

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Seventy Fourth Edition- Aug. 8, 2004**

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**Sinbad**

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett

**SINBAD**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

Sinbad is quite a handsome cat,  
Jet black, with eyes that glow,  
He has a better life style  
Than many folks I know.  
He's the king of all his realm,  
He looks with scorn at me,  
He's the master at the helm,  
Like a captain while at sea.

He prowls throughout his castle,  
Right of passage through the house,  
Senses sharp, prepared to wrestle  
Any brave intruding mouse.  
Bold guardian of his station  
He's the boss man, he's the head  
He demands no compensation  
All he asks is to be fed.

He doesn't have to work each day,  
Just hunts when in the mood,  
He doesn't need to eat his prey,  
He dines on gourmet food.  
Some would say he's but a loafer,  
But he'll insist he's just retired.  
His place is on the sofa,  
To be coddled and admired.

He's gained my admiration,  
Oh, to be so cool and suave.  
I'd be a man above my station,  
If his karma I could have,  
The lady cats all think that he  
Would make a perfect suitor,  
But that would not work out you see,  
Alas, poor lad, his gender's neuter.

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## **Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

### **Chapter 16**

In May of 1949 we were fed up with the Seabee and were quite sure it was going to kill one of us if we kept it so I flew it to Vancouver and sold it to a company that had many of them. I went back to Ontario and bought a four place Aeronca Sedan which was a nice little airplane of the conventional style. It was on floats but could be converted to wheels or skis when necessary. It had very good take-off and landing capabilities and carried a good load. However, it had a slow cruise speed of ninety miles per hour. As in all airplanes you gain some and you lose some. I flew it to Whitehorse and put it right to work.

There was no road to Atlin at this time so a lot of traffic was generated to and from there. There was a gold mine operating in Tulsequah on the Pacific side of the Coast Range employing quite a few men so we did a good business there, too.

We were having a busy summer but the flying school was having trouble staying afloat and suggested we amalgamate the two companies. Although we had the lion's share of the business, I could see many advantages in having just one company. George Milne was a highly experienced pilot and had excellent public relations. He was very popular. He had taken on as a partner Gordon Cameron who was a first-class aircraft engineer and also had excellent public relations. So after working out a deal we joined forces. We called the new company Whitehorse Flying Services.

It was a good move as things immediately started improving. We now had ninety-eight percent of the flying business in the Yukon so the company in Carcross offered to sellout to us. They had a lot of airplanes we did not want so a deal was worked out where we would buy their licenses and one airplane. They would dispose of everything else themselves. The aircraft we took was an old Fairchild 71, a tubular steel and fabric high wing monoplane with a four-fifty horsepower engine. It could carry ten people or fifteen

hundred pounds of freight. It was one of the best bush planes of the time, and would be the largest in our fleet.



Stinson CF-FJY – George Milne - Whitehorse

\* \* \* \* \*

Moe Grant had been raised in Carcross and was now living in Whitehorse. He had been taking flying lessons the same time I was and I believe had the first private license issued in the Territory. He and I became very good friends and still are today. He had bought an old Tiger Moth airplane from the same company we had just bought out and was using it for private use to build up his flying hours.



A Tiger Moth photo found on the internet.

In late February of 1950 he had left Atlin to fly to Whitehorse but did not arrive so a search was started. George Hartnell and I were out but found no sign of him. Herman Petersen, a famous bush pilot who had flown in the country for about ten years and was a good friend of Moe's, used one of our planes and spent all his time searching. He eventually found the plane crashed on the side of a mountain above timberline but there was no sign of Moe.

An Air Force Norseman had been searching also. They landed on a lake below the crash sight and paramedics climbed the mountain on foot. They found Moe rolled up in aircraft fabric at the timberline where he had lain for five days during very cold weather. He was as close to death as a person could be without actually dying. They put him on a small toboggan they had and pulled him down to the Norseman and flew him to hospital in Whitehorse. His feet were frozen solid so he was flown to Edmonton where both legs were amputated above the knees. He was fitted with artificial legs and eventually got his private license back. He has owned many planes since then and is still an enthusiastic pilot today.

In the summer of 1950, the Government Topographical Survey was going to map all the northern Yukon on a line from Miller Creek on the Alaska-Yukon border through Dawson and Mayo to the Yukon-North West Territories border at Norman Wells. All the area north of that to the Beaufort Sea was unmapped. They were going to have about twenty men with two Hiller 360 helicopters, which would be the first ones to work in the Yukon. They asked us to supply the support aircraft. We agreed so they gave us a contract. I would be the pilot flying the Fairchild 71. On the tenth of June I flew to Mayo, which would be their first base camp.



CF-BHX Fairchild 71  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I met the crew who were already assembled there and immediately started putting out gas caches for the helicopters and airplane on the lakes that would be future base camps. I worked very long hours as it was daylight for twenty-four hours daily and there was no end to the supplies and men to be moved. The first base camp was on Kathleen Lake about a hundred miles north of Mayo in the Ogilvie Mountains. The camp, supplies, men and helicopters all had to be moved there. I stayed in Mayo and moved gas out to many lakes. I flew all the way over to Bonnet Plume River. When needed, I would take gas or supplies to the base camp.

The Fairchild 71 had been one of the best bush planes of the time. But a new modern better-performing airplane was being built by DeHaviland Aircraft Company, called the Beaver. We had wanted one for some time so when a secondhand one came up for sale, we bought it and George went back to Ontario to get it. He arrived back July 17, 1950 and on the 18th I flew to Whitehorse and traded him the 71 for the Beaver. I was back in Mayo on the 19th and what a treat it was to work with that machine.



