

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 221st Edition – September 23rd, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Yukon River taken from the Campbell Highway, nearer to Carmacks, 1984.
Photo courtesy Rose Scrivens rscrivens@eastlink.ca (In Kentville, NS)

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

Friday 16 July 48

Hugh decided to make a last collecting trip on the mountain, then dry the plants, and leave this camp on Sunday for the trip back to Burwash—we're supposed to be met across from Buck Dixon's on the Kluane river on the 25th, and our return travel time will take 5-6 days via Boulder Creek and Big Arm. All saddled up and left camp at 8:30 AM.

Proceeded up Ptarmigan Creek and N up the draw. Swinging to right we traversed up the slopes, coming out on the ridge just above camp at an elevation of about 5000'. I had Queenie for the day – lazy, and her wind no good; had to lead her a good bit to keep up with crowd. Sitting there on a rocky outcrop Jimmie found a good arrowpoint (knife?) of chert—double-pointed, about 2 3/4" long. The rest of us got a few chips. Jimmie ascribed this find to the fact that this was a good lookout point for an Indian during a caribou drive, and I said that other high promontories were used similarly.



Northeast view over Yukon Plateau toward Nisling River; from top of mountain north of Ptarmigan Heart (Jimmie, Sam, Moose)

Till was present also at this elevation, but probably old; although uncemented and almost completely overrun by congelifraction. Continued N along the ridge, stopping for lunch near a spring where we flushed 2 ptarmigan. Afterwards, kept on going up and swung right around the head end of the draw whence runs Brush Creek (so-called from all the tepee brush shelters we found near its confluence with Ptarmigan Creek on July 13th) and climbed to the peak, somewhere over 6000'. Halted below summit and made thorough plant collection. Magnificent view around 360° from the top: this appeared to be a perfect remnant of the Old Yukon Plateau and seemed to be in concordance with other summits to the NE and E. The summit itself was almost completely flat and somewhere in the neighborhood of 75-100 acres in extent; it showed intense effects of frost action in some past time: fossil felsenmeers and huge polygons and stone stripes. The vegetation was Alpine and spotty-dwarf sedges, dryas, etc. with spots of small modern congelifractions showing around at all points. Had to lead the horses down most of the way as the going was steep, the surface spongy, and evening. We were late because of so many stops to collect plants. Arrived camp at 7:30 all pretty tired; but a good day.

Saturday 17 July 48

Fine and clear and hot. Botanists busy pressing their plants, and I spent most of the AM catching up on these notes. Also lay around under the big spruce by the creek chewing the fat with Sam: he is married and has at least one boy old enough to accompany him on short snowshoe trips; his wife likes to trap squirrels. Moose has a son who is about 20 yrs. old. Also learned that chief guides are licensed by the government up here and it takes so many trips out with parties (don't know the exact number) to officially gain the requisite experience.



*Cliff face and lichens - looking down into valley
between Ptarmigan Heart and Boulder Creek*

Got these following tribal designations from Sam, describing people hereabouts:

Dzantushen' (Dzankutchin) = "Muskrat People" (general term for people in Burwash, Aishihik, Champagne, Snag, Ptarmigan Heart– people who live in muskeg country. May be people who speak all one dialect.

Aishihik = "A nice town" – a nice place to live

Klu-shen = "Fish People" – the Indians at Champagne (only) – (Klu = "fish")

Tchugakushen – "Yukon R. Indians" (Sam's mother one of these – different dialect but comprehensible to Muskrat People

Tagrukutchin = "Indians at Carcross"

Daltutchin = "Mountain people" – who live up by glaciers, along continental divide beyond White River. Never heard of these people, but they must be nomadic hunters with cultural affiliations inland although their dialect is incomprehensible and may be allied with coast.

"Moosehide Indians" –lived around Dawson City. Their dialect incomprehensible to Muskrats.

Tchugakutchin = “Live by the river people” –Yukon River people?

Dhun = A group of people who formerly lived around Ptarmigan Heart.

There seems to be dialect differences between people at Carcross, Snag, and Ptarmigan Heart, although these are varieties within the Muskrat People and are of a lesser order than the difference between Muskrats and Yukon People.

