

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Eighty-First Edition- Sept. 26, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

Doug Bell forwarded this photo this week and wondered if Gus Barrett might be able to do something with it. I sent the e-mail on to Gus along with a couple of comments to get him thinking and low and behold this was back the following morning.

Gus you are a gem, thank you for sharing your talent with us. This is excellent and we do appreciate it.



“Fleer”

Poem by Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca

A friend sent me this little gift
To me it's not quite clear
If it's a flower in a vase
Or just a mug of beer.
I don't know what to do with it,
I'm really loath to sell it,
But do I take a little sip,
Or merely sit and smell it.

What if I put it up for sale,
And it remained unsold,
Should I keep it on my desk,
Or in my buttonhole.
If indeed it is a flower,
I hope it's not a rose.
If I mistake it for a beer,
There's prickles up my nose.

Another problem it presents,
Although you may not think it,
Should I present it to my wife,
Or sit alone and drink it.
I really don't know what it is,
A flower or a beer?
If anybody questions it,
I'll say it is a "Fleer."

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Tutshi Lake

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones@klondiker.com

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

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Chapter 23

After selling the Fairchild, I needed another airplane so I went to Edmonton to look for one. At Cooking Lake, which was the float base for the Edmonton district, I found a nice looking Cessna 195 for sale. It was a high wing, all metal airframe with a three hundred

horsepower Jacob's engine. It carried five people, which was just the size I wanted. After checking the logbooks, I found it was a low time engine and airframe. The interior was like new. It came equipped with floats and the combination wheel-skis. It had a higher than the usual bush plane's stall speed which meant it would need a little more room to land and take off. But it had much more cruise speed, one hundred fifty miles per hour on floats and one hundred sixty on wheels. The price was right so I bought it and flew it to Whitehorse and went right to work.

I had a very busy summer with most of the flying out of Watson Lake. Only once in a while did I get to Whitehorse. Many of the trips were to Wasson Lake keeping the drilling crews supplied. There were also prospecting parties out of Telegraph Creek in northern B. C. and Wilson Lake north of Ross River.



CF-FBP – Cessna – Ross River
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

One day I was hauling drums of diesel oil from Watson Lake to Wasson Lake. I had many trips to make to get it all moved. There were five or six men to go in also after the fuel was in. They helped load at Watson. At noon I took a rest to eat lunch and the men loaded the aircraft and filled its gas tanks.

I took off and about five miles out all hell broke loose. The engine was shaking and vibrating and backfiring so badly I thought it would tear loose from its mounts. There was nowhere to land safely as it was all trees below me. Luckily I had climbed a few thousand feet while it was running well so I had enough room to turn around to try to get back to Watson. Chances seemed very slim. I had never seen an engine act like that before so had no idea what could be wrong with it.

I made it back to the lake and landed and taxied to the dock. The men were still there and asked why I had returned. I told them there was something wrong with the engine

and I would have to check it out to find the trouble. While I was sitting getting my nerve back, the fellow who had gassed the airplane said that the gas he had put in was a different colour than the gas we had put in before. Lots of times our drums had water in them if they sat around for a long time. It would be a rust colour. But we never put gas straight into the tanks at any time. We strained it through a heavy felt that filtered out the water. I thought maybe he had gassed without using the felt so I drained one of the wing tank sumps into a can and as soon as I smelled it, I knew it was diesel oil. I then drained all the sumps. They were all the same. We had both diesel and gas drums on the dock. The diesel was to go to Wasson Lake and the gas was for the aircraft. He had used the wrong drum. He really felt badly as he might have been responsible if things had not turned out as they did and never stopped apologizing. To this day, I do not know how I got that airplane back to the lake. There have been many accidents that have killed all on board because jet fuel was put into gas burning airplanes.

I drained the whole gas system then filled it with gas and ran it for a while. Then I drained it again just to be sure the whole system was cleaned out. When I was confident it was okay, I took off and completed my trip.

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George Dalziel who owned B.C. Yukon Air Service operated out of Watson using Beaver and Cessna aircraft. He was often short of pilots so I helped him whenever I could. I had a load to take south of Telegraph Creek consisting of a drill rig broken down into small pieces to fit in the Beaver and one passenger. A direct line from Watson to Telegraph took me about five miles west of Dease Lake where Dal had a hunting lodge.

When I was opposite the lodge and five miles away the engine started to act up. I thought it was going to quit but by using the primer I could keep it running well enough to keep me in the air. The only thing I could land on was a small pothole right under me. I knew I could touch down on it but I would have so much speed when I got to the other side the airplane would be torn apart in the trees. The ground between me and twenty mile long Dease Lake was dry and rough so I stayed over the pothole for quite a while getting up enough courage to make a run for it. All the time I pumped the primer. When I finally decided I might make it I straightened out and headed for Dease Lake.

I made it okay and taxied to the beach in front of Dalziel's lodge. He was there and came down to meet me. When I told him I had a problem he said to go up to the house where his wife June would give me some lunch and he would check out the engine. While I was eating he came to the house with a quart aluminum pot and showed it to me. It was half full of water. He had got it out of the carburetor and sumps. He said he could not understand how the engine could possibly run at all let alone go as far as I did. I was the living proof that it had.