CF-FHA – Beaver – Photo taken by Bud Harbottle in second Beaver CF-GCY  
George Milne flying FHA – 15<sup>th</sup> Beaver manufactured.  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

*(I asked Norm Hartnell for some help in identifying the correct photos from Jeanne's collection to appear in the correct places. I had a different Fairchild pasted, which now will appear in a later story. - Sherron)*

Hi Sherron; George Milne picked up our second Beaver CF-GCY. You may have a picture of it in a air photo of a yellow Beaver taken from another Beaver. Mind you it could also be CF-FHA which incidentally was the 15th Beaver manufactured.

Moe Grant was flying a two place DeHaviland Tiger Moth bi-plane that he had bought from Northern Airways in Carcross. I don't think we have any photos of it but Google can picture one for you.

The Fairchild you show is a relatively modern four place machine whereas our Fairchild 71 CF-BXH was much larger.

Sorry I couldn't have been of more help. Norm Hartnell ladue1\*shaw.ca

During its design stage, many bush pilots had been consulted and all their good ideas had been incorporated into the airplane. It was an all-metal monoplane designed for wheels, skis or floats carrying seven people. It had a Pratt and Whitney Wasp Junior engine of 450 take-off horsepower. It had exceptional short field capabilities; good climb and cruised a hundred ten miles an hour on floats and one hundred twenty-five on wheels.

When I arrived at the base camp on Elliot Lake everyone was there and delighted to see the new airplane. Pat Callison who operated Callison's Flying Service out of Dawson City and had flown in the Yukon for many years was there with his Waco, which was about the same vintage as the Fairchild 71. While I was eating lunch, I heard the Beaver engine start up and then take off. Pat was flying it without even a checkout but I was not worried as he had flown many different types and was an exceptional bush pilot. When he got down again, he was bursting with enthusiasm. It was not too long after that he traded his Waco for a Beaver.



Pat Callison's Cessna Crane CF-F  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Hello, Sherron - In answer to your query regarding my Dad's Cessna Crane - I think the registration was CF-FCC (but can't remember for sure. I have searched through many old pictures but can't find one that shows the lettering).

As to the name Cessna Crane - it was built during the 2nd WW - primarily for reconnaissance. Canadians called them Cessna Cranes (model) but were known to American pilots as the Bob Cat. This is a direct quote from my father's book. He did own this plane and purchased the Beaver later on.

Hope this will help.

Best regards, Joan Rodschat [jrodschat@direct.ca](mailto:jrodschat@direct.ca)

*(When I zoom in on this lettering it looks like CF-FGR or FCR. – Sherron)*

Everything was much better for me because instead of dragging my tail over the tree tops in the valleys and passes of the Ogilvie Mountains, I could easily climb up and go over them which was a great deal more comfortable. I stayed until the fourth of August then flew to Whitehorse. George Milne took the Beaver back to put in a shift with the survey crew and I stayed in Whitehorse with Hartnell and flew the Fairchild 71 and the Stinson.

I made three trips in the Fairchild. On the eighth of August, Hartnell took a load of supplies and mail in the Fairchild to another survey party at Godlin Lake on the Canol Road. He was over Quiet Lake at six thousand feet when he smelled smoke. On looking back, he saw the belly and floor were on fire. He thought he could go down and hit the water hard and maybe splash out the fire but that did not work. He stayed on the step and headed for the beach to a point where the Canol Road came close to the water. He ran it right out of the water then jumped out and ran as the whole cabin was burning furiously. After he had gone a couple of hundred feet he looked back and the flames seemed to be about two hundred feet high. There were one hundred eighty gallons of gas in the wings, which were burning like a big torch.

Of course, he lost everything including his emergency gear so he just sat on the road hoping someone would come along. The road had been neglected for several years with no maintenance work at all so it was rarely used. But in the evening an Indian man and his wife came along in a beaten up old pick-up and took him to the Alaska Highway where he caught a ride to Whitehorse.

The next day Gordon Cameron and I flew to Quiet Lake in the Stinson to examine the wreck for the insurance people. It was a write off.



Fairchild 71 at Quiet Lake  
Norm Hartnell pilot – caught fire in air.  
Stinson CF-FJY in the background.

On the tenth of August I loaded up the Stinson with another load of supplies and headed out on the same trip. We had a gas cache at Sheldon Lake where I landed to refuel but the gas had been stolen. I went to Fuller Lake where we had another cache but that was stolen also. There was nothing I could do but go back to Ross River where our gas was right in front of the Police Station so I was sure of getting some.

Ross River village was about two hundred yards up the Ross River from its junction with the Pelly River. A quarter mile below that was a suspension foot-bridge and on the downstream side of that was a cable ferry.

When landing, we touched down just above the bridge then taxied up the Ross to the village. For take-off we taxied under the bridge and ferry cable then took off downstream. This day I landed in the usual fashion, gassed up and taxied down the Ross to the Pelly and under the bridge and ferry cable. Then suddenly I saw another cable spanning the river about six feet above the water. It had never been there before. There was nothing I could do. I was going downstream into wind and the cable was only fifty feet in front of me. I shut off the engine and the propeller stopped crossways so the cable slid along the top of the cowling and hit the windshield knocking it out. Then as the pressure of the airplane came against it, it formed a bow going back under each wing tip. We were in the centre of the river and I was out standing on a float. When the cable bowed as far as it would go, the airplane floated quite stable. I had the idea that if I got up on the engine cowling and pulled on the cable, I might be able to slide the plane to shore where I could tie it to something and salvage it with only a broken windshield.

