

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 162nd Edition – May 28, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



These Muses by Alf Bilton

These muses is funny critters,
Ain't a one of 'em's halter broke;
They's forever jumpin' fences
Or, plaguin' yur mind with a joke.

They don't seem ta sleep, not hardly,
They'll wake ya 'most any old time,
Ta blather another story
They thinks ya should put inta rhyme.

Still, though they is easy feeders,
Kinda fun ta have 'round sometimes,
I shore do wish mine 'ud let me
'Least do taxes without the rhymes.

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MY BOOK OF YUKON MEMORIES

Copyright by Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Memories Of Whitehorse (Continued from MocTel 161)

The federal government moved the capital of the Territory from Dawson City to Whitehorse in 1953. Thus began this community's slow metamorphosis from a dusty, lusty riverfront transportation centre into a thriving capital city.

Moving the capital almost caused the demise of the famous old Gold Rush town of Dawson City. Government workers reluctantly moved to Whitehorse, leaving many Dawson homes empty. People that remained in the heart of the Klondike became dependent on seasonal mining and tourism. Finally, in the 1960s the federal government declared Dawson City a Historical Complex, National Historic Site. Some of the old buildings were recognized for their historic value, named as historic sites, and restored to their former glamour. The community of Dawson began coming back to life and is now a vibrant and charming tourist attraction that evokes memories of its Gold Rush glory.

Whitehorse continued to grow. In 1957 a bridge was built across the Yukon River spawning the subdivision of Riverdale. The next year the bridge partially collapsed and a Bailey Bridge was installed until sturdier footings could be built. The next ten years saw the development of the subdivision of Riverdale, with a new hospital, schools, grocery stores and modern housing. In 1964 we sold our old home on Black Street, bought a lot and built a new home on Tutshi Road in Riverdale. In downtown Whitehorse the new Territorial Building came into existence where the old hospital and nurse's residence had once stood. The Whitehorse YWCA was built on land that had been used as a ball park, and commercial businesses spread throughout the community. The old was giving way to the new. No example of this change was more dramatic than the burning of the old sternwheelers.

The *White Horse*, the *Casca*, the *Aksala* and the decrepit hulk of the old *Yukoner* had sat on the White Pass ways in Whitehorse for about twenty years. Kids played on their decks, young travellers camped in them and vandals stripped their carcasses for usable pieces. June 20, 1974, stands starkly in my memory. It was the day the riverboats went up in flames. That morning I was driving from Riverdale to my job as Executive Director of the local YWCA when I saw the flames and smoke rising from the burning sternwheelers. I stopped my car on the Robert Campbell Bridge and watched. Tears filled my eyes, and I had a soul-sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Part of our heritage was disappearing in the towering flames. I remember the incongruity of smoke pouring from their tall smokestacks, as though they had built up a full head of steam and were ready to head down river. Great tongues of flame licked the tinder dry wooden boats, giving firefighters little chance of saving them.

Rumours were rampant about the cause of the blaze. Arson was suspected, but no real conclusion was ever drawn. They were used by many people as overnight shelters and it was assumed that a cooking fire had started the inferno. There were also rumours that a local youth was responsible. Whether careless cooking or arson started the fire, the old sternwheelers were gone forever.

Fortunately, the *SS Klondike* had been claimed by Parks Canada and in 1966 Chuck Morgan and company moved it foot by foot along the streets of Whitehorse to its present upriver location near the bridge. Morgan was there after known as Captain Morgan. The smaller *SS Keno* had also been saved. It made its final voyage downriver to Dawson in the sixties, where it found a new home on Front Street.

Over the years, Whitehorse grew. Subdivisions were established, new houses built, streets paved and lawns, playgrounds and parks began to flourish. Much of Whitehorse now looks like any small Canadian city.

But a hint of the early days still remains. A bit of the old freewheeling lifestyle lingers, especially when spring days grow long, and Yukoners become restless. In late February, the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous that began in the sixties is re-enacted, and many of us dress in turn-of-the-century clothing, grow beards, become can-can dancers and frequent local watering holes. There is gambling at impromptu casinos, we go to fiddlers' and flour-packing contests and generally enjoy the old-time atmosphere.

Come spring, Yukon people begin camping, hiking, prospecting, canoeing, kayaking, whitewater rafting, fishing, gardening, and just roaming in the northern bush, enjoying the long, lovely hours of daylight. In the fall, many become hunters and gatherers of game and wild berries.

In 1975, after twenty-two years of Yukon life, we moved to Vernon, in British Columbia's Okanagan Valley, looking for what we thought would be a better life. After living there for eight years, and spending four more years in Masset, on the northern tip of the Queen Charlotte Islands, in 1987 we gratefully returned home to Whitehorse, and believe we are here to stay.

Not much has changed in the Yukon wilderness since the fifties when my family wandered on backwoods trails and tented along the shores of clean, cold Yukon lakes. The haunting cry of a loon still takes me back in memory to those early days.

Our children have long since grown into adults, married, and have adult as well as younger children of their own. All three moved south, seeking education, work and adventure. In the late '80s and early '90s, our daughter Pat and son Terry came home to work and raise their children. Only Terry, his wife Patrizia and sons Michael and Nicholas remain in the Yukon. Terry's older son Steven and daughter Andrea are both south of sixty. Our daughter Sandi, her husband Darrell Merriman and their daughters Jennifer and Stephanie and their families, as well as Pat, her husband Dan Gresley-Jones and their family Jessica and Adam Burke all live in B.C.. Jenn has two children and we are enjoying the pleasures of great-grandparenthood. My cousin Bob McNeill and his wife Esther continue to make the Yukon their home. Their four children and grandchildren live south of sixty. Three of Gert and Neil's daughters - Bernice, Janice and Colleen - still live in the Yukon, as do many of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Their daughters Jude, Darlene and granddaughter Brenda live outside of the territory.

