

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 377<sup>th</sup> Edition – August 4<sup>th</sup>, 2013**

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



North Canol Road

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

### **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg@hougens.com](http://marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

### **Canadians in the Klondike**

#### **Samuel Benfield Steele (1849-1919)**

There is a street in Whitehorse and a mountain in the St. Elias Range named for him. I suppose that's the least that could be done to honour someone who dedicated a significant chapter of his illustrious life to ensuring that law, order and good government thrived during the height of the gold rush, where otherwise there may have been none.

Samuel Benfield Steele was born near Orillia, Ontario on January 5, 1849. He joined the newly formed Canadian Militia in 1866 during the Fenian troubles in western Canada and was a private during the Red River Expedition of 1870. In 1873, Steele enlisted as a Sergeant Major in the North West Mounted Police, becoming one of the first to join the newly created force. His initial command as a Mountie was at Ft. Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan in 1879, during construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It was no easy task to maintain law and order here. In 1885, as disenchanted workers gathered in the town of Beavermouth to examine grievances against the CPR, Sam Steele, Winchester rifle in one hand and the Riot Act in the other, told the rebellious men that if he saw more than a dozen gathered together he would open fire on them. Figuring Steele to be a man of his word, the crowd dispersed.

Later that same year, he became a NWMP Super-intendent. On February 3rd, 1898, Superintendent Steele was on board an old ship called the Thistle, sailing up the Inside Passage to Skagway. He was under direct orders from Clifford Sifton, the powerful Minister of the Canadian Interior, to establish a border post on top of the most inhospitable land in the Canadian dominion, the Chilkoot Pass.

When he arrived, Skagway had at least two things going against it. First, the thermometer registered -30F with a bitter coastal wind, and second, gangs of lawless men led by Soapy Smith were making the place what Sam Steele called "a hell on earth".

Steele's first job, as commander of the Mounties on the gold rush trail, was to prevent the same lawlessness from occurring in the Klondike. His second, and more important job, was to convince Americans, either by verbal argument or by Gatling gun, that the country beyond the height of land at the Chilkoot was Canadian territory.

In the appalling weather conditions of mid-February, he and a small contingent of men climbed the pass on February 25th. In a raging blizzard, the Mounties hoisted the Canadian flag and declared themselves open for business. That business was to ensure everyone entering Canadian territory carried a thousand pounds of supplies, paid duties on stuff taken across the border and remitted royalties on any gold taken out of the Klondike.

The Mounties would also ensure that the turmoil men and women encountered on the American side of the border would not happen in Canada. It was a defining moment in Yukon history and essentially ensured that Dawson and the gold fields would be as peaceful as possible under the onslaught of tens of thousands of foreign - mostly American - gold seekers.

Steele's first headquarters in the Yukon was at Lake Bennett. Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids were the most treacherous obstacles for the thousands of ill-equipped stampedes drifting down the Yukon River to Dawson. By June of 1898, a huge boat bottleneck had developed just above the rapids at Canyon City. Far too many boats had been wrecked and at least five people had drowned. The only surprise for Steele was the small number of deaths.

"Why more casualties have not occurred is a mystery to me", he wrote years later in his memoirs. In June, Steele issued an order that only skilled river pilots were permitted to take the boats through. The boats had to be registered and numbered at the Tagish Post and were required to

report to the Mountie checkpoint at Canyon City, just above Miles Canyon. Those who tried to avoid the twenty-five dollar fee, charged by licensed river pilots, would have their outfits seized.

In the later summer of 1898, Steele moved his headquarters to Dawson City, where he was shocked to find "deposits of unimaginable kinds of filth". The town was a cesspool, an open sewer waiting to explode in the misery of disease and death. Typhoid raged and by the end of 1898, almost one hundred people would die, far more deaths than were caused by the austere land, the raging rapids and the icy blast of winter.

As well as heading up law enforcement, Steele assumed another duty when he named himself chairman of the Klondike Board of Health. His first order was to bartenders. "Make sure all the water served in drinks is boiled", he wrote.



Marg and Rolf with Steele statue Marg and Rolf donated a bust of Sam Steele during the 100th anniversary of the Mounties in the Yukon.

He also constructed a substantial jail beside the Mounted Police barracks and ensured that the large building was kept warm all winter through the labour of convicts. Judge Sam Steele may not have been classed as a "hanging judge", but poor souls who appeared before his court were fined a significant sum before sentences to spend their days in the bush cutting wood, sawing it in the compound and piling it in neat cords. No Klondike crook escaped in the woodpile under Steele's command.

When the Yukon Field Force arrived to bolster the small contingent of Mounties, Steele immediately placed a number of the newcomers "under cover" since they were not known to the local criminals. He also put them on guard duty. There was a lot to guard since gold was flowing into the two local banks faster than booze was flowing out of the saloons. Steele's strategy was to make life very unattractive to gangsters who tried to relieve honest miners of their pokes. It worked so well that the hardened crooks usually left for greener pastures. Those who did not soon

learned first-hand what it meant to receive a "blue ticket". Anyone issued a blue ticket by the Mounties was compelled to leave the Territory, never to return.

Sam Steele's memories of the early days in the Klondike tell a tale of governance "by the seats of the pants". "...my working hours were at least nineteen. I retired to rest about 2 am or later, rose at six, was out of doors at seven, walked five miles up the Klondike on the ice and back over the mountain, visited every institution under me each day, sat on boards and committees until midnight, attended to the routine of the Yukon command without an adjutant, saw every prisoner daily, and was in the town station at midnight to see how things were going." It's a good thing that the word "overtime" had not been in vogue during Steele's tenure as the boss of just about everything during the first year of the gold rush.



Steele plaque

But it couldn't last forever, and Steele moved on as things calmed down in Dawson and the newly appointed Commissioner, William Ogilvie, was less inclined to give him free rein. It was not, however, the kind of departure the proud Mountie had hoped for. Steele, Conservative, had become embroiled in a series of messy controversies involving Liberal-appointed officials in Dawson. The man ultimately in charge of everything, and Sam Steele's boss, was Liberal Minister of the Interior, Clifford Sifton.

Sifton heeded the calls for the removal of Sam Steele. All three Dawson newspapers came to his defence and urged the government to reconsider. It was not to be. When the man now called "the Lion of the Frontier" left the Yukon, thousands of Dawson citizens lined the wharves to bid him farewell. He was presented with a purse of gold nuggets, in appreciation for his services, by Big Alex McDonald. The speech by the Nova Scotia - born, Klondike gold millionaire was succinct: "Here Sam - here's a poke. Poke for you. Goodbye." Big Alex McDonald, the Klondike King, was a man of few words.