I tried it and slid along the cable in fine style until twenty feet from shore. I ran into a bunch of submerged piling that had been a ferry dock at one time and could not go any further. I had been so successful getting to one side that I thought I could go back to the other side where I knew there was deep water because I had tied up there before. Then I noticed the heels of the floats were starting to submerge. Once they were under water the force of the current forced them down until the tail planes were in the water. Then the tail started to move to the left letting the right wing come off the cable. The left wing slid up until it was straight in the air. Then the plane flipped over on its back. Previous to that, I had started out on the cable using my hands and legs something like a monkey. It was an old cable with many broken strands so it was not long before my skin was coming off. I knew that if I fell in the water I probably would not survive as I was not a good swimmer and I had known many really good swimmers that did not survive in these rivers. So I had plenty of incentive to keep going and finally made it to shore.

The plane in the meantime was on its back and downstream of the cable and held fast there by the propeller, which for some reason had turned vertically. Just the floats were showing above water, as they were still buoyant. I could see everything that floated, even the life jacket I had neglected to put on, making a long line downstream.



Stinson CF-FJY  
Bud Harbottle caught on the cable at Ross River

I walked about a half mile to the village where fortunately there was a medical team x-raying all the Indians for tuberculosis. They bandaged my hands and legs and got word out on their radio to Whitehorse of my problem. Gordon Cameron advised me that George Milne would be leaving the survey to fly to Whitehorse and pick up the same load that we had already lost twice. He would take it to Godlin Lake and pick me up on his return.



Stinson CF-FJY  
Bud Harbottle caught on the cable at Ross River

The next day we saw George go over in the Beaver but he did not return by dark so first thing in the morning I alerted Whitehorse to send out some search planes. Three

days later Pat Callison was flying across the area north of Ross River when he saw something shiny in the bush at the edge of a lake. He went down to see what it was and sure enough it was George and the Beaver sitting high and dry about fifty feet from the water. He landed and found George was okay. So was the airplane as it had slid up a flat beach and into the low buck brush. He needed help to get back to the lake so Pat flew back to Dawson, picked up some men and tackle gear and returned. They got the plane turned around so it faced the lake. Then using the motor and with the men pushing, George got it back floating again. George delivered his load and picked me up on his return. He told me what had happened.

*(One of the men pushing the plane out of the buck brush was Glen Campbell.)*



Glen Campbell at Okanagan Picnic June 2004

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly\\*on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly*on.aibn.com)

Not long after passing Ross River he had run into a very heavy thunderstorm and decided to land on a lake until it passed. It was raining so hard he could hardly see through the windshield and had touched down too late to slow the momentum before he was at the beach. Luckily for everyone concerned the beach was flat and there were no trees. Although there was no damage to the airplane, he was stuck and very embarrassed.

We had to have the Beaver in Whitehorse now to look after our commitments so had a pilot and Beaver from interior British Columbia go to Mayo to finish our contract with the survey.

The cable at Ross River had been put across the river illegally, by a company that was using the ferry. They had trouble with strong upstream winds blowing the ferry upstream enough to put slack in the propulsion cables so it would stall. They had the bright idea of putting another cable downstream of the ferry so it was held tight between the two but they blocked a navigable river without notifying the Department of Transport. If they had sanctioned the cable, the D.C.T. would notify all airmen. Normally they would not allow such a thing. The insurance company paid us off and then sued the people responsible and recovered their loss. The cable was promptly removed.

We thought the Devil was after us as we had totaled two airplanes and only had a Beaver, Super Cruiser and a Fleet Canuck used for the school. George went south and bought another Stinson so that put us in fair shape again. We were busy during the winter of 1950-51 as Tulsequah generated a good part of the work.

(To be continued.)

## Whitehorse High School Graduation Class of '61

By Ralph Lortie [rlortie001\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

In 1961, a wonderful thing happened – we graduated. We were a fine group of young men & women, most of which have done well in the years since.



Front: Beverley Bear, Elizabeth Campbell, Gwenne Carswell, Carol Clarke, Eleanor Doherty.

2<sup>nd</sup> row of girls: Frances Law, ? , Barb Norrington, Linda Rotondo.

Boys at back: Jay Amor, Lowell Bleiler, Ed McRoberts, Dave Carter, John Nitz, Gus Choquette, John Drayton.



Front: Dale King, Joan Fromme, Dorothy Feldman, Annalea Fance, Sharon Dumas.

2<sup>nd</sup> row: Ralph Lortie, Norma Yardley, Bev Wellar, Ethel Tizya.

Boys in back: Bob Jacobs, Howard Herrington, Allan Gatey ?, ? , Bill Etzerza.



Front, from left: Bev Bear, Elizabeth Campbell, Gwenne Carswell, Carol Clarke, Eleanor Doherty, Sharon Dumas, Annalea Fance, Dorothy Feldman, Joan Fromme, Dale King, Fran Law, Robin McCullough, Barb Norrington, Linda Rotondo, Ethel Tizya, Bev Wellar, Norma Yardley. Boys with discernible faces: Gus Choquette, Lyle Coleman, Ken Taylor, Fred Jim, R. Lortie, Ed McRoberts, John Nitz, Ross Tieg ?

