

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 398th Edition – October 26th, 2014

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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A VISIT FROM THE TWINS

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Port Alberni BC)

While sitting on my lawn today,
Just after dawn, as day begins,
The sun is rising, all is still.
Then came a visit from the twins.
For several months they've come to call,
I'm always glad to see them come,
But this time they're all alone.
Not trailed by ever watchful mom.

They size me up with wary eye
Uncertain just which way to go.
They sense some threat of danger here,
But, Oh, the flowers tempt them so.
And so they dare to venture in,
They eat Impatiens to the roots.
Then, ignoring other flowers,
They nibble on my cedar shoots.

I wonder where their mother is,
And why she left them all alone.
They're only four months old as yet,
Too young to make it on their own.
They're happy now, the hunger sated,

Contented now, its time for play.
They stage a little show for me,
And then they slowly drift away.

The "Better half" won't be impressed
To see the damage to her flowers.
But then I'm sure she will agree,
Their need is greater, by far than ours.
So, eat heartily little friends,
And as the colder times arrive,
We wish you well, and much success,
In your struggle to survive.

(c) 2014 Gus Barrett

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -

Death wins on arctic trail

By **Whitehorse Star** on **April 21, 1911**

Dawson, April 17 - From the weird wilds within the Arctic Circle comes a story of hardship, starvation and death seldom equaled and which reads like fiction but is only too true.

The bodies of four members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police which composed the winter patrol party which was to come to Dawson from Fort Macpherson, near the mouth of the Mackenzie river, where it empties into the Arctic ocean, and return, have been found, each member of the party embraced in the chill arms of relentless death and clothed in the pure white mantle of Arctic winter.

News of the gruesome discovery and of the taking the bodies to Fort Macpherson where they were buried, reached Dawson this morning on the return of the relief party which left here on February 18th to seek for the missing patrol, then fully six weeks overdue.

The story of the attempted journey which ended in death to every member of the party is as follows:

On December 22 Inspector Fitzgerald, in charge of the party, Constables Carter, Taylor and Kinney with an Indian guide left Fort Macpherson for Dawson, a distance of approximately 550 miles. They had three teams of five dogs each and expected to reach Dawson about the middle of January, having with them provisions sufficient to last from 23 to 25 days, the length of time it was supposed to take, so would be consumed in making the journey.



Photo by Whitehorse Star

Clockwise: Corporal Dempster, Constable Fyfe, Indian guide Charles Stewart, and ex-constable Turner (beside tent) February 1911, National Museum of Canada/Yukon Archives. Inspector F.J. Fitzgerald made some bad decisions and paid with four lives. Photo courtesy R.C.M.P. Museum, Regina, Sask. Corporal Dempster ca. 1911. The R.N.W.M.P member who led the patrol which found the ill-fated Fitzgerald "Lost Patrol." Harbottle Family Coll./Yukon Archives.

For some unknown reason the Indian guide was discharged and sent back before the range between the Peel and upper reaches of the Klondike river had been reached. Failing to find the pass through the Rocky Mountains the party became lost and wandered around the head of Wind River until January 18 when, realizing that they had but ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of bacon left, they started on the back track to Fort Macpherson, a distance of 250 miles. Then, according to evidence found by the relief party, began a series of hardships unequalled in the annals of the North.

Fighting their way through snow several feet deep, slow progress was necessarily made. All their grub gone, the dogs were killed and eaten one by one until the last of the fifteen had gone to keep the life blood in circulation and when the last dog had been eaten the buckskin thongs of the dogs harness were eaten.

By the time the party had reached this terrible state they were within 35 miles of Fort Macpherson but Taylor and Kinney were in a dying condition, so they were left by Fitzgerald and Carter who pushed on, evidently hoping to reach the Fort from which place relief would have been sent to their dying comrades. But ten miles nearer the Mecca of safety the two latter were overcome. Carter died first and his body showed that Fitzgerald had "laid out" his comrade in the snow, folded his hands peacefully across his breast and covered his face with a handkerchief.

Alone, the brave officer then attempted to continue the hopeless journey, but the death angel was dogging his footsteps and only a few hundred yards from where he had left the body of Carter, Inspector Fitzgerald gave up his life, having scratched on paper a crude will, leaving his earthly possessions to his aged mother who is living in Ireland. His body, like those of the others, was found on the trail covered with snow.

