30, despite her endless, heavy-duty chores associated with operating a highway lodge, tending a family, plus home-schooling the children.

After eight years of marriage, Bert and Ellen had decided to escape California cities and live in open spaces. Bert, a crackerjack mechanic, cleverly converted an International, 24-passenger panel bus into a self-contained rolling home with cooking and sleeping facilities and a carpeted play area for three small children.

Poking along in May, 1948, they waited in Calgary for the Alaska Highway's spring mud to

harden so the International could churn along in bulldog gear with its tires encased in chains.

They stopped short of an Alaskan destination when they spotted a place in the Yukon that appeared to be of temperate climate. From a big, red-headed chap at Morley River, they purchased a group of broken-down log structures nestled in the picturesque setting 66 miles up the highway.

What the Laws didn't know was that the owner of the abandoned army camp buildings was a shady character, who was not paying for the gasoline he hauled from Edmonton and was re-selling it without paying territorial taxes. He had sold the rough buildings three times to other unsuspecting buyers and repossessed them an equal number of times.

The buyers, always Americans, would invest their complete savings--as did the Laws--then be abandoned to starve or be forced to retreat across the border since Americans could not legally work for wages.

The red head announced he was going to Alaska and would buy lodge and restaurant supplies for Bert who gave him a long list of items, plus \$2,000--none of which Bert ever saw again.

"We finally got word that he had crossed the border into the waiting arms of the FBI," Bert said. "He was AWOL from the navy and had disappeared into Canada. I understand that he also was wanted in the States in a number of places for a number of wrong doings.

"So, that was the end of him. He was the sort of guy who wouldn't do anything honestly if he could do it dishonestly. He had quite a racket. But he didn't realize what a tough guy I was."

Their money gone, the Laws were stranded at Mile 843 on the Alaska Highway with their potatoes, oatmeal, occasional orange juice and milk for the youngsters, and a strong survival instinct.

"I do everything all or nothing--never halfway," declared Bert. "Maybe I go into things too much." He was once compared to an eager octopus who seemed to have four sets of hands when he worked.

An example was the run-down service station he had bought in California and worked hard to build up. The long hours almost killed him, but the station sold for a nice profit before the family moved north.

It was the service station that spurred Bert to go home early one evening and express his thoughts about pulling up roots and going some place different.

The more he worked at the station, the more convinced he became he was only existing--not living. He wanted to grow up with his kids and guide them. He didn't want them drifting into the lifestyle of punk teen-agers who sometimes hung around the station telling smutty jokes and smoking cigarettes. Bert knew some were from decent families but suspected their fathers weren't able to spend enough time with them.

Bert and Ellen sat up late, poring over maps and planning. First, they had to sell the business.

Bert had purchased the service station because good-paying jobs were difficult to find, especially after he shattered his left leg. For his disability he received financial compensation and good medical treatment, but was unable to continue working at Cutters, a pharmaceutical laboratory making blood plasma.

It was after serving in the army he had returned to Cutters as head painter. In his usual state

of being overtired, he let a ladder slip out from under him and was knocked unconscious on the cement floor a great distance below.

The mangled leg healed. A bone specialist, reserved for the atomic scientists at the nearby University of California, laced Bert's crushed limb in a stainless steel case. The leg was destined to give him endless grief. When he was exhausted, the leg was susceptible to twisting and would collapse him unceremoniously on his backside, usually under a heavy armload of firewood.

He also was plagued with stomach ulcers, the reason he was sprung early from the United States Army. However, he was awarded American citizenship for his service. He was actually Canadian by birth, born in Hamilton, Ontario, on December 26, 1914. It was during the darkest part of the Depression he had drifted into the United States.

Bert had two sisters and a brother. He was 13 when the family moved to Ingersoll, Ontario, where the factory in which his dad worked had relocated. He stayed until 1934. With no hope for a job in sight, and his friends disappearing into a disaster of marriages, shacks, jalopies, poverty and children, which he wanted to escape, he hitch-hiked across the line to Detroit, Michigan, where he found a car lot in need of extra drivers to ferry vehicles to California. He was fired for getting lost in a maze of Texas highways.

He continued thumbing his way to Los Angeles where Bert found work in Studebaker's automobile assembly plant. Later, he moved to parklike Berkeley.

He was jerking sodas in Stu's Creamery when he met Ellen Astad, who was born in Norway in 1921, the daughter of a fairly well-off carpenter, and grew up in California. She had graduated from Berkeley High School the year before and was employed as a telephone operator.

She frequented the popular hang out. Her sparkling blue eyes captivated Bert. He was so rattled he made her a vanilla sundae instead of the chocolate soda she'd ordered. She smiled away his mistake, said Bert.

When business was slow, Bert and Ellen played blackjack for pennies in a back booth. "She was pretty and won all my money. She liked that. I proposed to her just a few weeks after we'd met."

Bert accepted Ellen's "no" as "goodnight" and "goodbye", until she rang the next evening and asked to be taken to a movie. He almost hit a fence with his friend's car when she announced she had changed her mind.

They sent a box of chocolates to her mother and went to Reno in the friend's car, for which Bert had gas money with an extra dollar left over for the preacher. Ellen had \$30 and a payday approaching.

It was May, 1940. He was 25; she was six years younger. It was an elopement of sorts, except everybody knew about the marriage. Ellen had wanted to avoid the fuss of a fancy wedding.

At the relevant time, Bert was working at Cutters and sidelining as a mechanic. He fixed people's vehicles and re-built broken-down ones to sell to hot-rod buffs. As well, he was doing weekend carpentry and house-painting contracts.

After two and a half years of marriage, their first baby, Frances, was born in 1943, followed with second child, Thomas Herbert, in February, 1945, and then George in November, 1946.

In 1944, the Laws had pinched and saved a \$1,000. Bert borrowed some more money and

invested with a partner in the service station. When the Laws decided to go north, he sold the station within a few weeks and paid off a loan advanced to buy out his partner's interest two years before.

Bert had \$3,000. It was added to a small savings and what Ellen accumulated selling all the furniture except beds and the sewing machine. They had \$4,000 for the trip.

