

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 212th Edition – July 15th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



From the Dome June 21, 2007

Photos courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Dawson from the Dome June 21, 2007

The photo in MocTel 211 stating June 21 and showing the leaves in fall colours was really a photo from 9 months earlier (Sept 2006) and labeled in error.

Andover-Harvard Yukon Expedition 1948

Continued

Field Notes of Elmer Harp Jr. Dartmouth College North to the Yukon Territory via the Alcan Highway in 1948

Saturday 29 May 1948

Watched them put in last span, and bridge opened at 11:15 AM. E bound traffic let thru first because less of it. Then the great caravan bound W lined up a 1/4 mile back waiting for the rush. Looked like the opening of the Cherokee Strip. Broke camp and packed up and crossed, ourselves, at noon.

Starting Mileage = 5716.

First 50 miles tough going, passing cars up the line. Dust so thick the road could hardly be seen and hot. Kept headlights on and windows shut. Several bad washouts along the way. (MILE-760 and 907) but skinned three.

Chow .95

Stopped at Johnson's Crossing at N-end of Lake Teslin for brief visit with the **Bob Porsild's**.

Left or lost my fountain pen there. First word that Fred and Ramp's had moved on up from Whitehorse this very afternoon.

Gas – 12 gal @ .60 –Johnson's Crossing 7.20

2 qts. Oil 1.20

Kept on pushing and arrived Whitehorse at 8 PM. Room reservation waiting for us there and mail from home. Good to get news–Geoff has been having an awfully bad cold.

Dinner 1.50 Cigarettes .35 Newspaper .15

Car lubrication, grease, oil change 6.20

Took a stroll around town in eve and looked over the stern-wheelers that run thru Lewes River to Lake Laberge and down Yukon to Circle City. A lively little town–Pan Am airport on bluffs above.



Main St., Whitehorse, YT, Mile 918

Sunday 30 May 1948

Chow .75

Wrote some letters and shoved off about 11 AM. Rest of gang camped somewhere around Pine Creek or Haines Jct.

Starting Mileage = 5946

Gas – 11. Am. Gal. @ .50 - Canyon Crk, M-996

5.50 Lunch .75

Arrived at camp, MILE-1019, at 2 PM.

Swell spot on s-side of Highway in natural prairie in aspen grove. Dominion Experimental Farm, run by Mr. Abbot, directly across road. Dezadeash Mts and Alsek Gap directly back of us. Horberg ill in Chicago with gastroenteritis—don't know if he'll get here or not. Cook = Paul Nieman. Nice setup with 8x10x4' wall tents. Brief walk in evening.

Monday 31 May 1948

Wire to Elaine (+ phone charges) 3.64

Organized camp in AM and in the afternoon took a short recco trip along old Pioneer Rd. E in Shakwak Valley from Haines Junction (MILE-1016) and scouted some terraces. A single homesteader operating way back in there. Fished Pine Crk, in evening but no luck. Registered guns with RCMP at MILE-1016. This is Kluane Game Sanctuary here—all S of road.

Tuesday 1 June 1948

Late AM tramp with Fred up old Pine Creek Trail toward Air Strip. No finds. W. to Bear Creek. In afternoon and all checked high S-terraces. No luck trying to find Leechman's site there. Windy as hell. Mail goes out to Whitehorse on Tuesday Thursday Saturday and comes in on Monday Wednesday Friday. Carried by O'Hara Bus Lines. Cold night.

Wednesday 2 June 1948

Worked up accounts all day. Balanced out with \$ [no amount given] cash on hand. Up to scout near Bear Creek summit in evening, then all over to visit Abbot's in evening.

Thursday 3 June 1948

Scouted site at MILE-1013 beside Pine Lake; got a few chips. Mosquitoes very bad. Also reccoed E terrace of Marshall Creek N of Highway but no luck. In afternoon up to Bear Creek and followed old trail NE for + 5 mile ending up on abandoned section of Highway.

Gene Jacquot and son Joe in for a visit and to bring our other car, a Chevrolet 2-door sedanette. Wrote Elaine, then down to Maintenance Camp at MILE-1016 with Dave

Raup for movie: "Notorious" with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. About 35 there + 6 Indians. Movie for 2 .70



Our tent, Pine Creek Camp, Mile 1019

Friday 4 June 1948

Spent morning at Canyon Crk scouting high terraces on w bank thru road cut. Found culture there (this is actually Aishihik River under 6 ft. of dune and 24" under a layer of volcanic ash which has been dated 1400 yr. B.P. by spruce-bog analysis). [Current dating places the White River ash fall at ca. 1150 years B.P. Clague et al. 1995] Back there in afternoon and began trenching down –tough work there in high, gusty wind and sand. Built leanto of tarps around fire in evening. Mail from home and wrote Elaine.

Saturday 5 June 1948

Down to Canyon–1 and got bulldozer to cut trench right across dune top thereby saving us days of work. Then began excavating a 6' trench across this cut–screening as we went down below volcanic ash. Dirty job–wind comes up in afternoon and blows a sand storm. Lunch there on a bank of Aishihik River. A party of Dominion topographers forming a base camp there. Excavated early in afternoon then took a hike with Hugh and Bill down W- Aishihik terraces, across Dead Man's Flat to Dezadeash River. Read in evening.

To be continued

AUGUST TRIP UP THE DEMPSTER

Hope your "First of July" is a great one.....just received this article from my brother in-law and thought I would share it with you. You might find a bit of humor in this, as we did....makes one think that maybe our date of the end of Aug. to travel this road, might be a bit of a challenge!!! We are still aiming to leave the Island the second week in Aug and head North.....with a bit of luck we might not run into too much mud, but we want to see the "colours" on the Dempster at that time of year, so guess that's the chance we take!