When the party failed to reach Dawson when expected, little worry was caused as it was confidently expected they would show up soon, the same trip between the two points having been made annually in midwinter for several previous years.

Not until the Indian guide who had started with the party and turned back, arrived in Dawson about the middle of February was it known for certain that the patrol had left Fort Macpherson for sure. The Indian had returned to the Fort and several days later had left with other Indians, making the trip to Dawson in good time and was surprised to learn that the police had not arrived. It was then that the relief expedition was started out from Dawson, its members being Corporal Dempster, Constables Fife and Turner and Indian Charley Stewart.

The latter party made the trip on record time, being gone from Dawson but forty nine days, 53 days being the best time previously made on the round trip.

As the last record left by Inspector Fitzgerald was dated February 5th, the last survivor of the ill-fated party had been dead more than three weeks when the relief party left Dawson. The latter party found the mail with which the lost party had started. It consisted of a few letters from Hershel Island and from Fort Macpherson.

WOULDN'T TURN BACK

In later years speculation would be that Fitzgerald had simply missed the trail but, being a proud man, could not bring it upon himself to back track to Ft. McPherson. How would it look, he may have thought, an officer of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police having left on the annual Dawson City patrol, carrying the mail, suddenly arrives back at the starting point saying he can't find the trail?

Regardless, the amount of time lost looking for the trail and a misjudgment in the amount of food needed for the trip were a fatal combination. By the time Fitzgerald decided to turn back it was too late. After traveling nearly 1,000 km (620 miles) and spending 53 days on the trail fighting their way through several feet of snow during one of the coldest winters on record, they died within 56 km (35 miles) of Fort McPherson.

The route of the Dempster Highway (named after Corporal William Dempster) today follows approximately the route that the Fitzgerald patrol would have followed had they not missed the pass through the Richardson Mountains and become lost.

The Northwest Mounted Police, and later the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, continued patrols along the same route until 1921, without the loss of another life.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)



Rusty & Bob Erlam at a Yukon Foundation Dinner 1980.

Bob Erlam

Bob Erlam belongs in the Yukon's colourful five percent. As one time owner of the Whitehorse Star, he has to be. With Bob Erlam, the ideas just kept coming. More often than not, they were offbeat stories with a strange twist. More on that in a moment.

Bob and his wife Rusty arrived in the Yukon in 1947. He had been in the Canadian Army overseas during the Second World War. On a whim, he and Rusty decided to move to the Yukon. Whitehorse was a real frontier town then, and they shared a two-bedroom shack with two other couples in downtown Whitehorse. No running water, of course.

Bob got odd jobs - mainly as a handyman and electrician. The couple left the Yukon in 1957, but returned in the early 60s. Bob's newspaper career began when he drew a cartoon featuring a dispute between a local resident and Yukon Electric and left it tacked to the door of the newspaper. The Star owner, Harry Boyle ran the cartoon on the front page. Bob became hooked on newspapers though his wife Rusty was the real writer in the family. Both were employed by Boyle at the Star.

In 1963, Bob arrived at work one day to find a note from Boyle saying he was now in charge since Harry was going back to school to study law. Bob became the publisher and then in 1967, the Erlam's bought the Star.

Bob always carried his camera and shot many scenes of Yukon life during his 35 years as publisher of the paper.

In 1965, he was contracted by Time Magazine to take photos of Senator Robert Kennedy's climb of the Yukon's Mount Kennedy, named for his brother, the late U.S. president. He was also a jack of all trades - fixing the printing presses and keeping the spartan offices of the Star on Main Street operational - often with duct tape. The one thing he didn't do, though, was a lot of writing. He said he couldn't spell so anything attributed to him as a writer had been checked by Rusty.

Bob always thought of the Star as the opposition to the government. He said it was the job of the newspaper to criticize and expose wrongdoing, and Bob was a champion of independent thinking.

Once, as the debate raged over whether parking meters should be located on Main Street, the City hired a meter maid to police the system and hand out tickets. Bob hired an anti-meter maid to feed nearly expired meters. That story made international headlines.

The Erlams sold the Whitehorse Star to Jackie Pierce in 2002.

Bob Erlam, a true Yukon pioneer, passed away on March 26, 2009 at the age of 92.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

MocTel 397

As usual another wonderful MocTel. I'm referring to #397. Every single article is very interesting but I was particularly enthused by the P 38 aircraft information. As the president of the Civil Air Search & Rescue Association here in the Yukon and an aviation enthusiast, our members can never get enough 'aviation news' particularly when it is directly linked to the Yukon. I will be distributing this incredible article to all members of CASARA. Wonderful photo and memory Weldon.

Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

AIR CRASH - P 38

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Port Alberni BC)

Another not too pleasant memory though a very vivid one, dates back to the summer of 1953. The Federal Government had contracted with Spartan Airways to have Aerial mapping in the North West Yukon. The company had set up in Dawson with an ex-Air Force P-38 with a crew of three,

Pilot, Co-pilot and Engineer. The crew had been around for a couple of months, and had become well known in the small community. They would fly out each morning, spend the day mapping and return in the afternoon buzzing the town at low altitude to alert their driver to pick them up at the airport. On July 31st. they went out as usual but without the engineer, who had some duties to attend to in town.

Late that afternoon my partner and I were both at work in the detachment office when we heard the plane buzz the town as usual. A few moments later we received a phone call saying that a plane had crashed just short of the airstrip.

As soon as we stepped out the door, we could see the cloud of black smoke and flames rising from that area. We were immediately aware that this would be a recovery rather than a rescue operation. I immediately headed for the crash site while my partner contacted the local doctor, undertaker, and anyone else available to assist with the search.

When I arrived a small forest fire was already well underway. The crash had caused the plane to disintegrate and small pieces of wreckage and body parts were strewn over the area.

A few moments later the others arrived and we began our search for the two bodies. We searched for several hours while at the same time trying to avoid getting caught by the flames of the fire around us. The doctor drew the outline of two men and tried to piece the recovered parts together as we brought them to him. Identification was done by the pieces of clothing still clinging to the body parts, although it was sometimes difficult to identify which belonged to whom.

When this very unpleasant task was completed the others returned to town. I had to remain at the scene for a few more hours until someone could be hired to guard the crash site until the crash investigators arrived next day.

Needless to say I was pretty relieved when I could return to town, black from head to toe from the smoke and ashes, and totally deflated after probably one of the worst days of my short RCMP career. When I returned to the detachment Blanche phoned for me to come to her home where she was waiting with a hug, a stiff drink of over proof rum and a good hot meal, and believe me I needed all three, in that order.

The DOT investigation revealed that the P38 had run out of fuel a couple of miles short of the airstrip. That type of plane had little or no gliding capability, but immediately nosed into the ground.

History Hunter

Wanted: memories of the Alaska Highway

Michael Gates ©

I came to the Yukon on an impulse while working my way through university. I had a good-paying but unsatisfying job working at the Calgary Brewery when graduate student Jim Bennett telephoned me. Would I like to assist him on a project in the Yukon?

I quit my job and two or three days later we were on the road north in a 1949 Mercury one-ton truck. The Alaska Highway was all potholes, gravel and dust in 1971. We travelled behind one large transport truck for several hours, unable to pass him because the dust reduced the visibility ahead to zero.



American army engineers struggle to keep a temporary pontoon bridge afloat (centre) while constructing a more substantial timber bridge (right). Do you have any memories of traveling or living on the Alaska Highway in the early days that you would like to share?" Credit: Yukon Archives, R.A. Cartter fonds, #1477.

Our truck broke down 100 kilometres from Fort Nelson. I camped in the ditch beside the truck for three days while Jim hitchhiked ahead to Fort Nelson to find a fuel pump. The fuel pump wasn't the problem as it turned out. We finally resolved the issue however, and continued our journey after Jim replaced the old truck with a newer, less interesting, but more reliable one.

I returned the following year. Driving the dusty highway to the Yukon, I remember the roadside lodges as havens in the wilderness where one could buy gasoline, get flat tires fixed, obtain repairs, and buy a meal. If something went wrong along the way, a lodge was never far away.

Times have changed. Forty - plus years later, the highway has been straightened, and paved. Cars are much more reliable and travel much farther on a tank of gas than they did in those days. The lodges and the stories of adventure of travelling the Alaska Highway remain only as memories, retold by those who lived along or drove the Alaska Highway. Everybody has their own unique story to tell of the experience.

I attended a public meeting of the Alaska Highway Heritage Society Yukon (AHHSY) last Thursday at the Bush Pilot Room in the Yukon Transportation Museum. The meeting was a call to the public to share their stories and identify points of interest along the highway.