They bought the war surplus 1942 International panel bus which was only six years old but had aged dreadfully due to the navy using it in the South Pacific. When he finished ingeniously refurbishing the unit into one of the first Winnebagoes, he was a \$1,000 poorer. They set sail under the full understanding from authorities that if they chose to settle in Canada, American citizens couldn't work for wages. They would have to be self-employed. Virtually the only self-enterprise that didn't require special permits was lodge-keeping and they could homestead without forfeiting their American citizenship.

They rolled out of foggy San Francisco Bay to Calgary, Alberta, and on to Mile Post 0 of the Alaska Highway. "The minute we were on the road we felt like young marrieds all over again. We were not heading into adventure. We were setting out upon a new life."

Soon, despite the set backs brought on by the crooked red head, they were camped on their wooded empire. The Canadian government charged only a dollar an acre a year rental. After three years, government surveyors would set the boundaries, do an appraisal, and hand over the deed for a reasonable sum. The \$2,000 they had paid to the red head had only covered the price of the ramshackled buildings, plus the list of supplies they never saw.

The Laws had set to work on the original structure, cobbled hastily together by the U.S. Army Engineers. The building nevertheless was solid and sturdy despite the beating it had taken from weather, vandals and neglect.

They peeled the ugly bark from the interior walls to find they had an amber-coloured, pine-panelled lodge. They calked the cracks with moss. They dug a basement and installed an efficient wood-burning Yukon furnace, fashioned from a 45-gallon oil drum.

One man's junk is another man's treasure. It was those hundreds of souvenirs the construction crews had scattered from one end of the Alcan Highway to the other that earned it the nickname of Oil-Can Highway.

The Laws crafted furniture and upholstered the couches and chairs with Indian blankets. Bert had bartered a few days of labour with a trading post 50 miles down the road to pay for the vividly-designed fabric.

Bert bartered with lodge owners for most of the supplies he needed to install piping for showers and bathrooms and electric wiring and fixtures.

On one such bartering mission for a light plant, part of the loot he brought home was a record player and a stack of scratchy 78 rpm records they played incessantly.

While spading up what would be her garden, Ellen hit what turned out to be long runs of buried pipe connecting their buildings. They dug up the good-as-new pipe which went into their plumbing system.

A scavenged copper coil was installed in a Yukon furnace and connected to a 45-gallon drum mounted under the rafters above the bathroom as a hot water reservoir for cooking and bathing.

First, Bert had to dig a well and was lucky to hit water. Until then, they had to drive six miles every day to the river.

After about six months on the property--and most of that time spent camping in the bus--the

Royal Canadian Mounted Police came calling in the fall of 1948. Bert thought Inspector Cronkite was coming to collect. Until the Laws actually owned the land, they were supposed to pay 50 cents per cord of wood cut.

It seemed the Mounties had been keeping an eye on the Laws. "When we think you can afford to pay for the wood you use, we'll start charging you," offered the Inspector who probably knew what desperate straits the homesteaders were in but didn't want to embarrass them.

"That was our first experience with the power and the justice of the famous Mounties," Bert recalled.

The Laws had no income and no lodge facilities to offer highway travellers to start earning an income. They were down to eating hotcakes and oatmeal.

One winter day, a 1,000 pounds of potatoes magically landed on their doorstep. A Dawson Creek farmer claimed he was headed for Whitehorse but the spuds would freeze before he got them to market. He insisted Bert was going to buy them.

Bert insisted just as vigorously that he couldn't. "I can't even afford the burlap bags." The farmer accepted his words as a deal. If the potatoes were of \$30 value to the Laws over the winter, Bert could send the money when he had it. Bert sent the money as soon as he dredged it together in the spring. Six months on the monotonous rations had saved them.

The turning point in their circumstances came in early 1949. The Laws were still flat broke but felt confident to put up the big Silver Dollar Lodge sign.

Highway travellers, police, public health nurses, truck drivers and tourists came in for coffee, a breakfast of porridge or a plate of potatoes. The Laws invested those pennies wisely into more food, more services, until the daily cash intake increased. Bert's mechanical skills were always in demand.

Soon, a Canadian Army lieutenant and a captain stopped in. They learned of the Laws' predicament. The two fellows drove into Whitehorse and somehow convinced the owner of Tourist Services Supermarket that the Laws were indeed reliable people and a good credit risk, a privilege denied them in the past. The officers returned to the Silver Dollar Lodge with grocery-stuffed cars.

On the strength of this new credit rating, which translated into a steady stream of customers, one day a construction foreman came in to inquire if the Laws could board about 10 men for the season. You bet your last silver dollar they could.

The crews were building the Atlin Road. The Laws fed them practically anything, and as much as, they wanted. The Laws stocked the lodge and tore into the food bank like starving refugees. Bert, whose body was literally falling apart at the seams from too much physical exertion on insufficient calories, said he regained strength in six weeks on his prudent diet of T-bones, ice cream, strawberries and whipped cream three times a day.

By 1950, business increased from accommodations, gas, meals and groceries offered to highway travellers and road crews. People came for coffee and steaks and potted veal. The Laws paid their bills without fail. Every Thursday, a refrigerated truck from British Yukon Navigation (BYN), a division of White Pass, rolled into the yard with their weekly \$200 grocery, meat and ice cream order.

The mail truck delivered and picked up school correspondence lessons and library-loan books from Edmonton and Anglican Sunday School lessons from Whitehorse and any catalog orders for new Easter frocks or garden seeds.

The kids were rating As and Bs in their studies and reading at levels above their big-city peer groups. There was no way the Laws would have split up the family sending the two older children away to boarding school. So, the tasks of teacher, principal and truant officer fell to Ellen.

In the "school corner" was a blackboard, a 10-volume encyclopedia and another 10 volumes of Book of Knowledge. The parents were avid readers and curious about everything, which rubbed off on the children.

The whole family discussed every subject under the sun and the moon. When they weren't outdoors star-gazing, they were indoors dissecting words. They played what might have been an early-day Scrabble game. "One night, for instance, we discussed the word 'guttering'," Bert remembered. "We would define, examine and chase the word all around to find out what it was about."