In the crowd of proud parents, I can recognize one face – Dick Carswell.



### **Valedictory**

Dale King, Norma Yardley, Bob Jacobs, Fred Jim, Mr. Henry (Hank) Bugara, Principal, Mr. Tony Baumber, R. Lortie (speaker), Eleanor Doherty, Barb Norrington, Carol Clarke, John Nitz, Gwenne Carswell, Ed McRoberts.

(Grads not apparent in these photos include: Stan Wilcox, Lynda Gorham & Kenneth Lang.)



After the formalities, some of the guys assembled for this photo. From left: Lowell Bleiler, John Drayton, Ralph Lortie, Eric Fessenden, Gaston Choquette, Ed McRoberts, Ken Taylor, Dave Carter, Lyle Coleman, and Allan Gatey.



**Sweethearts** Ralph Lortie & Robin McCullough  
All grad photos courtesy Ralph Lortie [rlortie001\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

## A MESSAGE FROM AL OSTER

I used to do some artist bookings for the clubs in Whitehorse, and on this occasion I was in Vancouver to book for the Whitehorse Inn & Bamboo Lounge, and I heard Hank Karr playing in a Legion in Vancouver, and I liked his performance. I believe it was on Fraser or Victoria St somewhere around 33rd Ave., or thereabouts. I asked him over to my table on one of his breaks and asked him if he might be interested to book in a bar in the Yukon for a 3 month period. He advised he was very interested and we discussed the details. He accepted the terms, and has been a devoted Yukoner ever since. He now good naturedly and jokingly states at some of his shows that I'm to blame for bringing him to the Yukon where he has never made enough money to pay his way out. SOUR on the country and not enough DOUGH to get out, which of course is not true. He loves the Yukon, the same as I do, and has told me in he has no intention of ever leaving. Like many other Yukoners, he has too many nostalgic reminiscent moments in his Book of Yukon Memories to leave.

Sorry to be so long in replying to your Email query, but we've just returned from the Yukon. We had a wonderful visit with old friends and our 3 children. Our son Jim used to own the Extra Foods franchise, and our Daughter Donna Barnes worked as a price checker for him. With the advent of Wal-Mart intruding he has now turned the franchise back to Weston, and is devoting full time attention to his Better Bodies Fitness Centre business which he also started about 5 years ago. He employs a work force of 33 employees, some of which are very professional body building experts. Donna also works as a bookkeeper for him at the Fitness Centre. Our youngest son, Bill is an artist like Jim Robb and has a business called Oster Ink in which he specializes in air brush paintings, signs, murals, etc. He has done a lot of work for the Yukon Government such as the paintings on the tourist reception centre, the Beringia display, highway information signs, as well as restaurant murals, Frantic Follies murals, and recently did some of the art work in the Robin Williams movie being filmed in Whitehorse. We're very proud of our Yukon Kids.

While in the Yukon we met Donna & Brian Clayson at a Legion function with Bill & Rusty Reid, Hank Karr, Ed Issak, and others. First time I've met her even though I used to be a timekeeper with Dennis Callison at the Sourdough Rendezvous sled dog races. Good old days !!

Enough said for this time. You're doing a wonderful job with the MocTel. I suggest you do an issue once every 2 weeks, or even once a month so as not to run short of historical data. More spare time for you too.

Cheers, Al Oster [alosteryukon@jetstream.net](mailto:alosteryukon@jetstream.net)

*(I told Al I would give serious consideration to his advice, but that so far the project has been more like the 'tail wagging the dog'. - Sherron)*

## Whitehorse High School - 1960



Sheila (Proctor) Ross and Debbie Kelly  
Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly\\*on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly*on.aibn.com)

*Debbie and Sheila are thinking about a Yukoners' reunion in the Ottawa/Toronto area of Canada next year. They are thinking of sometime in September, but that depends on interest shown. If you are travelling in that area next year or live within travelling distance Debbie would love to hear from you if you have any interest in such an event.*

*In a note from Debbie, her memory was refreshed that the other person in the photo two weeks ago was Karen North's younger sister Sonia. – Sherron*

## MESSAGE FROM KARL CROSBY

Sherron: Like so many other former Yukoners, I enjoy receiving the Moccasin Telegraph. I know this publication requires a lot of your time and you should be commended for making the effort. As you are aware, I worked for YTG between 1970 and 1980 in the Department of Tourism and Information, becoming the director of the Department in 1975. Actually, I started with the Government as manager of Yukon House in Vancouver and moved to Whitehorse in 1973 where we built our first home in Hillcrest on Sunset not far from Jim and Flo Whyard.

I was especially interested in the MocTel item on the Klondike Defence Force started by Bob Erlam and maintained externally by Roy Minter. I have nothing but the fondest of memories for Minter and the Yukon. Roy was one of the Yukon's most loyal and steadfast promoters and defenders for over 40 years. He took me under his wing when I joined Yukon tourism and together we fought some memorable battles, mostly with those who attempted to steal the Yukon's name or twist history to suit themselves. I remember one incident with the Datsun Corporation was running an international ad promoting one of their new cars. The ad read "To Hell and Back" in a Datsun and showed the Dempster Highway strewn with huge boulders. Along with Myron Balagno, another staunch Yukon supporter in the 70's and 80's, we managed to get the Datsun's New York agency to pull the ads. Another one that we took strong exception to was Listernine's ad which

sent a dockworker to Dawson City as a penalty for having bad breath. We got that ad pulled as well. But we opposed Edmonton the most and never missed an opportunity to make fun of the fact that they were so lacking in scenery and history that they had to steal from the Yukon.