The Alaska Highway is not just a highway that passes through hundreds of miles of wilderness; it is also a landscape rich in human history. But most travellers get only a hint of this when they travel along the highway corridor. The Society would like to change this by sharing stories and identifying and helping to protect places of historical and cultural interest along the highway.

One of the goals of the society is to nominate the Alaska Highway to the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada for their consideration. The Board will evaluate the history and resources identified in the nomination and can recommend it to the minister for recognition as a place of national historic significance.

But there is more than this goal. Thousands of people travel the Alaska Highway every year without being aware of the stories of people and places attached to the corridor. The society is interested in gathering these stories and telling visitors about them. Several of the people in attendance at this meeting shared their stories about the highway.

Pat Ellis, who first arrived in Whitehorse in 1953, remembers a small town filled with young people. She remembers that Macrae, located on the highway south of town, was a major depot for the military during and after the war.

At one time, there were barracks there for the army and army contractors. There were garages and a laundry. The soldiers always had neat starched uniforms, she recalled. There was a sign painting shop, a wood working shop and a theatre. The theatre was a large Quonset structure capable of holding 600 people. The premiere of the film "This is the Army" took place here during the war. Little survives of this complex today so it is easy to forget that it existed.

Bonnie Dalziel was born and raised in the Yukon and grew up in Watson Lake. She remembered the "Wye" before Watson Lake existed. She spoke enthusiastically of the early days in this highway community.

Marjorie Copp remembered living at Swift River as a young girl. Her father worked as a mechanic at the highway maintenance camp located there. Jan Herry, who has had a long involvement with Francophone history in the Yukon, has been a champion of the history of Silver City at Kluane Lake. He referred to a military construction camp that was located there during the building of the Alaska Highway. I remember seeing some of the barracks buildings, which were still standing back in 1971.

Many other places along the highway were discussed. The aeradio station at Teslin was restored and a new exhibit was opened inside the building three years ago by the George Johnston Museum. The Watson Lake sign post forest had a very humble beginning. When I passed through Watson Lake in 1971, I recall a row of 15 to 20 posts beside the highway with signs mounted on them. Now it is recognized as a territorial historic site with tens of thousands of signs, and growing larger every year.

The abutments of the original Slims River bridge are located some distance up the Slims River valley from the current modern bridge. During my first visit to the site, I saw a row of pilings of the original stretched across the river flats from one side to the other. I don't know what remains today, but there are some excellent photographs at the Yukon Archives of the bridge being constructed.

It is not widely known that three companies of black soldiers worked on the building of the original Alaska Highway. A fourth company worked on the CANOL project, which started shortly after the commencement of the Alaska Highway construction. The "Hidden History" Group in Whitehorse has been actively gathering information about these soldiers.

Other features that came up during the meeting include Soldier's Summit, where the Alaska Highway was officially opened November of 1942; The Watson Lake Air Terminal, and the numerous lodges that operated along the highway to serve tourists headed north.

Some of the people associated with the Alaska Highway are commemorated on plaques in the Transportation Hall of Fame, which is located within the Yukon Transportation Museum. Frank Steele was inducted in 2013 because of his long involvement operating numerous lodges along the highway during the 1950s, 1960s and early 1970s. Liard Tom, and Frank Slim, both First Nation men who were involved in the construction of the Alaska Highway, are also memorialized.

Do you have memories of the early days of the Alaska Highway? Did you take a memorable trip, work on it, or remember some of the places along the route? Why don't you share these memories so that the stories of the Alaska Highway are not forgotten. You can contact Kathleen Hare, Project Manager of Alaska Highway Heritage Society Yukon at (867) 335 8400 or ahhsyukon@gmail.com

If you want to get involved, or seek information about the project, go to <http://ahhsy.wikispaces.com/Welcome!>

Michael Gates is a Yukon historian and sometimes adventurer based in Whitehorse. His latest book, *Dalton's Gold Rush Trail*, is available in Yukon stores. You can contact him at mvgates@northwestel.net

Courtesy Yukon News

Grizzly mauls Teslin woman to death

Jacqueline Ronson Monday October 20, 2014

An adult male grizzly came onto Claudia Huber's South Canol Road property near Johnson's Crossing Saturday morning, according to a release from Yukon's chief coroner.

Huber's husband left the home to calm their dog and saw a grizzly approaching. He then returned to the house to get a rifle.

The grizzly then entered the home through a window, according to the release.