Like so many other people, we came to the Yukon for two years, and stayed a lifetime. We arrived as very green cheechakos (newcomers), and now, more than fifty years later, we like to think that we are almost seasoned sourdoughs (old-timers).

The old days included dust, dogs, potholes and sometimes doing without. They also embraced fun, good paying jobs and a freewheeling lifestyle. I loved living here then, and I love living here now. It's a great place to build a life.

(The end of Chapter One of - 'My Book of Yukon Memories' by Joyce Hayden.)



St. Saviour's Anglican Church

is one of the most beautiful and enduring landmarks of Carcross. Built in eastern Canada in 1904 with funds raised by Mrs. Charlotte Bompas wife of the Bishop of the Yukon, it made its way to the Yukon by scow up the BYN steamboat routes.

In 1917 it was moved to the north side of the river to its present location, following the donation of property to the church by the WP&YR.

Over the course of St. Saviour's 102-year history, it has been witness to many changes – not only to the community of Carcross but to the larger “community” of the Anglican Church.

Today we are fortunate to have an opportunity to honour a person who for 74 years has been a pivotal part of St. Saviour's story.

It is fitting and it is right that we acknowledge the strength and conviction of women such as Charlotte Bompas and Millie Jones. For it has been through their efforts that St. Saviour's is the reality it came to be and continues to be today.

St. Saviour's has been a central hub of Millie Jones's life since her baptism here in 1932. She attended Sunday school in the little vestry along with several other local children. Rev. Hugh Grant was the minister here at the time.

Millie's memories of many of the services at this time were that they were full of fun and pranks. She tells of one of the Grant children turning on the newly installed lights when his father read a passage referring to “light”. This was not a planned part of Rev. Grant's service; Though the unintended symbolism was not lost on the faithful.

Millie has witnessed, attended and planned many important family events in St. Saviour's.

The happy ones – weddings, celebrations and baptisms spanning five generations were times of great joy.



The sad ones - the funerals of her parents Jack and Adele McMurphy and memorial services for her siblings Sonny

McMurphy and Margaret Maruk were held in this comforting little church.

In the many years Millie has worshipped in the church, she has seen the natural ebb and flow of St. Saviour's congregation and the comings and goings of its Ministers.

As memorable as the big services have been, it has been the small cold winter services when only the truly committed and dedicated show up that more poignantly reflects the depth of Millie's faith and belief in the importance of keeping the spirit of the church alive and warm.

That connection to the church and its worshippers is no more beautifully painted in the picture of her starting a fire in the church's stove the day before a service so that it will be warm for the handful of faithful who attend.

During bleak years in the church's history when there hasn't been a resident minister, Millie maintained an informal, unofficial role as liaison between the community and the church in Whitehorse.

She has never been discouraged when the congregation declined. Nor have controversies caused her to abandon the church. She has filled the church with relatives during family reunions when members of her family have gathered. She often arrives with her faithful canine companion, Molly, who worships with her inside the church.

Her faith is deep rooted and her quiet strength has helped keep St. Saviour's alive. Her faith was nourished in the local Catholic Church when there were no services in St. Saviour's.

She believes that regardless of the numbers, it is important that the church remain active so that it remains a place of comfort and celebration for all.

Mom's deep connection to the church, its members and her beliefs are beautifully demonstrated in the opening of her heart and her home for coffee and lunch at "Millie's" after church. That simple act of welcoming and giving personifies her love of community and church.

We gratefully acknowledge the effort, commitment, dedication of our Mother, Millie to keeping the faith alive and well in St. Saviour's.

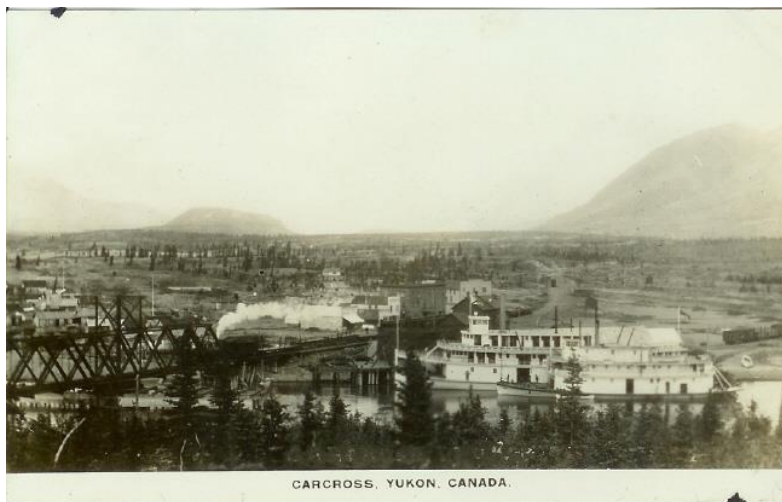


Millie's children are Ken, Donna, Brenda and Heather Jones.

St Saviour's Church at Carcross was the recipient of a new Pulpit and Bible that was dedicated May 21, 2006. The Pulpit is handcrafted from wood from Dawson City that is 100 years old. The new Bible was dedicated to Millie Jones, a life long Yukoner and part time resident at Carcross.



Bishop Terry Buckle, Millie Jones and Rev. David Pritchard holding the Bible on the new pulpit.



Sternwheelers approaching the bridge at Carcross, 1928.

(Image from e-bay) – Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

I am sure the one closest to the dock is the Tutshi, and the other one is the Gleaner. I only remember the Gleaner sitting on the ways, not in the water. – Millie (McMurphy) Jones mjones@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Sherron, I think it must be the "S.S. Gleaner". I remember seeing similar pictures of these two boats together before. The other is the "Tutshi" of course that my late husband, Gordon, worked on for five summers before I met him.