* * * * *

In October it was getting late in the season for prospecting parties to be out as the lakes could freeze anytime. The farthest northern party we had was two men and two dogs on Wilson Lake about a hundred miles north of Ross River. On the fourth of the month I went to get them. They were anxious to get out as the nights were getting pretty cold and if the lake froze over they would have had to walk out. Anyhow, I got them and their gear loaded and taxied out into the lake for take off. We were about a hundred yards from shore when there was a terrific jolt and the aircraft heaved upward on the right side. I knew immediately I had hit a submerged rock. I did not know what damage had been done to the float but we had hit pretty hard so I felt sure there was some damage.

I poured on the coal and headed for the beach. An airplane float is made with five watertight compartments. If the hole is in only one of these, the float will still carry a loaded aircraft but if it is a long rip letting water into more compartments the aircraft will sink on that side and rollover. The other float will stay on the surface and keep the aircraft from sinking. At shore we quickly got out and unloaded the aircraft. While the boys were doing this I checked the compartments through the inspection covers. I found just one compartment full of water. We cut poles about eight feet long and laid them on the beach with a couple of feet of the ends in the water. We then paralleled the float to the beach and using the engine power pulled one float high and dry onto the logs. The water poured out of a long jagged rip in the metal. After the water was all out we worked through the inspection hole, which was about four inches in diameter and pounded the metal back into place so it made a smooth surface on the outside. The prospector had dog packs that were made of heavy rubberized material so we cut up one into long strips about four inches wide and lay them over the rip. Then we cut five or six sticks that were just a little longer than the depth of the inside of the float compartment. These were put inside with the bottom end on the rubber strips and the top end against the inside of the deck of the float. Being longer than the depth we pushed them until they were wedged tightly in place. When all the sticks were in place it looked like we had a good seal as the rubber was bulging through the rip. It would have to stand the pressure of sixty miles an hour but we felt confident so pulled the plane back in the water with its own power. Then we watched while it floated to see if it leaked. It did not so we loaded up again and took off immediately avoiding the area where the rock was.

It was so late now that we would not have time to get back to Watson before it would be too dark to land. When we got to Jackfish Lake which was only a couple of miles from Ross River and had some civilization, there was just enough light to land. I chose a place to camp for the night and tied up the plane. I checked the float and it was still dry. We built a big fire, had supper then got into the sleeping robes.

In the morning it was very cold and on checking the thermometer on the aircraft it was five below zero. I tried to turn the propeller but it was solid. There was ice all around the shore but lots of open water for a take off if we could get the engine thawed enough to start it.

The oil reservoir on this plane was in the cabin and on checking it I found it would pour okay. But the cooling radiator for the oil was outside in the engine compartment and of

course that would be five below zero and would be congealed. That would have to be thawed also. The airplane was nosed into the beach so we built a fire as close as we dared. We had to be very careful, as there was a lot of gas and oil in the plane. If that caught fire we were out of business completely. By fanning the fire with a canvas tarp it was possible to get some warm air around the engine. With three of us taking turns it was not much of a chore and of course as daylight came the outside air was warming up also.

After two hours I could swing the prop quite freely so we turned the plane around and while still tied to the shore I tried starting it. It only turned over about three times and caught and was soon running smoothly. When it was thoroughly warmed up, our gear was loaded and we were off for Watson.

After getting rid of my passengers the plane was hoisted out of the water with a crane. A professional patch was put on the float and it was as good as new.

I had a few more parties to pick up south of Watson and some more trips to Wasson Lake to bring out the drilling crews. Then it was time to get off floats and onto wheel-skis, as it was freezing pretty hard. I went to Whitehorse to make the change. From then to the end of the year there were not many trips as the prospecting was finished for the season.

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In January of 1958 there was nothing for my airplane to do so Ron Connoly who had bought out Callison's flying service in Dawson City asked me to give him a hand. He was behind in his work flying into the Peel Plateau servicing oilrigs that had a large operation going. All their supplies had to be taken in by aircraft. I went in the 195. On arrival I parked it and took over one of Ron's Beavers. All our trips had to be through the Ogilvie Mountains and in the usual bad weather of January I had many exciting rides. Ron was flying a Cessna 180 and there was great rivalry between us to see who could complete a trip. He was an excellent pilot so, of course, I had to work to keep up to him.

One day he left Dawson just ahead of me. There was a low heavy overcast which gave us about five hundred feet of room between cloud and the ground. The usual route on days like this was to climb up through Seela Pass to the height of land that divided the water flowing to the Pacific Ocean through Alaska and the water flowing to the Beaufort Sea in the Arctic. The cloud cover usually stayed a couple of hundred feet above the ground even while climbing up through the pass. Once over the summit it was all down hill to the Peel Plateau. I had six passengers and their gear, which made a heavy load. I knew they were quite nervous flying in these conditions but I assured them it was almost the normal way of getting through those mountains. We were getting near the top when I suddenly saw the 180 shoot past me going in the opposite direction and only a few hundred yards away from us as we passed. We could not talk from plane to plane on the radios so I had to guess why he had turned around. It was not long until I found out.