The Laws were busy, for sure. Traffic was steadily increasing along the highway. Among their treasures, they had acquired a wringer washer and a combination truck-snowplow and a 1937 convertible.

By 1951, business was brisk. The Silver Dollar came alive with a steady flow of people and parties. "Everybody came to the Silver Dollar expecting a party and they got one," exclaimed Bert.

Neighbours, looking for entertainment after a hard week's work, drove hundreds of miles to visit on Saturday nights. The Silver Dollar had a large dance floor and a brand new record collection of the latest hit tunes.

To be continued

DR. DUNCAN

Dear Sherron...just read the Moctel....another wonderful edition....thank you!

Glad to know that you are feeling better. You certainly are a busy couple with all your visitors coming and going!

Art and I flew to Maui on Jan. 27 and returned on Feb. 13. A few days ago, I came down with a cold, but I am on the mend.

I enjoyed the story about Dr. Barry Duncan and news from Tricia Sirrs, his daughter. I would like to have her e-mail address, if I may, as I have some memories to share with her. Of course, her Uncle Alan Duncan brought me into the world in Dawson City in 1938 at St. Mary's Hospital (the hospital that burned to the ground).

Thank you Sherron...look after yourself, and thanks again for a terrific job!

Love and hugs, Tina (Brasseur) and Art Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

MOC TEL 241

Sent a copy of MocTel 241 to Bob Harrison's daughter who was good enough to share her electronic copy of her father book. Here is her reply. – Sherron

Hi Sherron- It looks great! The Yukoners are fortunate to have your dedication and energy applied to keep them all connected. I marvel at the fact that you get something out every week- I act as editor for a Newsletter for an adoption search and reunion support group and I'm hard pressed to get it out once a quarter! Thank you for the update. All my best, Sandra Walters

I just looked through this weeks Moctel and a very enjoyable one it is once again. Sorry that you felt poorly and glad that you are on the mend. There are some bad bugs making the rounds this winter, all of December and half of January we all had colds, flue or whatever and absolutely no energy but it is a lot better now.

I wouldn't worry about missing an issue here or there, there is always next week.

I just finished sorting and cataloging my Moctels, had them on different computers from our road trip last fall and came to the conclusion that I am missing # 220. Where would I be able to find that one?

This past week I finished reducing some photos from our road trip to "Moctel" size, I'll attach them in a rar folder. If you run into a dry spell come summer you have something to fall back on. You seem to have lots of material right now; number of new stories and photos is just amazing. We hardly know anyone in these stories but it is Yukon history and at least to me very interesting.

If anyone is interested our road trip pictures are here:
http://www.pbase.com/hlohmann/roadtrip_fall_2007

Greetings and best wishes,

Heinrich and Elly Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

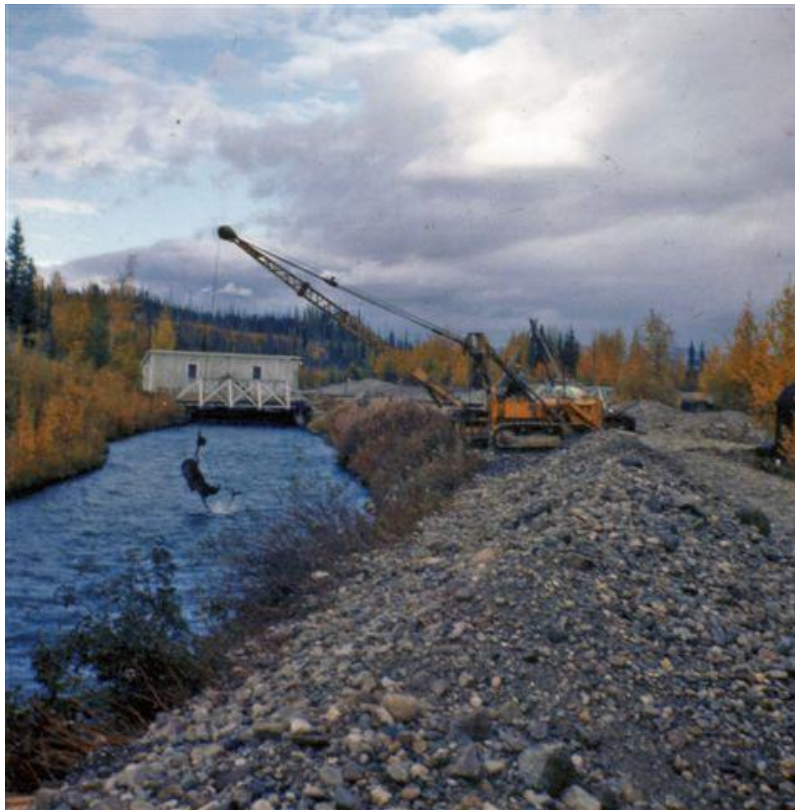
I plan to use many of the photos Heinrich has sent in the Artistic Talent section of the MocTel. Heinrich has quite an eye for content in a photo. See the one this week. – Sherron

North Fork Photos – (Continued)

Courtesy Newt and Pat Webster pwebster@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



South Fork Intake



Dredging at the North Fork Intake



North Fork Intake



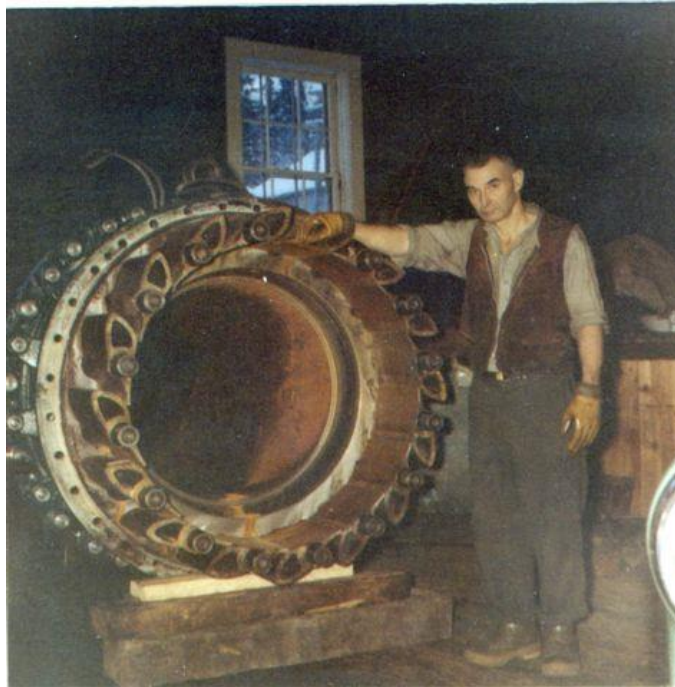
North Fork Intake



North Fork Intake



Inside Power Plant



Newt Webster and Turbine

MOCTEL 241 – North Fork etc.