Tourism in the early years was a tough sell in the Yukon when mining was king. It was like trying to raise sheep in cattle country and our budget was a pittance compared to the competition. But we had the most wonderful product in the world to sell, and as the years passed, the Territory finally became a destination instead of a gas stop on the way to Alaska. The loss of the White Pass from Skagway to Whitehorse was probably the most significant blow to tourism during those years but I am glad to see that an excursion from Skagway to White Pass is still operating. As a pilot with well over 1000 hours flying in the Yukon, I especially enjoy reading Bud Harbottle's journals.

When Helga and I left the Yukon in 1980, we moved to Whistler where I was responsible marketing Whistler as North America's newest ski destination. From there we moved to Edmonton where I became involved in marketing the World University Games and later back to the Coast as Director of US marketing for Tourism BC. After a stint in Saskatchewan and Expo '86, we moved back to Vancouver for good. I have lost touch with many of our old Yukon friends over the years with moving around, but MocTel tells me what many of them are doing now and I would love to hear from any that might remember me as I now have the time to respond to e-mails.

I retired in January and Helga still has another year to go with the Federal Government. She started working in Manpower (now HRDC) with Ernie Standish in Whitehorse in 1974.

We have a wonderful granddaughter "Sophia" who lives in Edmonton with our son Scott and daughter-in-law Tamara. Our daughter Pauline lives in New Westminster and works in health care.

If anyone wants to say hello, my e-mail address is [Crosby@shaw.ca](mailto:Crosby@shaw.ca).

With kindest regards to everybody.

Karl Crosby

## **A REPLY TO GEORGE HARTMANS QUESTION**

### **The Great Fire of Whitehorse May 23rd, 1905.**

By Henry Braden from the Whitehorse Star 100 years.

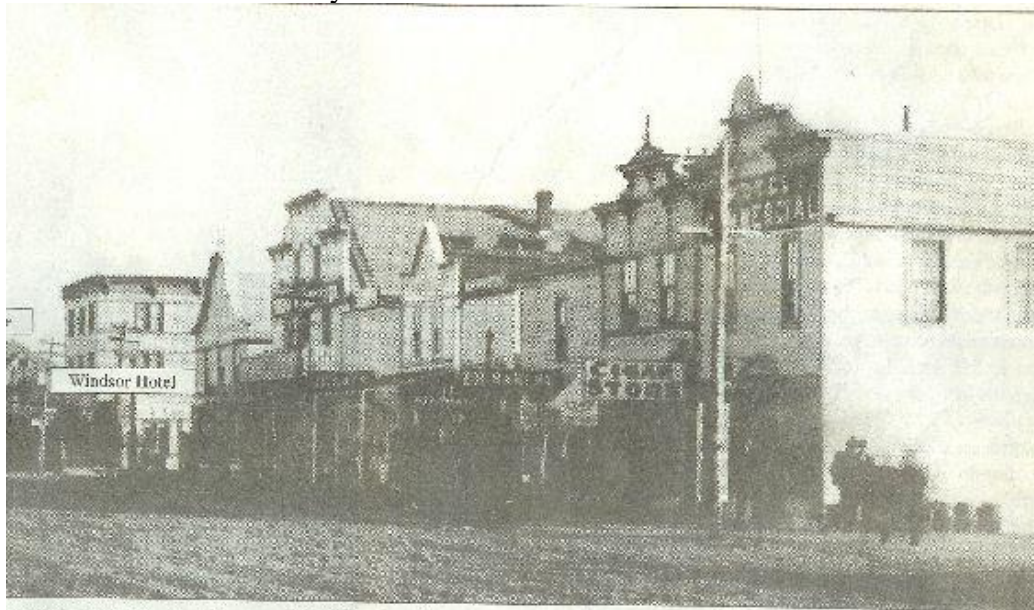
In the year 2000 the Whitehorse Star celebrated 100 years and printed outstanding stories from the last 100 years. From these three editions I am able to bring you the story of the great fire of Whitehorse. Most of you will remember the original Post Office on the corner of Elliot Street and First Avenue. Just up the street to the north and on the corner

of Main and First stood the Windsor Hotel where the fire originated in the barber shop at the rear of the hotel. The White Pass Hotel was built on the ruins and burned Christmas morning 1960 taking out half of that block again. The write-up of the Whitehorse Star is as follows:



*Despite being almost directly across the street from the fire hall, the fire which started in the Windsor Hotel, north to and including the Commercial Hotel, across First Avenue to the train station and down*

Barley Collection/Yukon Archives Photo



*which started in the Windsor Hotel barber shop, managed to spread south to (but did not include) the Post Office, the train station and down Main Street consuming everything to Second Avenue. Barley Coll./Yukon Archives.*

Barley Collection/Yukon Archives Photo

*May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1905* – Whitehorse was swept by fire early this morning and is now a mass of blackened smoking ruins. The single fire engine at a critical moment gave out, and quickly the best part of the city became involved in ruin. So rapidly did the fire spread, many complete and extensive stocks were lost entirely, not a scrap being taken out of the stores before the buildings were completely enwrapt in flame. The fire takes the city, extending from the post office to the telegraph office and crossing the tracks, sweeping the railroad, the White Pass depot, three of the best hotels and dozens of smaller buildings.