You are correct in surmising that three others were the ones built by Otto Partridge, who later founded and ran the beautiful "Ben-My-Chree" tourist attraction with the help of his wife (and the W.P.& Y.R. of course.)

Cheers, Joyce (Richards) Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

I talked to Gert (Rose) Squirechuk on the phone 403-327-7964. Her father worked on the Tutshi until retirement. Gert was feeling a little homesick by the time we finished talking. So any of you old timers who know Gert maybe you could pick up the phone and say hello. – Sherron

See the message below from this Yukon Gov't web page –

<http://www.yukonheritage.com/Sign/02english/02sklondike/02sklondike105tutshi.html>

On the Southern Lakes

With the completion of the White Pass and Yukon Route railway (YP&YR) through to Whitehorse in 1900. Carcross became the transfer point for passengers, freight and mail for the Southern Lakes. In 1901 WP&YR established a river division, the British Yukon Navigation Company (BYN Co.), and began to buy out its competition.

One of those competitors was the John Irving Navigation Company, which owned the Duchess locomotive and two small steamers, the *Gleaner* and the *Scotia* (on Atlin Lake). **The *Gleaner*, built at Bennett, was only 113 feet long/34 m long. The little boat carried freight and passengers - 24 at a time - from Carcross to Taku Landing.**

A short wagon road connected Taku with Atlin Lake, where passengers and freight transferred to the *Scotia* for the trip to Atlin, B.C. White Pass completed a railway along the route and offered through service to Atlin.

Atlin was a busy gold mining community and the region was famous for its beautiful scenery. A tourist business developed, and soon became the most important aspect of BYN's business in the southern lakes. The company replaced the *Scotia* and the *Gleaner* with two larger boats - the MV *Tarahne* and the SS *Tutshi* - in response to this growing business.

"The finest boat of her type in these or any other waters..."

In June 1917, BYN launched the steamer *Tutshi*. The new vessel was 167 feet/51 metres long and held 110 passengers. Unlike other BYN sternwheelers, the *Tutshi* was

specifically built for lake travel. The boat had a larger deck area for passengers and a keel instead of a flat hull. The vessel transported some freight and mail, but it also offered the amenities of a cruise ship.

There was an elegant dining room, with an electric fireplace - even a steam-powered ice-cream churn. In 1925 the *Tutshi* was converted to burn oil as well as wood. This eliminated the noise; and disruption of stopping to re-supply at wood camps during the night. The boat continued to burn wood when starting up or standing by.

In the fall, vessels were usually hauled out so they wouldn't be damaged by ice. In Carcross, however, there is a small area just this side of the railway bridge where the water seldom freezes. Usually the *Tutshi* was moored there all winter.

"Sailing through the land of the midnight sun"

Captain "Scotia Mac" McDonald was captain of the *Tutshi* for more than 30 years. He had years of experience in navigation and operations, and oversaw a crew of as many as 32, from the fireman who stoked the boiler to the pantryman who made the mayonnaise. By the 1920s the region's beautiful scenery, history and unspoiled wilderness had become world famous. Package tours brought tourists north to Skagway on cruise ships, then by train to Carcross. In its peak year, the steamer carried more than 9,000 passengers on excursions to Ben-My-Chree and Atlin. During both world wars, ocean cruises were reduced and tourism declined. In 1955 the *Tutshi* was hauled out of the water for the last time.

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS (cont'd)

My brother Lynch, who was 3 years older than I, supervised the loading of the 8 pack horses - sacks and boxes of flour, sugar, dried fruit, rice, tea, (coffee was too expensive and bulky) rolled oats, coal oil and candles. We would render moose tallow while on the trapline for shortening for cooking or for any other need for oil or fat. Our bedding consisted of Hudson Bay blankets and a piece of canvas to roll around us, extra Stanfield underwear, wool sox, moccasins and rubbers, wool pants, mackinaw jackets, muskrat or felt hat, and mitts. Our medical supply consisted of castor oil, Nature's Remedy, and in case of a cut, a supply of turpentine and some iodine.

My mother always included a bundle of Saturday Evening Posts and the Free Press Prairie Farmer papers gathered from around the neighborhood.

The first touch of fall in the air, with our 8 dogs frisking in and around the horses, Lynch and I set out from the homestead, heading beyond the rolling hills toward the Rocky Mountains in the west.

About 100 miles out along the East Pine River (the present site of the Tumbler Ridge coal deposit) there was good winter forage for the horses. We each had a trapline of approximately 50 miles long. My trapline followed around Avalanche Lake and down the Avalanche River to where it entered the East Pine River, while my brother's trapline started at the East Pine River and went up the Wolverine River to its source. Fifty years later I would land my aircraft on this spot where an airstrip had been laid out by an oil drilling company.

A "Trapline" is a legal term in that the Game Branch of the Federal Government assigned a designated area as an individual's trapline and for \$10.00 a year it was registered in the owner's name and no one else was legally permitted to trap in that area.

We had six cabins on our traplines and for the most part we travelled together, but sometimes we would have to separate and be on our own for a week at a time. We would try to have all our traps set out by the first of November.

Setting traps, cleaning and resetting them was a slow process so we didn't always reach a cabin by day's end. In the low country the dogs pulled a sled, in the mountainous country we put packs on the dogs. There is a knack to packing a dog properly and we had been taught by the Indians who were masters at comfortably loading a 80 pound dog with a 40 pound pack.

Up in the marten country the snow would reach a depth of 10 feet and if we were unable to reach a cabin we would set up a fly camp from where we could trap for several days. To do this we would build a big fire which melted the snow, making a hole right down to the bare ground, about 10 to 12 feet in diameter. We would place poles over the hole then stretch canvas over the poles for a roof, leaving a small hole so that the smoke from the campfire could escape. With fresh springy spruce boughs for a bed we would be very comfortable. We never knew what the weather was like until we climbed out in the morning.