Hi Sherron,

I'm sorry to hear you have not been feeling well. I hope you feel better soon. Vera and I have been fighting a tough bug for several weeks and so have been in a similar boat. I think the particular strain we have is present across Canada and the US as we have friends all over that seem to have a similar ailment.

I'm glad to hear that you are experiencing for yourself some of the benefits others of us have experienced from your work of producing the MocTel. Isn't it fun and great to be able to become reacquainted with former friends, school chums and work associates who we haven't seen for 20 or 30 or 40 years! We all have the MocTel to thank for these enjoyable experiences and the credit goes to you, Sherron, as it's editor and producer.

I really appreciated seeing the photos of North Fork that my cousin Pat Webster sent in. My parents and I visited the Websters at North Fork a number of times over the years and while I could still "see" some of the buildings and their locations in my mind, many of them were completely gone. The photos brought back to memory those visits and the fun times we had. The story Pat and her father Newt submitted about his family prompted me to seek their permission and further information to gather some genealogical history on the Websters in BC and Ontario. So far I have been able to find a fair amount which I plan to put together and give to Newt and Pat.

As I think I have mentioned before, please don't feel obligated to ensure an issue of the MocTel every week. Hopefully your efforts can be an enjoyable activity for you and not become too onerous. I'm sure the readers will appreciate just as much your efforts every two weeks (or even less often if necessary). We want to ensure that you are able keep up with the wonderful job you are doing in connecting current and former Yukoners for many years into the future!

Take care.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

Just so you will know, Pat Webster's mother is Wilda. Wilda was my Aunt Martha (Burian) Collins' oldest daughter (apparently named after Joyce [Richards] Yardley's older sister Wilda Richards). The Richards and the Burians were apparently close friends in the early days. Wilda's last name was Lechner (although I am not sure if she used that or Collins) as my Aunt Martha was married to Louis Lechner before she married Phil Collins. So...Wilda is technically a half sister to Penny (Collins) Sippel. There is another sister to Wilda and half-sister to Penny. Her name is Freda (Lechner/Collins) MacMillan who now lives in Osoyoos. Her husband passed away about 4 or 5 years ago. Wilda passed away about three years ago.

Pat Webster is technically my second cousin (since her mother was my cousin) but I still refer to her as a cousin.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville, BC)

HOCKEY SPECIAL

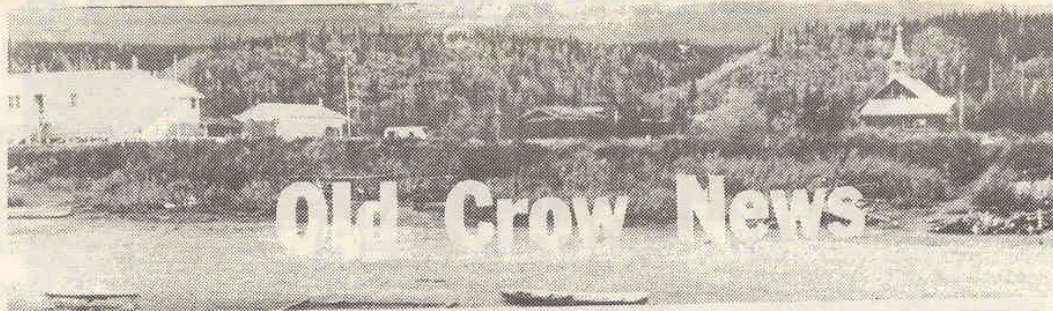
When I saw Boyde White's name in this week's MocTel, I immediately emailed him. He replied and I sent him the MocTel Hockey Special.

Boyde, his brothers Wayne & Stewart, and their father, Vince, all appear in the Hockey Special photos.

Cheers.

Ralph Lortie rlortie001*sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

EDITH JOSIE COLUMN – WHITEHORSE STAR 1963



by Edith Josie.

July 20 - Mr. Rev. J. Simon making feast with one moose everybody had a nice supper. They been cooking for him and later that they set table for white people and the Indians were eating on the ground by Mission. Sure everybody enjoy to eat out door.

While they cook for James the sun is eclipse around 11 a. m.

The same day mail plane been arrived her from Fort Yukon. Also same night one aircraft been here from Inuvik and Robert Linklator came back and so Philip Joseph took a trip just see Old Crow for one hours. So when the plane going back Mrs. Simon went over to visit her daughter, Mrs. Susie Luke for two weeks.

Around 11 p.m. one of Connelly Airway arrived Old Crow from the Camp so when it going back to Dawson Mr. Peter Benjamin went to Whitehorse for his holiday.

July 21 - Around afternoon one of Connelly Aircraft pass Old Crow he was going to land on the Bar but the water is high so he just pass Old Crow. Too bad there are no airport in Old Crow for the plane had wheels on it. Since big rain last week and river is sure high.

Mr. Peter Ford he make good side raft and he brought it down by the school. Some of the boys are cutting wood for sale but they still never bring it down. Some of the women are ready to pick berries on mountain any days cause it getting ripe now.

Sunday night some women went up to mountain for berries. But they never see any so they

just come back with empty pail. They went for berries and here they see wolf a long distant way even that they were afraid so they come back in the morning. They think wolf going to eat them so all way down from mountain they run and just made it to Old Crow.