The cloud and ground came together making it impossible to go farther up the pass so a turn had to be made. The valley floor was very narrow. I flipped the aircraft right on its left wing tip and we went around as fast as any Beaver had ever turned before. Now we were headed back down the valley again. The passengers told me that during the turn the wing tip had only been four feet above the ground. Of course, I knew that and had positioned the aircraft before I made the turn. After flying back down the valley a way I came to a hole in the clouds where I could see blue sky. There was Ron making tight turns between the face of a vertical mountain and the other side of the hole, which was cloud. I knew that just out of sight was another mountain. Ron was about seven thousand feet, above me and almost to the top of the mountain. There he would go over the top of the cloud and hope he could find another hole near his destination to get down again.

I put the Beaver in a tight spiral climb and started up too but I did not get very far as the heavy load I had would not let me turn and climb at the same time and stay inside the hole. I found myself in the cloud every time I went around. I could stay in the hole by not climbing but that was no good. So I gave up, went down to the valley floor and back to Dawson.

Ron had found a hole near the camp and was able to get down and deliver his load but stayed until the next day to return in better weather.

I stayed a month in Dawson until the hauling was caught up and then returned to Whitehorse.

(To be continued)

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON

Written by

REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL

Story submitted courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes jparkes@telus.net

Moosehide

This village is on a flat ledge of land about one hundred feet above the fast moving Yukon River, which at this point is around a quarter of a mile in width. At one end of the village stands St. Barnabas Church with its striking white-painted square tower. Alongside are two log buildings, the school room and the mission house, the latter being originally the isolation hospital for Dawson City. The Indian population was housed in two rows of twenty to twenty-five log cabins which the families had built for themselves. Behind every cabin was a strong log-built cache for the storage of native meats, perched on poles several feet above the ground to frustrate the possible design of marauding bears. Water for household purposes was obtained from a convenient creek in the summer time, but during the winter it was necessary to use, not only a yoke and two five gallon gas cans, but also an axe to chop through three

feet of river ice to make a hole into which the water would gush and fill. It was the last blow with the axe that required particular care for once the axe penetrated the ice the water gushed up like a cold geyser from the pressure that had been released. This time and energy consuming chore was almost a daily event. Lighting of all the buildings was effected with 'Coleman' or 'Aladdin' type gas lamps which were quite cheerful and effective. After becoming established in the mission house it was a very short while before I found how necessary it was to adapt oneself to winter-living conditions. One soon learns by painful experience that the secret of staying warm out-of-doors is by the use of warm but light-weight underwear next to the body, together with wind resisting and frost resisting outer garments. Of equal if not of greater - importance is the protection of body extremities, a hat covering the ears, mitts and gloves - not gloves alone - to protect the fingers, and felt boots, moccasins or mukluks over wool socks to protect the toes. It is to be expected that ice will hang in globules from the nostrils and eye-lashes, but this is more of an annoyance than a hindrance. After all, when you are travelling from A to B you anticipate that your exercise will keep the body moderately warm. The one thing you avoid is to stop on the way to gossip if the temperature is 50 degrees below zero F.

Northern Lights

A natural phenomenon of unparalleled beauty is to be seen periodically in the display of Northern Lights during winter months. This display is seen to best advantage from a wide-open area such as the open trail on the ice-covered Yukon River. In the Yukon Territory this phenomenon can appear in two completely different forms. On occasions it will take the form of a massive display of a powerful phosphorescent blue-haze of light glowing in the distant sky, usually in a north north-east direction. It would appear that the light is emanating from a localised source, spreading outwards and upwards into space, while decreasing in brilliance until the glow becomes merged with the darkness of the outer sky. My explanation is perhaps based upon an optical illusion that can only be described in such words. How do you describe the presence of a massive stationary expanse of coloured light that shows no evidence of movement?

The other form of this phenomenon involves continuous movement because it appears in the likeness of a vast stage curtain suspended in the sky being constantly wafted into vertical folds by unseen forces which display the entire colour range of the spectrum in vertical streaks of moving colour. It is as though some unseen hand was at work intermittently creating this stupendous colour variation throughout the entire curtain by the gentle shaking of the suspended curtain. This effect is not necessarily limited to a single display; often it can be seen repeating itself in curtain after curtain of spectrum colours, one behind the other until they became lost in the distance of the northern sky. On some evenings it would be useless to tune-in radio programmes

since the response would be nothing but a crackling noise from the speaker. On other evenings the display would be equally beautiful and intensive while radio programmes could be enjoyed without any atmospheric interference at all. This phenomenon - in both aspects - is without doubt one of nature's great wonders.

Winter's moonlight

Yukoners are sometimes asked about the possibility of travelling at night in winter. If there is no moon a flashlight is needed to keep in fairly clear vision the trail you are following - whether that trail be among trees or on the wide expanse of the ice-covered river. When there is a moon in winter the clarity of vision is dependent largely upon which quarter of its orbit the moon is in at the time. The moon's light is helpful on the trail from the time of its entry into the first quarter until it passes out of the third quarter. In that orbital range it is possible to distinguish objects and people hundreds of yards ahead on an open trail. In the 60-65 degree latitudes of the Territory the sun and the moon roughly interchange their apogee (highest angle point of orbit) in summer and in winter. When the sun is at its highest in the long summer days the moon is visible in the evenings with only a few degrees of maximum rise above the horizon. On the other hand this low point is also the maximum height of the sun's visibility in winter, whereas the moon's orbit has at this time climbed up to the height of the sun in summer. It must also be remembered that snow is everywhere in winter, on the ice, on the trees, on the hill-sides, so that the moon-light from its high altitude is reflected almost in toto from this overall intense whiteness. This creates not only relatively good vision, but also a mystical - if colourless - fairyland of beauty that is not easily forgotten.