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney BC)

Part of the way to Inuvik for some seems to include some booze.

High road

LULU KEATING

From Saturday's Globe and Mail

June 30, 2007

DAWSON CITY, YUKON — I said to Gordon, “The indicator of acceptance by Dawson City society is not how many winters you've endured here, but if you've been invited to the Scotch Club.”

He said, “I'll invite you.” And he did.

Four o'clock, Sunday afternoon, April 23. I had arrived at the Klondike Fine Malt Society. The host presented Aberlour a'bunadh, a Highland Scotch with a rich colour, light smoky flavour and a lingering aftertaste.

The way it works is this: We describe the colour, then discuss the smell – first straight, then with a few drops of water to bring out the flavour. When we finally get the Scotch into our mouths, we swirl it around, assessing all the aspects of the first tasting. Then, finally, we get to swallow it.



[Enlarge Image](#)

Stunning landmarks such as Pilot Mountain await those willing to brave the Dempster – just keep an eye out for planes making emergency landings. (*Lulu Keating for The Globe and Mail*)

The Scotch Club, as it's also known, has become the highlight of my social life. Dawson City nowadays has an almost equal ratio of men to women, but I have yet to meet a likely candidate for romantic entanglement. Like the lady says, “The odds are good but the goods are odd.”

Every second Sunday I totter out of a house or trailer or log cabin with a warm belly and an unrealistically positive view of the world.

During the summer, when night is almost non-existent, we try to hide our midnight inebriation in a village that never sleeps.

The cheapest place to buy Scotch in our neighbourhood is Inuvik, NWT. The liquor store there charges a flat \$10 surcharge on every litre it sells. This means that high-end wines and liquors offer the best value.

The Dempster Highway, the road from Dawson City in Yukon to Inuvik in the Northwest Territories, is 775 kilometres long and about 99 per cent unpaved. It's a 12-hour trip if you're lucky – several days if you aren't.

There are two river crossings: the Peel and the Arctic Red (the Tsiigehtchic). That means two ferries in summer or two ice bridges in the winter; spring and fall, the road is closed for break-up and freeze-up.

Lagavulin – 16 years old, double distilled – is the Scotch Club favourite. Two cases are sitting in Inuvik's liquor store, waiting to be picked up. It's Tuesday, Aug. 29, and fall is not a promise but a threat. The Scotch Club dispatches three trusted delegates for this prestigious mission. Edwin, a teacher at Yukon College, diesels up his Volkswagen Jetta. We scrape frost from the windows. Kath, from England and recently settled in Dawson, is keyed up for another Canadian adventure. And there's me. I sit in the back, taking notes.

Leaving at 8 a.m., the drive to Inuvik is a serious day trip.

Dappled sunshine. Multi-coloured hills – salmon pink, yellow and green – so beautiful you can't stop smiling. Two swans on a pond, eight caribou (from the Hart River herd) and one cow moose.

A modest sign informs us that the road we are on has become an emergency airstrip. Motorists are advised to yield to landing planes. Tricky. Farther on, there is another emergency airstrip.

We cross the border from Yukon into the Northwest Territories, and the road turns into mud soup. Every time the car bottoms out, Edwin groans – he's put holes in more than one oil pan and gas tank. If we break down or get stuck, it could be hours before anyone comes by. Here, caribou are more plentiful than vehicles. So instead of slowing down, we drive fast and steady through the ruts. The back window becomes an abstract painting in grey mud.

Our trip had to take place on Tuesday because it's \$3 Scotch night at the Brass Rail in Inuvik's Finto Lodge. There's no question of staying in any other hotel. We make it to Inuvik in surprisingly good time, arriving at 7 p.m. The receptionist gets hung up on how many beds we want – the three of us, two women and one man. We just want the cheapest room, I insist, and we check into an overheated room with two single beds and a cot. It is above the bar.

Now we have the excuse we need: It'll be too noisy to sleep before the bar closes.

By 8 p.m. we've sampled enough Scotch to have drunk ourselves sober. What are we going to do with the rest of the night? We walk downtown. I'm the only one who hasn't been to Inuvik before, so in addition to seeing the landmark round "Igloo" church, my companions share cultural history and political analysis.

Too long without alcohol, we stop for a beer at a bar, the Mad Trapper. At 9 p.m., the band plays rock favourites. Strong young Inuit men dance with energetic women in their eighties. We return to the Finto. Now more discriminating, we investigate the Scotch stock and discover a \$148 bottle. It doesn't measure up to the one I'm enjoying – Mortlach 1993, a Spreyside/Highland Scotch with a light licorice flavour. We eat, discuss local politics, and as the bar fills up we have great conversations with other patrons.

Mission accomplished – we're the last to leave the bar, and our room is quiet enough for a good, long sleep.

The next morning, the man at the liquor store has become our new best friend. We pick up \$1,500 worth of Scotch, enough to keep us happy for a while, and head back home.

On the Dempster Highway, the mud is a foot thick. Edwin takes each hit to his undercarriage personally. “Ouch!”

Drizzle. More mud soup. Then clear.

