

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 404th Edition – March 29, 2014

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



This is Moe's Super Cub C-FLRK! posted on March 6 in honour of his birthday.
“one Moe time” ! Remembering Moe Grant.

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -

RCMP Chopper plucks five from lake

Courtesy The Whitehorse Star, **January 5, 1990**

After drifting for 15 hours on an icy Bennett Lake in temperatures close to -40, five Carcross residents were rescued by an RCMP helicopter Tuesday.

The trip began last Saturday, when Rick Halladay took four passengers down by boat to visit Jim Ambrose and his family on Bennett Lake.

"We'd taken some supplies in - just a Christmas/New Year's visit," Halladay said in an interview Thursday.

Halladay had Ambrose's father, Ron Avery, and four other passengers on board - Curtis Pugh, his wife, Janet and their daughter, Anna, all of Carcross.

They made the two-hour trip from Carcross to the Ambrose house on the west arm of Bennett Lake in Halladay's 8.4 - metre aluminum boat.

On New Year's Eve, after staying one night with Ambrose, they loaded up the boat and headed for Carcross, but strong winds forced them back.

In the morning, they tried again. But engine problems Halladay calls "mysterious" delayed their departure.

"We couldn't find anything wrong with it," Halladay said. "There didn't seem to be any apparent mechanical problem. It just wouldn't fire - we had spark, we had fuel."

Halladay and Ambrose worked on the engine all day. "Then mysteriously, it started late that afternoon," said Halladay.

Conditions had been good all day. Winds were moderate, and visibility was good except for some fog.

"The engine finally started, for some mysterious reason. As mysteriously as why it wouldn't go, it went."

The two men let the engine idle. In the meantime, New Year's dinner was almost on the table in the Ambrose house. Halladay and his passengers thought they might as well stay and head out after a good meal.

In the 14 years he'd spent on Bennett Lake, this was the first time Ambrose had guests for New Year's dinner.

"In fact," said Halladay, "we'd broken the record for boat arrivals there by a good three weeks."

Fearing the lake would be frozen in the morning, Halladay declined the invitation to stay the night, and headed out after supper.

At 8 p.m., with fog so thick they couldn't see more than 15 metres, the four set out after supper.

On the lake's main arm, the fog hung onto the water, making it impossible to see the pack ice until they were on it.

Skirting the ice, they almost made it to the mouth of the Wheaton River - the journey's half-way mark. Then the engine problems began. It would start, but carburetor problems kept it from running. After repeated starts and stalls, the battery died.

Although Halladay said he was used to these adventures, for the other four, "it was a very novel experience."

"They were somewhat nervous. We were in heavy fog and nobody was certain as to where we were. They only had my word to go by."

A few trees and a rocky shore line were all they could see as the boat drifted on the lake.

Half-way home, they navigated by a glow Halladay said he could see coming from Carcross.

While he hooked up a spare battery and worked on the engine. Ron Anesty kept his eye on the distant light to keep their bearings.

But engine problems persisted. "It would run for half a minute and then it would quit," said Halladay.

Before the spare battery had gone completely flat, Halladay gave up. An hour after they'd left the five were drifting back toward the Ambrose house.

His passengers were bundled in blankets under a tarpaulin, coming up periodically to ask where they were.

"They could see about as much as I could underneath the tarp," said Halladay.

At 10 p.m., he called Daphnie Mennell in Carcross on his radio phone. She relayed his message to the RCMP - he'd be calling them on the hour.

They drifted along the shore, too steep and rocky to land on, hoping to make it back to the Ambrose house, paddling only to keep away from the rocks. "If we'd hit the beach, we would have been wrecked," said Halladay.

For 7 1/2 hours, they drifted in temperatures close to -40 below. "The ladies sang some hymns for awhile," said Halladay. "I think they were water related."

Halladay said he didn't doubt they would survive. "My main concern was if the weather should take a turn for the worse, then you had something to be concerned about... if it had come to that, I could have pulled in at any one point. I would have jeopardized the boat, but I could've got people onto the shore line and started a fire."

Since they'd started that night, ice had formed across the lake making it impossible to return to the Ambrose house. "It was in sheets, but it had cracks in it. It was just enough that you had to pound on it with an oar to break it." Halladay said.

They broke the ice, inching their way toward a shore line suitable for landing the boat and the helicopter Halladay thought would be needed to get them home - the RCMP boat already in dry dock.

By 4:30 a.m., they were gathered around a fire only a kilometre from their starting point, Halladay said. But a rocky shore and a ridge too steep and icy to climb meant they had to stay where they were.

Finally, after almost 15 hours after they left, the helicopter was coming. "I could hear it through the fog," Halladay said. "Everybody was straining their ears. Then it showed up out of the mist."