The good times were when we reached a cabin by nightfall, especially when it was our main cabin which was larger than the other cabins, 25 x 12 of good stout logs well chinked, sod roof, it was the one which had the portable stove with an oven so we could roast a piece of moose, caribou or deer meat, bannock tasted better when cooked in an oven instead of being stirred up in a frying pan over a campfire with bits of ash settling on it. The bunks were made of poles and fresh spruce boughs laid in layers, coal oil lamps instead of candles so we could read and reread those copies of Saturday Evening Post and Free Press Mother had included in our supplies. It is surprising how much reading one can find in a paper if every last sentence, ads and all are read carefully. We talked of the places in the world where we would like to travel, based on what we had been told by our parents and their friends. We played cards too during the evenings when we weren't too tired. Our stakes at poker were usually who would get up in the morning, light the fire and get water from the hole in the ice in the stream.

It was at the main cabin where we could put a tub of water on the stove to heat to do our washing and have a bath. During all those long months we spent alone in one another's

company, I don't recall that we ever had a serious disagreement. I suppose that young as we were, we realized that we had to depend upon one another if we were to survive.

During the winter of 1928 Lynch and I were trapping as usual and had been out on the trapline over two months and decided that we would go home for Christmas. We travelled out with our dogteams in moderate weather and a lighter than usual snowfall and we reached home in five days.

We spent a week at home, doing all the things young people do at Christmas time in a small isolated community - house parties, skating, visiting, swapping stories. Because it was a mild winter and not much snow, we decided that we would go back with packhorses. So we took six head of horses, four to pack and two saddle horses. As there was not much snow we knew that horses could find enough grass to feed on, so we only loaded oats on one horse and that, with grass along the way, they could make it to East Pine River where there was plenty of feed.

The first day out it started to snow. It didn't stop until two feet had fallen, making it hard travelling for the horses, besides the difficulty for them to get down to the grass under the snow for feed.

Before we left Dawson Creek we knew that influenza was prevalent and many people were very ill with it. Living as we did away from all human contact for months at a time we had built up absolutely no immunity.

About the third day, tired from slogging through the snow, chilled and wet, Lynch and I had to admit neither of us was feeling well. Before the day was over we were really feeling sick. There was no feed for the horses so we had to keep going. Making camp in the cold and snow was a nightmare; we were alternately chilled then flushed with fever and had upset stomachs. Without saying it we knew that we were really in trouble.

Amongst our supplies was a 40 ounce bottle of grain alcohol which we used to mix with bait on the traps. It was so pure that it wouldn't freeze and kept the scent of the bait to attract animals even in the coldest temperatures. We were so sick and cold sitting around the fire we were willing to try anything to keep us on our feet. We had heard that some of the trappers drank the alcohol but we also knew that it was extremely potent. So we heated up some water, put a teaspoonful of the alcohol in a mug of hot water and drank it. It warmed us right down to our toes. We rolled up in our blankets and canvas and sweated it out.

When we woke up the snow was deeper than ever, so we got back on our feet and just kept putting one foot down ahead of the other, drinking the alcohol mixture at the end of the day, and though the fever and chills had gone we seemed to be getting weaker.

The last day before reaching the East Pine River we had to get over a summit, the snow was 3 feet deep and too much for the horses, so Lynch and I took turns going on snow shoes ahead, breaking trail for them. As soon as one of us dropped back he would hang onto the horses' tail for support and to regain some strength before moving up and breaking trail again. Hour after hour, or was it day after day? It seemed like forever.

Never, did a cabin for us, and feed for the horses look so good as they did when we reached the valley of the East Pine River. We rested a day or two and were as good as

new and got back to the business of trapping. They must have made kids tough in those days.

On the hundred miles of trapline there were many different kinds of furbearing animals. In the high country we would trap mostly marten, fisher and wolverine. Marten were more plentiful than any thing else. If we caught 50 marten we would probably catch four or five fisher. A wolverine pelt would only bring \$10.00 in comparison with the \$25.00 or \$30.00 for a marten and \$125.00 for a good fisher. We went after the wolverine when they started wrecking our catch by stealing the animals from the traps. Indians believed that wolverine were devils in animal form; they were so destructive and cunning. A trapper is inclined to go along with the belief.

Setting traps for marten and fisher required knowledge of the animal's habits and instincts. We would place a trap in a hole in a hollow tree, at first 10 feet above the ground but as the snow deepened we would have to raise it two or three feet higher before the winter was over. Usually a trapper must cover every sign and scent of a human, but fisher and marten are the most inquisitive animals and are attracted to the scents of a camp or where a trapper has been chopping wood. They are particularly attracted to fish of any kind and to beaver castors.

(To be continued)



Thank goodness for my mom identifying who is in the picture. From left to right is me [Bonnie], my mom Therma Brown, Valerie, Therma, Gordon and Carol Meeks. Yes, she had the same first name as my mom. My sister Phyllis Brown in the front of the photo with the Meeks. The Meeks family were friends of mom and dad.

Whitehorse early 50's I believe.

Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright bonruby*telus.net (In Port Hardy)



Remember these ladies ?

L to R -Clockwise Dorothy Warrington, Joyce Hilker and Annie Graham.
Photo courtesy Annie Graham annie.graham@telus.net (In Victoria)

Yes the wonderful Lady in the Hat is Dorothy Warrington.....Big Bad Loyal and a Great Friend of mine. But I don't know the other Lady. Hope that helps, Love Gillian xoxo

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

I just finished reading MT 161 and would like to comment that I have really enjoyed reading the section "Memories of Whitehorse" by Joyce Hayden. I moved to Whitehorse with my parents in 1954 and the items she mentions bring back a lot of memories for me. Many of the items I have either forgotten or had filed away very deep. Once I read the article it comes back to me. Thanks to the author and the MT for bringing these memories back to life.