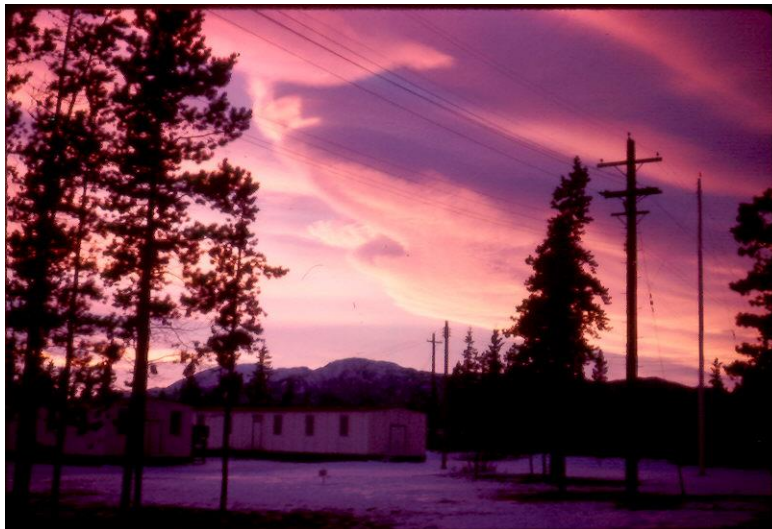
A clump of seven caribou. Then, far off, about 30. One bald eagle – huge! Eight caribou close to the highway. All have huge racks of antlers. (Caribou are the only species of deer in which both male and female grow antlers.) At Engineer Creek, Yukon, we stop at the campsite. I linger to admire a Kawasaki motorcycle with Alberta plates. From inside the shelter, a voice calls: “You can try it if you like.”

I laugh and open the door. We discuss road conditions. He's heading north and he's heard about the mud. “I don't want to go down,” he says. There's a grizzly in the area, so he's sleeping in the shelter. Names exchanged. “See you on your way through Dawson,” I say, forgetting his name. Jerry? Cute.

Tip: To prevent your windshield from getting cracked by gravel from passing cars and trucks, place your finger on the windshield as they go by.

We arrive back in Dawson without a crack. We're the heroes of the club. We each spent about \$150 (meals, diesel, \$3 shots, hotel). Was it worth it, in terms of the savings on the Scotch? Nobody wants to put the trip in those terms, because the quality of our experience can't be quantified.

There's talk of a winter trip, after the ice roads go in. Maybe spring, too, after break-up. Maybe summer.



Sunset in Whitehorse 1960's

Photo courtesy Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

MEMORIES OF MINE IN DAWSON

On May 16th I wrote a short message and in it I said that our green log building had been torn down and Dr. McCall and his son had built a lovely home there. Emily Stillwell had

sent a picture of this green log building and wondered who belonged to it. I found out this June holiday, that it WAS NOT torn down it was moved to the lot where our house was, which was taken away, and someone lives in it today. I took a picture of this and will send it to you now. This will solve Emily's question. I was ever so happy to see that it wasn't torn down and the McCall 2 story house is right beside it. Happy Days!

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



The green log building is on 8th Ave. and Harper St. (on the corner.) in Dawson City.
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

PHOTOS FROM BROWNIE'S TRIP TO DAWSON IN JUNE 2007



Interior of our log cabin.
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Jackson Tailings from deck on log cabin. Beautiful sky every day!!!
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Front of log cabin and log bath house. Pete taught our 5 grandsons how to build with logs. Black hose on roof heats water for the bath tub and wringer washer.
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Log cabin overlooks a beautiful dredge pond where beavers, muskrats and ducks were seen daily, swimming about.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Little red fox eating a wiener. He has been doing this for 4 years and is very tame.

Lynn Nimmo's beautiful log home just out of Dawson.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Oddfellow's Hall - now called the ODD HALL. Gorgeous inside!
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Lynne (Foth) sitting at OUR piano in the ODD HALL. She took her piano lessons at age 10 when it was ours.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Marvin Thomas Frost (Old Crow) and me, one terribly hot day, he was entertaining at the Native Concert.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Native Concert (+ 31 degrees) Marvin 2nd from left playing guitar and singing. Everyone was treated to FREE bannock and iced drink.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

This is a little story about Marvin Thomas Frost, Old Crow when he was 5 years old, Lynne 6 and Debbie was 4.

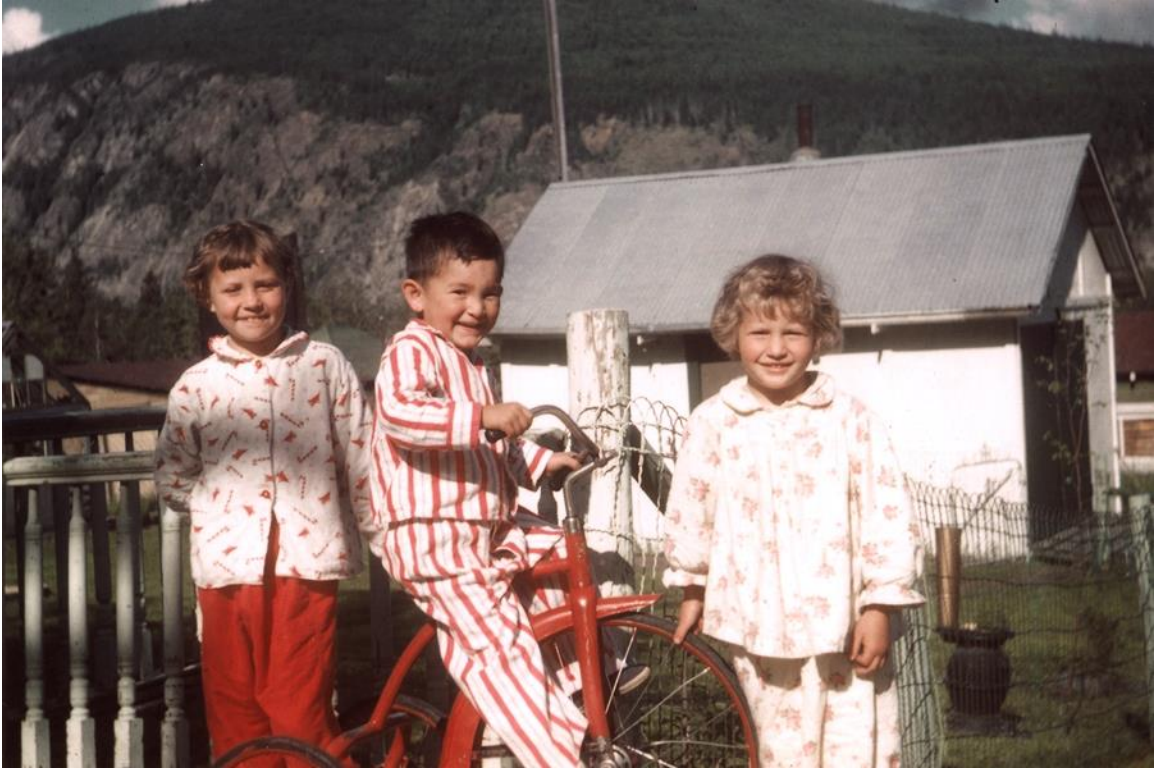
Marvin had fallen into a boiling pot of Dog Mush in Old Crow and Pat Callison had flown him to St. Mary's Hospital in Dawson when I was on shift. He was a terribly burned little boy. Every bit of his body with the exception of his face. The doctor and I worked all night on him and he remained with us for weeks in isolation. I became very attached to him as I had 2 little girls at home around his age. After being with us for many weeks, he was finally discharged to return home to Old Crow still with many bandages on his entire body. It so happened that Pat could not take him home for 4 days, and I begged the doctor to let me take him home with me as I was going to escort him to Old Crow anyhow. He agreed and what a wonderful 4 days, our little girls had with Marvin. He rode his first tricycle, he went for his first car ride, and he had a wonderful time playing with all the toys and dolls that our girls had. When it came time to fly home, he wanted to see his family, but didn't want to leave his two new playmates and all the toys.