They were airlifted, cold but safe, back to Carcross in a Trans North Bell 206 helicopter, leaving Halladay's boat and gear behind. But Haladay says he's going to go back this weekend by snowmobile and canoe to get it.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Rusty Dow



Today, the Alaska Highway is considered the main street of the Yukon and Alaska. Easy to drive and quick to get there. It wasn't always so. Back in the early 40s, there was no highway. In the late 40s you needed a pass to travel on it. In the 50s and 60s, it was a dusty, muddy trail to nowhere - at least, it felt like you were going nowhere. My, how times have changed. There was a time, during construction in the 40s, that women were rarely seen anywhere and certainly not in a job meant for men. Thus, Rusty Dow was unique. She was an Alaskan who was noted for being "a woman who actually does a man's job in this war." That's the way the Seattle Post-Intelligencer wrote of her, in a 1943 series on U.S. Army Engineers in Alaska during World War II.

Rusty Dow was a female truck driver. She was one of a small group of women who worked at important jobs for the US army engineers in the Alaska Defense Command. Rusty, said the paper, "with her kindly blue eyes, unruly red hair and the khaki coveralls, drives an engineer mail truck through the ruts and roads and forts of Alaska." She usually drove a temperamental Studebaker 6-by-6.

Rusty Dow was born in Texas in 1894, moved to Alaska in 1934, and married a former ski champion named Russell Dow. In the early 40s she got a job with the engineers and often noted: "They get lots done when the going's hardest."

At first there were many skeptics that a woman could fill a man's trucking job, on the rough Alaska highway, but Rusty persisted and drove through blizzards, over dog trails, and on primitive roads with no accidents. Lt. Gen. Simon Buckner, commanding general in Alaska, called her "a real sourdough."

Army engineers completed a pioneer road in November 1942, and then contractors went to work in spring of 1943, straightening and improving the road and building permanent bridges. In 1944 Rusty Dow was the first woman to drive the entire length of the Alaska Highway. In a truck loaded with five tons of cement, Rusty made the 1532 mile trip in seven days. She was then fifty years old.

After the war, Rusty Dow took up painting and became a noted Alaskan artist. She spent her last few years in a nursing home in Palmer, Alaska, operating a wheel chair. The sign on the wall of her apartment read: "I drove the Alaska Highway - both ways - dammit." Rusty Dow was 95.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Another story about Rusty Dow from the Frontiersman dated Jan 3, 2014

'Rusty' Dow, Alaska's dean of women war workers

http://www.frontiersman.com/news/rusty-dow-alaska-s-dean-of-women-war-workers/article_45c7bbea-74b6-11e3-b6e9-0019bb2963f4.html

Hi Sherron

We have been updating our South MacMillan river guide and in the process Mike updated the history of Russell Creek. I have attached a Word document of that particular section. I know it is quite long but thought we would send it your way as I remember saying you were having trouble getting submissions.

Mike just reminded me that he wanted me to mention that if you could also put that we welcome feedback and/or additional information from any of the readers and full credit would be given if we use anything in our publication. Thanks!

[History of] RUSSELL CREEK

In the late fall of 1898, Nova Scotian Duncan Gillis, a veteran Yukon gold miner, was enroute from Edmonton to the Klondike via the Keele and MacMillan Rivers and found coarse gold on a small stream he called Slate Creek. Having over extended his prospecting time here, the river began to freeze, and he was forced to make a miserable trek to Ft. Selkirk. He returned in the summer with partners, building cabins about nine miles up the creek and taking out about \$200.00 in gold.

In the fall of 1899, Gillis travelled to Ottawa where he acquired a five square mile mining concession on what he now called Russell Creek (after the Russell Range of mountains to the north, named for old-timer Mark Russell, prospector and early Yukon exploration participant).

Since about the turn of the century, legendary trapper, John Barr, had lived and trapped primarily on the North MacMillan River. Barr had built a cabin above the mouth of the creek prior to 1903 and Armstrong first mentions encountering him at Russell Creek in the fall of 1905 with Barr's companion George Crosby. An outstanding woodsman, Barr provided ready assistance and advice to many traveling in the area. Barr seems to have died by about the mid-1920s, but Crosby still resided in the area until at least the early 1930s.

Nevill Alexander Drummond (N.A.D.) Armstrong, the youngest son of a British Baronet, was managing an English mining company in the Klondike in 1901, and agreed to fund a fact finding expedition to the creek. In the fall, the new partnership hired the newly constructed steamer, *Prospector*, to haul a party of six to Russell Creek, making it the first steamer to venture into the region. Built in Whitehorse, the 165-ton vessel was owned by the Stewart River Company, and had been primarily designed for use on the Yukon's side streams such as the Pelly/MacMillan. It was amply powered, illustrated by the fact that its machinery was installed around 1912 into the much larger 405-ton steamer *Nasutlin*. A nugget weighing three-quarters of an ounce was recovered by the prospecting party (the largest piece of gold ever to be taken out of the creek) prompting Armstrong to recommend that his company invest in Gillis' operation.