In October, 1899 Sam Steele signed up to join the Canadians sent to the South African War, and was given command of Lord Strathcona's Horse, a mounted regiment. The unit saw plenty of action in the brutal guerrilla war and Steele won favourable attention from the British high command. After returning to Canada early in 1901, Steele went back to South Africa that same year to command a division of the South African Constabulary, a position held until 1906.

By 1907 he was back in Canada, but he was ill-prepared for the quiet life. The old warhorse was commanding Canada's military district No. 10 in Winnipeg in 1914 when World War I broke out. Steele signed on for active duty though he was sixty-four years old. He was given the rank of Major-General and put in charge of training all Canadian land forces from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. He served in Europe but again became involved in a bitter, political struggle over who should command the Canadian forces overseas.

He was now on the 'outs' with the Canadian government and he was overlooked for the British Empire's highest honour in 1918. Canada did not include him on a short list of names for knighthood. Instead, it was the British Home Forces Command that put his name forward.

Sir Sam Steele wasn't a knight for long however. Shortly after receiving his title, he became another victim of a silent killer. The Spanish flu, which was devastating London, snuffed the life from a man who seemed larger than life itself.

The Lion of the Frontier, who could easily have died during the blizzards of a Chilkoot winter, succumbed instead in a small house in Putney, England in 1919. The troop ships returning from the First World War had no space for a corpse so it took six months before his body was returned to his old home in Winnipeg.

Strangely, the body of Sam Steele arrived in the middle of the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919. Riots were raging along Main Street but, the following day; there was a lull in the on-going violence when the largest funeral procession Western Canada had ever seen made its way through the city streets.

Rioters, who hours earlier had pelted the Mounties with rocks and bottles, stood heads bowed, caps in hand and watched as Mounted Police officers in full uniform followed behind a riderless black horse with Sam Steele's boots reversed in the stirrups. Not a single voice was raised in anger. At his funeral, as in his colourful career, Sam Steele was bringing order to the Canadian West.

Note: Mount Steele, located in Kluane National Park, is Canada's fifth highest mountain at 16,664 feet above sea level.

Steele Street in downtown Whitehorse is also named for the famous Mountie.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

## **GILLIAN CAMPBELL AND YUKON'S PREMIER AT LAST YEARS MAPLE LEAF BALL IN CHINA**

Produced by Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai

<http://www.tudou.com/programs/view/fUYCgYVphKQ/>

## **WE WERE CERTAINLY SURPRISED**

The second part of a two part story

Reprinted, from the **ALASKA SPORTSMAN**

By former MLA for Mayo – Jean Gordon

Shared with Moccasin Telegraph by their daughter Betty Lone [lonhbk@sdnet.ca](mailto:lonhbk@sdnet.ca) (In Morden MB)

## **OUR BEARS GROW UP**

### **The Last of Two Chapters of "My Strange Pets of the Yukon"**

By JEAN GORDON

Nigger and Minnie were so frolicsome that I found them constantly under foot. By the middle of April the weather was warm enough so that we were able to have a box outside for them. It was shortly after we put them outside that a very amusing incident occurred.

An airplane passed over the house; and, as the drone of the engine began to fade, Wilf said, "Then listen! There's something wrong with that plane's engines!"

"There sure is, by the sound of things," Hector answered. We all rushed to the door and stood watching the plane until it was out of sight. We could see nothing wrong with the way it flew, but we could still hear what was apparently a break in the drone of the engines.

As the plane disappeared over the brow of the hill we stood there looking sheepishly at each other. Suddenly we all realized what it was we had mistaken for the drone of the airplane. Then we burst into laughter. The cubs had fooled us!

There in the box, lay Minnie contentedly sucking on the corner of an old blanket. Nig was finding great satisfaction in sucking Minnie's brown ear. The combined sound of their sucking exactly duplicated the drone of an airplane or an outboard motor. The break in rhythm indicated a pause for breath. This was our disabled plane!

I don't know if this habit of sucking occurs among wild cubs or not, but I thought that I would try to break them of it. I was afraid that Minnie's ear might become the worse for wear. She would

sometimes object to Nigger's attentions; but, because she was the smaller, Nigger always got her way. Even the half-pound of dry mustard that I applied to Minnie's ear failed to stop Nigger. She would return to her self-appointed task time and time again until she had the mustard licked off and could suck the ear in peace.

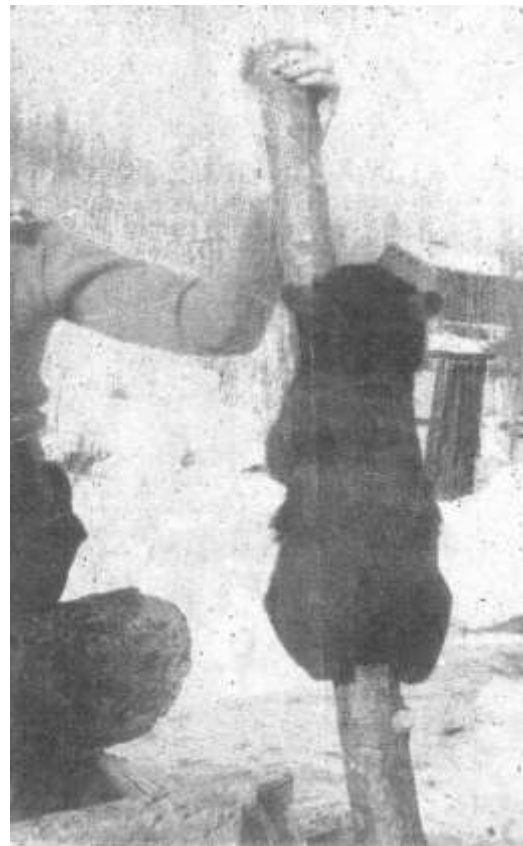
When the snow had melted we found several patches of wild cranberries near the cabin. We picked a few of these and fed them to the bears. At first they'd follow us like little puppy dogs, but soon Nigger understood and began to pick cranberries for herself. Minnie followed her example.

Every day, as the weather became warmer, the two cubs wandered alone in the woods near the cabin. They were learning to eat their natural foods of berries and roots; but when I wanted to see them run all I had to do was scrape a dish.