At this concert when the MC read his name out, I jumped for joy. At intermission, Lynne and I quickly went down and found him. What a reunion that was!!!! We had never seen each other since that day he left to go home and his 50th birthday would be the following day. We had sent him 3 pictures of himself with our girls shortly after he left us and he told us he still had them up on the wall in his house in Old Crow. I asked him about his scars and he told me that his body was covered with them. His younger brother came up to me and with tears in his eyes, he said, "Ms Brownie, thank you for saving my brother's life". That was a moment I shall never forget..... I got these same pictures made again today from our 35 mm slides and will send them to you.

The concert was for the Solstice, but they had it on another day. It was great. They jigged and danced like I've never seen before. The ages from 4 yrs. old to 90ish and older. Their costumes were gorgeous even though the weather was so hot and close that day. This went on for 2 hours we sat in the sun. Lynne and I were burned to a crisp. Only put the pix in that YOU want to, I know I am not a good photographer and I don't pretend to be one. I take them so I won't forget anything about Dawson City. Believe me there is a bigger part of my heart left there each time I go back.

Right now, I am reading about 15 pages of Grace Haldenby's 'book' to be, that she will have published someday for her family. These are all from letters she wrote while living in Dawson. This is when she and husband Rev. Allan Halldenby were our Anglican minister and wife. Of course I know everyone she talks about, starting in 1954. Her daughter types these pages and sends them by snail mail, and then I send them back.

Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Marvin Thomas Frost, Old Crow when he was 5 years old, Lynne 6 and Debbie was 4.
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Marvin Thomas Frost - Debbie and Lynne Foth. His first tricycle ride; his first car ride.
Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)



Pat Callison's airplane waiting to take him home to Old Crow after his bad burn.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

Verbum Expedimus

My Latin is poor, however "Verbum Expedimus" should loosely translate to "speak freely" (item 5 from Jerry Proc).

I noted the answer, however Latin is particularly challenging when the phrase is very short. The word roots are fairly clear though - not sure I would concur with the translation given.

Here is a decent link: <http://lisy2.archives.nd.edu/cgi-bin/words.exe?Verbum+Expedimus>

Chris Maylor maylorc@excite.com (In Texas)

Interesting take on the translation but I can't possibly believe that one. It goes completely against the grain of the signals intelligence community. They are drilled not to speak about anything they see or hear. Even today, no ex-SIGINT operator will divulge the contents of anything they copied even though it may be decades old. I'm still hoping it translates to something about "fast messages" or "messages of speed" since that a desirable characteristic for SIGINT operators.

I am still waiting to hear back from the RCAF historian for their official translation.

Regards,

Jerry Proc jerry.proc@sympatico.ca

Hi Jerry! Thanks for the note. The context of what I found sure doesn't fit the direction does it? As I noted in the reply to Sherron, the largest problem with translating Latin is that shorter phrases lose context so the intent is tough to figure out without the context. Wonder if "spread the word" or something like that is closer? It would be closer to your messages of speed approach.

Outside the latin translators - and I liked the one I stumbled across because of the dictionary-like description of each word - there really didn't seem to be any internet matches on the phrase itself.

It will be interesting to see what your RCAF historian has to say. We have a couple of folks at work that do fairly well at Latin - one of whom actually caught a grammar error I had on a saying about a year ago - perhaps I will bounce it off them to see what they come back with.

In the meantime it was good to make your acquaintance. Kudos (as always) to Sherron for gluing together such a widely spread group of folks from the Yukon!

Cheers!

Chris Maylor

ALASKA HIGHWAY – AL SOWDEN

Sherron, just wanted to mention how much I enjoyed Al Sowden's memories of the Alaska Highway. Very well done! Hopefully the MocTel readers will add to this list. Bravo, Al!

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

ALASKA HIGHWAY IN MOCTEL 211

Q&A s of AL SOWDEN

Good morning to you Al. YOU have a ton of stories to tell, glad you are getting started.

RE mile 837 Johnson's Crossing lodge

This was built, owned, & operated by Bob & Ellie Porsild.