In 1903, Albert Olsen Peck (or Pack) and Henry McAulish (or McAngles) were on the upper MacMillan for forty-one days to clear navigational obstructions at a rate of five dollars per day (presumably working for the government).

In 1904, Armstrong and Gillis, with a four man crew, returned to the creek aboard the lightly powered steamer *Quick* (the steamer trip usually took from five to eight days from Dawson). Lumber was whipsawed, a ditch constructed for the purpose of hydraulic mining with the use of a monitor, and a prospect tunnel attempted. Armstrong's crew recovered \$218 (at about twenty dollars per ounce). As they were preparing to leave in the fall, they encountered a group of seven naturalists/big game hunters including Charles Sheldon, F.C. Selous, W.H. Osgood and C. Rungius (the first three of which, along with Armstrong, have mountains named for them in the area) and their hired men aboard the steamer *Emma Knot*.

The Gillis Concession was bought out by Armstrong's backers in 1905, and became the Gillis Extended Company. Over the next two years, working from Gillis' original cabins about nine miles up (at least 8-10 other structures were added along Russell Creek over time) as their base; the scale of the mining operation was increased. A longer, larger ditch was dug, timbered prospect tunnels and shafts dug into the largely unfrozen gravels, hydraulic cuts made in the creek bank, flumes constructed, rocks blasted, hundreds of feet of hydraulic pipe laid, and tons of supplies including a gramophone, spring beds and an armchair were brought in. A derrick was constructed to lift out rocks.

By 1907, Armstrong claimed to have spent almost \$50,000 (of his backers' money) with plans to spend "not less than \$40,000 over the next 2 years." The cost to charter a BYN Co steamer (almost certainly the 100', 201-ton *La France* which they hired in 1905 to bring in eleven tons of supplies) to make a run up to Russell Creek was \$1750.00 (plus a \$3000 bond). He requested government assistance of \$1000 in covering these costs as well as requesting \$2000.00 to remove rocks and snags from the MacMillan River channel. Summer prospecting and mining continued, and many tons of supplies were brought in by 1908 (the *Quick* again was chartered) when they constructed a new 1900' long ditch allowing them to recover \$11.10 in gold (\$33.50 was taken out in 1906). Armstrong petitioned the government for \$7000 to "open a road from MacMillan River up Russell Creek." He expected his road building expenses would total \$28,000 (\$1850.00/mile) and his plan was to sink a lot of additional money into the venture. He added that, "a future extension of an additional 15 miles would connect to the whole of the upper Stewart Country."

Armstrong and his friends had always exhibited what today would be considered an unhealthy desire to kill things (basically anything non-human that moved), and he and long-time employee and friend, Charles Pomeroy (who spent numerous winters trapping in the area), shifted to full time hunting and guiding in the area. In 1908, Armstrong had been appointed “official game warden of the MacMillan River” which gave him more of a free hand to exploit “my game supply” in “my caribou sanctuary.” Throughout his years here he and his cronies took out hundreds of big game animals including sheep ewes and lambs, bear sows and cubs and moose and caribou cows and calves. Huge amounts of meat were left to rot, allowed to spoil or were simply lost or wasted, especially when hunting for trophies. The “sportsman” Armstrong, was rarely reticent in listing his season’s bag. For example, the summer meat supply of 1905 for his small crew was 14 moose, 2 caribou, one sheep and lots of grayling, trout and rabbits. The summer of 1922 saw 9 moose, 9 caribou, 2 black bears and 3 grizzly shot. Once trophy hunting began in earnest, the numbers went up significantly. The local wildlife was given somewhat of a reprieve when the First World War shut down mining operations here.

His disdain for the First Nations people is often expressed, “It seems a terrible thing to shoot these glorious animals, but I would rather have his head to gaze at for the rest of my life than know that he had been killed by Indians, his head left to rot and his carcass fed to dogs.” Wrote his fellow English sportsman, Selous, “Fortunately for the game of Alaska and the Yukon Territory, Indians are not very numerous in those countries, and are supposed to be decreasing in number...”

After the war, in 1920, Armstrong conned a number of his army buddies into forming a mining syndicate, MacMillan River Exploration Ltd., with him as manager. It appears that for his remaining years of travelling up to Russell Creek and for the hauling of supplies, Alex Coward (34 years old), “his faithful friend, supporter, philosopher,” was employed with his launch, apparently a 38’ flat bottomed scow with a 5 ½’ beam and powered by a 24-hp Wisconsin gas engine.

Coward was a versatile, highly respected and intelligent individual based in Fort Selkirk. He, and partners Art Zimmerlee and William Schofield, had formed a trading company and established an outpost (consisting of several large buildings, a large garden and a greenhouse) at Russell Creek, just above the creek mouth, and about half a mile below where Armstrong had originally constructed three or four buildings which he called Armstrong Landing.