The fire originated this morning between four and six o'clock in the barber shop in the rear of the Windsor Hotel. The fire was a trifle, and the fire engine was soon rapidly reducing the flames to nothing. It was almost under control when owing, it is said, to the fact that there was not sufficient water in the engine, it broke down. The engineer is blamed for the fact of the engine's breakdown and the consequent loss. The whole hotel in a few minutes was ablaze, the flames spreading to the surrounding buildings. A strong wind was blowing and the flames jumped the street and the building of Whitney & Pedlar and the railway station were both soon ablaze. Both were burned to the ground in a very few minutes.

All the buildings in the block north of the Windsor hotel were burned to the ground and in the block south of the hotel, all were burned as far as the post office. No government buildings were damaged, nor was the warehouse of the railway damaged. A considerable quantity of baggage, however, was destroyed in the railway station. There were no lives lost, nor were there any lives in danger at any time. The whole town turned out to assist in the putting out of the flames. Mr. Newell and the other officials of the White Pass Company formed a bucket brigade and did efficient work.

As soon as the fire was out the railway company commenced the construction of a new railway station. Other merchants are making arrangements at once for the construction of their buildings and in a week several of the principal merchants and hotel men will have their new structures under way.



J. Doody photo/MacBride Museum/Yukon Archives Photo

The following is a complete list of the burned business houses: Windsor hotel, Golden Eagle hotel, Vancouver hotel, Commercial hotel, Seattle hotel, R. Lowe & Co., McKeown drug store, McLennan Hardware Co., Taylor & Drury, H. F. Seward jewelry, Halbe hotel, Central drug store, Sharp's barber shop, Martin confectionary, Unsworth hardware, Bon Marche dry goods, Arctic Trading Co., Commercial café, P. Burns & Co.,

Main Street laundry, Royal restaurant, Salvator confectionary, Bennett News Co., Royal café, Electric Light Co. poles and wires, White Pass depot.

## **R. SERVICE HELPED FIGHT BLAZE**

*1905 – fire was always a great fear in a frontier town. Closely built tents and wooden buildings using every sort of wood stove made fire almost a certainty. Whitehorse had prepared itself for such an emergency with a fire hall, rolls of hose, fire engine and a well organized fire brigade. In the early morning of May 23, 1905, however, human error caused the entire business section of the town to burn down. Bank of Commerce teller Robert W. Service was part of the fire brigade that morning and remembers the blaze in his autobiography “Ploughman of the Moon”. One morning in early spring we were aroused by the fire siren. It was around three o’clock and we cursed as we rushed to the scene. It was a grey dawn, evil and askew. Others passed us pulling on their clothes as they ran. I heard them cry: “It’s the White Pass Hotel [Windsor]...Smoke was pouring from the building, but as yet there was no sign of fire...The hotel was only a hundred yards from the pump house. We could get two streams on the fire and quickly master it. Everything was in place awaiting the water...How long it seemed in coming! But the engine had to be started and the engineer had lost his head...Hose in hands, with nozzles pointing, we waited, prayed, cursed...”*

*“Thank God! At last the pipes swelled and the strong jets shot out. We were saved. We would soon get the fire under control. We inundated the centre of the building where the smoke was thickest. It faltered, almost died away...Suddenly, to our horror, the saving stream ceased. Not a drop of water came forth. At the same time the fire, as if mocking our dismay, burst out again. “Quick see what’s wrong!” shouted the crowd, and a rush was made to the pump room. Men were yelling frantically for water. Then I could see them dragging out the wretched engineer, who seemed to be in a state of collapse. I heard a shout of panic: “There’s no more water in the tanks. He’s let them run dry. We’re lost, we can’t fight the fire!”*

*“... And there they stood staring at those limp hose pipes from which no water came. We were helpless and, even as we looked, the fire, as if in triumph, shot out a great blaze of flame that dominated the smoke. The holocaust was under way.”*

## **FINAL RESULT**

The final result of the fire was the burning down of most of the business community on Front Street between Steel and Elliot and down Main Street to Second Avenue. Bank of Commerce employees, Robert Service among them, formed a bucket brigade and prevented sparks and the intense heat of the blaze from igniting the Bank of Commerce premises which were at that time, on the west corner of Second and Main.

\*\*\*\*\*

(So starting from the old Post Office on Elliot, it took out the entire block to the north. Then jumped the street at Main and the second block to Steel where the Telegraph Office

stood on the next corner. Everything from Front Street to Second Avenue and the White Pass Depot. It does make you wonder if by today standards recovery would have been as rapid as the Old-Timers of Whitehorse?) Henry Breaden.



Whitehorse Fire Damage, Six men salvaging what they can, May 23, 1905  
Scharschmidt Collection/Yukon Archives Photo

## **A MESSAGE FROM MYNA BUTTERWORTH IN DAWSON**

Hi Sherron, I'm just back from 3 weeks in B.C. Got away from the smoke and fires in our area. I'm happy to report that all the fires are now out. We've had a few days of rain which put them out. When I left Dawson on the 8th we were piloted thru about 5 miles of hiway with fires on both sides of the road .On the way home yesterday you could see miles of burned forest. But no one is complaining about the Rain for now anyway.

I must tell you that I really enjoyed the Tribute to Hank Karr what a great entertainer. I have a CD in my car that is my travelling music, on CBC coming home I heard Hank singing a song, 'What Do You Do After Yukon', great song my favorite after 'Yukon Memories' is 'Just Time'.

Thanks for the Moccasin Telegraph Keep up the Good Work.  
Myrna Butterworth [myrnab\\*yknnet.ca](mailto:myrnab@yknnet.ca)

## **A MESSAGE FROM LES McLAUGHLIN**

Hello Sherron.