No matter what food I put out for them, they always had a battle over it. The noise they made when the battles occurred would drown out the sound of an ordinary dog-fight. Nigger and Minnie never had any signs of cuts or marks on them after one of these encounters fierce though they seemed.



**The cubs liked to stand up to get at the sweets we'd tied on a string.**



**They started to climb poles almost as soon as they'd got their eyes open.**



**to get in and tumble out of our little daughter's swing.**



Mischief on the rooftop.

**On some occasions the cubs would climb up on the roof of our cabin and seemed to take delight in looking down from the roof-top at us.**

**One of their favourite pastimes was**

After a mealtime fight the two Bruins would busily watch one another before they lay down side by side for a nap. Sometimes Nig didn't think that Minnie was washed thoroughly enough, and on these occasions she'd proceed to give her another "tongue lashing." Afterward, she always needed another bath herself.

Sometimes our little family went walking in the evening. Usually we went up or down Australia ditch, which was just about a hundred yards below our house. Nigger and Minnie nearly always followed along. Minnie usually kept at my heels, but lively Nigger would tear ahead as though something were chasing her. Time after time she would scoot up a tree for about five feet; then, as we approached, she'd climb down and race on to another tree. We were constantly amused by her antics. The only way we were able to get away from them when we wanted to go anywhere without their company was to put them both under the wash tub. On the bottom of the overturned tub we'd place several heavy pieces of wood. After we'd done this we would have to run like deer so that we'd be out of sight by the time our resourceful cubs had dug themselves out from under the tub.

One Sunday we "locked" the cubs under the tub and went some distance away. When we came home there were no bears in sight around the house or in the tree-tops nearby. The little monkeys had opened the door and were inside the house.

A half of a date pie and a bowl of milk had been on the table when I left, but now the pie was tracked all over the room and the cubs had been fighting in the milk. Everything on the window sill above the table was knocked down and two dirty looking cubs were scampering over the floor and on the beds.

I scolded them both and chased them outside with a broom. The satisfaction that I got from scolding them was the only good thing about the scolding; for in just a few minutes, the cubs again attempted to sneak through the partly opened door.

It was comical to watch Nigger try her best to sneak in every time the door was open. First, she'd come and lie on the step. She would make bids for attention and squeak a bit. Soon she'd be just inside the door, rolling around and paying no attention to anyone. Before long she would have inched herself into the middle of the room. If I didn't grab the broom and dust her outside again she'd scoot under the bed. What a time we would have to get her out from there! She always would manage to make herself inaccessible behind a box of the groceries that we had stored under the bed.



**The bears liked to come into the house and in this picture Betty succeeded in keeping Midgie out, but Nigger slipped in behind her. The older they grew, the higher they seemed to climb.**



**In this picture they are both high up in one of the trees that was near to our log cabin home.**



Midgie looked comical crossing the log bridge over the ditch. Later that day, when encouraged, she swam the ditch.

We had a garden planted garden near the ditch and when we went down to water it the cubs usually carne along. They would play with our small daughter, Betty, like a couple of puppies. Unfortunately we missed many good poses by not having the camera handy. One day we went to the garden and the cubs did not accompany us. There was too much of the dog's rice left uneaten for them to leave behind. After we had watered the garden we were walking along the ditch when I asked Wilf, "I wonder what is making the grass move over by that tree?"

"Darned if I know," he answered, "Let's see if it could be rabbits."

As he spoke a black head popped up above the top of the grass. A step or two away a brown one appeared. It was Nig and Midge! They had heard us talking and had stood on their hind feet to see where we were. Before we reached them they scampered up a nearby spruce tree, and all the coaxing in the world would not induce them to come down from their lofty perch.

Once Nig was up so far that the top of the tree began to bend. She hastily climbed down a way and sat on Minnie's head. Minnie clouted her posterior before she thought it unwise to move. Still we

could not coax the two cubs to come all the way down the tree. At last we decided to go on home and leave them there. They had told us in their own way that they were grown up enough now to look after themselves.

It was a lot of fun to watch the cubs play with our sled dogs. Toby was their favourite playmate as Toby was still a pup. He was full of pep and mischief just as the two Bruins were. Sometimes it seemed that the two of them won many of their playful rounds. Toby might be lying in the sun taking a snooze when he'd suddenly find himself pounced upon by Nig and Min. He'd grab the nearest cub and shake her thoroughly while the other cub tried to chew his tail off. When he went to the defence of his tail he would find that the other cub was out to chew off his ears.

Nig sometimes stood up on her hind legs, looking very formidable with her ears laid back and her front paws spread. She was prepared to box Toby's ears if he came within range.

Minnie's greatest delight was in lying on her back and playing with Toby's tail while Nig was keeping his attention directed toward protecting his ears and forepaws from Minnie. Time and time again I have seen Toby pick up Minnie and shake her like a rag; the minute he put her down she came back for more. She never seemed to suffer any injury in their reckless play.

Toby took a lot of worrying from those cubs, but he seemed to prefer playing with them to having them play together just out of his reach. When this happened, Toby would lie at the end of his tether and watch them like a referee. When the play became lively Toby would paw the air and try to join them.

Old Queen, the sled dog that had refused to mother the cubs, never did grow to like my pets. They always remained bears to her, and they were a nuisance as far as she was concerned. If they came bothering her, she'd snarl and growl at them. If they persisted in annoying her, she'd chew them.

Nig seemed to take a delight in pestering her. Wilf or I would have to drop whatever we were doing to rescue Nig. Nig soon understood that we would protect her from Queen's fangs and she became more daring.

The situation between Queen and Nig finally came to the point where we had to punish both animals; Queen for chewing Nig, and Nig for annoying Queen. After a spanking there'd be peace between them for a few days. The performance would then be repeated.

Everyone wondered why I didn't tie my pets to keep them at home. We tried it-just once. Nig raised an awful rumpus at being denied her accustomed liberty. She roared and snarled for an hour or more before we turned her loose. When she was tied she lay on the ground and rolled, clawing and scratching at the rope. She chewed the rope too, but never chewed long enough in one spot to sever it. She used her forepaws as a person would use their hands to try to remove her collar.

Frequently we had to tie the cubs for a short time while the dogs were eating. Otherwise the greedy little bruins would have eaten most of the dog's rice, However, we could leave them tied for only ten or fifteen minutes. The second they were free they would fight the dogs away from their dishes and begin to gorge themselves. The dogs would not contest them.