(‘toto’ means “in total or in its entirety”)

(To be continued)

NORTHERN ADVENTURE – Chapter 2

By Don Machan demachan@telus.net

My year at Hudson Hope was an interesting experience. I have noted in several of the editions of the Moccasin Telegraph that the capture of the Mad Trapper, Albert Johnson has been mentioned. I was reminded that during my stay in Hudson Hope as teacher of the one-room, Elementary school, in 1950-51, I lived at the Hudson Hope Hotel. The Managers of the hotel were Noel and Alice Verville. At the time of the Mad Trapper episode, Noel was a trapper and fur trader at Arctic Red River. He and his dog team were subpoenaed by the RCMP, and he participated in the manhunt. According to the story, as recounted to me in great detail, the posse was tracking Johnson along a creek or river valley. Johnson decided to backtrack, and they came face to face with him at a bend in the creek. A telegraph operator from Fort MacPherson was the first in line, with Noel immediately behind him. The telegraph operator knelt down to take aim, but Johnson

fired and the bullet struck the telegrapher. Noel then fired his weapon and was the first one to hit Johnson.

Another item that will be of interest to Yukoners who knew him, is that Al Check, who was employed for many years at Porky's Menswear, and later , as manager of the Menswear Dept. at Hougens, came from Regina to Hudson Hope to work as a bookkeeper at a local coal mine. Unfortunately the mine went bankrupt and Al is still waiting for his pay. I felt badly because I had recommended Al for the position. While at Hudson Hope I met Bev. Mac Farland and we were married at Whitehorse in October 1951.

My journey to Yukon took me from Vancouver to Skagway on the Princess Louise, my first ocean voyage, an experience I shall never forget. I met Alec Smith, an employee at the BYN tank farm in Whitehorse, when we embarked at Vancouver, and a life-long friendship was established. Alec and Nancy Smith were our wedding attendants when Bev. and I were married at the Presbyterian Church by a Rev. Rattray. Alec and Nancy had a wedding dinner at their home on Wood Street. We were introduced to Yukon hospitality at its best.

My first years in Yukon were spent at the Watson Lake Airport School, in 1951-1953. It was still an RCAF Station, and we had Airforce accommodations. Our first child, Terry joined our family in October 1952. I have fond memories of the friendships we made at Watson Lake, such as the Tooles, Blezzards, Quinns, Woodruffs, (D.O.T. employees), and many Air Force families.

In September 1953 we moved to Mayo where I had accepted the Principalship of Mayo Elementary High School. I will leave that part of my story for the next chapter.
(To be continued.)

FREDERICK SCHWATKA

Readers of the "Moccasin Telegraph" might be interested in reading an article that appeared in the "Vancouver Sun", Saturday, September 18, 2004, Section C, Page 4. It is entitled "The first modern explorer" and subtitled, "The remarkable story of Frederick Schwatka remains largely untold". For those who may not have access to the article, I have composed the following brief summary which omits many details. I highly recommend that, if possible, the original full article be read.

The author, George Fetherling, an 'at large' contributor to the Vancouver Sun starts his article, "This is a book column about a book that doesn't exist, but should." He goes on to say that there are many books about the North and its explorers but most only mention in passing the name of Frederick Schwatka. Fetherling then provides a full page account of Schwatka and in particular, his contribution to information about the Yukon and other northern areas. Fetherling says that while Schwatka received some acclaim in the

"London Illustrated News" and in books about his early expedition in the Arctic published in Britain, Germany and the US, no biography of him exists today.

Fetherling points out that Schwatka, a lieutenant in the US Army, born in 1849, carried out most of his exploration while on leaves from the military, allowed to him with considerable freedom, as the army did not apparently know what to do with the abundance of West Point graduates, of which Schwatka was one, after the end of the US Civil War. In 1883-84 Schwatka carried out his famous journey down the entire course of the Yukon River. He was apparently the first person to do so. This was a military assignment to "assess the military potential of Alaska." He, along with five others, travelled over the Chilkoot Pass and, in what is described as a "crude raft", travelled down the Yukon to the Bering Sea, proving "that the river emptied into the Bering Sea and not the Arctic Ocean." As he travelled, Fetherling says, Schwatka made charts and kept journals recording details of "flora, fauna, geology and First-Nations culture".

Schwatka's description of the site where Dawson was later to be situated is fascinating. At the time he passed by, noting apparently nothing existed on the site. This is a quote from his rough notes.

"Directly north in plain sight is a prominent landmark on this part of the river, viz., a high hill called by the Indians 'the moose-skin mountain.' Two ravines that converge from its top again diverge when about to meet about half way down the mountain slope, and among these two arms of a hyperbola there has been a great landslide, laying bare the dull red ochreous soil beneath which contrasts almost vividly with the bright green of the grass and foliage of the mountain flank, and in shape and colour resembles a gigantic moose-skin stretched out to dry."