In this year, Zimmerlee, aged 34 and newly arrived in the Yukon, applied for 160 acres of agricultural land at the site of the post, 100 yards above the mouth of the creek. This was denied due to the site containing the best timber in the area, so Zimmerlee re-applied the following year for a ten acre lease (approved at 50 cents/acre/year) which the outfit maintained until 1942. Of German ancestry, Zimmerlee married Lil Horsfall shortly after the establishment of Russell Post and their family wintered here as traders until moving outside to Vancouver about 1939. Coward filled in as trader at Russell Creek from time to time but did not stay on as a partner of Zimmerlee and Schofield. By 1914, all but one of Armstrong's structures had been taken by the river and the last one burned in a forest fire about 1920. Armstrong re-located his river base to the Russell Post site which he now referred to as Armstrong's Landing. At this time, Armstrong suggests he regrets not having started a trading post here himself except for the fact that "...these posts attract Indians which slaughter animals to feed their dogs." New ground was staked, Armstrong claiming there was "at least a half mile of payable gold" ground and they worked another site with "good values" – the total summer take was \$16 in gold. Back in Ft. Selkirk, Armstrong bought a lot on which he had a cabin built which still stands today.

By the 1920s, with the increased use of small gas powered boats, the MacMillan and South MacMillan rivers began seeing an increase in hunting and especially prospecting.

Armstrong purchased a Keystone steam drill from the Yukon Gold Corporation and paid \$500 to have it hauled in from the Sixtymile River to Dawson where it was stripped and refurbished by the spring of 1921. Coward freighted for the outfit with his launch, bringing in the drill with assorted extra parts, fittings and drill casings, a wagon and general supplies. The drill was self-powered and made two trips up the creek, each time pulling a wagonload of materials. On steeper grades the machine winched itself up by means of a cable wrapped around one of the drive axles. That summer, nine holes were drilled to bedrock (generally at 25-30 feet), and most showed at least traces of gold. Armstrong at this time tried to sell his holdings to the Yukon Gold Corporation, but they wisely declined.

In 1922, Coward brought up two horses to be used as a team and the road was improved. Drill holes now penetrated to almost 60', some having to be thawed with a steam point. The last hole (of a total of about 35) was drilled, and Armstrong calculated the pay at ninety-two cents per cubic yard.

In 1923, more hydraulic pipe was brought in by Coward, who in the fall would haul large loads of meat, mostly moose, to be sold in Ft. Selkirk. Three men worked the cut with the monitor that summer, recovering \$63.00 in gold. Armstrong brought in a consulting engineer to look at the prospects and requested \$1500 from the Yukon government to defray road building costs (which was refused).

In 1925, a party of five men, headed by Fred Envoldsen, passed Russell Creek enroute to prospect on the South MacMillan, where one of the party drowned. Another member of the group, Dan Gleason, stopped at Russell Creek in mid-September with plans to walk overland to Mayo. Armstrong gave him extra clothes, supplies and a rifle as he was woefully ill-equipped. Evidence suggests that he made it as far as the Hess River where he drowned.

Zimmerlee was still wintering at the trading post by 1926. Three new cabins were constructed up the creek and the summer clean-ups brought in \$217.94 after more than an estimated 1200 cubic yards of gravel had been processed. By this time drifts up to 80' long had been tunneled.

Armstrong, who had always maintained that they were just off the pay streak wrote, "I begin to waiver in my determination to see this thing through to a successful issue" and finally, "I shall have to turn my back on my own mining camps here."

Shortly after this, Armstrong returned to England. And probably never returned to Canada. He died in 1954 at the age of 80.

The cabins up the creek gradually collapsed and people helped themselves to the abandoned tools and materials. The steam drill and lengths of hydraulic pipe remain on site.

The Russell Creek Trading Post remained in operation by Zimmerlee and Schofield, sometimes supplied by Coward's launch, and sometimes by such boats as Taylor and Drury's *Thistle*, Zimmerlee's *Dolphin* or perhaps J.C. Wilkinson's *Owl*, until about 1942 when the post was purchased by Oscar Erickson (who had first come to the area to work for Armstrong in 1923). Erickson had been managing the post for Zimmerlee and Schofield in 1941, and his conviction of an offence under the Yukon Game Ordinance prevented him from acquiring the post until the following year. He also owned an outpost at Moose Creek until about 1946, when he sold both locations to Pat and JJ VanBibber, (JJ was born here) after the posts had apparently both been sitting idle for a few years.

The post was closed up prior to 1950 and saw only occasional human habitation. In 1981, Lee and Mary Persinger landed here (from Maisy May Farm on the Stewart River) to reside for a short period of time.

The site stands abandoned today, the forest gradually encroaching and the buildings deteriorating.

Hi Sherron

I don't know if you've seen or received this yet. I understand it came from Sheldon Boles a retired member of the RCMP in Vancouver. No doubt it would of interest to many MocTel readers. #8681 refers to Cam's Regimental Number.