Claudia Huber, right, was attacked on Saturday morning by a male grizzly bear on their South Canol Road property near Johnson's Crossing. Huber later died of her injuries at the Teslin Medical Centre. A 42-year-old Teslin woman is dead after a fatal bear attack over the weekend.

Huber and her husband ran from the home and the grizzly followed them.

The grizzly mauled Huber. Her husband shot the bear dead.

He drove his wife to the Teslin Medical centre, where 25 minutes of cardiopulmonary resuscitation failed to revive her. She was pronounced dead at 12:10 p.m.

The Yukon Coroner's Service has ordered an autopsy, scheduled to be performed this week.

Conservation officers have completed a necropsy on the bear.

He was a very old grizzly bear, probably more than 25 years, said Ryan Hennings with Environment Yukon.

The bear was underweight, at about 375 pounds, but not starving.

“With the size of the frame of this bear, it should have weighed about 450 to 500 pounds, to have the energy reserves to hibernate,” said Hennings.

“He was hungry and he was looking for food, and that’s why he was out and about still.”

The bear had no collar, ear tag or lip tattoo, he said.

There was no evidence that the bear had encountered wildlife officials before, or had gotten into any previous trouble.

“We have no information that it broke into other residences or caused any issues previously,” said Hennings.

“At this point, it seems to be a random event, a random encounter.”

Fatal bear maulings are quite rare in the Yukon, said Hennings.

The last occurred in 2006, when exploration worker Jean-Francois Page stumbled on a grizzly den with two cubs inside. The mother bear attacked and killed Page.

“That was a defensive bear attack that resulted in the death of that worker,” said Hennings.

Hennings reminded Yukoners that bears can still be out and about this time of year, and they may be hungry.

“It is late in the season, so at this time of year it’s usually bears that are less than prime condition, maybe in poor condition like this bear.”

Keeping food sources out of the reach of animals and taking precautions when in the wilderness are important steps, he said.

Contact Jacqueline Ronson at jronson@yukon-news.com

OBIT



Virginia Ivy May (Yeulet) Cooper
'VIMY'

July 10, 1933 – September 30, 2014

Mom was born in Whitehorse on July 10, 1933, and had the honour of being Whitehorse's first incubator baby. She was the youngest child and the only daughter of Virginia (nee Harbottle) and Sandy Yeulet.

She spent most of her life in Whitehorse, except for a short period in her childhood when the family lived in Dawson City while her father worked on the dredges. Mom grew up in Whitehorse during the exciting years of the building of the Alaska Highway. She made lifelong friends during this period; Madeline Boyd, Phyllis Simpson, Teresa Smith [should read Phyllis Porter] and Dottie Wilson.

In 1952 Mom married our father Kip Boyd and gave birth to us 4 kids in six years; Rick first followed by Christine, Gary and Sandra. We lived in the bush on the Alaska Highway just before McCrae. The first years were tough; a newly built house with no running water or electricity, almost no insulation and four small children.

Vimy was a good mother and homemaker; we always had hand-knitted mitts and sweaters, the girls had dresses sewn on the Bernina, the boys parkas. Mom loved to bake; we ran home from the school bus knowing that there would be warm home-made buns or maybe tomato soup and cake waiting for us.

In the sixties we built a cabin on Tagish Lake. From then on every summer weekend was spent at the cabin or camping up the lake. Mom liked being in the outdoors; she was interested in the local flora and loved picking berries.

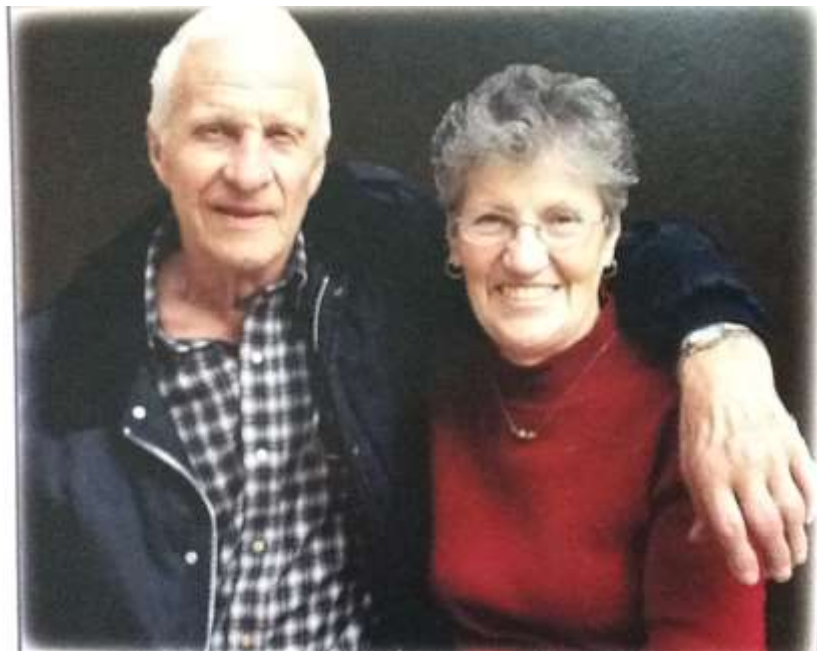
There were a couple of tough years in the mid-seventies when her marriage failed and Sandra died at the age of seventeen. During this period Mom showed what an incredibly strong woman she was. She went back to school, took a bookkeeping course, got a job with Atlas Travel and was able to travel extensively.