In his account, Fetherling indicates that during the gold rush, though there were many "spurious guidebooks [about the Yukon and the Klondike] written by individuals who had never seen the country the shrewdest prospectors carried copies of Schwatka's 'Report of a Military Reconnaissance in Alaska' or the bestselling popularization of it, 'Along Alaska's Great River'."

Fetherling notes that Schwatka came to somewhat of an ignoble end, dying in 1892 at the age of 43 in a hotel room in Portland, Oregon of an "overdose of opiate". His widow apparently, after much effort and a special act of the US Congress received a "widow's pension" "fixed at \$17 a month". By the time the dispute over the pension was completed in the "late 1920s", Fetherling writes, "...Schwatka, once the very image of the professional explorer, had already been forgotten, except for brief mentions in other people's books and several geographical features in the North that bear his name".

NOTE: All quotations and information contained in this summary are from the author of the original and full article, George Fetherling. Words enclosed in square brackets, [], are my additions to direct quotes by the author, for clarification purposes only.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net

CLYDE WANN

Clyde Wann always puzzled me as to why he did not take up flying himself. He was always an extremely hard worker and a good organizer, but relied on others to fly his airplanes with sad results. Each time that he went down he always returned to build up another business. He was a young man when he first ventured into aviation and should have made a good pilot, increasing in knowledge along the way.

I remember him building the service station at 4th and Ogilvie in the spring of 1954 when there was nothing on that corner. I don't know if he sold the station or what, but after a period of time he was not to be seen. Another was the Morley River Lodge that he built at I think Mile 777 on the Alaska Highway.

I used to see Clyde over the years here and there but he was always active. The last time I saw him he was getting on in age and a bit shaky. I find it sad that such a man who contributed so much to the Yukon should go back to his maker with hardly a word. Yukoners that day should have bowed to great pioneer in his passing!

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

My 1937 Escapade in a Canoe

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

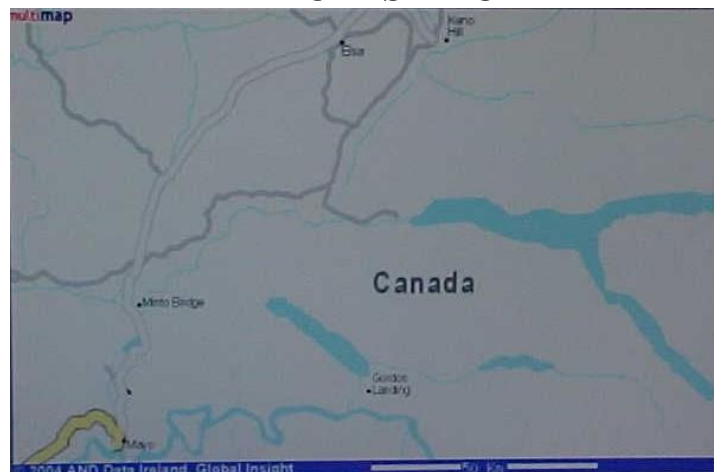
In maybe June of 1937 the Stewart River was still high and I found a canoe on the beach that had a hole in it. The people in the Village below Mayo used to use canoes maybe 10 feet in length and no more than two feet wide. They were very light and covered with canvas. I was very often by myself, and this time I decided to repair the hole and make the canoe seaworthy. A piece of lumber I was able to hack into a paddle and I was in business. First I tried it along the shore and everything was going well, but then I decided to try downstream a bit. Below the sawmill the current was swifter and before I knew it I was on a trip and landed on the other side along a cut bank about ½ mile below the docks. The current at that point was more than I could handle and I was gradually losing ground. If I had used my head, I should have pulled the canoe upstream around the bend and started upstream and re-crossed the Stewart.

But instead, I paddled downstream heading for the Village where I knew many of the people. I tied the canoe upstream of the Village and walked to the cabin of Big Dave Hager. I knew that Dave had a boat and motor as I often used to see him coming upstream and down. Asked him if he would give me a lift back up to Mayo to which he agreed, and he landed me back on the beach where I had started. I asked Dave how much I owed him, and he said, "One dollar". Well at that age I didn't have a buck, and it would be some time before I could pay him. From time to time he used to chide me, "When are you going to pay me that dollar?", and of course I was always broke.

The years went by and I used to chuckle when I thought about it, and finally thirty years later I made restitution on my debt. I think Dave had years ago given up on that dollar, but in 1967 when we were in Mayo and I was at NCPC I ran into Dave in town. As we were chatting I reached into my pocket and took out three dollar bills. I said to Dave, "Dave, thirty years ago you gave me a ride in your boat from the village up the river and I owe you one dollar. Here is the one dollar, and here is two dollars interest." I thought he would near bust himself laughing, and I bet he told many the story about that. We were able to finalise it by having a beer together and both of us laughing.