George Bliss georgebliss@live.ca (In Regina)

Corporal 'Cam' Gordon Irwin Cameron – #8681



Gordon Cameron spent his entire life in the service to his community. In 1980, he was awarded the Order of Canada.

EARLY YEARS

Gordon Irwin Cameron was born on January 22, 1900 at Trois-Riveres Quebec. The family moved to Ottawa in 1912 after Gordon's father passed away.

After shortly arriving in Ottawa, Gordon joined the Ottawa Army Cadets. With the outbreak of World War I, many men rushed to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

In 1916 at Ottawa, Gordon joined the Canadian Army by lying about his age. Prior to being shipped overseas, the military authorities discovered his true age. As such, he was retained in the Canadian Army but was not permitted to go overseas. Gordon remained at Petawawa for the duration of time in the Army.



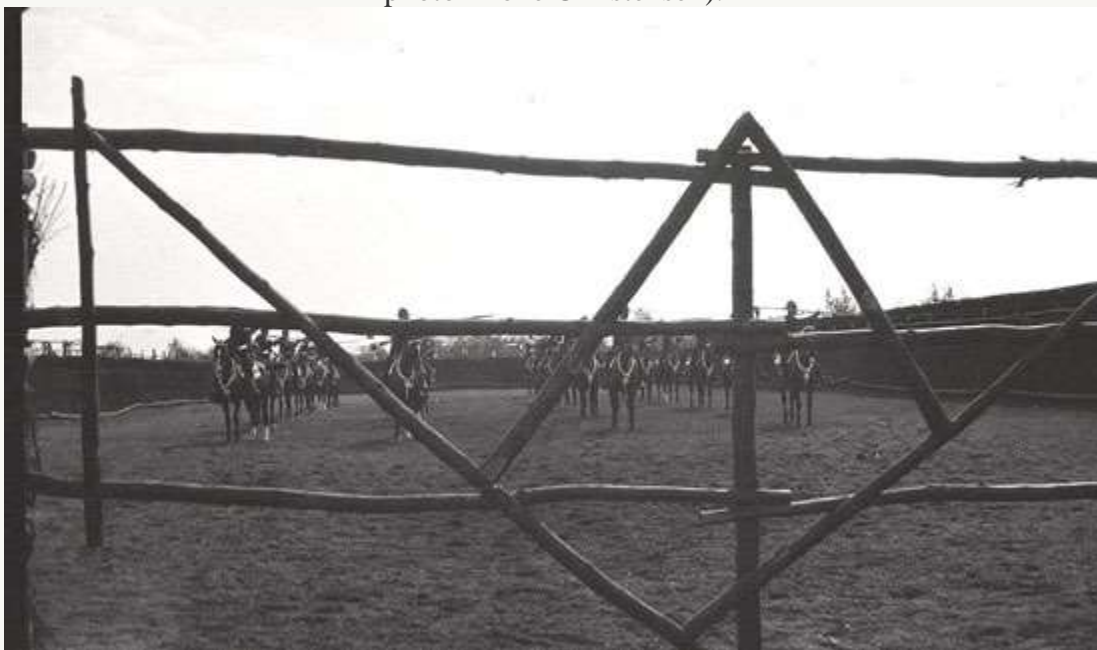
1917 -Photograph of Gordon Cameron in the Canadian Expeditionary Force at Camp Petawawa (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

JOINS THE FORCE

After receiving his discharge from the Canadian Army, he joined the Royal North West Mounted Police on August 17, 1919 for a three year term of service. He received his basic training at the "Depot" Division in Regina.



1924 – Photograph of the RCMP stables at the Fairmont in Vancouver (Source of the photo – Ione Christensen).



1924 – Photograph of RCMP Fairmont Barrack members practising lance drill in preparation for a Musical Ride demonstration (Source of Ione Christensen).

After graduation, he was transferred to “E” Division – Vancouver BC then to Esquimalt. At the termination of his three year term, Gordon took his discharge on August 26, 1922.



1922 – Photograph of Gordon Cameron doing welding work on an oil line in California. He is wearing his old RCMP high brown boots on this job site (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

It was then that Gordon and a friend headed to the California oil fields to work as welders.



1924 – Photograph of the RCMP Fairmont First Aid Instructors. Constable Gordon Cameron is the member in the rear row in the middle. (Source of photo -Ione Christensen of Whitehorse YT)

According to Gordon's daughter, *“it was not as romantic as they had hoped and they came back to Ottawa and rejoined the Force. Dad was sent to Regina for training and then to Vancouver in late 1923 or early 1924 that summer he was posted to a very small Island off Vancouver Island. I think it was Sandy Island just off Union Bay – it was a bird sanctuary and he was to make sure no one took the eggs when the birds were nesting.*



1924 – Photograph of RCMP members at Elsa Detachment in the Yukon (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

In late 1924, he was posted to Elsa in the Yukon to do undercover work to get evidence on gambling and prostitution. Once this was done, they decided it would cost too much to send him back to Vancouver – so he was posted to Dawson City 1925.