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

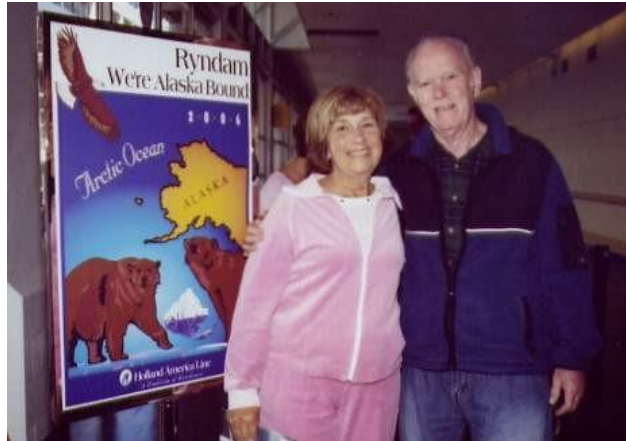
PHOTO BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF 1945

Just re-reading Moctel # 157 and came across the good picture of the RCMP on Parade in Whitehorse; sent in by Rolf Hougen. I remember Dave Bolger when he was a Sergeant in Carcross, along with Constable Harold Macdonald, when we were living there in 1945. (Harold later married Doris, my late husband Gordon's sister.)

I describe Dave Bolger in my book "Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners." Told of how he and Mac brought in the little Japanese man, "Tojo" who froze to death in his cabin on Tagish Lake. Sure brought back memories!"

Cheers, Joyce Yardley joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo) www.dataspan.ca

Harold Macdonalds name came up this afternoon when we had a visit from Ken & Maureen Jones. Harold was our landlord at 708 Jarvis when we first moved to Whitehorse in 1968. – Sherron



Tina and Art Parsons boarding the Ryndam – May 14, 2006
Photo courtesy Tina Parson

Art & Tina Parsons celebrate their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Greetings Sherron! Just wanted to share a lovely story with you. Art & I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary on May 17. To mark this occasion, our five children gave us a cruise to Alaska on the Holland America ship "Ryndam". We left on May 14 from Canada Place, with our first stop at Juneau, Alaska. The next stop was Skagway, and we wanted to take the White Pass & Yukon Route train ride to the Summit. At 2000, at the annual Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet, I won a door prize of tickets for two on this excursion plus a beautiful video of the journey (from Skagway) which was authorized by Tina Cyr. We have not been to Dawson, or anywhere in the Yukon since 1997, so I did not have a chance to use my "prize". However, I did take the certificate with me and they honored it at the White Pass train station in Skagway, (without any questions asked) and away we went. I just wanted to say that we were so impressed (also saved us \$200) and I was able to use my door prize after six years! We arrived home yesterday, so thought you may enjoy this little story. We also went to Ketchikan and Glacier Bay...a most enjoyable cruise. Incidentally, I had been on the train in 1948 from Skagway to Whitehorse, so I found this a rather nostalgic trip after 58 years.

Have fun in Dawson City next month!

All the best to you and Bill. Love, Art & Tina (Brasseur) Parsons artinap*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

The following Van Bibber extractions from this web address -
<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~blogan/v7n9.doc>

Vol. 7 No. 9 - July 2004



Welcome to your "West Virginia" edition of the Van Bibber Pioneers newsletter. I expected a good response for this newsletter and we got it. It goes to show you, when the call of arms was sounded throughout our country's history, the Van Bibbers responded. When I called for articles from our West Virginia cousins, for your state's edition of the newsletter, you responded! To say the least, I am very pleased and I am sure others will be to your responses in representing your state. Your Van Bibber ancestors would be proud. A special thanks goes out to our cousin Kay Van Bibber Delbart and the articles she

submitted. You can tell Kay is a true West Virginian and very proud of her roots. May the Van Bibber heritage of West Virginia never be forgotten.

Genealogy -

Peter VanBibber, Jr. and Marguery Bounds
Matthias VanBibber and Margaret Robinson
David Campbell Robinson VanBibber and Jane Ann Williams
John Campbell Robinson VanBibber and Catherine Malinda Taylor
Ira VanBibber

AN ALASKAN TREK

By Bob Kelly - [in 1947]

The principal objective of our Northland trip was to visit with **Ira Van Bibber**, who for years had been urging Fred, his kinsman, to come to the Yukon. The wilderness squire lives in a comfortable house on the southwest or left bank of the Pelly River, 40 miles above Fort Selkirk, Y.T., where the Pelly joins the Lewes to form the mighty Yukon. He is a hunter and trapper par excellence. He was born and reared in **Nicholas County, West Virginia**, in a respected farm family. In the 1898 gold rush he went to Alaska and the Yukon, but he never really contracted gold fever. Rather, he became enamored by the wilderness and decided to make his home in the wilds of the Yukon.

For the subsequent half century he has lived in the Yukon, returning to West Virginia once for a short visit. He has prospered and is known most favorably thorough the length and breadth of the Yukon as one of its outstanding citizens. The three commodities of the Yukon are gold, wood and fur. He has worked almost exclusively with the latter.

Van Bibber selected as the most desirable parts of the Yukon the valleys of the Nahanni and the Liard, which are tributaries of the McKenzie, and the Stewart and the Pelly, which sell the Yukon. He trapped and hunted throughout these watersheds. After many years on the trap lines with a partner or alone, he took as his wife an Indian maiden of the Tatmain Tribe. They have reared fifteen children and are as happy in the afternoon of their lives as any devoted couple could well be.