Not I regret to say by Passill.

Check out Ellen's Davignon book The Cinnamon Mine it has a good story about growing up at J. C. as it was called.

RE mile 843 Al Kulan he was one of the big players of the Ace a way, & poker games
When he came to Whitehorse.

RE mile 883 Marsh Lake Lodge

Built, run & owned by Mike Nolan & his wife Mary.

Some will remember it was built out of logs, peeled & varnished, it commanded a great view of the lake from the front right sitting room on the main floor.

Mike was a former R.C.M.P. member before he built the lodge.

His wife Mary was a nurse.

RE mile 987 Krac-R –KRIC.

As mentioned before in early Moc.Tel.s

This was a former road camp that was sold off by the War Assets

It was purchased by Hughie & Ruth Banks

They had a coffee shop & rooms. No gas or repairs.

Re 1016 Haines Junction

In the early days of the highway there was really only one place geared up.

For travelers John & Sally Backes.

Sally was the one who ran the operation most of the time. In the good weather John was out prospecting.

Re 1053 Silver Creek Lodge

This was owned & operated by a man called Johnny Muska.

He had a lodge, rooms, and meals. Also had a hand pumped gas pump

10 gal. At a time, up out of the ground & gravity fed down to your car.

He also had a Big Game outfit he ran in the fall when the season permitted.

I hope this will add to your memories.

Don't stop writing Al, I have known you for over 50yrs, there is a lot you could say

Cheers for now SARGENT SOWDEN

Weldon Pinchin pinchin@gulfislands.com (Mayne Island BC)

CORRECTION TO AKLAVIC TO OLD CROW SPECIAL EDITION

My name is Garry Njootli from Old Crow Yukon

I have a name correction for one of your photo's (Mary Roscoe is having her photo taken with Ben Charlie, the son of Chief Charlie Peter Charlie.
This person in this photo is (Chief) Charlie Abel, (not Ben Charlie).

Garry Njootli
Yukon Toponymist (L-1)
Cultural Services Branch, Tourism and Culture
Yukon Government Box 2703, Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada Y1A 2C6
Ph. (867) 667- 3099 Fx. (867) 393- 6456
www.yukonheritage.com
www.yukonplacenames.ca



**Mary Roscoe is having her photo taken with Ben Charlie, the son of Chief Charlie Peter Charlie.
*Should read: Mary Roscoe is having her photo taken with Charlie Abel, who was acting on behalf of Chief Charlie Peter Charlie who was away when we visited.***

Corrected online copy now at:

<http://www.members.shaw.ca/moctelpast3/Aklavic%20to%20Old%20Crow.html>

Emily Stillwell has confirmed the following:

A thank you from me to Garry Njootli is needed for drawing attention to the necessary correction re: the photo of the man with Mary Roscoe. As you will see, I have contacted Megan Williams of Heritage Centre at Old Crow. She has apologized for not recognizing or at least informing me of the mistake earlier.

1. The man in the photo with Mary Roscoe is Charlie Abel and not Ben Charlie. However, Charlie Abel was not the Chief on July 1, 1958.
2. The Chief on July 1, 1958 was Charlie Peter Charlie. This does not require a correction on my part.
3. Charlie Abel was not the son of Charlie Peter Charlie. In my document, under the picture as well as changing the name Ben Charlie to Charlie Abel, I have added "who was acting on behalf of Chief Charlie Peter Charlie who was away when we visited."
4. As a matter of interest--- I have gone to the Internet which shows that Charlie Abel followed Chief Charlie Peter Charlie and was Chief from 1958 to 1962. If I remember correctly, the Old Crow elections are held in November of each year.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

For any of you who may remember Doris (Njootli) Allen from 'Doris' Clip & Curl' on Main Street in Whitehorse, formerly Jeri's Clip & Curl. Doris is Garry Njootli's aunt. Have sent a message to Doris, via Garry. Doris was my hairdresser for as long as she had the shop. Also ran into Jeri here in Vernon many years ago. She was moving around with an oxygen bottle at the time and has since passed away. – Sherron

BEAR CREEK

Remembering Bear Creek: The Bear Creek Oral History project

Do you remember Bear Creek? Parks Canada is undertaking an oral history project to gather as many personal memories about Bear Creek from those who knew it when the YCGC (Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation) was operating.

This summer, stabilization work is being performed on the big machine shop, and archaeology is being planned. Much of the old machinery and equipment survives, and other pieces have been generously returned to us. Archaeology work is being planned.

Your knowledge is also important to understanding and preserving the memories of Bear Creek.

Would you like to talk to us?

Are you planning a visit to Dawson or Whitehorse this summer? Of course some of you still live in the Yukon. We are interested in preserving anything you can remember.

You could have worked there, or visited, or were married to an employee, or grew up there. It doesn't matter. All of these memories are part of the big story.

Please contact.

Michael Gates,

michael.gates*pc.gc.ca

Address: c/o Parks Canada

Ste. 205 – 300 Main Street

Whitehorse, Yukon

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Phone: (867) 667-3940

Fax: (867) 393-6701



Bear Creek, Yukon
Yukon Archives, Hare Collection

AN EXCERPT FROM JOYCE YARDLEY'S RECENT TRIP

Here's a little excerpt from our car trip through parts of Alberta and BC. As you can tell, we tend to keep away from the main highways if possible.

We decided to take the Yellowhead Highway via Jasper this day. Stayed overnight at a hotel at Valemount. On the 12th we went on to Blue River, Bridge Lake, 70 Mile House and Clinton. Then we left highway 97 for Kelly Lake, and drove high up over an unpaved mountain road, making a shortcut to pass what had to be the most beautiful ranch in the world, on our way to Pavillion, in the Lillooet country. I was astonished to see a sight like this in such high country. Lush green fields of natural mountain grassland, as far as the eye could see on this "Diamond S" cattle ranch.

