

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 222nd Edition – September 30th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Bison on Alaska Highway near Fireside, Sept 2007.

Photo courtesy Bill & Jeri Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston BC)

WINE TASTING

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)

There's a story to tell, I remember quite well,
It concerns a good buddy of mine.
With his working life done, he thought just for fun,
He'd get into the making of wine.
So he gathered the casks, and the bottles and flasks,
All the tools he'd require to brew.
He picked the blackberries, and rhubarb and cherries,
Rose hips and dandelions too.

He mixed up his mash in the primary cache,
Added water and stirred as required.
He was never in haste, his concoction to taste,
A trait that his neighbors admired.
He waited content for his brew to ferment,
While he checked the results at each stage.

Then he bottled it up, hammered corks in the top,
And then set it aside 'til it aged.

Six months, maybe more, when the wine was mature,
He invited the friends that he knew,
I'm sure we all strived to be first to arrive,
To sample this wonderful brew.
We sat and we talked, while the "pop" of each cork
Marked the passing of one more carafe,
And the more we consumed as we sat 'round the room,
All the more we would giggle and laugh.

'Twas a sight to behold, as tall stories we told,
While we strived to consume even more,
On and on through the night 'til the coming daylight,
Found us all quite "relaxed" on the floor.
Then much moaning was heard as we finally stirred,
And we wandered around in a fog.
Each trying to find one more flagon of wine,
For a taste of the "hair of the dog."

I remember it well; I was feeling like hell,
On that cold, dreary day in October,
It was barrels of fun, while the party was on,
But oh lord, the pain, getting sober.
Then I swore to decline, any offers of wine,
But somehow the seed had been sown,
While consuming in haste, I'd acquired a taste,
So I started a brew of my own.

© 2007, Gus Barrett

Andover-Harvard Yukon Expedition 1948

Continued

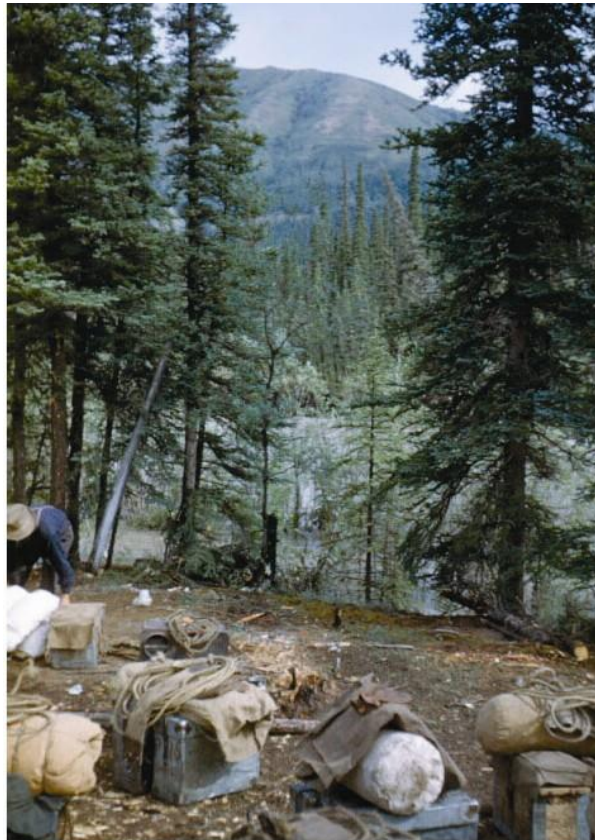
Field Notes of Elmer Harp Jr. Dartmouth College North to the Yukon Territory via the Alcan Highway in 1948

Tuesday 20 July 48

Threatening morning with low cloudiness, but started off about 9 and crossed the creek. Up on the 50' terrace, almost as far down as the mouth of the Creek found a group of 3 teepee shelters different from anything we have so far seen. They were rectangular in shape, and the space enclosed by the brush walls measured about 9'x 16'. The door, in the center of a long side faced N, and the hearth was in the center of the shelter. Sam said

that poles were laid up over these walls teepee-fashion and the frame was covered with moosehide. The smoke hole was at the peak of the roof. We weren't exactly certain about the extent of the covering from Sam's description but apparently the wall of spruce trees was laid up first (ordinary open top brush camps have walls 4-5 trees high with alternating butts), then the frame poles laid over, then the hide covering which apparently reached down to the ground. These are supposed to have been made by local people - not outsiders and they are fairly old; one of them had a 63 yr.-old spruce tree growing inside. We excavated 2 of the 3 and got one tin dish, exactly like the two that came from the pole - teepee at Henry Creek, except smaller (this one measures 3" x 4" approx.) (Fred thinks the log teepee at Henry Creek - which Moose said was sodcovered - is distinctly an aberration in this country and comes from Yukon River way.)

In the afternoon, worked along the east side of the Creek and down the lake as far as the Cabins of Moose and Jimmie Johnson (Sam's father). This entire stretch is also full of camps of all the aforementioned types (except the group of rectangular hide - covered teepees which are so far unique - to us). The lowest beach is strewn with drykye and fragments from recent fish camps. Picked up a wooden net float here; also numerous hearths containing burnt bone, etc., etc.



Flooded out of Camp #5 at Boulder Creek

Looked around the old Johnson cabin which has fallen in pretty bad disrepair (Moose's is better) and Fred picked up several interesting old Indian tools made of nails and hafted in bone and wood. [Were given by Sam Johnson old knife, awls, and implement to make

circles in sheep horn spoons. Also partly finished sheep horn spoon. These were picked up by Sam's father not far from his cabin, possibly from a nearby brush camp. Frederick Johnson field notes.] Rain set in there.