About 3 PM saddled up and went out with Hugh on a short collecting trip downstream. Went down as far as Johnson’s Lookout and before returning closed back in to the base of the north ridge: as we got back in came to a series of lateral, or recessional moraines that lay chevron-like against the base of the mountains—probably the counterparts of these are on other side of valley although much of them may have been dissected away.



Making jerky out of moosemeat, Ptarmigan Heart Valley

Sunday 18 July 48

Broke camp and all riders left at about 8:45, the pack train to come on later. Headed south past the Heart and down into the pass which leads to Boulder Creek and the Big Arm. At first we kept to the east side of the pass, cruising along on the high till bluffs, (see route on map, p. 34) then presently we cut down into the willows, crossed thru some lovely meadows in a narrow (3 ft.), deep cleft in the soil, and in many places it was narrow enough to step across. The water was icy and crystal-clear and we saw plenty of grayling 8-12" long in the deeper pools. There were extensive signs of congeliturbation on all the slopes coming down to the floor, much drunken spruce forest, some with wide-split trunks, others growing at crazy angles and full of bends: all due to the slipping of the surface on the permafrost layer. It's easy to see why no straight spruce was obtainable for arrows in this area, and why such materials had to be traded in from the Yukon River country. Kept working south, crossing two tributary creeks coming in from the west, and gradually got up onto the ridge just west above the confluence of the N-S creek with

Boulder Creek. This was a very steep climb of about 2000' and we had to make many short traverses and stop frequently to breathe the horses. All the time the sky was threatening with a dark gray scud coming up from Kluane and we didn't expect to get thru the day without a wetting. Stopped on the top of the mountain and had our sandwiches and tomato juice. Pepper in fine fettle today and the climb didn't even make him sweat unduly. There were some weathered granite cliffs on top, covered with beautiful variegated lichens, and from these we had a magnificent view north back into Ptarmigan Heart and east up the broad valley of Boulder Creek, a braided stream prone to quick high floods, which has always been a main avenue of Indian travel between Aishihik and the Big Arm (the trail runs along the north bank). Far below we could see the pack train working along in the bottom of the valley.

After lunch we followed south along the ridge and presently came out upon a superb vista of the Big Arm which lies like a giant fjord in a deep cleft in the mountains. In the mountains to the east of it noted a splendid example of a glacial cirque. As we swung around the ridge above the Big Arm, Moose Johnson spotted a bull moose browsing on the high slopes upwind of us about a mile away. We circled him upwind hoping to get in close enough for a picture. Moose didn't care to shoot him because he said it would be too much of a job to pack him down. Some of us got within about 400 yards of the moose, a giant old bull with a spread that must have attained 6 ft. he stood looking at us for a moment or two, then disappeared over the ridge. We kept on until we reached the peak next to the west where we got a superb view of the Big Arm and of Deep Lake which lies higher in the valley to the NW and which drains that way into the Little Arm. About 10 min. after we last saw the moose he suddenly appeared again far down in the valley and we watched him approach Deep Lake, swim out to a small island, walk around the island in the shallows, and head off again for the far shore. These moose can cover ground like nothing I ever saw. When we came to descend the mountain on the south side the upper slopes were so steep that we led the horses down well below tree line before it levelled off sufficiently to ride. Came in to camp (on the pack horse trail) at 5 PM and found things well on the way to being set up.

Pitched the Aberlite in a spruce grove on deep moss. This is an old Indian camping ground here on the W bank about 1/2 mile from the head of the lake. Many cuttings visible although an old burn (probably from a camp fire) has obliterated most of the old signs. One large high log cache collapsed. Moose showed us an open-top brush camp which he made under a large spruce in the winter of 1946 and slept when the temperature was 50° below zero. He said it got a little cold that night after the fire went out. Decided to stay here at Boulder Creek at least one day.

Monday 19 July 48

Some cloudiness moving in this AM and conditions unsettled. Weather muggy. Set off with Fred to explore the west bank for shelters. One or two in the neighborhood of our camp, but nothing unusual. We are just above the first rapids here and below the creek flattens out into deep pools and meanders thru a delta of muskeg and wet meadows to the head of the Big Arm. It is a stream prone to quick and powerful floods and all the bends