1926 – Photograph of RCMP Constable Gordon Cameron at Dawson Detachment in the Yukon (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

Dad did a short posting at Mayo but most of his time was spent in Dawson until 1928. He had met my mother and they had permission to marry in June of 1928. Then the Officer Commanding had a heart attack on New Year's Day of 1928. The new Officer Commanding did not want any married men on his post so he cancelled dad's permission to marry. Consequently, dad purchased out of the Force on June 27th 1928.

Cam and Martha then left Dawson City and traveled to Ottawa, where members of Cam's family had several businesses. He went to work with them but with the crash of 1929 the businesses were lost. Cam and Martha with Cam's brother and his wife decided to head west to the Peace River Country where farming land was being given free to those who wished to break the land. So off they went by car on this great adventure, arriving in Dawson Creek in late August 1929. They traded the car for a wagon, plow, three horses, a cow and some chickens. They each received a quarter-section just over the BC boarder in Alberta.

Needless to say, they did not do all that well. Neither of them were farmers. I came along in 1933 and mother said that was it, no more farming. So they moved on to Vancouver in 1934 and Dad re-engaged on March 5, 1934 in the Force once again.



June 10 – 14, 1934 – Photograph of the RCMP Musical Ride team from the Fairmont Barrack performing at the Canadian Legion Convention in Portland Oregon (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

He spent the summer out with the fishing fleet at the north end of Vancouver Island. Mother and I went back to the Yukon for the summer returning to Vancouver in the fall. The next spring Dad was posted to Fort Selkirk in the Yukon.”



1936 – Photograph of Constable Gordon Cameron at Fort Selkirk (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

While a Selkirk, Gordon performed a wide range of responsibilities in addition to policing such as: enforcing the game laws; meeting incoming planes and sternwheelers; distributing medicines; digging graves for burials; delivering mail and performing multiple tasks within the community. His patrols were undertaken by boat in the summer and dog team in the winter.



1940 – Photograph of Constable Gordon Cameron assisting with a burial service at Fort. Selkirk (Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

On the occasions when Gordon was away, Martha would be left in charge of the detachment.



1939 – Photograph of Gordon Cameron, Martha Cameron and their daughter Ione.

According to Ione Christiansen, “*Selkirk was a one man (and woman, Mother) post with five dogs and a 14 foot canoe with a 10 horsepower outboard to do all the patrols between Whitehorse and Dawson and all of the Pelly River country. We were there 15 years till it closed down in 1949 when Dad retired and we moved to Whitehorse.*”

IN RETIREMENT

Ione further outlined *“dad then worked for the Territorial Government – first in the Game Department and later in the Health Department as the Health Inspector for the Yukon. In 1971, dad was appointed as the ‘sergeant-of-arms’ in the Yukon Legislature and held this position until 1986.*



Photograph of Gordon Cameron as the “Sergeant-of-Arms” for the Yukon Legislature
(Source of photo – Ione Christensen).

Dad was very active in the RCMP Veterans’ Association here in Yukon and the planning of the 100 anniversary of the Force in Yukon 1995.



Photograph of the 100th anniversary of the RCMP in the Yukon.

He went into a senior's home in October 1995 and passed away on April 29, 1996.”
In 1980, Gordon was awarded the Order of Canada.

Ione concluded by saying *“dad was the ultimate diplomat and took the civil servant’ part of his job very seriously. He was always there to serve, and was in the service for most of his life.”*



Photograph of Corporal Gordon Cameron's RCMP grave marker (Source of photo – RCMP Gravesite database)

Marker is in Grey Mountain Cemetery in Whitehorse Yukon.

* * * * *

Hi Sherron:

I am submitting this poem to you to put in the Moccasin Telegraph. The author is unknown. Tom Barnaby sent it to me. I have tried phoning him to get him to send it, however, I haven't been able to reach him on the phone. Maybe he and Gayle are away on a vacation somewhere.

I am still in Penticton and expecting Dave to arrive on Monday, March 9th. He will have a short visit with his sister, Shelley Biden and her husband Mike. Then he will take me back to Vancouver with him while Shelley & Mike go on a Cruise to the Caribbean.

Sometime in June, Dave will take me up to our cabins at Army Beach, Marsh Lake. He stays in the main cabin and I have my own apartment above the workshop (garage).

I am looking forward to visiting with all our friends along the beach. I will send you pictures, etc. from up there.

Meanwhile, I am still playing first violin with the Penticton Tuneagers Orchestra. We have a concert on March 28th.

I have also joined the Penticton Ukulele Club and there are about 34 members that get together on Wednesday evenings to strum along to the good old tunes that I have known for years. I just love it.