I didn't see any irrigation setup - and I suspect they didn't need it, or indeed any fertilizers or imported grass seed in an ideal setting such as they have there.

An immense bull was standing in the middle of a field all by itself; the largest either one of us had ever seen, with great bulging muscled shoulders. I got out to take a picture of the massive animal just as it raised his head and started to bawl - so loudly it frightened me back into the car, where I handed the camera to Fred so he could take some pictures from the safety of the car window. (Even though the bull was fenced in with barbed wire.) Way up ahead in the distance we saw what turned out to be a huge herd of cows with young calves, just grazing contentedly. Apparently he had spotted the herd up ahead - and he started running toward it, bawling all the way. We followed alongside on the road, beside him, and we all reached the other corral at the same time, where we stopped and watched the scene. Surprisingly, there was no fence to stop him from entering the field with the cows and calves, and he moved right in with them.



Bull at the Diamond "S" Ranch

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Two people on horseback were there also, a woman and a cowboy having a conversation. They paid no attention to us sitting there in the car outside the fence, so we took a picture

of them in their incredibly beautiful surroundings. I was reluctant to leave there, and was thinking that in the event it happened to be a dude ranch for visitors I'd love to spend a week or two ... But Fred brought me back to earth by telling me that it was one of the largest cattle ranches in Canada.



Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

We wound our way down the other side of the mountain and spent the night in Lillooet.

June 13th - We decided to take a trip up to Bralorne. This is where my brother Ray was a mine superintendent when the mine was operational. From the town of Gold Bridge we took on the unforgettable trip over a primarily very narrow dirt road (patches of it are being paved here and there now) up, up, up we went higher and higher with very steep sheer cliffs on my side with evidences of many rock slides having been cleared off the road previously. I could have reached out my window and touched gigantic sharp edged boulders jutting out almost over my head, and on Fred's side, he couldn't look down, because the drop down to the river was horrendous and seemingly bottomless in places. We soldiered on because we had to. Where could we turn around? I thought. What if we meet another vehicle? As luck would have it, we never met any approaching traffic, (*not surprising* - but I'm sure Fred could have managed anyway). The scenery, though, was magnificent and exciting in a scary way. A large startled deer sprang up from nowhere and crossed the road. We narrowly escaped hitting it.

After what seemed a very long while, we actually came onto an area where some work was being done on the road and a bit of a railing in places. We figured they must have plans to improve the road, and as we got closer to the mine area it tamed down a bit. At last we came to a hand painted sign that said, "Bralorne pop. 44". That came as a bit of a shock, but we drove on until we came into what used to be a busy little town, but was now vacated, except for a few homes lovingly kept up by a few families who refused to leave when the mine shut down.

The rest of the homes showed signs of neglect, sadly, many of them with traces of fenced in gardens, a few stubborn rose bushes still surviving. Probably they were regretfully left behind - out of necessity. It looked like a town that once would have been an active, socially vibrant place to live. Some children's swings and playthings scattered around. It gave me vague feeling of nostalgia.

The mine, apparently, was down a steep hill on the next level. We spoke to a man who was working in his yard and asked a few questions. It sounded as if there was a watchman, or maybe a mine superintendent looking after whatever equipment was left, but we decided against driving down the hill to see.

Then came the real blow. We had planned to take a road to "Gun Lake" and on over to Hurley Pass to Pemberton, thus making it a round trip without retracing our original route, but he informed us that there was still 10 feet of snow on the road and it was closed to traffic. Could this be the middle of June? This meant we had to go back over the same trail we had just come on. And we had to make it before dark ...

Well, we made it! And it was just as exciting on the return trip as it was the first time – except that now I had the drop on my side and Fred the slides on his.

The folks back at Pavillion in the neat little café were a little surprised to see us back in town again. We stopped for strong coffee then continued on our way in the direction of home. Driving through Whistler couldn't help but notice how crowded it looked. Was not impressed with what we saw from the highway, but certainly was with the work that's going on between there and Horseshoe Bay. It is certainly an education driving over that road, and seeing the unbelievably huge equipment that is being used. I found it to be totally mind boggling; the way they are widening the road, tearing down solid rock mountains and building new road structures where nothing existed before except empty space. As we were waiting for the okay to move ahead in a road construction site, I watched a giant size piece of equipment (that I didn't recognize) perched precariously on a rock half its size wa-a-ay up on the mountain. It was working there, I think pulling up a large cable or something, and if the driver moved a foot in any direction it looked like he'd plummet to earth and dash against the rock boulders below. Even my son, Kirk, would have been impressed, but he'd probably have known what the operator was doing, being a large equipment operator himself.

I wasn't really aware, before this, of what has actually been going on there. You have to see it to believe it. Of course they are working on designated locations along the road, with stretches of inactivity along the way, so one should travel the whole distance, like we did, if they want the real feel of the magnitude of the operation.

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

p.s. we got to visit Alice and Mike Pascal and family in Lethbridge on this trip. Many Yukoners will remember them. Alice taught almost all the ladies in Whitehorse how to

sew, in the basement of her fabric store. "A Stitch in Time." Also had a nice lively visit with Donna and Bryan Clayson at their lovely home and ranch at Ardrossan, Alberta.

CURLING PIN PHOTO IN MOCTEL 211

The Dawson Curling Club pin is designed the same as the crest I had. I took my crest to the Curling Museum which is in Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

BRASSEUR FAMILY GATHER IN DAWSON

Dear Sherron, We were at our 5th wheel in Parksville over the week-end, just returned home today. Yes, Art & I travelled to Dawson on June 19th, and on June 21, a graveside service was held for Lionel, to inter some of his ashes into our oldest brother "Austin's" grave. Austin died in 1935, so it was Lionel's wish that part of his ashes be placed in the Dawson cemetery, along with his brother's, and where some of our Father's ashes, namely Emile "Harry" Brasseur, who died in 1973 were placed.