During this period Mom also worked as a cook on Pleasure Island downstream of Dawson City on the Yukon River. This was a time of adventure in her life; bears, salmon wheels and driving a boat with an outboard, where she earned the nickname Shear Pin Vimy.

During one of her travels, a trip to Egypt, Mom met an Englishman, Geoffrey Cooper with whom she had a long distance relationship followed by marriage and a move to England. Unfortunately the English adventure ended all too soon when Geoff died of cancer shortly after they married. Mom moved home and bought her little house in Wolf Creek. The sudden change in life plans and return home was made easier by the birth of two grandsons, Colin and Denis.

Following the English tradition Mom named her house The Willow. When we asked Mom why “The Willow”? her reply was, “Because I am like a willow, you can bend me, but not break me.”

Mom and the house in Wolf Creek were the heart of our family for almost 30 years. Many delicious meals were eaten and family gatherings were celebrated there. The family received an important new member in 1996 when Gabe, whom Mom had met several years earlier in the Atlin Gold Fields, moved up from Vancouver. The little house, while remaining little, doubled in size with a nice new big kitchen. Mom really appreciated this; it allowed her to once again bake for her family, friends and charitable functions.



Vimy & Gabe

Mom was always very involved in the community, starting first with Girl Guides and the YPA (Young People's Association). In 1951 she was the YPA's May Day Queen. In her early twenties she joined the Eastern Star, an organization in which she was active her entire life. During the sixties Girl Guides was a big part of Mom's life, she was a Guide leader and spent many summers at Camp Spruce Wind. Mom started curling in the sixties with the Koffee Kurlers. During her retirement years Mom was very active in the Golden Age Society, and participated in Elder Active activities. She was a Y. O. O. P member, an active member of T.O.P.S and really enjoyed the 33 Club.

The event that brought the most joy to Mom during her retirement was the birth of her granddaughter Emma. Emma was lucky to be able to spend many hours together with her Granma; sleepovers were especially fun.

In 2004 Mom was diagnosed with cancer. The cancer was beaten, but the cancer treatment resulted in internal scars that caused much pain and many medical problems for Mom in the following years. Showing once again her strength and fortitude Mom never complained and lived her life as fully as possible. It was hard for her to accept that she couldn't be as active as she had been; that cooking large family dinners wasn't possible any more. However she did manage to bake every day up till the day she died. While her spirit was still strong, her body couldn't take anymore; and Mom died sometime during the very early hours of September the 30th.

We admired Mom's courage and her positive way of dealing with life's misfortunes. We loved her deeply, will miss her terribly and will remember her fondly.

Rick, Christine and Gary together with our families.



John Victor Maximick

On Tuesday September 30th, 2014, a gentle heart beat for the last time. **John Victor Maximick**, husband, father, "Pops" Papa, Great Papa and Uncle Vic, passed away peacefully surrounded by his loving family. Dad will be forever remembered by his son Steve, and daughters Marie, Jeannette (Lionel), Frances (Dan), Lorna (Dale) and Diane. Dad was a giving and loving Papa to Nicole (Tyler), Adam, Aaron,(Kaysie), Ken, Amanda (Franko), Jared, Robert, Cody, Kyle, JoAnn,

Serena, and, great grand baby Blake. Dad will be dearly missed by many nieces and nephews and his surviving sisters Mary, Genevieve, Josephine and brother Henry.