They were great people and I worked with most of them. Big Dave Hager, Little Dave Moses, Little Sam Peter, Edwin Hager, Jimmy Lucas, Joe Hager, and Billy Malcolm who was one tough hombre. Billy was also known as Billy Dechuck, and worked with me on the wood sawing. At that time he was nearing 70 years and I was only about 24, but at the end of day when my tail was dragging he was still going strong. During cold weather when we were not sawing he used to come and visit. We used to make home made root beer and that he liked. He used to call it "Shaw" for whatever that meant, and I still have a lot of pleasant memories of Mayo.

MAYO DISTRICT



I was into Multimaps and looking at the Mayo district. In the past I have said that before there was a Mayo, that men going into the Duncan Creek area off loaded at Gordon's landing as it was known in the Mayo area. You will see it upstream on the Stewart River to the right from Mayo, and the old trail went to the right of that first lake that is not named. That is Janét Lake, (with a French pronunciation) and the next lake north on the right is Mayo Lake. The old trail crossed the Mayo River at the foot of Duncan Creek where it flows into the Mayo River flowing from Mayo Lake. The old trail followed along the left side of Duncan Creek that you can see parallel to the road which heads for Keno. The interest in the early 19th century was placer gold in Duncan Creek which led to the silver discovery on Keno Hill. Every creek in the area was being prospected for placer gold, and even the Stewart River was mined after the water went down. It was known as bar mining which entailed shovelling gravel into a sluice box. Water was pumped from the river to keep the sluice box flowing. This prevailed right up to the

Second World War, but then interest seemed to die out. Eventually it was found that there was drier ground going out from Mayo which was on dry benches instead of swamps. Mayo was established and the road crossed the Mayo River at Minto Bridge. The present highway may be seen from Mayo to Elsa and around to Keno. Would you believe that there was a wagon road from Dawson to Duncan Creek? On this map you will see the old road coming across from the left just north of Minto Bridge. Any wagon road of the time was just between trees, across swamps and over nigger heads. Any road improvement was to drag a stick of timber crossways behind a wagon. That was the graders of those days!

Don't try to match the scale at the bottom of the map because it is not accurate. Commonly used terms was from Mayo, 10 miles to Minto Bridge, 20 miles to Stone's Roadhouse just before the road into Mayo Lake and about 32 miles to Keno. The road around to Elsa did not come into being until Brefalt struck silver at Elsa and sold to Wernecke. Then there was a need for access from Keno Hill to start the new camp, move a lot of buildings and move the equipment for milling the ore.

Henry Breaden

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL – DAWSON CITY

After seeing the photo of Dawson fall colours Henry Breaden was reminded of St. Mary's Hospital which used to exist nearby.

I found the following photo at <http://www.archiviaent.com/album5.html>



St. Mary's Hospital, Dawson the Yukon, ca. 1910.

I found the following photo at <http://www.archiviaent.com/album6.html>

This hospital began as a much smaller endeavour to serve the people of Dawson in 1898 during the gold rush and was expanded several times by The Sisters of St. Ann.

The building here burned in the 1950's and was reopened in another old building in town.

The Sisters left the Yukon in the 1960's.



**St. Mary's Hospital and St. Mary's Church,
Dawson the Yukon. ca. 1912.**

Harvey Burian was born in St. Mary's Hospital in Dawson December 20, 1944 and provided this photo from his collection. He acquired it from his cousin Penny Sippel.



St. Mary's Hospital, Dawson

In this photo notice the slide area on the hillside behind which does not exist in the earliest photo. This takes us back to Henry's message.



Dawson Fall colour photo from last week
Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson

Hi Sherron,

That photo of Dawson with fall colours is quite nice, but it is lacking! You can see the big slide, and up to about 1958? St. Mary's Hospital used to be a very large white building on the hill to the left of the slide. Unfortunately it burned total but looking at the photo I can see what is missing. Right from down town you used to be able to look up that way and it stood out. I was in that place in 1946 with an appendix attack, and I can say that it was very well maintained and run. I was in Whitehorse when I heard about it, and it was a sad day to hear of such a building going. They used to have a continuous battle with material from the slide that used to come down on the right side of it. Maybe Brownie could give you a better run down on that Heritage building that burned?

I was not sure of the year that the hospital burned down, and that is why I ended with a question mark in 1958?. If anyone had an old photo of Dawson showing the hospital up near the base of the slide it could prove interesting to folks who never knew. When the old-timers got to the point that they could not take care of themselves, they went to the Old Folks Home that was situated in that building. So it was more than just a hospital, as old-timers from all over the Territory went to the Capital of Yukon for their last days. All their needs for meals and a place to stay were met. As it was before Brownie's days, John Gould may have a photo for us. I have been toying with the thought of an E-mail to Murray as he has done a lot of Yukon research. But I am sure that John Gould would have many of the answers. Yes, the photo of fall colours was very nice, but I was not referring to the photo, I was referring to history. Dawson saw many different hospitals from the Gold Rush years, but it would be interesting to know when the old hospital was built and when it burned. I know that St Mary's Hospital was a Catholic hospital and many Nuns worked there. It could prove interesting to know of a building that served not only Dawson but much of the Territory before the capital was moved to Whitehorse. I don't know any of the history myself, and that is why I present it as a challenge to somebody that does. I only know and remember its existence.