July 23 - There are one man came up with his motor boat from Fort Yukon. I hear he's business man and he will go up Porcupine River to look for some kind what he wish for.

Since yesterday it is rain and also today, too.

Father Mouchat is been practice with the skiers on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

So when they go to training they will remember how they practice. The boys are busy with making cords of wood for sale.

For about week the aircraft never come to Old Crow and no mail so everyone wish to see plane any days.

Mr. Peter Tizzak arrived Old Crow from Whitehorse to work for skinning different kind of animals head and also bone. But he wait till mail plane come so Mr. Joe Netto give him job in his store. So he fix all the wall and roofs for about 5 days he been working in store.

July 24 - One of Connelly airway aircraft arrived Old Crow at 9 p.m. and 4 nurse was passenger in it. They have holiday so they come to visit Miss Pat Youngs in Old Crow. They really glad to get Old Crow and had a walk up town with Miss Youngs.

One of men came up from Fort Yukon with his boat. He got here on July 24 and he stay here for 2 days. He suppose to go up to White Stone to see the hole up there. He want to fine out what is in it.

And they sent for one men and he came on Friday with one of Connelly Aircraft and he start to saw the logs on Saturday morning. On Saturday and Sunday they saw the logs lots and start Monday morning but the trucker is not very good. Mr. Bobby Caly and Kenneth McDonald they use Joe Netto trucker to saw the logs but it is rain.



Father Mouchet prepares to time Doris Njootli.

MORE LOST CONTACTS RECONNECTING

I was wondering if you have an email and/or other address and phone number for Harold and Ellen Babcock in Chase. I was absolutely delighted to see them in the photo with you and Bill, etc. I, too, am an old friend of theirs from our Whitehorse days but I have lost contact with them over the years, especially since the disruption of my divorce. We used to visit Harold and Ellen when they lived in Castlegar and they often stayed with us when they came to Vancouver for a visit. I would love to make contact with them again. I watched Ellen's boys grow up (especially Scotty) and I well remember the plane crash involving Mike that you mentioned in the last MocTel. I notice they are not listed in the MocTel but I thought you might have an up-to-date contact for them.

At some point, I intend to scan in some of my old slides of Mayo, Elsa, Dawson City and Whitehorse (I have some of Ellen and the kids, too) that I took during my time up there in the 60's and I will send the more interesting ones to you for the MocTel. However, it will be a little while yet before I am able to deal with it. At the moment, I am not able to sit or type at the computer for long due to severe pain problems I have in my back, shoulders and arms. I am scheduled for a variety of X-rays and scans over the next few months to determine what the problem is but, in the meantime, I am a little dysfunctional and can't do much.

Best to you and Bill,

Trevor Bennett trevbennett@shaw.ca (Pender Island, BC)

Harold and Ellen Babcock are not on computer we took the printed copies of this winters MocTels over to them last evening, along with a copy of Trevor's e-mail and "the list". Ellen knew many of the names on the list of MocTel readers, so I am hoping to get her interested enough to join us.

Ellen gave me a one liner to reply to Trevor 'tell him hello from his playmate'. She told a cute story of Derek bringing Trevor home for a beer one day and Ellen proceeded to gather up the children and take them to the bedroom to read them a story. One little boy she was babysitting had the same name and when she raised her voice and told little Trevor to come in the bedroom big Trevor stood up and said really? Needless to say they had many laughs over that.

Ellen plans to phone Trevor today.

Here was Trevor's reply to my e-mail –

Well, your first line gave me a big laugh! I had forgotten all about that 'playmate' bit! Thanks for bringing us all back together. Tell Ellen that I may just surprise her by answering the phone, 'hello playmate!' However, if it is one of the locals here, they will think I have lost it.

Tell Ellen and Harold that I really look forward to hearing from them. Tell them that I would be happy to phone them tomorrow if they prefer. Either way, I will be at home tomorrow. Once again, many thanks for everything.

Best regards,
Trev.

I had a great 'catch-up' conversation with Ellen today on the phone. After so many years, it was nice to update on what has been happening over the years with our respective families.

As you know, Ellen and Harold don't have an email address, etc. It occurred to me after Ellen and I had hung up the phone that they might like to see a recent photo of me and my wife, Monica, who they have never met. So I am attaching a photo of us which was taken last year by my cousin when they were visiting Pender Island on their boat. If you have an opportunity to print out and give a copy to Ellen and Harold before they leave, I would appreciate it. Also, I assume you have provided Ellen with all my current contact info but, if not, please give her a copy of the same.

Once again, many thanks for all your help.

Warmest regards to you and Bill,

Trevor and Monica Bennett trevbennett@shaw.ca (Pender Island BC)

Of course you can use that photo in the MocTel, if you wish to. I guess it is about time that all the people who have made contact with me again (because of the MocTel) get to see who Monica is and, also, realize that I no longer am the young, athletic '23 year old' that I was in the photo taken in Mayo! You know how it is - the mind stays the same but the body doesn't!

Trev.

Hi Trevor

Have just printed a copy of the photo for Harold and Ellen.

Also inserted it and your permission in the next edition. - Thank you.

We ended up buying the cabin to the east of theirs (Jim Gentleman's I believe) at Marsh Lake. We bought in the spring of 1969 I think. Were you there then? You do look familiar in the photo.

I also remember a party at Jim Gentleman's house in the winter of 1968 - we may have met there. Or at a Kiwanis function. Were you involved in Whse Kiwanis when Whse hosted a Yukon Alaska 'AY' convention about that time. I can remember the ladies getting together and making table centerpieces in the form of icebergs with an imitation

ivory dog team on each. We made the icebergs out of 4 inch thick styrofoam and spray painted the a bit with blue and then white snow. The dog teams were from Murdoch's Gem shop.
Sherron



Monica and Trevor Bennett – July 2, 2007 – photo by Mike Dixon

Hi again, Sherron,

I remember Jim Gentlemen (Derek's father) very well, of course, and also his cabin at Marsh Lake. We overnighted there a couple of times with Ellen and Derek. We also went on a camping (tenting) trip to Haines, Alaska with Derek and Ellen one year which turned out to be a lot of laughs. First of all, we ran the border in the middle of the night (no one was on duty) and we got hell for it from U.S. customs on our return. Then, because it was pitch dark when we arrived at Haines and we couldn't see what we were doing, we pitched the tent in a spot that, on waking up the next morning to voices going by, we discovered was smack center on the path to the outhouses!