The children are all intelligent and their education is surprisingly advanced. Most of them were sent to school at Dawson, more than 200 miles away. Half of the children-- and a few grandchildren--may be found at home while the others are engaged in pursuits elsewhere.

On the banks of the Pelly, at the mouth of Mica Creek, they have established their homestead consisting of a commodious and comfortable two-story log house with a number of accessory buildings, in some of which they have comfortable quarters for guests. They have a garden in which they grow potatoes, cabbage and such other vegetables as will mature in the short but intense growing season of the far north.

In spite of their isolation, which Ira prizes so highly, the family is well supplied with store food and products of city factories. Freight comes from Whitehorse by Yukon steamboat to Selkirk, from where the Van Bibber boys transport it up the Pelly in their outboard "johnboat" or their large cabin boat. They keep in touch with the "settlements" by periodicals and correspondence, supplemented by battery radian. They get their mail in summer by boat and in winter by making dog team trips to Selkirk as such times as they find convenient.

The Pelly Valley extends more than 500 miles from the Yukon to the McKenzie divide. On the length of this watershed there is one other permanent white resident, who is [Del] Van Gorder, a former trapping partner of Van Bibber. A hundred or so Indians make this region their home. One evening Van Bibber was describing the charms of the Stewart River region and we asked him why he didn't settle there. He replied, "It was getting to dammed crowded---there must have been a dozen people moved in."

Until his semi-retirement, Van Bibber was constantly on the trap line or in the bush. He knows the Yukon Territory as a farmer knows his lands. He has associated with most of the old timers in the territory and with most of the famous visitors of bygone days, such as Selous, Horniday, Sheldon and others. His knowledge of things pertaining to nature is almost equaled by his grasp of the affairs of the world. His philosophy provides complete satisfaction with his place in the world and he regards city dwellers as the most foolish of men.

The summer climate on the Pelly is most pleasant with warm days, cold nights and not much rainfall. The mosquitoes sometimes are annoying but it is not too hard to learn how to combat them. During June there is not darkness and almost no twilight. Beautiful sunsets between ten and eleven o'clock are followed by sunrises about two o'clock.

Probably by climbing to the summit of one of the nearby MacMillan mountains one might see the midnight sun on June 21. On midnight of that day, even though the sky was cloudy, we held a shooting match and made creditable scores. And we successfully photographed the participants and the surrounding landscape on both still and movie film.

The livelihood of the prosperous Van Bibber family depends largely on furs. Everyone in the family, excepting the squire, runs a trap line. The mother pre-empts the territory surrounding the house while the girls extend their lines out a score of miles. The boys trap at greater distances, some of them going far within the Arctic Circle and approaching the Arctic Ocean. In connection with their fur business, they of course must all have dog teams. During the summer there are more than 30 dogs at the house, each of which weights in excess of 100 pounds. The dogs are an absolute necessity in the wintertime. In the summer they may be used for carrying packs and even plowing.

Van Bibber delights in nothing so much as to visit with friends. But he does not like to leave his home. When he came to Selkirk with us to see us off on our homeward journey, he visited this village for the first time in two years. Visitors at his home are always welcome and doubly so because of his over of conversation. He has a never-ending store of tales of the trap line and the hunt. Moose dominate his stories as they dominate the life in the Yukon bush. Next priority in his tales are bears.

In the Yukon, moose have always been plentiful and their numbers have varied with cycles. Van Bibber says that the moose in his region started dying a dozen or more years ago from both external and internal infections. He and his Indian friends found a number of dead and dying moose and shot moose that were unfit for consumption. They are slowly making a recovery but have not reached their former numbers. He contends that the gun has been a small factor in determining the moose population in the Yukon where the total human population is only about 5,000. Generally speaking, the moose have moved back from the rivers, which are the main avenues of travel by trappers and Indians.

The moose is of first importance to the Yukon native, white or Indian. His meat, fresh or smoked, is chief item of diet. To the trapper, sometimes for months on end it is almost the sole diet. And an energy-giving healthy food it is. Almost as important is the moose hide. From it the women prepare a soft leather with which to make moccasins and other items of clothing. They tan the hide in solutions prepared from the brains of the moose and by smoking; then they repeatedly wash and work and scrape until the skin is as soft as the finest wool. In sewing moose hide they use moose sinew. Rawhides strips are used for many purposes and are cut very fine into babish for snowshoe lacing.

Van Bibber has probably killed a thousand moose. For many years he averaged about 25 annually. But he says that not a pound of the meat was wasted. When on the trap line the moose meat would be cached for future subsistence of man and dog and surplus meat would be taken to the settlements for the folks living there. In recent years the favorite rifle of Van Bibber and his acquaintances has been the 30-06 with the 108 grain ball. None of them claim that a moose can usually be killed with one shot by even the most

careful and expert hunter. Moose are not generally "called" in the Yukon but they use a method of scraping a bone (the shoulder blade of a moose) on trees and bushes which frequently brings a bull grunting and snorting.

The Van Bibbers, like other natives, make use of the abundant fish in the rivers. Nearly every family keeps set a number of gill nets.

They catch whitefish, ling cod, suckers, northern pike and inconnu. The pike and inconnu, or shee-fish, will take a plug or spinner, the latter being a beautiful silvery fish with sporting qualities. Usually the whitefish are cleaned and dried for later use on the table while the other fish are used for dog food.

Van Bibber makes use of his vast store of knowledge of the wilderness to arrange hunting trips for big game hunters. He does the planning, arranging and outfitting while his sons, all expert guides, take the hunters afield. They hunt in the MacMillian Mountains and in the other environment of the Pelly and MacMillian Rivers where they find moose, sheep, caribou and both black and grizzly bears. Without going too far, they find goat.