Rusty Reid rustyreid.yukon@gmail.com
Phone: 250 492-7247 (My apartment in Penticton)

Nostalgic Memories

I remember the bologna of my childhood,
And the bread that we cut with a knife,
When the children helped with the housework,
And the men went to work not the wife.

The cheese never needed a fridge,
And the bread was so crusty and hot,
The children were seldom unhappy
And the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the bottle,
With the yummy cream on the top,
Our dinner came hot from the oven,
And not from a freezer; or the shop.

The kids were a lot more contented,
They didn't need money for kicks,
Just a game with their friends in the road,
And sometimes the Saturday flicks.

I remember the shop on the corner,
Where cookies for pennies were sold
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic?
Or is it....I'm just getting old?

The baths were taken in a #3 wash tub,
With plenty of rich foamy suds
But the ironing seemed never ending
As Mama pressed everyone's 'duds'.

I remember the slap on my backside,
And the taste of soap if I swore
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of
And we hadn't much choice what we wore.

Do you think that bruised our ego?
Or our initiative was destroyed?
We ate what was put on the table
and I think life was better enjoyed.



Carcross Sunrise

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones*northwestel.net (In Carcross)

Wow, what a beautiful image Heather.

Yes keep the Moccasin-Telegraph going.

Hello Sherron and Bill,

Yes I'm still here; don't know why but still here? Been a while but I may as well put in my two cents worth. Yes keep the Moccasin-Telegraph going. I realize it will change over the years but I still find it interesting and look forward to it arriving on the screen whenever possible. I know there are still a lot of us; me included, meaning to contribute stories etc. but you know how it goes, when I get a "round to it"! Still don't know what a "round to it" is but whatever.

I especially enjoyed the recent Millen photos from Dawson. Especially of the riverboats etc. A lot of history there and very enjoyable to view. Thanks. Another was the story that Debbie Kelly did on her family. It was especially touching as I worked for her brothers Brian and Richard and with Peter. Saddened to hear of Richard leaving us a while back and also Peter's sudden passing. Two fine examples that a lot of us could follow and contribute some history to the Moccasin-Telegraph.

Anyway I also have been wondering where all the old gang is, the new retirees my age, 67, have gone, old school chums etc. Turns out there is going to be an FH Collins Reunion held in Whitehorse this summer in July. There is a web site that I am sure you are aware of, www.fhcollins60sreunion.com and in it there is a Lest We Forget site. What a shocker to find so many that I grew up with that are no longer with us. Elaine and I will be making every effort to attend and make a trip out of it. Its time I retraced my roots.

Are you going to make some more updated versions of the Moccasin-Telegraph DVD? I would like a new one again to keep things up to date.

Also will we be seeing you at the Yukoner's Banquet this year? Another happening on my bucket list that I hope to fulfill.

Cheers,

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

KEEPING CONNECTED TO THE GOOD OLE DAYS

Hi Sherron:

From 1964 onward to the early 70's, I lived in Yukon, initially during in the early days of the Faro Mine discovery then followed by carrying out mineral exploration geological work throughout eastern Yukon with a base in Ross River.

I then moved back to Vancouver but continued to spend about half of each year conducting exploration in Yukon up until the late 90's followed by lesser amounts of time from then through to 2014. So that's a span of 50 years.

With most of my Yukon cronies, met during the early part of the last 50 years, today there are now few familiar names cropping up in Moctel. But, Moctel keeps me in touch with the Yukon which has been a large part of the good ole days.

So, as promised a few years ago, I must be prompted to now go through my files to re-create some of the olden days.

All the best.

John Brock jsbrock@shaw.ca (Eagle Island, off West Vancouver)

From:
Vancouver Yukoners Association
Email: jaleahy*telus.net
February 25, 2015 [received by MocTel - March 3, 2015]

For Immediate Release

The Canucks and Hank Karr Going to Vancouver

Vancouver Yukoners Association (VYA) is very pleased to announce that the Canucks and Hank Karr will be bringing their music and playing after dinner at the VYA 87th annual Reunion.

The Reunion is being held at the River Rock Hotel and Casino on Saturday, April 11, 2515. See www.vancouver-yukoners.com for further details.

What MocTel has meant to me.

In the beginning, the Moccasin Telegraph was a means to open and sustain conversations with my parents on my visits to their home in Vernon. Mom's dementia was progressing but the past was ever more real to her. Snippets and pictures from the MocTel supplemented their sessions over the photo albums recording their life together.

When Whitehorse kids were sharing their class pictures with the MocTel, I added some of mine. A woman recognized her sister in my grade one Lambert Street School picture and contacted Sherron. Sherron obtained the necessary permissions; Vivian and I got in touch, lived within "let's do lunch" range and have kept in touch.