Anyway, one year I was put in charge of organizing the Kiwanis Horticultural Show in Whitehorse and Jim Gentlemen helped me a lot with his know-how because he had been in charge of it the year before. If my memory serves me correctly, although we were in Whitehorse for part of the spring of 1969 (our oldest son was born in Whitehorse Hospital in December, 1968), we moved to Vancouver in late spring of 1969, just after breakup. I believe I was at that party at Jim's that you mentioned. We were at Jim Gentleman's home a few times around then, for sure. When Jim passed away, he left me two very old, colour-tinted, historic photos (of Miles Canyon [as it originally was], and a lake with two moose swimming across it) that I had long admired on the wall in

their home. I recently gave them to my oldest son (the one born in Whitehorse and who now lives in Wetaskiwin, Alberta) who loves them, also.

I was in Kiwanis (during the period that Bill was a member and I do remember him) until I left in late spring of 1969 and, once again if memory serves me correctly, I was involved at the start of the planning for the Alaska/Whitehorse clubs convention. If memory serves though, the convention took place after I had left and I don't recall the table center pieces you mention. I knew a lot of the Alaska members at that time. I had lived in Alaska for about 6 months in 1965/66 and travelled quite often between Fairbanks & Anchorage & Whitehorse troubleshooting for Wien Airlines during the time I was living in Whitehorse. Wien had wanted me to stay on in Alaska to supervise their sales and station operations throughout Alaska, but Lyndon Johnson changed the draft bill just after I moved there and I was told by the Selective Service that if I stayed as a landed immigrant I would be drafted and sent to Vietnam within the year. So, the President of Wien Airlines, who was not a supporter of the war, suggested they cancel my immigration and move me to back to Canada (Whitehorse) to live provided I could fly in whenever they needed me. Subsequently, because of my ongoing trips to Alaska and contact with the Kiwanians there, I had discovered that the Fairbanks club used to raise money every year by buying a large supply of frozen Snow (Queen) crab and giant Alaskan Scallops wholesale from the fishing fleets in Anchorage. I was able to get the Fairbanks club to send us some of their excess supply to raise money for our Whitehorse Kiwanis club. I was able to get my company (Wien Consolidated Airlines) to fly them to us at no charge. We raised a good amount of money for the Whitehorse club selling the stuff. I think it carried on after I left, but I can't be sure of that.

Anyway, better stop reminiscing for now. I have to hit the sack. I have to get up at 5:00 a.m. to catch a ferry and go to the hospital in Saanich for an X-Ray of my shoulder, etc. By the way, Harvey Burian and I have been exchanging quite a few emails and family photos and are hoping we will be able to get together later this year sometime. Nice chatting with you.

Best to Bill. Bye for now,

Trev.

MOCTEL 241

We certainly got a surprise to see Harold Babcock and wife Ellen (Gentleman) also Tom Law and wife on the other side of the Jones'...Norman worked with Harold at Canada Packers along with Freddie Aylwin back in 1953/54 and at one time the Law's were our neighbors on Jarvis Street. Would you believe we were in Kamloops for 25 yrs and now live in Penticton and find out that the Babcocks live in Chase about 30 minutes out of Kamloops???

There are very few editions of the Moc Tel that there is not something or someone who brings back our Yukon Days (1952-1978) memories.

Is it five years since you have been putting out the weekly edition of the MocTel? Have enjoyed it tremendously and it has been very few weeks that have been missed. You deserve everyone's appreciation and gratitude and when one reads the "241st Edition - February 24th, 2008" that represents an amazing amount of dedication and work.

Mega thanks,

Sheila Becker snbecker@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

GOVERNMENT E-MAIL ADDRESSES

One of our readers noticed that government e-mail address were being used for non-government purposes and has this information to share.

“Check the use of Yukon Government computer policy. Requesting to be placed on the moccasin telegraph distribution list should be directed to your personal email address not a government address.

This policy came into effect shortly after the email scandal that saw many Yukon government employees reprimanded for the inappropriate use of government computers.”

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

We visited Harold and Ellen (formerly Gentleman) Babcock here in Yuma last night. They are not on e-mail. So I took printed copies of this winters MocTels. Was just talking to Ellen to relate another mail that came in this morning mentioning her and Harold. She was commenting on the obit for Danny King in MocTel 241. She and Derek Gentleman lived next door to the Kings in the little CP Air houses in Whitehorse. She said they had adopted two children.

Ellen told a cute story about the adopted little girl who used to play with her two children Mike and Rob Gentlemen. The little girl was about 4 and called Ellen 'Gentleman'. She said "Gentleman are Mike and Rob adopted? -- Ellen said no. She said well you better adopt them or they won't be wanted children."

Out of the mouths of babes !

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Yuma)

We were invited out for lunch yesterday by some neighbours here in Yuma. During lunch the man told a little story about his grandson. They live in Falher, Alberta a couple of hours NE of Grande Prairie. Grandpa grows quite a garden on his 10 acres and was teaching his young grandson how to enjoy fresh carrots, peas etc. straight from the garden. A few days later the child was with his mother and someone asked him if he was excited about going to kindergarten – he replied ‘no, I want to go to Papay’s garden.’

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Yuma)

BOB HARRISON

I read with interest the article by Bob Harrison in the 24th MocTel edition. He is pictured on the float of - it looks like, one of Herman Peterson's Beaver aircraft -- or maybe Trans North's. Is Bob related to the renowned bush pilot, Billy Harrison? If so, the Harrison family has quite an interest in aviation.

All the best,

Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com (In Courtenay BC)

Hi Dan, You are right, the picture is of Herman's beaver C F - I T U taken at Dawson City; Sept. 1957. Yes Bill Harrison is my cousin as is Ernie Harrison and Al Pelletier; I am always happy to reconnect and thanks to Sherron's Moccasin telegraph it is happening, e-mails are always welcome. Regards,

Bob Harrison rh007@telus.net (In Calgary)

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE JOHN PAYNE IS?