are piled up with heavy log jams and the lee sides with large gravelly beaches. The water has a high content of gray clay, washed out of till banks farther upstream (glacial rock flour), and even the gravel bottom bears a deposit of this clay - the water has a milky appearance. Before lunch we worked down near the mouth of the Creek then cut right across the muskegs to the base of the ridge which runs back of camp. This ridge is flowing under frost action and is covered with drunken spruce forest par excellence. At one point, a 50' high cut bank with an exposure of clay there is a moose lick and trails fresh and old, young and adult, come through the forest from all directions of converge at that point - there is a salty encrustation on the bank (alkaline?) which is apparently what they are after. Also quested a bit upstream of camp on this side, but nothing. After lunch, we crossed the stream and on the other side struck a whole series of camps. (Crossed over on a large spruce which the Indians felled from this bank to the other; then they chopped off the topside limbs, and strung over a cinch rope for a safety line. On the east side there are about three different levels of stream-cut terraces all covered with dense spruce woods and the camps occur on the two lowest of these (about 10' x 40'). Most of them are of the open-top type, and although we saw at least a dozen stumps that had been cut off with stone adzes, we could find no trace of these older camps. The moss cover is so deep that it soon buries everything that settles to the ground. Also saw about 3 of the tepee-type shelters built in under the bases of spruce trees and one of these yielded a crude semi-lunar slate skin scraper: this was 6" long OA [overall], and 5" deep and 5/16" thick (Same as the smaller one which I found at the Bridge Creek camp.) Moose said his grandfather used to use one just like that only smaller for gopher skins. Also from this same shelter came a broken arrow shaft of good straight grain spruce (which may have been traded in from the Yukon as none grows around here).

Deep Lake from mountain above end of Big Arm





South down Big Arm, Kluane Lake



Sam, George, Moose sitting in old stone cache, east side of Boulder Creek

Jimmie Joe says that Yukon people used to come to White River copper workings with whole bundles of spruce arrow shafts which they made or traded copper pts for. (Incidentally, Jimmy says these old copper workings are one-day's journey on horseback in from MILE-1146.) In talking of bows and arrows there, Moose said that birch made the best bows in this country, birch dried for 2 yrs. I mooched downstream farther along

the lowest terrace which blends into the old 11 ft. beach of Kluane (on which Fred found stuff in '44 at the base of the Little Arm) and ran into a series brush camps all the way. The entire east side of the Creek from the first bend down to the lake and beyond is literally dotted with camps and shelters.

Along a moose trail I picked up a trap-paddle, made of spruce, and used to smooth the snow after a trap has been set so as to remove all signs of human disturbance. Also found a trimmed spruce pole used in tanning moose hides: this was originally cut on a standing tree and the top shaped as sketched; the hide is doubled around the tip; the tanner stretches the loose ends back taut, puts a stick in the loop and twists, as in applying a tourniquet, so that all the brain water is wrung out of the hide before it is hung up to dry.

In the eve chewed the rag with Fred on the Newfoundland question. He thinks it's a good thing, although it might take 5 years to work it all out. First whole summer ought to be intensive reconnaissance, later ones could be shorter sessions of excavating. Read up Hawley, Speck, Wintenburg, Jenness especially. Visit the National Museum in Ottawa and see their collections (Jenness now retired). Discussed the Arctic Inst. Fellowships worth \$2500. and decided that amount ought to cover a summer reasonably: basic figure he uses is \$10./day, and then adds travel, equipment, etc. etc. Suggested that after I go over the literature that I write a paper on the relationship of Newfoundland with northeast archeology as a whole: the problem of Eskimo, Laurentian, Beothuk, Micmac, Naskapi, and Montagnais. This ought to make a good thesis and perhaps one summer's field work would be sufficient for that purpose. As it stands now I have until the first of the year to decide if I want to tackle this beginning in 1949. Why not do that and hold the Connecticut Valley stuff for the school year? Guess archeology up there is just as tough as it is in the Yukon-specimens are pretty scarce. Rain during the night. Decided to keep this camp one more day.

To be continued

Here is a lengthy story for you about Anton Money. I sent this out 2 pages at a time with our lodge notices for the Masonic lodge in Dawson. Anton Money died I think in 1996 in Seattle. I have been in touch with his great grandson by email, but he does not respond back to me anymore. You can still get the odd copy of the book. I got mine through Mac's News and paid \$80.00 for it because it is rare and in excellent condition. I first borrowed the book from Bill Drury and just could not put it down and decided I had to have a copy for myself, which I have re-read twice now. A fascinating story of a true pioneer.