It was a beautiful, sunny day on June 21, 2007 in Dawson, at the Catholic cemetery, with Father Kaufman officiating, when the service took place. Lionel's three children from Ontario were present, "Deanna-Marie", "Wayne" and "Jocelyn". Art and I, our third daughter "Tammy" & her husband "Bruce" were present, as well. That evening, we enjoyed a beautiful dinner, to celebrate Lionel's life. It was held @ the "Downtown Hotel" in Dawson, which at one time was owned by Hank Dubois. We thought that would be a fitting place to hold the dinner, as Lionel & Hank were good pals in their growing up years in Dawson.

We spent 5 days in Dawson at the Westmark Hotel. I was delighted to meet "Brownie" Foth, along with her daughter, one day, as we were doing our tourist thing. I have known Brownie since she first arrived in Dawson in the early 1950's, so it was fun to be in Dawson and reminisce with her of days past. I also saw Bill Hakonson (I used to babysit for him and wife Fran) at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in the early 1950's. We also met Mr. Newt Webster, Madeleine and John Gould, and Margaret Hadley. These are all people I knew in Dawson in my first 16 yrs. of life! Dawson looks wonderful; the weather was in the mid 20 degrees Celcius...nice breeze...couldn't have asked for a better visit. Our Governor General of Canada was also visiting my home town, at that time. I also saw Freda Roberts, and she gave us some bannock to taste, and that she had made. Also saw Mrs. Dick Fields around town, once or twice.

Sherron, if you wish to put this in the "Moctel" it would be fine. It may be of some interest to Yukoners', who would remember our brother, Lionel, also a Yukon son.

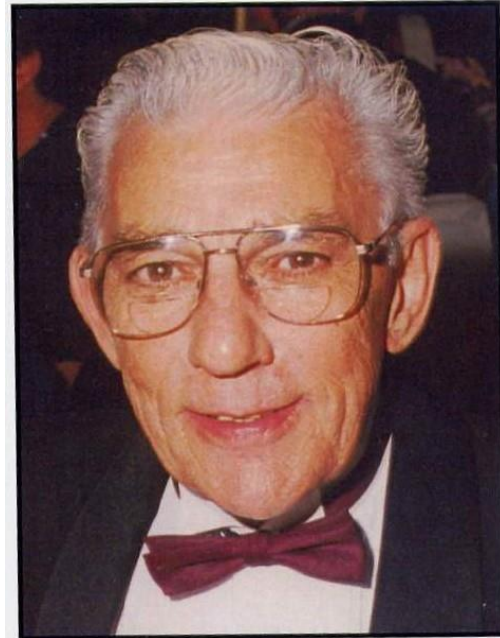
Tina (Brasseur) Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria BC)

Lionel Claudis Brasseur



February 23, 1929 ~ May 3, 2006

Photo taken in 1948, when he first joined the Royal Canadian Air Force.



LIONEL'S DAUGHTER – Major DEANNA BRASSEUR

Major Deanna Brasseur has made her own mark in Canadian history, flying a CF 18 Hornet fighter jet – see the story at –

<http://www.exn.ca/FlightDeck/Aviators/brasseur.cfm> and

<http://www.heroines.ca/people/brasseur.html>

T.C. Richards

It's gone now. The three story clapboard building on the corner of Second and Main harboured many a Yukon legend. Some were true. Some were almost true. But in its day it was the focal point of the Whitehorse business and social circuit. As was the owner, TC Richards.

It's hard to imagine a place like the **Whitehorse Inn** today. In its heyday, it had everything. The owner, TC Richards had a lot to do with that. Thomas Cecil Richards came to the Yukon in 1915 from Vancouver. He was sent by the **Burns Meat** Packing plant to operate a butcher shop and slaughter house. The historic Burns building was just a few doors down from the Inn on Main Street. The slaughter house was located near the river end of Strickland Street. Hard to believe, but TC shipped cattle from Vancouver via

the inside passage and then on board cattle cars on the White Pass. There was never a shortage of fresh meat while TC Richards was running Burns.

One year, he even led a cattle drive over the winter road to Mayo and supplied the local T and D's Store there with Burns meat products. TC was no stranger to the overland trail. He operated cat trains on the trail to Dawson in partnership with Deacon Phelps, a lawyer who was the first leader of the elected territorial government back in 1911. Mail and groceries were delivered to the isolated Klondike city by TC and his horses.

But it was the Whitehorse Inn where Richards conducted his many legendary business affairs. Even before he owned it. And it was in **the snake pit**, a small room just off the main floor, in a poker game in the late 40s, that the legend of TC Richards really took hold. The stakes were high in the game that night. So high that the owners of the Inn bet the building on a single hand. TC called the bet. With his winning poker hand, he became the owner of the Whitehorse Inn. Actually the situation was a little more complicated. TC did not own the Inn, but there were other debts to cover. His daughter Babe, says a loan from the White Pass took care of that.



Babe Richards, T.C. Richards, and Mrs. Richards at the opening of the Whitehorse Inn's cocktail lounge "The Rainbow Room", at 2nd and Main Street, 1952.

The Whitehorse Inn controlled by Richards had everything... a restaurant, the Blue Owl café, the Inn ballroom, the blue room, Yellow Cabs, the beer parlour, a laundry and of

course, the snake pit where legendary characters played poker long into the night. The rooms in the Inn were not much by today's hotel standards, but that didn't bother TC. He'd laugh when he said it was his job to give tourists hardships... with modern plumbing.