John was born in Coal Creek B.C., son of Stephen and Susan Maximick. The family later settled in Fernie B.C. where Dad began his passion of the outdoors from building boats to sling shots.

Sports were a huge part of Dad's life; hockey led him to the Yukon (Whitehorse) as a goaltender, and baseball was played in the Comox valley and outskirts.

Cumberland (Bevan, Puntledge) was home to Dad and his family where many fond memories were made. We loved listening to stories Dad shared, he would say "Happy times, hard times but good times". In the early years Dad worked in the coal mine then settled in Campbell River (1952) with his wife Pat where he began work at the Elk Falls Pulp & Paper mill until his retirement.

In addition to building houses, boats, fishing, hunting, curling, and Knights of Columbus, John dedicated many years coaching his son Steve and the kids of Campbell River. He supported the Minor Hockey League.

John lived a full life sharing laughter and adventures with many friends. Dad left a lasting impression on everyone he met. His work ethic, values, and morals coupled with his selflessness, warmth, love, generosity and consideration of others will remain in the hearts of all he touched. He was loved by many.

A Celebration of Life will be held in November 2014. Published in Campbell River Courier Islander from Oct. 17 to Nov. 15, 2014 - See more at:

http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/courierislander/obituary.aspx?n=john-victor-maximick&pid=172842049&eid=sp_ommatch#sthash.EDwHApY7.dpuf



Evelyn Jean Baehr (03/03/1925 - 10/20/2014)

Evelyn Jean Baehr (Nee Robertson) The Cariboo lost a descendant of its pioneer families with the death of Evelyn Jean Baehr on Oct. 20, 2014 at the Williams Lake Seniors Village. Jean was born March 3, 1925 in Ashcroft, BC, the third daughter of Charles and Evelyn (Pollard) Robertson. Her mother died at an early age and Jean and her older sisters, Ena and Ruby, were raised by her father and Aunt Carrie Engeman, until Charles remarried some years later. Jean grew up on the family ranch in Clinton and attended school there until Grade 10, the highest level of

schooling then available in Clinton. She then attended a business college in Kelowna, BC and upon finishing her own program, taught at this institution for several years. **In 1952, she accepted a position as a secretary for the RCMP in Whitehorse, Yukon.** Following her love for travel, she moved to London, England, and worked there for several years before touring Europe and returning to Naramata, BC to work at the Naramata Centre. In 1959 she completed her high school graduation by correspondence and entered the U.B.C. Faculty of Education attaining her degree in 1962. She taught in Chilliwack and Gibsons Landing before accepting a three year position at a Christian Seminar House in Kyoto, Japan. Upon returning to Canada she taught at Merritt, BC and the College of New Caledonia in Prince George. Here she met and married Joe Baehr in 1978 and moved to the Baehr Stock Farm at Woodpecker. Both Jean and Joe were very hard workers and enjoyed the ranching life. Despite health issues, they operated the farm until 2011, when they retired and moved to Williams Lake. Jean was predeceased by her husband Joseph Baehr, parents Charles and Evelyn (Pollard) Robertson, sisters, Ruby Robertson, Ena Reeder, and Sandra Wagner, and sisters-in-law Kate Loreth, and Alma Baehr, brothers-in-law, William and Paul Baehr. She is survived by her brother, Bob (Marlene) Robertson, in-laws, John (Jane) Baehr, Anne Fischer, and Mary Baehr as well as many cousins, nephews, nieces and numerous friends. A Service of Remembrance will be held Oct. 25, 2014 at 11:00 am at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church, 450 Pigeon Ave. Williams Lake, BC. Reception to follow at Compassionate Care Funerals, 180 Comer Street, Williams Lake, BC. Those wishing to honour Jean's memory by way of donation may do so to a favourite charity. Her cremated remains will be interred at a later date in the Clinton Pioneer Cemetery. Compassionate Care Funerals, Williams Lake entrusted with all arrangements 250-392-3336.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

It's never wise to make decisions without knowing the truth. - Rev Run Quotes

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

The Eastern Star Cookbook
For the benefit of War Work – Dawson 1942

Sausage Casserole

1 can Swift's pork sausage (remove fat)
1 can corn
1 can tomatoes
1 large onion, sliced
3 medium, potatoes cut in small pieces
Salt and pepper

Bake in medium oven 2 ½ hours.

Hazel Gloslie

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 you 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 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

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones
483 – 5707 E. 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona 85365