Hope you get some more material soon to keep things rolling.

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Anton (Tony) Money
1900 – unknown (about 1996)

Anton Money was born not far from London on September 16, 1900. In May 1923, at 22 years old, he stepped off the riverboat Hazel B No. 2 onto Canadian soil at Telegraph Creek, British Columbia. Behind him was a life of privilege and comfort, the birthright of a proper English family. Before and all around him lay the immense, beautiful land of the North—the land that had been calling him in story and imagination since childhood. Now he had come.

In 1923 the North was still the land of Robert Service and Jack London, of “shark-tooth mountain ranges sawing savage at the sky”, of hissing snow and bone-cracking cold pierced by the howls of wolves, and overflowing with natural life. Here men still found fortunes in clear mountain streams. Here men still died lonely and frustrated in the isolated backcountry. For Anton Money, every sight was a visible note of the siren song that had lured him unknowing to the north—a greenhorn, a cheechako.

And it would lure him still farther-away from his Hudson’s Bay Company clerk’s desk, over the trails and rapids. Gradually, Anton Money would learn the survival skills of a life in the north—many the hard way. He would mark his progress from cheechako to sourdough through close calls with grizzlies; the first moose; blizzards on the trail; snow blindness; a failed mining claim; a solitary winter in his own cabin on an isolated lake; a Christmas with caribou. He would meet the men of the North: Deaf Dan, the riverboat pilot; Charlie Span, the lone gold sniper; Harry Dodd, the Gold Commissioner and law in the wilderness; Casca John, the old Tahltan Indian who would tell him a story of his tribe too fantastic to be a legend; Jimmy Lowe, the fellow Hudson’s Bay clerk who would teach him his first woodcraft; Arthur Brindle, the mining engineer who would lure him away from his desk to go prospecting; and grizzled old Amos Godfrey, with whom he would adventure off the maps to a lake only the Indians knew existed. There at Frances Lake, surrounded by the splendor of the Yukon, Money would find the greatest treasure of all. There would be a woman too - a bride of the North. Together they would make the lonely backcountry a frozen Eden, sharing the joys and hardships of a life lived on nature’s terms. Their trail would pass through years of fortune, down rivers of happiness, and past many dangerous moments. Then they would part. It is the story of one man’s fate. This is how it was.

Anton Money stepped off the riverboat onto the shore of the Stikine River at the small settlement of Telegraph Creek in late May of 1923. The trip upstream from tidewater at Wrangell, Alaska had taken 3 full days. The town had a few stores and a population of around 230 people, predominantly native Indian, called the Tahltans. He came on the first boat since October of the previous year. The entire population turned out to greet the boat, with its fresh meat and vegetables. The town would boom now for the next five months until snow fell and the river froze, and the isolation of winter settled in again. River travelers could travel for several days or weeks on end, without encountering another soul. How different from Europe, where a journey of a few hundred miles might take you through two countries and into a third. It was on this northern frontier, this

wilderness of miners and trappers, Indians and whites, brawling rivers and silent valleys, that Money intended to make a place for himself. It was here that he intended to escape from the pressures of the so-called civilized world, pressures that even in 1923 were more than he chose to endure.

He preferred the natural laws over the man-made rules and dubious values he had known in England. Mostly, he came because, without having seen it, he was in love with this immense, beautiful siren land called the North.

His walk from the riverboat to his dingy room in the Hudson's Bay Hotel, was the start of a 40 year adventure that would take him into the outermost corners of this huge northern wilderness. He would pan for gold, learn to drive a dog team, whipsaw his own lumber for a cabin, live with Indians who had never seen a white man before, and relish the stillness and solitude of winter when there was no other human within a hundred miles. Long before the 40 years were up, he would be a full fledged sourdough, ready for any challenge the North held out. He would find the gold as well as a boundless love for the wild and cruel but beautiful land, a love that endured to the end.

The Hudson's Bay Company provided him with a small bungalow on a hill that overlooked the river to the mountains on the far side. Here he learned to cook and prepare his own meals, sometimes with the help of his co-worker, Jimmy Lowe who had been there for a few years. Jimmy came from Glasgow, Scotland and was on a five year contract. Weekends the pair hiked out and saw as much of the surrounding country as they could, camping overnight wherever they fancied, catching fish for their meals, making bannock and mastering the fundamentals of wilderness living. The most fascinating part of his work was trading with the Indians. At times there were 300 native Indians in town selling furs and purchasing their staples. At times, the sled dogs were equal in number to the Indians. They were gaunt, half-starved animals, equally ready to fight, pilfer food or break into the wild and savage howling that was the most blood-chilling sound he had ever listened to. When hundreds of them howled in unison, it was a chorus that no one would ever forget.