In his later years, TC was rarely seen around town without his big cigar, a white Stetson and of course, shirt and tie. When he died in November of 1961, his 46 years of service to the growing Yukon Territory came to an end.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin
Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Red Tailed Bumble Bee

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

OBIT



Leonard Elwood Usher
“Kúxwêns”
July 27, 1925 – June 16, 2007

Len was born in Fort Langley, BC and grew up watching and dreaming about boats and fishing on the Fraser River. Although it was the depression, it was an ideal setting for a young boy to grow up and develop independence and an adventuresome spirit.

During World War II Len trained as a general serviceman, a driver and a wireless operator and went overseas in January 1945. When the war ended Len had to wait until July 1946 to be sent home because those who had served longer were sent home first. He was delighted to spend the year in England and France representing the Canadian Army.

Returning to Fort Langley he bought a gill net boat and fished in 1946 and 1947. After selling the boat he travelled to Whitehorse and got a job on the steamboats. Over the next few seasons Len worked his way up the steamboat ladder on many boats including the Klondike, Aksala, Nasutlin, Keno and Casca, eventually becoming the second-mate on the Keno and later the Casca. 1952 was the last season for Len on the steamboats as the era had come to an end.

He worked for the Air Force as a powerhouse operator at the Teslin airport from 1953 to 1960. There he met Lillyan Rudolf and they were married on July 21, 1956. They purchased the Nisutlin Trading Post which they operated until 1978. Len built a house on the shore of Teslin Lake and lived in it for the rest of his days. Len and Lillyan were selected as Mr. and Mrs. Yukon at the annual Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous in 1984. They were perfect ambassadors for the Yukon.

Life in Teslin centered around work in Nisutlin Trading Post and Len had brief stints serving on the Teslin L.I.D. As often as possible the family had Sunday picnics at Sand Point or Beaver Creek and made camping and fishing trips down the lake, up the river or over to Haines, Alaska. Moose hunting trips up the Nisutlin River to Horseshoe Pond became an annual fall ritual as was hunting geese and ducks on the Nisutlin Delta. Up until last year Len never missed a year of hunting moose in all the time he lived in Teslin.

Len needed an interest to fill time in his retirement and after the death of Lillyan to cancer in 1988. He found a 32 foot handmade plywood and fibreglass riverboat, brought it home and spent many days painting and fixing his new acquisition. By August of 1990 the riverboat had a new 50 horse Johnson outboard, a galley, pilothouse, and bunks and he was ready to relive his riverboat days and re-explore the Yukon River. He departed from Teslin Lake and travelled down Teslin River to Hootalinqua where the Yukon River flows down to Dawson City. Len spent a month on his own exploring old camps and historic sites, reliving the glory days of the riverboats. Each year thereafter he was a tour guide to another friend or family member as they explored the Yukon River through his stories and memories of the late 40s and early 50s. The boat was warm and dry and enabled Len to navigate the Nisutlin River late into the fall and extend his moose hunting career.

During the last year as Len became more sick and frail from cancer his family had the privilege of time to prepare for his passing. Months of conversations, memories and stories were rehashed. His stories were always filled with humour, and honesty. He never needed to embellish the tales; the facts of the stories were important and made the memories more real. His children, Len and Millie, constantly acknowledged and demonstrated the loyalty, gentleness and love that had been the foundation of their lives.

Len was predeceased by his wife, Lillyan, his parents and his sister Marg. He is survived by his daughter Millie (Andy), Matthew, Timothy and David Hall and his son Len (Sarah), Thomas, Justine, Jonathan and Michael Usher; his sister Shirley and many nieces and nephews.

His family wishes to thank Dr. Alton; Dr. Kanachowski; Home Care; the Medical Ward at Whitehorse General Hospital and the wonderful staff at Copper Ridge Place who did such a fantastic job of caring for him in his last days. A special thank you to his brother-in-law Ken Anderson for always being there for all of us. We also thank Teslin Tlingit Council for their care, understanding and support during a very difficult time. Gunalcheesh.

NEW ADDITIONS

My name is Shirley Whitehouse Read and my home originally was Dawson City. My Dad was Ed Whitehouse and my Mum was Irene Whitehouse. I now live in Santa Rosa California and would like to be put on your email list for future info.

Thanks, Shirley Read TheReads*worldnet.att.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out." --Thomas B. Macaulay

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Short Bread

1 lb. butter
1 cup icing sugar
3 cups flour

1/2 cup cornstarch

Cream butter, add icing sugar and cream together. Add flour and cornstarch. Beat with an electric beater until the consistency of whipped cream. Drop by tsp. on cookie sheet. Bake at 300-325 degrees for 15 mins, until light golden brown.

Mavis Larkin, Yukon Nurses Society

DATES TO REMEMBER

International Sourdough Reunion

Will be held at the Ramada Inn in Penticton from September 19 to 23, 2007

Rooms are \$99 per couple flat rate.

For reservations call :

Toll Free 1-800-665-4966 Code word is: Sourdough 3474

ISR Registration is \$70.00

Registration limited to 175 People

Contact person is:

Larry Chalmers PO Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0

Phone: 250-498-6887 e-mail: aksala49@telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic – Saturday, Aug 11, 2007 at 11 AM at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay. Bring your own picnic lunch & beverage, utensils and join in meeting old friends and acquaintances in an informal setting, which allows lots of time for chatting.

Turn off from highway 19 is at the PetroCan Station which is Northwest Bay Rd. Go about 1.2kms to Powder Road, turn right turn about 1/2km to the church on the right. Signs will be up thanks to Stan Hegstrom.

New committee this year are Carol Pearce, Sharon Redmond, Fay Ash and Harriett Butterworth.

For further information contact Harriett Butterworth at harriett@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

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.