Message forwarded by Lily Gontard editor@northofordinary.ca from 'North of Ordinary'.

Would you please arrange contact for me with Sherron Jones? The focus of the conversation would be to discuss if she knows where John L. Payne ex-Prudential Life Insurance agent, who left the Yukon in the early 80's may now reside. I've bought a freighter canoe that I've traced ownership back to him, but I can't find anyone who knows where he went or currently lives. Hopefully this contact will close the gap on that loose end. Thanks for any help.

Regards, Ralph Shopland.

A request regarding John's whereabouts sounds like the best way to go.

I'm not sure what or how much info you've received but the gist of my request to contact John is to acknowledge that I'm trying to trace the past ownership of a Chestnut Freighter canoe that I recently purchased. The history trace stops at a "John Payne" who was an agent for Prudential Life Insurance in the late '70's early '80's. I'd like to make contact with John to help determine the age of the canoe and other pertinent information. No-one I've had conversation with has given me a complete or consistent enough trail to follow as to John's whereabouts. Any assistance would be greatly appreciated.

I understand that you make Vernon your home for part of the year. Dad is still in Vernon. I graduated from Polson Park Sr High.

Small world, isn't it?

Ralph Shopland bass20wood@klondiker.com or I can be reached at 867-633-2256 (voicemail) (In Whitehorse)

ARTISTIC TALENT



PEI-early fall morning.

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

ONCE IN OUR LIFETIME – EASTER DATE EARLY

This year is the earliest Easter any of us will ever see. Only the most elderly (95 or older) of our population have seen it this early and none of us have ever, or will ever, see it a day earlier!

Easter is always the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Spring Equinox (which is March 20). This dating of Easter is based on the lunar calendar that Hebrew people used to identify passover, which is why it moves around on our Roman calendar. Based on the above, Easter can actually be one day earlier (March 22) but that is pretty rare.

Here's the facts:

The next time Easter will be this early (March 23) will be the year 2228 (220 years from now). The last time it was this early was 1913, so if you're 95 or older you were around

for that.

The next time it will be a day earlier, March 22, will be in the year 2285 (277 years from now). The last time it was on March 22 was 1818. So, no one alive today has or will ever see it any earlier than this year!

OBIT

Raymond Paul RESSLER, of Fort McMurray, AB died suddenly on Thursday, February 21, 2008. He leaves behind a brother, Lorne (Wendy), three sisters, Rosemary Burness (Brian), Pat Gerrie (Fraser), and Lorraine Ressler, ten nieces and nephews, nine great-nieces and nephews, many cousins, aunts and uncles, and sisters-in-law Tweedie Houle and Ellen Nielsen to mourn his passing. A Memorial Service for Raymond will be held in Fort McMurray on Saturday, March 1 at 2:30 p.m. at the Waterways Community Hall. His remains have been cremated. **Born in Dawson City in the Yukon on March 19, 1949**, Ray grew up in Manning, AB and went on to live in Victoria, Edmonton and Fort McMurray. He leaves friends and loved ones in all of those places. Known for his kindness and generosity to all, Ray was a friend without judgement for anyone who needed one. His great loves were books, music and knowledge, and they were his constant companions for all of his life. A quiet person who preferred a simple life alone, Ray leaves many of his friends and family members wishing they had thought to call him just one last time. He will be deeply missed. Published in the Edmonton Journal on 2/28/2008.

Glen Robert GORDON Passed away at Melfort, SK on Sunday, February 24, 2008. Dad was born November 18, 1928 at Taylorside, SK to Amelia and Leonard Gordon. Growing up in Melfort he spent his youth working on farms in the Taylorside area and in 1947, after graduating from Melfort High School, **he joined the RCMP**, taking his training in Regina. Dad's first posting was Windsor, NS and **after applying for northern service he was transferred to Whitehorse, Yukon where he met his future wife Pauline Krul**. Dad **had to purchase his discharge from the RCMP in May 1950 as he did not have the required five years of service to be allowed to marry**. After their marriage they moved to Vancouver, B.C. where dad joined the B.C. Provincial Police and was sent to Ocean Falls and Rivers Inlet to police the salmon season. In August 1950 the BCPP was taken over by the RCMP and dad was taken back into the Force where he was posted to Queen Charlotte City, B.C. Dad, in his subsequent years, saw service in Port Edward, Port Coquitlam, Richmond, and Burnaby, B.C. attaining the rank of Staff Sergeant. He was commissioned to the rank of Sub-Inspector in 1966 and posted to Ottawa Headquarters. He was then transferred to Lethbridge, AB, Fredericton, NB and back to Ottawa HQ where he retired in May 1982 as Assistant Commissioner and Director of the Canadian Police Information Centre. After retiring they moved to Lethbridge, Alta living there until 2001 when he moved back to Melfort, SK, and his roots. Mother passed away at Lethbridge in 1993. Dad cherished the time he spent with his children and grand children and was able to continue with his passion for hunting,

fishing, as well as supporting the conservation efforts of Ducks Unlimited and the Melfort Wildlife Federation. Dad is survived by his children June (Vaun) Scott of Melfort, Bryan (Monica) Gordon of Nanaimo, BC. Grandchildren Tara (Shannon) Exelby of Mossman, Australia, Karla (Shane) Scott of Bjorkdale, SK, Lindsay and Courtney Gordon of Nanaimo, BC, and Great Grandchild Mika Exelby. Sister, May (Jack) Mann of Melfort, brothers Taylor (Rosemary) Gordon of Lower Sackville, NS, Bruce Gordon of Edmonton, AB, Lawrence (Wanda) Gordon of Waterloo, ON, and dear companion Mary Hoffman of Melfort. The family would like to give heart felt thanks to Dr. E. Strydom, the nurses who provided compassionate care, and to the Ladies Auxiliary for the palliative care room. Dad has requested cremation through Melfort Funeral Home and no service. Thanks are extended to the family, friends, and organizations for the visits, cards, calls, and gifts of food. The family will have a celebration of life in the late spring for family and friends. In lieu of flowers a donation to the Cancer Society, in memoriam to dad, would be appreciated by the family. Published in the National Post on 3/1/2008.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

My personal e-mail address.