One evening he watched as the Indians sat around their campfires in circles, with meat simmering in kettles. The leader would spear a sizable chunk of meat with his knife, grasp it between his teeth and remove a piece with a swift slashing stroke of the knife, barely missing his own nose. The chunk was then passed to the next man in the circle, who repeated the process and that continued, the meat going round and round, until all had eaten their fill.

One day he walked 12 miles upstream to the village of Tahltan where the Indians had a small settlement and fished for Salmon. Here they had a fish camp. A few log houses and a huge smokehouse, built of poles set close together in the ground standing twenty feet high. In addition to nets, they used a harpoon affair, with a removable point held by a 12 inch length of rawhide to the pole. Some points were barbed and usually made from an old file, heated and hammered to the proper shape. The fish were split lengthwise and

hung over pole racks in the smokehouses to smoke over slow fires of green alder and willow. Some Indians had two thousand Salmon and were considered to be very wealthy.

They had a custom of burying the fresh fish in pits. They got very rotten before freeze-up in November but when dug up in spring were considered a great luxury. (This practice was stopped many years ago).

To be continued

The book 'This was the North' by [Anton Money, Ben East](http://www.alibris.com) is also available at <http://www.alibris.com>

William David MacBride 1888 – 1973

It takes pride of place and determined dedication to preserve the past. One Yukoner had all these qualities and as a result, the Yukon's colourful history is well preserved.

W.D. (Bill) MacBride was born in Montana in 1888. Orphaned as a baby, he was raised by relatives Nellie and Frank Miles. Still, young Bill graduated from teaching college in 1907, and taught high school until 1909. After completing a business course in Spokane, he hired on with the Idaho and Washington Railway. It was the beginning of a long career in the railroad business.

By 1912, the northern bug had bitten Bill and he joined the Northern Navigation Company and spent the next two summers in Alaska. When the White Pass & Yukon Route bought out the NNC in 1914, Bill transferred to Whitehorse.

Here he married school teacher Eva Tesley in 1919. Neither likely knew back then that he would spend almost fifty years with the White Pass and become the most knowledgeable Yukoner when it came to historical episodes and artifacts.

He was a consummate packrat by keeping obscure books, photographs and artifacts. He recorded details of Yukon history through many of his essays, letters and articles.

On December 20, 1950, a group of 13 men and women, led by Fred Arnot and Bill MacBride, established the Yukon Historical Society. In 1952, with the growing collection displayed in the Yukon Old Telegraph Office on First Avenue, Yukon's first museum opened to the public. It operated in the early days as a one man show and Bill was always on hand to explain the Yukon's colourful past to the few tourists who ventured north either by rail from Skagway or up the dusty Alaska highway of the 1950s and early 60s.

But as visitor traffic increased the need for a new facility became apparent and when the new log museum was built in 1967 and officially opened by Princess Alexandra, it was

named MacBride Museum to recognize Bill MacBride's role in maintaining the Yukon's heritage.



Bill MacBride, 1961

But he was not there on that warm May day when the museum opened. Ill health had forced him to move south to Vancouver in 1961, where his beloved wife Eva passed away in 1966. However, Bill continued his work of recording the history of the Territory until 1973. When he passed away that year, White Pass historian Roy Minter wrote a tribute to his long time friend.

“This fun-loving raconteur aged but never grew old. He spoke with authority and compassion, but never without the joyful touches of humour that were his trademark. Indeed he was a most attractive man whose energy, creativity, and determination were the driving forces behind the early acquisitions of northern documents and artifacts.

“He was known far and wide outside the Yukon by historians, writers, publishers, and broadcasters, none of whom would think of passing through Whitehorse without contacting Bill MacBride.”

So the next time you visit the MacBride museum and marvel at the magnificent displays of Yukon memorabilia, remember for a moment the man who made it happen.

William David MacBride.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

THIS & THAT

Sherron talk about current, today's obit in MocTel will be read before the obit column in the Sun and Province for most people up your way.