Cheers, Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

In my search for answers I found a mention of St. Mary's Hospital in a record of the 1925 Dawson Flood. Visit this site for details.

http://www.ec.gc.ca/water/en/manage/floodgen/e_dawson.htm

ARCHIVAL INFORMATION ABOUT ST MARY'S HOSPITAL

Submitted by Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

(I have extracted the main core of each of four extracts Harvey submitted. There was additional information indicating that photos, birth and death records and other documents including financial records were available. I am sure Harvey would forward the complete information to anyone interested in further research.) - Sherron

I did a bit of searching on the Internet to see what I might find about St Mary's Hospital in Dawson City. I found some information on the Yukon Archival Union List. I am

attaching 4 small files that I downloaded and formatted into Word files. Two of them describe the archival holdings about the Sisters of St Ann, who ran the hospital from it's beginnings until it closed (actually burned and the operation was moved for a time to another location). The other two describe the archival holdings about St Mary's Hospital. There is overlap in the information but it gives a short summary of the history in each document.

I notice that one of the holdings at the Dawson City Museum has photos taken of the babies born in the hospital. It would be interesting to see if they have a photo of me as I do not have a baby picture. Perhaps I shall investigate sometime. – Harvey

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL

St. Mary's Hospital was a two storey log building, 16 meters by 7 meters erected on a site in the north end of Dawson City, Yukon under the Moosehide slide, by the Catholic Church with aid of Father Judge in 1898. It soon expanded to a three storey building and added a wing in 1898. The Sisters of St. Ann took responsibility for the hospital after Father Judge died. The hospital's income came from the sale of medical insurance policies, known as hospital tickets, and from donations. After struggling for many years the government stepped in to provide financial assistance. In 1906, after paying off debts, a new up-to-date hospital was built which featured electricity, steam heat and running water. In 1907 an x-ray machine and other advanced medical equipment was added. In 1950, St. Mary's Hospital burned to the ground and Sister Mary Gideon, one of the original sisters, died from smoke inhalation. A few pieces of equipment and the Hospital records were the only salvaged items.

Administrative Structure: St. Mary's Hospital was established in Dawson City, Yukon in 1897 by Roman Catholic Father William Judge. At that time it was a 2-story log building, 16 meters long and 7 meters wide. In 1898, members of the Sisters of St. Ann arrived from Holy Cross, Alaska to help in the operation of the hospital. Following the death of Father Judge in 1899, the Sisters of St. Ann took over the operation of the hospital. In that same year, the hospital was expanded with a 3-story addition and an extra wing. In 1906, a new St. Mary's Hospital opened, with up-to-date equipment and more beds. The hospital was originally financed through donations and the sale of hospital insurance in the form of 'hospital tickets'. The Sisters also went on 'collecting tours' to mining camps surrounding Dawson City to raise funds for the hospital. Later on, financing was taken over by the Yukon Government. In January 1950, the hospital was completely destroyed by fire. Hospital facilities were then established in the Commissioner's residence and the Dawson courthouse. By 1963, the hospital buildings had become too expensive to maintain, and with the future of Dawson uncertain the Sisters of St. Ann left St. Mary's Hospital and the Yukon.

The Sisters of St. Ann arrived in Dawson City, Yukon, in July 1898 and remained until 1963. They initially came to assist the Roman Catholic priest, Father William Judge, in the operation of a hospital he had opened in the north end of town, in the summer of 1897. St. Mary's School was opened by Father Gendreau on September 3, 1899. Over the

years the Sisters cared for the sick, taught classes, helped the aged and performed other good works consistent with Gospel teachings and called "works of charity". A three-story hospital was built in 1906. This building burned down on an extremely cold night in January 1950. Sister Gedeon, a patient in the infirmary, died shortly after the fire, probably due to smoke inhalation. The Court House, once used by the North West Mounted Police (NWMP), at the south end of town was renovated and turned into the new hospital. The Commissioner's Residence became the home for the aged and infirm patients. The Sisters lived on the second floor. The Sisters decided to close the residence, hospital and school in 1963 for a number of reasons. The buildings were deteriorating and too costly to maintain, the number of patients was decreasing, the Yukon Consolidated Gold Company (YCGC) announced its decision to close, and the Yukon Government was assuming care of its aged population. The closing of the ministry concluded with the unexpected death of Sister Ignatia. She had chosen to drive from Dawson City to Victoria and died of a heart attack just before reaching Whitehorse.

The Sisters of St. Ann were a Roman Catholic order with a tradition of working in the North. They established themselves in Dawson City, Yukon with the arrival of three Sisters, Sister Mary Joseph Calasanz, Sister Mary Jean Damascene and Sister Mary of the Passion, on July 11, 1898 from Juneau. A school and hospital had been established in Juneau and remote mission stations had been established on the lower Yukon River before the Sisters went to Dawson City. The Sisters arrived in the middle of a typhus epidemic in Dawson City and although they weren't trained nurses, they provided medical support at the St. Mary's Hospital working with Father Judge and Dr. W. T. Barrett. More than 1,100 people were treated by the Sisters in 1898. The Sisters took full charge of St. Mary's Hospital, and assumed its \$50,000 debt, six months after arriving in Dawson City as Father Judge fell ill of pneumonia and died. In 1906 the Sisters moved into a new, up-to-date, modern and fully equipped St. Mary's Hospital which featured electricity, steam heat, running water, and an X-ray machine in 1907. On January 10, 1950 the Hospital burned to the ground, with the loss of Sister Mary Gideon to the fire. The sisters set up a hospital in the Courthouse and a residence for the nurses and nuns and elderly in care in the Commissioners Residence. As Dawson City declined in population, the era of the Sisters in the north came to a close. After becoming honorary members of the Yukon Order of Pioneers (YOOP), the Sisters of St. Ann left Dawson City in 1963.