On one occasion Minnie stayed home to eat the dogs rice while Nig decided that it might be more exciting to go down to the ditch with us. While we were watering our garden Nig crossed the ditch on a bridge and we didn't think of her for a time. After our task was done we walked down along the ditch.

Suddenly we heard a sound like that of a crying baby. It was Nig; she'd lost us. I called to her, but instead of re-crossing the bridge she came tearing down along the other side of the ditch. Every now and then she stopped to cry. When I answered and called to her, she'd come like the devil himself was on her stubby tail.

By the time Nig was opposite us, we sat down and tried to coax her to swim across the ditch. While we were thus engaged, Jules Hendricks., a fellow who tended the mining company's ditch, came along and joined us. He and Wilf began to talk while I continued to encourage Nig to swim across to us.

Nig would test the water with her front paw, then stand up and cry like a baby, move up or down the ditch a yard or so and test the water again. Finally, after half an hour of persuasion, she made the plunge and swam across.

The ditch-walker received an unwelcome shower when she came up to him and shook the water from her coat. Wilf was in danger of getting wet, too, when she went up to him and tried to crawl into his lap. He pushed her away couple of times before she got the idea that a wet cub wasn't welcome.

Twice rebuffed, Nig stood back and looked at Wilf for a moment, laid her ears back, and handed him a dandy clout right in the ribs. She skipped quickly over to me for protection and warmth. When Wilf recovered his breath, he couldn't help laughing at her antic. I thought that Jules Hendricks would never stop laughing at that spectacle of a little cub knocking the wind from a grown man because her desire had been thwarted.

Shortly after this incident the cubs wandered away one Tuesday morning. I thought nothing of it because now the cubs often stayed away four or five hours. That afternoon Jules came to the house asking for Wilf. I told him that Wilf had gone into Granville for mail and supplies, and I asked him what the trouble was.

Then he told me.

On the hill the other side of the ditch Jules had seen a mother bear with three cubs. He had fired several shots at the old bear; but before he could finish her, she disappeared into the trees, wounded, he thought. He wanted Wilf to bring his dogs and help him track her, After playing with our cubs so much, he wanted very much to get some of his own.

Jules sat down and waited for Wilf's return. He looked about for Nig and Minnie and I said that they'd probably gone to pick berries or get roots.

"You know" Jules said, "by the way that old mother bear was acting I think maybe Nig and Midge were with her. She seemed to be fighting two cubs away from one of them."

This thought nearly floored me, for, though I wanted the cubs to find their own feed, I didn't want them to leave us entirely.

By the time Wilf had returned, taken King and gone with Jules on the bear hunt, I was feeling pretty sad. I didn't want to lose my pets, even though they were becoming terribly mischievous.

Wilf came home from the hunt at about five-thirty and told me that they had lost the trail in a thicket of windfalls. They hadn't even seen the old bear and were not certain that she had been seriously wounded. They had found no blood, even though they had been able to follow the trail for about three miles.

We both felt badly at losing our cubs, but we thought that perhaps they had found a playmate and mother. They might grow up like other bears. Neither of us felt much like sleeping that night. We kept worrying about the cubs. I vowed that if they ever came back I would take many pictures of them so that I would not have to depend on my memory entirely. I could share pictures.

The next morning found both my husband and I bleary-eyed from loss of sleep. Wilf decided to stay home in the morning and go to the woods in the afternoon. It was about eleven o'clock when I heard the dogs give a welcoming bark that usually indicated the cub's return.

Wilf and I ran outside. We saw the miscreant cubs, ambling down the hill toward the house, They seemed to be not in the least disturbed over the amount of sleep that we had lost while worrying about them. To celebrate their homecoming I gave each of them a piece of candy, and everyone was happy again.

We learned later that Jules had seen a mother bear with three cubs of her own. I guess she had been disciplining her cubs when Jules saw her, and not fighting two away as he had thought. And later in the fall Jules did get the mother; but the cubs escaped capture, shattering Jules high hopes of having cubs for company.

Wash day was always fun-but not for me. Those two cubs upset my wash tubs so many times that I lost count Nigger was the worse of the two. It seemed that she couldn't satisfy her curiosity until she saw the water and sometimes the clothes-spilled out of the tub.

Time and again I've chased them both away, and as soon as my back was turned they would sneak back to the tubs. I would find Nig standing on her hind feet pulling at the edge of a wash tub. And how she managed to upset the tub without spilling it all over herself, I don't know. She never got more than just her feet wet. She would look so funny then, picking up her feet and shaking then as a cat will when it steps into something wet.

The fun wasn't over when the clothes were finally washed and rinsed. It was just beginning-for the Bruins! After the clothes were on the line, it was Nigs' greatest desire to hang onto a dress or shirt and swing back and forth. And that was just what she did. Invariably she seemed to choose something that was fairly well worn and might do just one more time. R-r-rip and it was finished as a garment.

I switched, spanked, and even took a big whip to Nig and Midge, but as soon as I was out of sight they would be up to their tricks again. I almost had to stand a constant watch over my drying laundry so that we'd have something to wear.

I doubt if any other animal could stand the spankings that those two cubs received without learning to obey and desist. I don't think I ever laughed so hard as I did the night Nigger got into some devilment and Wilf took after with the dog whip. 'Round and around the house they went, Nig always just one jump out of reach, and Wilf doing his darndest to come within reach.

"You dirty little black so-and-so, if I ever catch you I'll tan your devilish hide." Wham! Wham! "Wungb! Whungh!" sounded Nig as she put on another burst of speed.

It was all I could do to catch a glimpse of them through the windows and the open door. Finally Wilf collapsed on the door step and laughed as hard as I had. Nig watched him from a safe distance, then came closer and gave him a look which seemed to say, 'Do you still think you can catch me?'"

Though she got many spankings, Nig never became the least bit mean. Our daughter Betty played with her more than she did Minnie. I've seen Betty wallop Nigger over the head with a stick, and all that Nigger did about it was to skip out of Betty's reach.

The only time Betty ever was scratched by either of the cubs was an accident. The two cubs were playing together and chasing each other around the corner of the cabin. Betty happened to get in the way and they both ran right over her.

The scratch was only a light one on the temple. Yet all our friends and relatives were greatly worried with the fear that Betty would be hurt by the cubs. I think that our constant vigilance and the absence of teasing paid good dividends.