May I suggest that you insert a space between Telegraph and the number of the issue. This will file the issues consecutively and be consistent with the way you started out sending them.

During that cold snap in 1971 I was supposed to measure the Peel and Porcupine Rivers north of Mayo. I drove to Mayo on Monday only to find that minus forty-five was cutoff for fixed wing aircraft. Sat in the Tim-O-Lou Motel all week with the engine running on my van, day and night. Drove home on Friday and the "square" never wore off the tires. The temperature never got above cutoff all week.

Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (In Neilburg SK)

Thank you goes to Bill Maylor for searching for Yukon related obits each week for the Moccasin Telegraph.

It was Bill's son Chris Maylor who is hosting the MocTel on his web space that suggested eliminating spaces in the MocTel addresses so that the system was not infilling "%20" in each empty space.

If you too would prefer to have the spaces returned, just enter them when you save your copy.

Sherron Jones

A MESSAGE FROM DOUG MARCEAU

Enjoyed the last issue of the Moccasin Telegraph, thanks for the hard work putting it together. Sorry to have missed you again this year at the Vancouver Island get to gather, maybe next year.

I wrote to you to give you a little insight on my stay in the Yukon when you were state side, but I think it was lost due to trouble with your server. My first stay in the Yukon was in 1953 and I was in school in Whitehorse. Both my mother and brother were working for the Army. My second visit was in the winter of 55, when I was at Carmacks. My sister Pearl (Twigge) and brother-in-law ran the hotel there. At a later date they moved to Carcross and built Spirit Lake Lodge. Some years later they retired and the boys built Montana Services in Carcross. My sister passed away in Nov. of 99, she had been in the Yukon for over 50 years. I think Bill was asking about my brother-in-law

Bud. He worked for BYN driving truck then in the last years before retiring he worked at the tank farm in Whitehorse.

For those who know my good friend Don Machan, I visit him twice a week in Qualicum Beach. He is in good spirits, and likes to have visitors.

As Oct., is the month I send in my check to help keep the Moccasin Telegraph going I shall be mailing it soon.

Best regards

Doug Marceau dougmarceau@shaw.ca Parksville, BC.

Announcement

I am pleased to announce the up coming wedding between my dad, Glen Campbell, and Pat (Parkin) Glenn.

Pat and Glen will be exchanging vows at the Knox Presbyterian Church at 3201 - 32nd Avenue, in Vernon, on Sept 28th, 2007, at 2 pm.

Everyone is welcome and there will be a reception to follow, but by request of the bride and groom, please no gifts. If you would like to forward a card, you can send it by snail mail to: PO Box 1686, Chase, BC V0E 1M0

If you plan on attending the wedding, you can bring it with you.

If you wish to call with your best wishes, Pat and Dad can be reached at 250-679-2826

Pat is the oldest sibling of Bobbie Morgan and Vi Barnett. I worked with both of these ladies at Woolworth's in Whitehorse 1979 and 1980.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca (In Langley)

PRINCESS SOPHIA

I do not yet have the passenger list from the SS Sophia disaster but I can relate what I know about one of those who was lost.

[A relative of ours] P. W. "Pete" Peterson had lost an arm in a mill accident in Dawson and was on his way "out of the country" as a result. I am not sure whether his wife Helene and daughter Doris were left behind or had come "outside" ahead of him.

Pete had originated somewhere in the midwestern USA. His wife [Helene] (now widow) was the eldest daughter of Yukon pioneers Captain J.E.F. (Ned) Hoggan and Katherine (Kate) Hoggan [and a sister to "Johnny" Hoggan].

The sinking of the Sophia is an example of a story that "everyone knows" so well that they feel no need to tell it. I was an adult, reading a book on shipwrecks off the Pacific Coast, before I heard of the SS Sophia. I asked Mom why no one had ever mentioned it. She was stunned [and hadn't realized I did not know about it].

So, yes Sherron, I agree that the story should be taught in schools in BC and Yukon. It is a story that has much to tell us about the BC coast, about our history, and about why today's headline relegates another to the back page.

I hope Pete Peterson's grandchildren and great grandchildren know the story. Just in case, they do not, I am going to send the reference to them.