Robin Moyen Robinmoyen@hotmail.com

NEW LAST WEEK

To answer your question about the 'PM Receptionist' - I am the **afternoon** receptionist - I job share. So you are down in Arizona in Yuma - we took our daughters down to Quartzsite to see their Grandparents in the late 90s - my Dad Bert Shantz and at the time he was married to Muriel (Parker) Shantz. You may know Artie and Jim Parker? Jim and my Brother Brian were play mates and neighbors as children. We all lived on Wheeler Street.

I was born in Whitehorse and have lived here all my life. I am married and have two grown daughters who are both out in BC. My eldest daughter Mariah (25 years) just received her teaching degree in December of 2007 and plans to return to the Yukon with her husband within the next couple of years depending on when she gets a teaching job up here. Mariah would like to have a family here in the Yukon.

Stephanie my youngest daughter is out at University completing her Masters in counseling and perhaps her Psychology degree - she is 22 years old and is tired of school right now LOL She just completed her Honors Psychology degree in April of 2007 (Arts Degree)

My husband Ron Moyen has received a Bravery award for saving a drowning man back in 2006. He received the award in January of 2007.

I am not sure what info you want on me. I graduated from FHC in 1978 and we are having our 30th Reunion this coming summer.

Mariah ran for Rendezvous Queen back in 2001, Stephanie has been on both a representative team for Soccer and Volleyball.

Robin Moyen robinmoyen@hotmail.com

Yes, you are right about Don/Millie Jones being the ones who lived on Wheeler Street. Heather is the youngest sister and I went to Whitehorse Elementary with her. Heather's sisters were older so I did not know them very well and had forgotten Brenda's name and wondered if it was you... oops. - Robin

NEW ADDITIONS

My name is Troy Schlitter and yes I was a Yukoner. I would like to be a part of your membership and receive the Moccasin Telegraph.
I now reside in Chiang Mai north Thailand

Troy Schlitter troyinthailand@hotmail.com

Hello Sherron: To start, I would like to say that most young people who come to Thailand are lost in a world of excitement, cultural difference scenery and of course the happy nature of Thai people. There have been many young people who's hearts were trapped by this country, I was one.

As far back as I can remember I have always been an adventurous person, this is what took me to Whitehorse at the age of 16 and to Thailand when I was 21.

I had an Uncle and Aunt who lived for many years in Whitehorse. My uncle always bragged about the beauty of the Yukon, and the opportunities that it presented. When I was 16 and a lot smarter than all the mature people I knew I left school in Edmonton and bussed it north to Whitehorse. I worked for a short while at White, Hosford & Impy a land surveying company until school started in the fall of 1966.

Realizing that work was not all it was cracked up to be I registered for grade 10 at F.H Collins.

A short time later my uncle and I had a difference in opinion and I found my self on the street.

Eventually Paul one of my teachers and his wife Cathy Sheridan invited me to live with them on the old army base on top of 2 mile hill.

That year I made many friends, although most of them don't remember me, I still hold them in my heart.

There were many things that impacted my life that year and most were positive, the Yukon has left its mark on my heart.

Several times since 1966 I have returned to the Yukon, once taking my 4 daughters, and

once when I hiked the Chilkoot Trail and attempted to canoe from Lake Bennet to Whitehorse (another story in it's self).

In 1998 as a Lions Multiple District Sight First Chairman I again visited Thailand and my love for this country was again renewed. I met and 2 years latter married a Thai lady who moved to Edmonton with me for 5 years until I retired in 2004, we then moved to Chaing Mai Thailand.

Hope this gives you a little insight into who I am.....

Troy Schlitter



RECIPE OF THE WEEK

I enjoy the Moc Tel very much. Can't believe the price of a steak dinner on the menu from 1951 Wow! [referring to Whitehorse Inn Menu in MocTel 236 – T Bone steak \$2.75, Rib Steak \$2.00]

I did notice that you are short of recipes and thought I would forward this one to you. I have been asked so many times for this simple marinade for moose or wild meat steaks. Friends really enjoy it and it's made with ingredients you usually have around the house except the celery salt but it's a must to include it in the ingredients. Hope the Moc Tel readers enjoy.

Cheers...Debbie Nelson [celticme*cogeco.ca](mailto:celticme@cogeco.ca) (In Dundas, ON)

Gourmet Marinade for Moose Steak

Ingredients:

- ¼ Cup safflower or 100% Vegetable Oil
- 2 Tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoons soya sauce
- 2 Tablespoons green onion chopped (or 1 tablespoon dried)

- 1 Teaspoon course black pepper
- 1 Teaspoon celery salt

Directions:

1. Mix all ingredients into a large zip lock bag or container with a lid.
2. Marinade wild meat in sauce for 2 hours – turning often.
3. Refrigerate for 6 hours.
4. When steaks are just about cooked heat marinade but do not boil...then pour over steaks and serve.

Note: This marinade goes well with any wild meat!

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet April 5th, 2008

Tickets can be purchased from:

Vivian Stuart 217 - 3255 Cook St., Victoria, B.C., V8X 1A4.

email: lornellis*shaw.ca phone: 250.383.1349

Cheques payable to: Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Reception/Visiting: 5:00 p.m.

Dinner: 6:30 p.m.

Plated dinner \$55.00 per person.

Special Yukoners' rates at River Rock

Example: One bedroom suite \$159.00 plus tax

To make a reservation at the River Rock:

toll free phone: 1.866.748.3718 fax: 604.207.2641 phone: 604.247.8900

Location: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C., V6X 3P8.

www.riverrock.com FREE PARKING

For more information contact: Carol Clarke clclarke*shaw.ca phone: 604.325.4774 or

Helen Munro hmunro*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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Winter Address – 483 – 5707 East 32nd St. Yuma, Arizona 85365

Phone 928-341-0690