I am presently isolated in the deep woods of Northern Alberta at Sturgeon Lake where my grandfather Tom Kerr was the Hudson's Bay Company factor from 1910 to 1913 and then set up his own trading post called the Sturgeon Lake Trading Company. He operated the business until his death at age 87 in 1946.

I wrote a book about him called Granddaddy of the Peace. This is not a commercial announcement since the self-published book is now out of print. But I had a fine time selling it from the back of my brother Fred's old pickup truck.

All that to say that I am using the local library in Valleyview - ten miles distant - to access my email and was pleased to read both the story about Hank Karr and the Yukon Klondike Defense Force.

It could be added to Hank's fascinating Yukon experience to mention that he and I organized what many call the Yukon's first hootenany in support of the Klondike Defense Force.

Musicians from Whitehorse and area took part in the final concert staged in the Elks hall on a hot summer day that illustrious June 1966 when the Yukon took on the Edmonton giant and won.....sort of!

Songwriters including Al Oster performed original ballads composed on the general theme..the Klondike belongs to the Yukon.

I still have an edited version of the final one hour radio program which was broadcast live on CBC Radio. John Dumas was the host; Ed Kerry was the technician while Hank and I produced the show.

We had a ton of guest speakers including Eric Neilsen, Yukon Bud Fisher, acting Mayor Jim Light, Roy Minter and many other notables who presented a convincing case as to why Yukoners should rally round and drive the Edmonton interlopers and their false Klondike claims out of business.

Of course, Edmonton still stages Klondike Days, but it seems that after all these years, the scam has run its course and perhaps the city is now looking for another theme.

While the Klondike Defense force did not end the theft of the Klondike theme, it did raise considerable awareness about the Yukon's colourful history and as such played a key role in the promotion of the Territory as a key tourist destination.

For that, we Yukoners should always be grateful

Best regards

Les McLaughlin [leslorn\\*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn*rogers.com)

--from my summer retreat at the Old Grandad Kerr homestead and trading post on the banks of beautiful Sturgeon Lake.

## **A MESSAGE FROM VIVIAN (LELIEVRE) STUART**

In the last issue of the Moc Tel, you were asking about the ownership of Tourist Services in the 1960's. I don't recall at that time, but I believe that James Smith, later Commissioner of the Yukon owned it at one time.

I do have another short story about Tourist Services. Back in the spring of 1952, my Dad (Bunny Lelievre) and Uncle Ernie Cottle made their way from Dawson to Whitehorse. Uncle Ernie has related the story of the roads that were gumbo mud and both of them were all dressed in their suits. Had a couple of flat tires and some car trouble etc, and by the time they arrived in Whitehorse, they were not very presentable. Both of them were interviewed for a job at Tourist Services, along with another one at Camp Takhini at the Army Store. Uncle Ernie says that since my Dad had more mouths to feed at the time and the Army Store paid slightly more, he passed that job to my Dad and Uncle Ernie worked for a time at Tourist Services.

In July 1952 our family followed to Whitehorse by S.S. Casca. The trip took 5 days and I recall it all being rather "elegant". Meals every day were on snow white table cloths and fancy cutlery, likely with meals to match. We all learned to play canasta on that trip. There was a family on the boat that my parents met and corresponded for years after at Christmas time.

Look forward to seeing you again at the Yukoners Picnic next week and thanks again for all your work on the Moc Tel. I look forward to reading it each week.

Vivian Stuart  
[lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca)

## **AN ANSWER TO DEBBIE KELLY'S TOURSIT SERVICE PHOTO**

As I recall, Bruce Sung owned Tourist Services and Jim Smith (that's Commissioner James Smith) was the General Manager of the operation, which included a motel, a restaurant, the Tourist Services Supermarket and eventually the Mall. There even was a branch of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in the Mall, opening in 1962. I should know, I was there for the opening.

I seem to recall the fellow with the bow tie in the picture in Moccasin Telegraph 73 but can't recall a name. I seem to recall him working in one of the restaurants either at Tourist Services or at the Whitehorse Inn.

Regards  
Chuck Halliday [chuck\\*anchorsaway.ca](mailto:chuck*anchorsaway.ca)

*(I recall the Hudson Bay also being in the Tourist Services Mall in 1968. – Sherron)*

## **OBIT**

Obituaries (08/04/04)

MACDONALD \_ Donald Robertson (Mickey) 1915-2004 died peacefully Saturday, July 31 at Ridge Meadows Hospital with his family at his side. Mickey was born in Cornwall, Ontario and grew up in Haney, BC. He went to Dawson City in the 1930's where he married his first wife Ada (Stevens). In 1949 he moved his family to Vancouver where he

joined Campbell and Bennett Ltd until 1963. He spent his last working year with Fraser River Pile Driving. Mickey was a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, International Yukoner's Association and Operating Engineers. Mickey was predeceased by his first wife Ada, son Donnie, second wife Bertha, brother Alex, sister Norma and sister-in-law Greta. He is survived by his daughters, Pat (Al) Saari, Sandy (Greg) Ritch and sons Ted (Colleen), Tim, and step son Ron (Yvonne) Theroux. He is also survived by his granddaughters, Kathy (Martin), Marcy (Ian), Tawnya (Jordon), Brittney and grandson Gary. Micky leaves behind five great-grandchildren: Joe, Ichiko, Micky, Jake and Jeff. The family would like to thank Dr. Dennis Chapman for his years of tender loving care. A memorial service will be held on Saturday, August 7, 2004 at 1:00 P.M. at Garden Hill Funeral Chapel, 11765-224th Street, Maple Ridge. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in his memory to the Ridge Meadows Hospital Foundation.  
Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