Ira Van Bibber's hunting stories are the most interesting that we had ever heard. They would fill volumes with their intimate details of wild life and the wilderness existence of Indians and white pioneers. He has found a way of life that satisfies him and might well be the envy of his fellow West Virginians who are tied to the complexities of present day life. Certain it is that no man who is interested in the outdoors could well resist the attractions of a visit at this remarkable wilderness home.

We left this land with a feeling of regret that was mixed with the appreciation of an opportunity to have shared in its gifts. We wanted to tell everyone who would go to Alaska and the Yukon that a wonderful experience awaits them---that they would find there a land of charm and beauty---a final frontier that will resist settlement---a land best fitted for wildlife and that will refuse to be subdued. But the enthusiast is apt to mislead the visitor and to cause expectation to surpass realization. The travel circulars of the airlines and the magazine kodachromes show only a fraction of the North country. It is true that the tourist lanes are sufficiently comfortable for all the most demanding. But "back of beyond" may be regarded as somewhat of a man's world. Game and fish there are, doubtless in abundance. But in most instances their taking---by rod or gun or camera---requires some effort. Few would have it otherwise.

It is a land of strange contrast---of privation and plenty, of frontiersmen and philosophers, of wilderness and gentility, of violence and tranquility. Its outstanding attribute that generates such fierce loyalty in its people is an intangible that fosters a feeling of freedom. It is a last frontier in more respects than one. It is probably the lone place on this complex globe where most men regard themselves as independent individuals---as free men. May it always so remain!

West Virginia Hills & Streams -- December 1947 -- Pages #12 & 13.

Submitted by Kay Van Bibber Delbart -- rooniebug3@charter.net

Van Bibber Website: <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~blogan/>

The editor reserves the right to edit contributions to the newsletter.

Editor of the Van Bibber Pioneers Electronic Newsletter:

Gary R. Hawpe -- GRH9999@aol.com

Owner of the Van Bibber FTM database -- 52,737 names

CORRECTION TO MOC TEL 156

Dad took me to task about my identification of the gang gathered at Arne Anderson's place, (p.7, MocTel 156)

The corrected gang, from left to right:

Harry Fatt, Jim Wake, Gene Nelson, Tubby Tubman, Arne Anderson.

Dad remarked that he is the only surviving member of the gang.

A film record of Jim Wake's time as an RCMP officer at Old Crow was made into an interesting TV documentary a few years ago. His widow, Anne, who nursed in the north, lives in eastern Canada.

I apologize for the error. I'm glad now that I hadn't sent a copy to Gene's daughter yet.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Ford being shuttled to Mayo – Stewart Ferry – Gordon Tubman at right.
Photo courtesy Bill Weigand

(re: Above photo.) Maribeth phoned from her dad's when she was in Vernon this week to let me know that he had verified that he was the one by the passenger door of the vehicle on the ferry which was being taken to Mayo. Bill Weigand had thought it was Tubby, so this was just a confirmation. – Sherron

ARTISTIC TALENT



Time's a Dragon

Copyright to Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

WE'VE MOVED

Alistair and Mary Ellen MacGregor have relocated to Vernon BC effective May 1, 2006. New address is 110-9510-HWY 97 N. Vernon, BC V1H 1R8 phone is 250-542-4559 Look forward to hearing from old acquaintances. mmac1952@telus.net

CHANGE OF ADDRESS – Temporarily off the list.

I just want to let you know that we are changing our internet provider effective tomorrow. So please do not send anymore messages through to my old email address of tutshi@telus.net. I will get in touch with you when I get my new address.
Juanita Bell

BELL, Juanita (JAMES/REDPATH) tutshi@telus.net (In Whitehorse 1946-1971, 1978-87)
Nanaimo

OBIT

Submitted by Drew Dunn madunn*northwestel.net (Marsh Lake) –

Karl Hardtke

Karl was born in Villkow, Pomerania, Germany, in what is now Poland (near Gdansk in Northern Poland) on May 28th, 1933, and passed away on April 15th, 2006, at Marsh Lake, Yukon.

At the end of World War 2, his family, including his Mother, both Grandmothers, three siblings, and other relatives, had to flee their homes for the Western part of Germany, eventually settling in Estorf in Northern Germany near Hanover. He spent his childhood biking and fishing and participating in the Boy Scouts, and it was through them that he made the connection to come to Canada. He left Germany in 1953 and, by train, boat and train again, he ended up in Vancouver, with \$20 in his pocket, celebrating his 20th Birthday while on the boat.

He had a job at the Tulsequah Mine near Atlin B.C. and worked there for a couple of years, and on a holiday trip through Whitehorse, he decided to stay in the Yukon. He later married Roswitha Karin (a childhood family friend from Germany) and they had a Daughter - Verena - in the late '60s.

He worked at various Construction companies, including General Enterprises, working on the building of many of Whitehorse's important Institutions including the old Whitehorse General Hospital, the McBride Museum, the Trinity Lutheran Church, Selkirk Street School, F.H.Collins School and many others.

He then started his own company, K.H.Construction, building apartments downtown on 5th Avenue in the '60s and in Riverdale on Lewes Blvd. in the '70s.

In 1969, while building Judge Buzz Hudson's house in Riverdale, he had a serious electrical accident in which he lost the toes on his right foot. This didn't faze him or slow him down much, and he still spent a lot of time maintaining his apartment buildings.

He also spent much time enjoying the Yukon outdoors. He was passionate about hunting, fishing, hiking, canoeing and skiing. He was active with the Canoe Club and Haeckel Hill downhill Ski Club.

He also spent a lot of time and effort building and maintaining his home at Judas Creek on Marsh Lake. He was an active community participant, and was one of the Founding Members of the Marsh Lake Volunteer Fire Department.