One of the cub's favourite playing places was Bettys swing. The swing was a butter box suspended by ropes. The bears would play in the swing for hours. Sometimes they fell asleep in it. Since the box wasn't big enough for the two of them, they'd dump one another out and have boxing matches over the possession of it. One cub would fight to hold her place in the box and the other would stand on the ground trying to oust her sister.

By the middle of June Nigger weighed twenty-five pounds and was losing her baby-coat so that she looked like a skinned rabbit, her shiny fur lay so close to her. When she was shedding her first coat she would, at times sit on the ground with her feet thrust out in front of her and scratch and scratch at her tummy to loosen the old fur.

Midge didn't seem to lose her baby-fur so quickly, although, like Nig, she had worn the hair all off her tail and hips from sitting down. She weighed only eighteen pounds by this time, and she didn't seem as strong and healthy as Nigger.

It was about this time that the rascals learned to follow us by scenting our bait. One Sunday I kept the two of them occupied while Wilf took Toby with him up the ditch to Jules Hendricks' cabin. Jules wasn't home so Wilf turned back. When he was about a half mile from Jules' cabin he noticed the grass along the ditch waving. Toby noticed it, too.

Wilf proceeded quietly, watching the spot; as he watched, up popped a black head and then a brown one.

The clever little things had followed him for more than a mile. When Wilf came to the bridge across the ditch, he could see where the cubs had gone down the ditch for several yards to see if he'd gone that way.

The following Sunday all of us went up to Jules' cabin. Before we left we put Nig and Midge under the wash tub and piled plenty of wood on it. We ran as fast as we could so that we'd be away before the cubs had dug their way out.

We were standing by the creek near Jules' cabin when we heard a small bird raising a noisy fuss. I drew Wilf's attention to it and had no sooner spoken when two heads appeared above the grass near the bird. They had smelled us out again!

Nigger seemed to like the smell of cigarettes, but Minnie didn't care for it at all. It was funny to see Nigger come and steal a lighted cigarette from my hand, stamp it out and eat it. She never bothered Wilf's or anyone else's cigarettes, and she never picked up any butts that were laying on the ground.

Once we had a visitor who smoked a pipe. This pipe absolutely fascinated Nig. As our friend squatted on his heels talking to us, Nig kept eyeing his pipe. At last she walked over and stood up in front of him. Imagine our surprise when she took a swing at his pipe!

Our guest put out his arms and held Nig by the shoulders. Still she kept swinging for his pipe. And with one lucky swing she knocked the pipe from his mouth! Thus successful, she ran over and sniffed at the fallen pipe, then she trotted off to scrape her fur against the side of the cabin.

One of the cubs most annoying tricks was their scratching on the roof, which, like most cabins in the North, was covered with earth. Nearly every night they'd crawl up on the dirt roof. When it began to get cold one of us had to go out and chase them down because they insisted on digging around the stove pipe. This practice was not only noisy, but it caused a lot of dirt to drop down inside the cabin.

When they had once started to scratch around the pipe, there was no more sleep for us until they were "shooed" down. Shouting at them never did any good. They paid no heed to our commands. We always had to leave our warm bed to chase them down, and the hour was usually around three in the morning. By the time we could get back to sleep it was nearly time to get up.

Our biggest trial and tribulation with Nig and Minnie was in keeping them from our supply of meat. Wilfred had a license which allowed him to shoot Bull Moose until the end of June. Then he brought one home about the middle of June the fun really began! The cubs simply would not leave the meat alone. We arranged a cross-piece between- two trees and had the meat hanging from it. Nig would climb the tree and out on the cross-piece.

It was then that Wilf nailed a piece of tin around the bottom of each tree so that Nig couldn't get a foothold. Nig wasn't to be discouraged so easily. After a few unsuccessful attempts to climb the tree she vented her emotions on the tin.

She slapped at the tin, snarling in a frenzied manner. Finding that her buffeting brought no results she hit on the idea of reaching the meat from the ground by standing on her hind feet, but she couldn't stretch herself quite enough.

There was a low stump under one quarter of the meat so she climbed up on it. She discovered that if she put one foot on the stump and gave a mighty upward thrust she could catch the meat with her front paws. Once successful in this antic, she would get a firm grip on the meat and cling there, chewing until she was too tired to hang on longer. She would then drop to the ground and repeat the performance later.

Minnie wasn't tall enough to duplicate Nigger's feat, so that she was forced to remain on the ground and eat the pieces that fell. Heaven help Minnie, though, if Nig dropped a piece of the meat and came down to eat it herself. A fierce and noisy battle took place.

We sliced some of the meat and hung it on the two clothes lines to dry for our dogs. It was almost impossible to make the cubs leave it alone, even though the lines were five feet above the ground. When we nailed tin around the bottoms of trees to which the line was tied, it stopped Nig-but only for short while.

Nigger learned to place her front paws on the far side of the tree; and by placing her hind feet close together and pushing, she pulled with her front paws and created enough friction so that she didn't slip. She climbed the tree in spite of the tin.

After Nig was above the tin, everything was easy. If the meat wasn't within reach from the tree she went hand over hand along the wire until she could reach a piece of meat. Sometimes she'd wrap all four feet around the wire and give herself a push off the tree with her hind feet. With that send-off she'd skid along the line with head out toward the meat. As she reached the meat she'd seize a chunk and drop it on the ground.

Minnie was always waiting-on the ground beneath Nig. She'd make off with the first piece of meat that fell. Sometimes two or three pieces fell and often both bears had some. Often, though, only one piece dropped and a royal battle followed. Sometimes Nig won the meat, and sometimes Minnie.

We even made a smoke house for our meat, but that didn't stop the cubs. They'd both climb up on the racks and fight over it. One would think that the dense smoke would have kept them away, but evidently it didn't trouble them much.

In their meat-stealing the bears had an ally in the whiskey-jack, or "camp-robber" as it is commonly known. This bird would sit on the line and pick at the meat until it fell to the ground in two pieces. The bears would be waiting below to devour it. If we reached the meat first we virtually found that it was too dry to be bent over the line again.

I didn't know that bears would eat their own kind until Wilf brought home the carcass of a big brown bear. We left it on the ground, thinking that the cubs would surely leave this meat alone and

not make "cannibals" of themselves. We had scarcely discussed this point when our attention was drawn by the cubs pawing and fighting over the bear's carcass.

One thing I learned while the cubs were eating the bear meat was that they seemed to relish fly eggs. Blow flies had succeeded in nearly covering the outside of the ribs with a mass of gelatine granules. Nig and Min would scoop these eggs together with their paws and then lick them off with great relish. I'm sure these were a special treat to them, for they ate all the eggs they could find.