The strangest coincidence was an online conversation between two subscribers, one on the prairies and one in California, about something I had written. The former, I had never met but he was a Burnaby boy before becoming a Yukoner; the latter had been my pen pal when we were kids, had stayed with her aunt in Burnaby while furthering her education (a block from our house). Several years later, I took him on a tour of his old Burnaby haunts when he was in town.

I had inherited thousands of slides from my grandparents and parents. While winnowing them to a manageable level, I needed help to identify some of the faces. (Note to others: don't discard the originals. The archive wants the originals, not the digital copies.) Sherron posted them and the identities were quickly shared. They were all people I had

known as a child but for whom I had no names. When I was in Whitehorse with two cousins to accept a posthumous Transportation Pioneer Award for my great grandfather, one of the other recipients was someone I did remember as being a gangly teenager. It was his wife who had supplied the names for the N.C. Co. fishing trip picture in the MocTel.

As Newsletter Editor for Vancouver Yukoners Association, I value the generation bridging that the MocTel provides. I left the north as an almost-twelve year old. My roots go back to the beginning of the Klondike Gold Rush; my grandparents retired “outside” ten years after I left. I have more connection to our members ten or more years my senior than to those closer to my age that grew up and/or worked their adult lives there. MocTel often gives me news that needs to be checked out for possible inclusion in our newsletter. Sherron and I do a lot of collaborative obituary sharing.

What Moccasin Telegraph has really meant to me, however, was time spent by two wonderful people, Bill and Sherron Jones. Tea in the cool of their deck, introduction to other Vernon Yukoners, a brief respite from the anxiety of checking up on aging parents. Dad telling me of Bill coming to visit, sometimes to return a book but mostly just to visit.

Thank you.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mmainer9@telus.net (In Burnaby)

OBIT

Gabe (Norman) Patrick

March 31,1933 - February 19, 2015

It is with deep sadness the family announces the passing of Gabe (Norman) Patrick of Whitehorse, Yukon formally of Calahoo on February 19, 2015 at the age of 81 years.

He is survived by 3 sons, Mark, Miles and Blair and 1 daughter Nichola and numerous grandchildren, 3 brothers and 1 sister.

He was predeceased by his friend and partner Vimy, daughter Carmen and brother Pana (Andrew).

As per request cremation has taken place and a memorial will be held at a later date.

Published in The Edmonton Journal on Mar. 6, 2015

NEW ADDITION

I was born in Dawson in 1958. My parents were Dennis and Betty Mackie. Three of my four siblings were born there as well. From there we lived in Fort Smith and Whitehorse. My dad was the fire chief in Dawson and then worked as a radio announcer for the CBC. My mother worked for city hall.

Beth (Mackie) Boxall bethboxall@icloud.com (In

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The only way to have a friend is to be one. - Ralph Waldo Emerson

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Rhubarb Custard Bars Recipe

Ingredients

2 cups all-purpose flour
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup cold butter

FILLING:

2 cups sugar (or less if you choose)
7 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 cup heavy whipping cream
3 eggs, beaten
5 cups finely chopped fresh or frozen rhubarb, thawed and drained

TOPPING:

2 packages (3 ounces each) cream cheese, softened
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup heavy whipping cream, whipped

Directions

1. In a bowl, combine the flour and sugar; cut in butter until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Press into a greased 13-in. x 9-in. baking pan. Bake at 350° for 10 minutes.

2. Meanwhile, for filling, combine sugar and flour in a bowl. Whisk in cream and eggs. Stir in the rhubarb. Pour over crust. Bake at 350° for 40-45 minutes or until custard is set. Cool.
3. For topping, beat cream cheese, sugar and vanilla until smooth; fold in whipped cream. Spread over top. Cover and chill. Cut into bars. Store in the refrigerator.
Yield: 3 dozen.

DATES TO REMEMBER



**Vancouver Yukoners' Association
87th Annual Reunion
April 10-12, 2015**



Banquet - Saturday, April 11, 2015

**River Rock Casino/Resort – Whistler Ballroom
8811 River Rd, Richmond BC
Free Parking in Casino Parkade**

Hotel reservations

Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718

ASK FOR VANCOUVER YUKONERS' RATE

**1 King Bed or 2 Queen Bed Standard Room \$152.00 & 1 Bedroom Suite
\$182.00**

2 Bedroom Resort Suite \$232.00

Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet based on availability
BOOK EARLY – AVAILABILITY & RATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Banquet Reception: Ballroom Foyer No-Host Bar 5pm – 6pm

Welcome followed by Dinner: 6:15 pm

For group seating reservations, please follow directions on website at

www.vancouver-yukoners.com

Hospitality Room: Open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from
noon

Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

.....
FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

Email: lornellis@shaw.ca

Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

**\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to
*Vancouver Yukoners' Association***

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

**We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North
Contact them for any special discounts they may offer**

Check www.vancouver-yukoners.com for updates

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

(Before March 31st)

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(After April 4th)

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