Maribeth Mainer [mainerm1@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)

A MESSAGE FROM BRENT TIPPLE

Hi Sherron:

Well, this summer has been a different one for sure. I finally quit working for Water Survey of Canada at the end of June. Something like a month and a half over 40 years. I know, how does a civil servant do 40 years???? Simple, you retire after 35 and then agree to come back as a casual or term. That can go on so long as you are capable and let them keep talking you into it. I went on for another 5 years. Not a bad thing, I really wasn't ready to retire at 35 years. So, by the time I finished the last 5 years I had had enough and am quite willing and happy to walk away from it.

The other item was the loss of my brother-in law, Lorne Gay to lung cancer. I've known Lorne since about 1968 when I was dating his sister Colleen. He smoked then, as we all did, and he never did quit. He had no regrets and accepted his fate the same way he approached life. If ya can't change it, learn how to get along with it in a manner that you can accept. He knew the cancer was terminal and didn't want any extra ordinary measures taken to prolong his life in a less than desirable fashion. He was at peace, with his fate, to quote his words.

His parents were Earl and Joan Gay. They were both employed by DPW I think and were noticeable as patrons and supporters of the Takhini Club in the 60's & 70's. Not to mention the Legion. Lorne carried on their spirit in his involvement of the new curling establishment in behind Crestview. I could be wrong in some of this; I'm going by my shaky memory.

His wife, my sister Sonia, sent her original draft of the obit to put in the Moc Tel. I've included it for your use if you wish to do so.

I left the Yukon in 1973. That was the last time I drove the Alaska Highway. I flew to Whitehorse to visit Lorne prior to his death. Then, I flew back to the Kootenays, loaded my truck, then drove back to give Sonia some support after all the dust had settled. I cannot believe the change in the highway. I had forgotten just how beautiful the Yukon is. Considering the circumstances, I had a very enjoyable visit. I took the Stewart Cassiar back into BC. (It used to end at Kiniskan Lake the last time I drove it.) I will return sooner than I had planned, I'm sure.

Cheers,

Brent Tipple beasley*shaw.ca (In Beasley BC)

1929 FOKKER

Hi Donna

Wow! Amazing!

10.000 hours of work, and 18 years, man that's a work of LOVE !!!

I like the article Donna. The story of an aircraft from which the history of a territory and its people springs like fresh water in spring ... it conjures up images of pioneer days and people who was "more relaxed", yes.

Thanks for sharing it!!!

Davide Sapienza (In Italy) (Forwarded by Donna Clayson)

A MESSAGE FROM LARRY CHALMERS

Hi Sherron,

You said you were having trouble filling up this weeks Moc-Tel. Maybe you could fill up some space with my "rant" that you replied to so the other three hundred or so people who didn't get to read it will know what you are referring to. The date for the AGM was set by the members at the AGM a couple of years ago. It was passed to have it on the third Sunday of October, so it isn't later this year.

Larry Chalmers aksala49*telus.net (In Oliver BC)

Anyone wishing to read Larry's "rant" should contact Larry for a copy of the Okanagan Yukoners Newsletter. I can not extract from PDF format nor do I think I should reproduce material from the Newsletter. – Sherron Jones

A MESSAGE FROM PEG (McComb) WATSON

Thank you, Sherron, again and again. I've spent hours reading the last MT, and haven't finished with it yet. There's much I will answer, but too late tonight to start. Why and who were the botanists. I wonder. I must go back to a former edition to find out. Such a lovely picture of Moosehide with autumn colours. Memories of hiking across the slide and through the woods - and always alone - and then no one there, returning by the little ferry. I have things to finish before I can make time for writing you, but I will.

Peg Watson pegwatson@hotmail.com (On Vancouver Island)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Green Lacewing

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich*lohmann.ca](http://heinrich.lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

OBIT



LORNE "RADAR" GEOFFREY GAY
MAY 15, 1950 – AUGUST 3, 2007

Lorne, a self-professed "native Yukoner", passed away at the Whitehorse General Hospital on Friday August 3, 2007, after a brief battle with lung cancer. Lorne is survived by his wife Sonia, sons Mark and Matthew, daughter Jacqueline, and from a previous marriage, sons Brian (Natalie) and Colin, and granddaughters Jasmyn and Dominique.

Right up to the end, Lorne retained his quick wit and sense of humour.