He managed to find time to help build a cabin on Alligator Lake with 4 partners, having the materials flown in by float plane.

In 1987 he and Verena fulfilled their dreams of obtaining their Private Pilot's Licenses for a Cessna 172 on wheels and a Cessna 180 on floats.

He spent many hours flying around the Yukon on hunting and fishing expeditions, and had a zest for adventure and travel that took him to many interesting places around the world, including Africa, Australia, Hong Kong, Europe, Central America, the Caribbean and the United States.

Karl will be greatly missed for his generosity, his adventurous spirit and his courage.

A Celebration of his Life will take place on Sunday May 28, 2006, at Mt McIntyre Reception Centre, 2:00 to 4:00 PM, Refreshments will be served.

Karl's friends are invited to help celebrate his Life.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Salvation Army.

GARTSIDE, Mary Elizabeth "Betty" Passed away peacefully on May 20, 2006, in the VG Site, QEII. She was a daughter of the late Kathleen and Leveson-Gower Fraser. **Mrs. Gartside resided in Halifax since 1985, following her retirement from the Federal Government in Whitehorse and Ottawa.** She lived in Bedford in earlier years and was educated at Mount St. Vincent Academy and College. Mrs. Gartside was a member of the C.W.L. of St. John the Baptist parish. She was predeceased by her husband, Josiah. She leaves to mourn her **son, Joseph Fraser Gartside** and wife Cathy Blewett, Toronto..... Published in the Ottawa Citizen on 5/23/2006.

Scotty Munro

*Chuck Hankins called this week to let me know that he had a call from one of Scotty's sisters and that Scotty had passed away this week. Have been in touch with Helen (Munro) Fitch and she will forward an obit when it is prepared.
Our sincere sympathy to the family. – Sherron*

Hi Sherron, it is with heavy heart and great sadness that I am sending you another one of these messages.

Norman Alexander (Scotty) Munro passed away on Monday May 22, 2006 after a short illness. Funeral services will be held on Wed, June 7, 2006 at 1:30. at the United Church in Whitehorse.

Shirley Keobke mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net (At Marsh Lake)

NEW ADDITIONS

I would like to sign up for the Moccasin Telegraph

CYR, Ray raycyr*telusplanet.net (In Whitehorse 1948-1973) Edmonton, AB

Ray Cyr
780-914-2794

I find your Moccasin Telegraph a wonderful way to see who's still around, and where they are.

I'd like to join, Dave [Gairns] said there is a \$20 donation ,where can I send it?

Jim and Ellen Menzies (Graham) (Atlin 1941-1966) Castlegar B.C.

Thanks , looking forward to hearing from you.

Jim and Ellen Menzies jmenzies*telus.net

Hi Sherron;

I wanted to thank you for your help in tracking down information on the Legion Hall (old liquor warehouse) in Mayo. It's great that so many people are interested in sharing their memories and information. I wonder if it would be possible for me to subscribe to the Moccasin Telegraph? Quite often I find myself looking for information on buildings or places in the Yukon and the Moccasin Telegraph would be a big help. I lived in Dawson City for 25 years before moving to Whitehorse 5 years ago, so I have a network of people I know in Dawson, but not so much in the rest of the territory.

Thanks

Barbara Hogan
Historic Sites Registrar
Heritage Resources, Cultural Services Branch
Government of Yukon L-2
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Tel: 867-667-8258 Fx: 867-667-8023
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Barbara.Hogan@gov.yk.ca

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

I have written on two occasions asking that you discontinue sending us the Moccasin Telegraph to us. I am sure that with all of the names that you have on your list it must have not been done Good luck Rick and Diana Griffiths

GRIFFITHS, Rick & Diane ricanddi@polarcom.com (In Whitehorse 1967-75, 1987-current)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST - AN INTERESTING PERSPECTIVE

Sherron,...sour grapes !!!

I never heard of "requesting" donations, either s&%*t or get off the pot. Charge for the MocTel !! It has turned from a hobby into a business, no problem. Pay taxes like everyone else,... just don't pussyfoot around with "requesting donations". I'm not trying to avoid paying a few bucks in support of MocTel, it's the way you go about it that stinks.

The people that send you the material are doing a great job, you're doing a good job putting it together, now it's time to decide which way to go.

Until you do, remove me from all your lists.

I hope you will publish this !

Obie Mile 1093, Alaska Hwy. Yukon
OBERMEIER, John obie@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse 1986-92) Burwash

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Never confuse movement with action.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

DECADENT COOKIES - (Recipe may be halved)

This is from an e-mail forwarded to me several times. If anyone tries this one, let us know what you think of them. – Sherron

2 cups butter
24 oz. chocolate chips
4 cups flour
2 cups brown sugar
2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
2 cups sugar
1- 8 oz. Hershey Bar (grated)
5 cups blended oatmeal
4 eggs
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. vanilla
3 cups chopped nuts (your choice)

Measure oatmeal, and blend in a blender to a fine powder. Cream the butter and both sugars. Add eggs and vanilla, mix together with flour, oatmeal, salt, baking powder, and soda. Add chocolate chips, Hershey Bar and nuts. Roll into balls, and place two inches apart on a cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes 112 cookies.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **Vancouver Yukoners Assoc. next luncheon meeting** will be held at the Croatian Cultural Centre, 3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver on Thursday, June 15/06, we start gathering about 11:30am/noon.

This is a new venue for our meetings, free parking with a variety of sandwiches, desserts and refreshments available at the Centre for a nominal charge.

All members and Yukoners welcome. For more information you can contact Carol Clarke at 604-325-4774 or clclarke@shaw.ca

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 25, 2006 Summerland Ornamental Gardens. For further information contact Larry Chalmers aksala49@telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic Aug 12th at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay.
For further information contact Blanche & Gus Barrett at sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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