One thing the cubs enjoyed was candy. I often "treated" them to a piece of hard candy just for the fun of watching them. They would lick and suck at the candy until it was gone, then look for more. If I wanted them to perform for company or to stand up for their pictures, I tied a piece of candy on a string which was thrown over one of the cabin ridge logs.

Toward the end of June Minnie began to take some kind of "fits." When the day was hottest she'd drink a great quantity of water. Later she would act as if she wanted to bring it up and couldn't. After about ten or fifteen minutes she would seek a cool place to rest for an hour or two. When she had rested she seemed to be well again.

Minnie had taken two of these 'fits' when Nig had an accident involving a 22 slug. She went to her foster mother, Kate, for comfort. Kate did what she could for her adopted child and we thought that perhaps Nig would recover. Then, on the last day of June, we found my black pet dead her head resting on an old coat I had left outside.

Now we had only one of my three strange pets. Minnie was just a bit lonesome after Nig died. She never left the clearing around the cabin. Nig had been the leader in all their mischief. Min had simply followed her sister's example.

After Nig's demise Min was content to play with Betty. Whenever Betty sat down, Min would lie on her legs and suck the cuff of Betty's overalls while Betty stroked her soft fur and ears.

One evening we went for a walk down to the ditch, taking Min with us. At first everything was fine; but as we got further from the house, she began to lag behind and cry. When we stopped, she would go back along the ditch toward home, crying pitiously. When we turned toward home Min was very happy.

It was several days later on the sixth of July that Min took her last 'fit'. It had been a terribly hot day, we couldn't stop Min from drinking water-the more she drank the more she wanted. Her little tummy looked like a balloon. We did everything we could to bring her out of the trance that had come over her, but nothing seemed to help. That evening she joined her mother and sister.-

Needless to say we felt very bad about our loss at first. When we looked at the thing in a sensible way, we realized that my pets were better off to have had a happy cub life and pass on rather than to have grown up. As full grown bears they might have become a menace.

As I look back now, I am really thankful that they died as they did. Otherwise, I would always wonder whenever I heard of someone shooting a bear, if it had been one of my pets.

## HANK KARR

What a great pleasure to see Hank Karr receiving the Yukon Commissioner's Award for Public Service presented by Commissioner Doug Phillips on Canada Day, 2013.

It's rewarding the legendary status of this outstanding Yukon musician and entertainer has finally achieved recognition. A Yukoner for over 50 years of singing and entertaining, and more years to go.

I particularly enjoy the happy, smug little smile on Hank's face that seems to say, "Thank you Yukon".

To Hank I say, "Thank You, and keep on singing Yukon songs for many more years. No one does it better than you".

Al Oster [aloster@telus.net](mailto:aloster@telus.net) (In Salmon Arm BC)

Yukon's own Fawn Fritzen is performing in Vancouver on September 8. Could I place this in the MocTel for those that are interested in attending? I've attached a couple of photos of Fawn when she performed in 'Arts in the Park' this month. Fawn is absolutely fabulous and she's taking the Yukon by storm. Even if one doesn't care for Jazz you will soon be converted after you've listened to Fawn. I would encourage everyone to get their tickets and taste some Yukon Brew. Tickets are only \$15.00; you can't beat the price for an enjoyable evening and support a Yukon icon.

Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Fawn Fritzen

The pictures are from a recent performance with Grant Simpson at LePage Park for Whitehorse's "Arts in the Park" summer music series. Photos by Alistair Maitland (<http://www.alistairmaitland.com/>)



Fawn Fritzen

### **Fawn Fritzen, Yukon's premier jazz chanteuse, sings in BC**

#### **Sunday, September 8th, Vancouver, Cory Weeds' Jazz Cellar Club**

On September 8th, Vancouverites can get a taste of the Yukon... in more ways than one!

Fawn Fritzen will be appearing at Cory Weeds's Jazz Cellar club in Kitsilano to celebrate a southern launch of her debut album, *Bedroom Voice*. She'll be joined by acclaimed pianist Daniel Janke (from Mary Lake, Yukon) and celebrated Vancouver musicians Jodi Proznick (bass) and Andrew Miller (drums).

"I'm really excited about this show in Vancouver," says Fawn. "It's a thrill to reach a new audience, and I'm very much looking forward to sharing my music there. I hope to see some Yukon faces there, too!"

To add a little more Yukon flavour -- and to celebrate The Cellar's 13-year anniversary -- the club will be bringing in beers from Yukon Brewing Company. If you've missed the refreshing flavours of Yukon's own craft beer company, September will be the month to head over to The Cellar and reminisce.

Fawn is also working on possible performance dates in other southern BC cities, such as Kelowna or Kamloops.

Fawn's sizzling voice has been heating up audiences from Vancouver to Iqaluit over the past few years. Her album *Bedroom Voice*, captures her warmth and honesty as she tells stories of love, loss, and even lust. Blessed with a multicultural background, you might hear French, German, and even Mandarin Chinese when she takes the Cellar Jazz Club stage.

Check out music samples or sign up for Fawn's newsletter (including a free song download) at [fawnfritzen.com](http://fawnfritzen.com). For reservations at The Cellar (recommended) visit [www.cellarjazz.com](http://www.cellarjazz.com).

Donna Clayson [bdclayson\\*northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## First veteran dedication sign put in place

The first veterans' dedication highway sign, installed near Beaver Creek, was unveiled last Thursday by Highways and Public Works Minister Wade Istchenko.

By [Whitehorse Star](#) on July 23, 2013



Photo courtesy GOVERNMENT OF YUKON

**HONOURING OUR VETERANS** – Highways and Public Works Minister Wade Istchenko (centre) unveils the new Alaska Highway dedication signs in Beaver Creek, along with members of the Royal Canadian Legion Branch No. 254 and the 1st Canadian Ranger Patrol Group.

The first veterans' dedication highway sign, installed near Beaver Creek, was unveiled last Thursday by Highways and Public Works Minister Wade Istchenko.

"I am honoured to stand here today to unveil this highway sign, dedicated to all past, present and future war veterans," Istchenko said.

"This sign now serves as a reminder of the sacrifice made and selflessness demonstrated by many of our own to safeguard our country's freedoms, security and prosperity."

The Yukon government officially dedicated the Yukon portion of the Alaska Highway to past, present and future war veterans on Remembrance Day 2012.