Lorne will be lovingly remembered by his family, friends and co-workers for his joie de vivre and commitment to smoothing the wrinkles out of life's highway.

The family would like to thank Drs. Anderson and Tadepalli, and the staff at the Whitehorse General Hospital for their tremendous support and exceptional care. Their skills were truly appreciated.

A celebration of life will be held at Mt. McIntyre on Thursday, August 9, 2007 at 2:00 p.m. As Lorne's favourite colour was mauve, we invite all who attend to wear mauve or any colour from pink to purple. Donations are gratefully appreciated in Lorne's memory to the Canadian Cancer Society.

MILLER, Rose (nee **Pawliuk**) December 20, 1911 - September 12, 2007 On Wednesday, September 12th, 2007, Rose Miller passed away peacefully at her home in Portland, Oregon, at the age of 95 years. Rose, daughter of Elia and Domna Pawliuk (nee Olynyk), was born on December 20, 1911, near Kaleland, Alberta to a family of seven children, consisting of brothers Metro, John, George, Bill and Dick, and sisters Mary and Olga. All, except Dick Pawliuk (Mary), predeceased Rose. She attended the Szypenitz School and at 11 years of age was sent to Edmonton to complete her schooling, living at St. John's Ukrainian Institute. After obtaining teaching credentials, Rose taught at the Moose, Szypenitz and Bohdan Schools. **In 1943 she graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Science degree and worked as an oil chemist at the University's National Research Council Department where all gasoline being used by warplanes in Western Canada was tested. She then moved to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, where she worked as a petroleum chemist at a refinery set up to supply fuel supplied from Norman Wells, NWT, for west coast shipping, in the event Japan**

closed shipping lines for supplies to Alaska during World War II. In 1947 Rose moved to the United States to work as a technician at the Red Cross blood bank in Stockton, California. Two years later, she was transferred to Portland, Oregon, to work as chief laboratory technician with the American Red Cross. It was there that she met her husband, Dr. Le Roy E. Miller (deceased), a native Oregonian, and dentistry graduate of the University of Oregon. In 1958 Rose and Le Roy adopted two sisters, Vickie and Connie Miller, who now live in the Long View-Kelso area of Washington. Rose assisted in Le Roy's dental practice until their retirement. Rose was always appreciative of her educational and professional achievements and grateful to people who had helped her by showing confidence in her character and abilities. She always spoke fondly of the University of Alberta and St. John's Ukrainian Institute. Rose kept in touch with, and was always welcoming and generous, to her siblings and many nieces and nephews who visited her in Portland. A memorial service for Rose will be held in Portland on Thursday, September 20, 2007 at 10:00 a.m. Following that memorial service, she will be transported to Alberta where a funeral service will be held at 10:30 a.m., Saturday, September 22nd, 2007 at the Szypenitz Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church of St. Mary, near Two Hills, Alberta. Reverend Father Wasyl Sapiha officiating with interment to follow in the Church Cemetery. To send condolences, visit www.parkmemorial.com Park Memorial Edmonton 426-0050 Family Owned Funeral Home, Crematorium. Published in the Edmonton Journal on 9/20/2007.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: harmony@klondiker.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

ISTCHENKO, Harmony harmony*klondiker.com (Born in Haines Junction, living in Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

In the center of your heart there is love, as love grows it washes away pain and sorrow.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

CHICKEN IN SPICY PEANUT SAUCE

Submitted by Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com (In Ottawa)

- 6 skinless, boneless chicken breast halves (about 1 ½ lb)
- 2 tbsp vegetable oil
- 1 can condensed Cream of Chicken Soup
- 3 tbsp chunky peanut butter
- 2/3 cup water

- 2 green onions (spring onions), sliced
- 1 tsp chilli powder
- 1/8 ground red pepper (cayenne)

Place chicken breasts between 2 sheets of plastic wrap. With flat side of meat mallet or rolling pin, pound to ¼ inch thickness.

In 10-inch skillet over medium heat, in hot oil, cook chicken, half at a time, 10 minutes or until browned on both sides. Remove chicken from skillet. Spoon off fat.

Add soup, peanut butter, water, onions, chilli powder and pepper to skillet; stir until smooth. Heat to boiling. Return chicken to skillet. Reduce heat to low. Cover; cook 5 minutes or until chicken is no longer pink, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 servings.

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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

c/o Sherron Jones
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