HARVEY NAMED FOR HARVEY

I just finished reading the Yukon Aviation editions and noted Henry's account of Les Cook's crash in Whitehorse in 1942. Interesting that you (Henry) were on the street near where he crashed. My dad told me how he too was walking on the street and had to run to miss being hit. He told how pieces of the aircraft were literally flying around him when it hit the ground. He too tried to assist those inside but was unable to get close due to the fire.

I was also interested in reading of Harvey Johnson. As is obvious, he and I share the same first name. This is by design. At the time when I was due to be born in 1944, the hospital in Mayo was closed. My mother was having some complications and so Harry Ewing, who was at that time with the RC Signal Corp in Mayo, apparently called the flight that was on its way from Whitehorse directly to Dawson and had it diverted to Mayo so that my mother, her attendant, Agnes Andison, and a nurse, whose name was Olive Kinsey could board the plane. The plane was loaded with frozen turkeys bound for Dawson, which had to be unloaded, and I am told, did not get to their destination until after Christmas, much to the consternation of the good folks in Dawson! The pilot of the aircraft was Harvey Johnson, who was known to my parents. Though it was apparently bitterly cold, the flight with my mother made it without mishap to Dawson where I was delivered by Dr. Allan Duncan safely, albeit prematurely, at St Mary's Hospital on December 20th. My parents in thankful recognition of Harvey Johnson's part in my safe arrival, named me after him.

These accounts do generate lots of memories.

Take care.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net



Georgette Berg at Indian Cemetery bottom of 2 mile hill, early 1960's.

(Now known as Mrs. David Hill)

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly debbiekelly@on.aibn.com

ERNIE & DORIS LORTIE & the YUKON TIRE SHOP

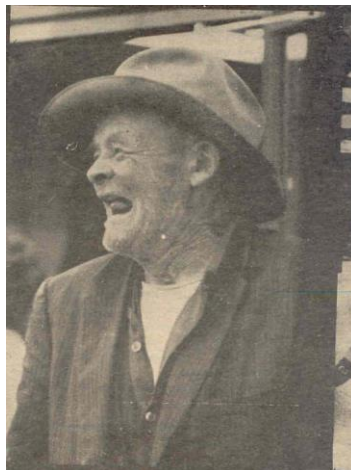
In this site, there are many great photos, including this one. In front of the Yukon Tire Shop are my aunt & uncle, Ernie & Doris Lortie. Their cocker spaniel was the mother of our dog, Mike, shown in my Takhini Hot Springs 1949 photos. My dad, Leo, worked in that shop for four or five years before Ernie sold out to Bill Drury at Yukon Motors, where dad continued for several more years.

<http://www.yukonmuseums.ca/yca/content/ya.html>

Cheers. Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca



Ernie & Doris Lortie, Yukon Tire Shop, First Avenue Whitehorse 1948
Yukon Archives photo <http://www.yukonmuseums.ca/yca/content/ya.html>



Wigwam Harry
Photo courtesy Whitehorse Star 1973

This picture of Wigwam Harry was taken from the Whitehorse Star 1973. There was no story with it, probably just a picture of an old character that everyone in town knew. I don't think the Yukon would have been the same in the "old" days, without such colorful people! Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net

REMOVED FROM LIST

CLUBB, Eleanor declubb*whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse since 1978)

Recipient address: declubb*whtvcable.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

NEW ADDITIONS

Sherron; My daughter, Terry, who lives in Holland has expressed a desire to get MocTel regularly. Her e-mail is tporsild*xs4all.nl

She was born in Whitehorse in October, 1959, and grew up on the Highway and in Alberta. She travelled in Europe where she met Hans Smit and married him, later settling down in Holland, where he's a computer engineer and she is a psychiatrist and psychologist, in private practice. They have two sons.

Thanks, Aksel Porsild

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A hero is a person who does all that can be done.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

HARVEST PICKLES – from Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*shaw.ca

8 cups sliced cukes

1 cup sliced onion

1 tsp. celery seed

4 tsp. pickling salt

1 tsp mustard seed

2 cups white sugar

1 cup vinegar

chopped garlic, how ever many you like, depending on your taste buds, I love garlic so I put lots in

I sometimes add green or red peppers, just for color

Some of the smaller containers, I put a sprig of dill just for variation, this is optional.

Put sliced cukes and onions in a gallon glass jar or ice cream pail.

Mix brine and bring to a boil

Pour over the cukes and onions

Stir it until well blended

Put into smaller containers or leave in pail if your fridge size permits

Stir or shake every day for 3 days to blend syrup and spices
These are ready after the 3 days, will keep in the fridge forever

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

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)