The sign unveiled Thursday is the first of six English and six French signs to be installed along the 900-kilometre stretch of the Yukon portion of the Alaska Highway.

"Yukoners are fortunate to have never seen war waged on their home ground, so it's especially important to remember the sacrifices that have been made for our safety and protection," Istchenko added.

As part of the highway dedication initiative, the Yukon government worked with the Royal Canadian Legion Branch No. 254 in a related fund-raising project.

Replicas of the highway signs have been created in the form of souvenir licence plates, which may be purchased from the Legion.

The highway, which runs between Watson Lake and Beaver Creek, will keep its existing official name.

Built in the 1940s, it's Yukon's largest and busiest road connecting Alaska and the Yukon with the rest of the continent.

## **TRIPLET EAGLETS IN WHITEHORSE**

Photos of the eaglets here in Whitehorse taken July 27, 2013.

The nest is situated just west of the Robert Service Campground on Robert Service Way aka South Access Road. These little guys were hatched May 16, 17 and the last on May 21. Of course they are garnering lots of attention from not only locals but tourists as well. I'm sorry my photos are not the greatest. I must invest in a better camera!

All photos courtesy of Donna Clayson.





Watch these eaglets grow and get ready for their first flight out of the nest which will be soon I'm sure at [www.yecleagles.com](http://www.yecleagles.com)

Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **BC Lions Society for Children with Disabilities & Easter Seals House**

Just wanted to share photos with you today including:

1. A photo taken at the BC Lions Society for Children with Disabilities & Easter Seals House for BC & Yukon in Vancouver located at 3981 Oak Street.

The photo is in commemoration of our 4 Lions Club's donations to renovate and dedicate a special Yukon room. We understand that sometime in the near future our Lions representatives will go down to officially open and commemorate the room. Working together our 4 clubs did an incredible amount of fund-raising to achieve this goal with a donation of \$20,000 last spring.



2. **Tagish Canada Day celebration** - below.

The Air North families had tons of fun celebrating in Yukon style along with Tagish families.



Cheers,  
Deb Ryan [ryand@flyairnorth.com](mailto:ryand@flyairnorth.com) (In Whitehorse)

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PS  
There is a super cute one with the little girls dressed as flight attendants.  
The following 5 photos are from Dan Quaille (who is our chief pilot and has 5 children all were in the parade).

Cheers,  
Deb







Photos courtesy Dan Quaile & Deb Ryan

### **Yukoners Past & Present gather to visit**

This July a group of present & past Yukoners got together at Kathy Dugas's beautiful cabin on McLintock Bay. We had a great time catching up & eating great food. Those present were Kathy Dugas, Mary Lang, Jackie Collier, Maureen O'Connor, Sheila Firth, Tom Firth, Joanne Patriquin, and myself & husband, Ron Gunn.

Joy Denton [joydenton@hotmail.com](mailto:joydenton@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse)





Had so much fun that some of us want to get together again at the Yukoner's Ball in April  
Photos courtesy Joy Denton

**Paul & Betty's – North Canol Road Trip 2013**

Photos courtesy Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)



Pelly River Cable Ferry – Ross River







## **How Hot is it in Dawson?**

by Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)  
June 24, 2013

How hot is it in Dawson? After the National Post asked me for a hot weather photo late last week, I started to wonder if it would get hotter than the 29° C it was on that day.

The answer is that it depends on just where the sun is shining. On June 24 it was pretty much into the rising 20s by mid-morning, 24 at my back door where the sun was shining right on the sensor. Typically, if it doesn't get cloudy, the real heat comes out in the evening. That was the case on this day.

By about 8:30 when we came home from a walk, the back door was reading about 14, because the sun was on the other side of the house.

The digital readout showed it was 33.2° C in the shade on our front porch, where the sun was not directly hitting the sensor.

On a whim, I placed an old-style thermometer directly in the sunlight on the porch railing and waited five minutes. While I do not for a moment believe a reading of 48°C, it is interesting, after

those days last winter when we were the coldest place in the inhabited world, to see that number on the other side of the zero point.



Direct sunlight.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](http://uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **Van Bibber Legacy to assist with film and music projects**

By Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](http://uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

July 3, 2013

While there was initially some concern among the members of the Van Bibber family about raising enough money to publish J.J. Van Bibber's memoir, *I Was Born Under a Spruce Tree*, the book has proven to be a tremendous success financially as well as critically, and the Van Bibber family has found itself in the enviable position of having profits from the sales.

Shannon Van Bibber, who stick handled the project through to completion, says that the sales during the official book launch last August removed any fears about not being able to afford the printing costs.

The family has decided to donate some of the profits to a variety of worthy cultural causes. Nearly thirty members of the extended clan gathered in the ballroom at the Oddfellows Hall on June 28 to make the first presentations.

The family presented a cheque for \$2000 to the Klondike Institute of Art and Culture in recognition of KIAC's ongoing support for the completion of a documentary film about the life of J.J. Van Bibber. Lulu Keating, who prepared a short pitch version of the project last year, is producing the final film this summer.

"We've been able to help with (this project)," said KIAC executive director Karen Dubois, "which we're very happy to do."

Peter Menzies, the president of KIAC's parent group, the Dawson City Arts Society, received the cheque from Shannon and Alex Van Bibber (J.J.'s brother).

The entertainment for this event was most appropriate. Menzies, along with young Jack and Jessie Amos, provided several fiddle tunes, and Menzies talked a bit about the fiddling symposium that will take place at the Robert Service School in September.

This initiative can be traced back to the beginnings of the North Klondike Highway Music Society, which Menzies has been shepherding since his years teaching in Carmacks. Little did he know that the Van Bibbers were set to present the society with a cheque for \$5,000 to help the work of the group.

“We’ve been keeping this one a secret all this time,” Dubois explained. “Because of J.J.’s love of music the Van Bibber family also wanted to make a presentation to the North Klondike Highway Music Society for the work that they’ve been doing with kids. And Peter’s also the President of that society.”

Steve Van Bibber handed the cheque to a stunned Menzies, who was left momentarily speechless and wiping the happy tears from his eyes.

“You have no idea what we can do with \$5,000,” he said when he regained his voice.

Menzies recalled when a First Nation elder donated 15 fiddles to the Carmacks group out of his enthusiasm for keeping the project going there.

“Elders have played such a key role in saying that what we do is important. So for JJ and his brothers (to do this) – this is huge – this is like (winning) a lottery.”