## **RE: McDONALD OBIT**

Hi Sherron;

Yes I knew Mickey, altho not that well. I knew his wife Ada I went to school with her; I believe her home was in Carmacks. I believe she was a descendent of Jack McQuesten.  
John Gould

Sherron: Thanks for letting us know regarding the passing of Mickey MacDonald. I received a call from Mary Mac telling us of his death; otherwise with no Newsletter from the Vancouver Yukoners' Association, we wouldn't have heard this news until just before our Oct. meeting as the summer issues are cancelled until our first meeting in the fall. This is the reason why I like the Moc. Tel, we get the news when it is news!  
Brownie Foth

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Hi Sherron, Just wanted to give you our new address - too many problems with telus.  
[jemckay@shaw.ca](mailto:jemckay@shaw.ca)  
Really enjoying Moccasin Telegraph.  
Ed & Jane McKay

The Bapty's have changed from telus to northwstel.  
Steve & Bev Bapty [disdes@northwestel.net](mailto:disdes@northwestel.net)

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Donna Clayson has asked that I add these addresses to the list and I am hoping to hear more from each. I am hoping they will send in a message of their own.  
BoBo & Gail LaRocque [gmlarocque@hotmail.com](mailto:gmlarocque@hotmail.com)  
Hank & Pam Karr [hkarr@northwestel.net](mailto:hkarr@northwestel.net)

Sherron - Please add Mark & Elaine Wyatt onto your list. You'll have to e-mail them for their info. This is what I have: [smokeynpals@yahoo.ca](mailto:smokeynpals@yahoo.ca)

I knew Mark when I went to school in Haines Junction in 1961-62. We hung around together and generally got into a lot of mischief. You can imagine our conversation when we met up in Whitehorse 2 weeks ago! I haven't seen Mark since 1962 so when I found out he would be in Whitehorse the same time as us I tracked him down. What a thrill it was to see and talk to him again. A picture of us both is forthcoming in my travelogue.

Mark is a Canadian Ranger and I managed to talk him into a story relating what it was like to travel to the north pole! He is currently working in construction. Mark & Elaine live in Carmacks. I've never met his wife as we didn't have that location on our travel plans this summer. Elaine may not know about the MocTel but Mark said to add them to the list.

Donna Clayson

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*The only limits to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today.*  
**Franklin Roosevelt**

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

### **MEAT LOAF**

(Taken from O.E.S. Cookbook-- Dawson - 1962) Mrs. George Black

1lb. ground ham  
1lb. ground pork  
1lb. ground beef  
1 cup tinned Pacific Milk  
2 cups bread crumbs, browned Ground bay leaf, marjoram & sage Salt and Pepper  
2 eggs, well beaten Mix all ingredients into loaf and bake in loaf pan 60 minutes in 325 oven. Delicious with tomato sauce!

Pete Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca)

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

**Yukoners' Picnic St. Mary's Aug. 14th 2004**

Stan Hegstrom informs us that the Yukoners' Picnic will be held at St. Mary's Hall in Nanoose, Sat. Aug. 14th, 2004. Bring your lunch with you along with utensils and any beverage. We hope that many will join us and as it will start at 11:00 AM, how about coming early so that we can chat with old friends and not miss anyone! If the weather did happen to be adverse, there is the hall to keep dry and chat, so please come one and all Yukoners' and enjoy getting together.

For those travelling from Nanaimo, at AULDS ROAD signal light you will see the Woodgrove Center sign on the mall on your right. From the Woodgrove intersection on the #19 highway it is 11.6 KM to the turnoff at Northwest Bay Road where there is a signal light and a Petrocan Service Station, turn right. From north, it is 11.5 KM from the overpass of the highway from Parksville-Coombs to Northwest Bay Road, turn left. Proceed east on Northwest Bay for 1.2 KM. Just beyond the tracks to the right is Powder Road that you turn onto and proceed ½ KM crossing another set of train tracks and you will see St. Mary's church hall to your right. Turn right into Rowland Road for the parking lot. Please set this day aside to get together with old friends that will be there. Cheers,

[hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca) Secretary, Island Yukoners.

Hi Sherron,                    Could you please put a note in the coming events column of the Moc Telly about the up coming Okanagan Yukoners' AGM.

The Okanagan Yukoners' AGM and luncheon will be held at the Best Western Hotel on the corner of Harvey Ave and Leckie Rd in Kelowna. It takes place at Noon on Sunday October 3, 2004. The cost is \$15.00 per person which includes lunch. People usually start to arrive around 11am and visit for a while before lunch.

The hotel has asked us to supply some numbers well in advance so they can prepare. If you wish to pay in advance so you don't have to wait at the door, you may send a cheque made out to Okanagan Yukoners' to me at; Larry Chalmers Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0. If you are not paying in advance please contact me by Phone (250-498-6887) or by e-mail ([aksala49@cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)) or at the address above.

If you decide at the last minute to come that is OK too, but we will be much happier if you let us know in advance. Come out and enjoy some good old Yukon camaraderie and maybe discover a long lost friend.

Larry Chalmers [aksala49@cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

## **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. I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now.** If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon

please include your **maiden name** as well. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

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