Peter Menzies, Steve Van Bibber, Karen Dubois, Shannon, Alex and Pat Van Bibber.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Steve Van Bibber hands the \$5,000 cheque to Peter Menzies.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **Miller Regains Title for 8<sup>th</sup> Time**

By Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

July 3, 2013

David Miller gained back his Yukon Open championship title for the 8<sup>th</sup> time, beating his rivals of several decades and his former apprentice Paul Robitaille, who has won the contest for the last two years. Miller panned the 10 flakes in his bucket of pay dirt in 4 minutes and 18 seconds, well ahead of James Archibald and Art Sailer, both of whom have won this event in years past. There were six experienced panners in this year's contest.

Aside from his name on the trophy (again), Miller won \$2500 to help cover his expenses if he should choose to go to Italy for the World Goldpanning Contest in August. Archibald won \$1500 if he should choose to go.

The sun beamed down on the 2013 edition of the Yukon Goldpanning Championships, with just enough cloud cover to keep it from being oppressive, and enough of a breeze to keep the faint whiff of forest fire smoke from becoming annoying.

The stands and the hillside along the dike were lined with folks eager to see what goldpanning was all about.

While most of the contestants were locals, there were people from Inuvik, Chicago, Finland, Whitehorse, Alaska, British Columbia, Ontario, Texas, Alberta, Czech Republic, and Belgium who signed up to try their luck.

In the Sourdough Open, 10 contestants searched for 5 flakes of gold. Ralph Nordling found all 5 in 4 minutes, with Jim Archibald and Mike Bethers finding 4 and 2 respectively.

Nordling also took the Klondike Open, finding all 6 flakes of gold in 6:22. Paul Robitaille was a close second and Dirk Miller was about 2 minutes off the pace. Nordling's prize was a shiny new High Banker Sluice Box.

In the Cheechako Open, the beginner's class, 19 people sought the elusive 9 flakes of gold. Belinda Baker found them all in 13:09, while Erik Schiminger and Antii Perala scored a bit slower.



Cheechako Open winners- Belinda Baker, Erik Schiminger, Antii Perala  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

The Youth Under 11 category had 13 competitors looking for 6 flakes. Bodhan Sharp-Chan found 4 of them in 14:48, beating Kierra McDonald and Nuan Robbins, who actually did find 5, but in a slower time of 17:47.

In the Youth 12-15 category there were just two contestants looking for 6 flakes. Mackenzie McDonald found 5 in 20:16, and Rylin Soychuk found 3.

The penultimate contest of the day was the politically incorrect Four Man Relay though it happened that this year the former corporate challenge category was all male. Dave Miller's team from Gold Bottom Mining found 10 of the 12 flakes in 20:48 and Jim Archibald's French Hill team found 9.

In between events, Simon Mason-Wood put on a gold pouring demonstration, pouring a bar worth about \$20,000.

The final event of the day was a draw for a gold necklace from Fortymile Gold. Getting a number took several attempts, but finally it was won by Mark Leinberger from Alaska.



Both teams in the Four Man Relay, Gold Bottom kneeling; French Hill standing.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Simon Mason-Wood pours a \$20,000 gold bar.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Parents were allowed to help kids in the 11 and under category.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Klondike Classic winners Ralph Nordling (with his prize), Paul Robitaille and Dirk Miller.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Sourdough Open winners Jim Archibald, Ralph Nordling, and Mike Bethers with KVA chair Brian Stethem

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Yukon Open winners David Miller, Art Sailer and Jim Archibald.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



The moon light shining over Marsh Lake, Yukon was so nice last night [July 28, 2013], I just had to get up out of my bed & take a picture. It was about 10:00 PM.

Rusty Reid [rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com](mailto:rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com) (Marsh Lake & Penticton)

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

I will be moving to Kitimat B.C. end of July. My email will be [jvhart@citywest.ca](mailto:jvhart@citywest.ca).

Sorry to read of the deaths of two old friends Thelma Harbottle a friend and neighbour in Whitehorse and Anita Bereza friend and golf partner from Kitimat. Jean Hartnell

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Rolf Guenther – moved to Germany, has a position with Salvation Army – wife passed away – has remarried and very busy.

GUENTHER, Rolf [frankfurter28@hotmail.com](mailto:frankfurter28@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse 1987-91) Port Alberni

Unsubscribe please. Pat

BAKEWELL, Bill & Pat (FULTON) [mayo-gal@telus.net](mailto:mayo-gal@telus.net) (Pat would love to hear from anyone remembering the Jim & Audrey (nee BREADEN) FULTON family in Mayo and Whitehorse pre 1944, brother Bill FULTON, sister Sheila) Wainwright

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*We are shaped by our THOUGHTS.. We become what we THINK.. When the mind is PURE, JOY follows like a SHADOW that never leaves.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### Coconut Custard Pie

1 (9 inch) unbaked refrigerated pie crust  
3 large eggs, beaten  
3/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/4 teaspoon kosher salt  
1 full tablespoon vanilla extract  
1 more egg separated (total of 4 eggs in recipe)  
1 1/2 cups heavy cream  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup shredded coconut  
1/2 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg

Preheat the oven to 400 degrees. Separate one egg...keep the yolk for now and save the white for your egg wash later in the recipe.

In a medium saucepan, combine the milk and heavy cream. Heat until just starting to boil – be sure to watch it because it will go from barely simmering to heavy boiling rather quickly. Remove from heat and set aside.

In a large bowl, using a hand mixer, combine the one egg yolk, the three whole beaten eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla. Mix well. Now slowly (it is important to pour very slowly) add in the hot milk mixture continuing to whisk vigorously and continuously so that the egg mixture already in the bowl does not cook. Once the hot milk mixture is completely blended in, add in the coconut and mix well.

Place the unbaked pie crust on a cookie sheet lined with a silicon mat. Brush the insides (bottom, sides and top) with that egg white you put aside to help prevent the crust from getting soggy. Carefully pour the custard mixture into the pie crust.

Bake for 35 minutes then carefully place strips of aluminum foil over the exposed crust to prevent it from getting too dark. Reduce the oven temp to only 250 degrees and put pie back into the oven to bake for about 20 minutes or until the filling is just about set. It should not be wet and jiggly, but not completely firm or solid.

Remove from oven and cool on rack. When pie is just about room temperature, place it in refrigerator and chill for at least 2 hours before serving. Delish!

## 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.

There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25, your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into your bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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