Coming back thru the woods up on the 50' terrace (beach here?) found a couple of old teepee shelters under spruces (all these large spruces vary from 150-200 yrs. in age and their size covers a tremendous range depending on whether they have been caught in slumping.)

Digging in one of these Moose discovered a splendid bone arrowpoint - actually made of horn (probably of moosehorn). Maximum thickness thru ribs = $5/16$ "; maximum width of blade = $5/8$ ". The hafting tip carved round a bit less than $3/16$ " diameter. The unusual thing about this point to me is the raised rib down each side. Also among the collection of awls (mentioned above) that Fred got at the cabins was a bluntend bird point of bone, a widespread culture trait in North.

Digging further produced nothing, and, as the rain was coming down hard, set off for camp. Delayed a while with Jimmie and Sam and crawled in under the branches of a big spruce, digging a regular den in the needles - a perfect example of the Indian way of getting into dry place quick.

[Note on left margin of notebook: Yellow-jacket nests thick all thru the forest moss.]

Raups and their mountain tent at Camp #6

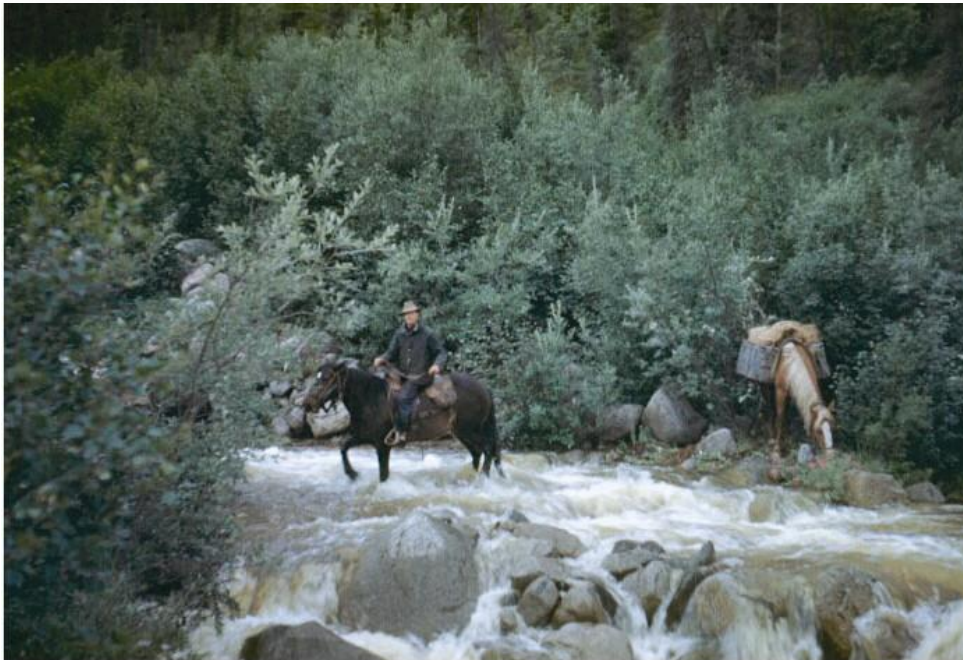


On the way up the lake beach we discovered a burial which had a frame of 4 logs around it and a low haphazard pile of stones, the whole thing raised very little above ground level. This occasioned some talk of burials, and I think it was George who mentioned the old-time burials at Weskatahin, the abandoned village on the Tatshenshini 2-3 miles below Dalton Post, which were raised log cache burials of burned bones. This apparently was the way the old people did it before they began building the burial houses we see today. The narrator's name and the exact location of this story are hazy to me, but the cache burial of burned bones is OK. Jimmie Joe, under the spruce tree in the rain.

The black flint (obsidian), which is found down Champagne way, all comes from one place back in the mountains-on the S-side of the Kaskawulsh River just about opposite the confluence of the Jarvis River.



Fording mountain stream en route Camp #6 to Bridge Creek



Fording mountain stream in flood - above Deep Lake

Forgotten yesterday: next to the teepee shelter where Fred got the scraper and arrow, was an empty stone cache which all the Indians agreed was older than the shelters. This was a dish shaped depression about 5' in diameter and perhaps 10" below ground level, ringed with till boulders about the size of my head. When the meat was in it the whole thing was

covered with these boulders, and apparently this sort of cache is of a very temporary nature: when something more permanent is wanted, a high log cache is put up - cf. K:7-29 and B-42 [slides].

Rain all evening. Retired to tent early-wrote notes and read by candlelight.

Wednesday 21 July 48

Forgotten from yesterday-Moose's story of the sweat bath: Sam has had a cold for several days and so the discussion turned into that vein while we were excavating the rectangular teepees. Fred told how he treated such an affair by sweating it out with hot whiskey etc, and then Moose came in with his version: the Indians make a little canvas tent (teepee?), then they put in a few big rocks that have been heated in a fire; then 2-3 people get in and close the canvas up tight and pour water on the hot rocks. The steam gets so thick, he said, you can scarcely breathe. This is a therapeutic sweat bath, but we couldn't get him to develop the idea any further, to see if there were any ritual connected with it.

Soft gentle rain fell all last night and continued all day today without letup. The low scud keeps coming in from the NW and we are shut in all around. By water, too: we're on an island now; the creek has risen at least a foot since the rain began 24 hrs. ago and it has turned into a wide, fast-moving river. Our tree bridge washed out last night. Decided not to move camp in the rain, as this looks pretty widespread, and it's too miserable travelling wet and setting up in the wet. Anyhow we still have time to spare: it is 3 day's travel from here to the Kluane River. Sat around all day under a big tarp before a fire, or else in the tent. Read Agatha Christie's "The Hollow" and began Ngaio Marsh's "Death of a Peer". Have candlelight in the tent.

Thursday 22 July 48

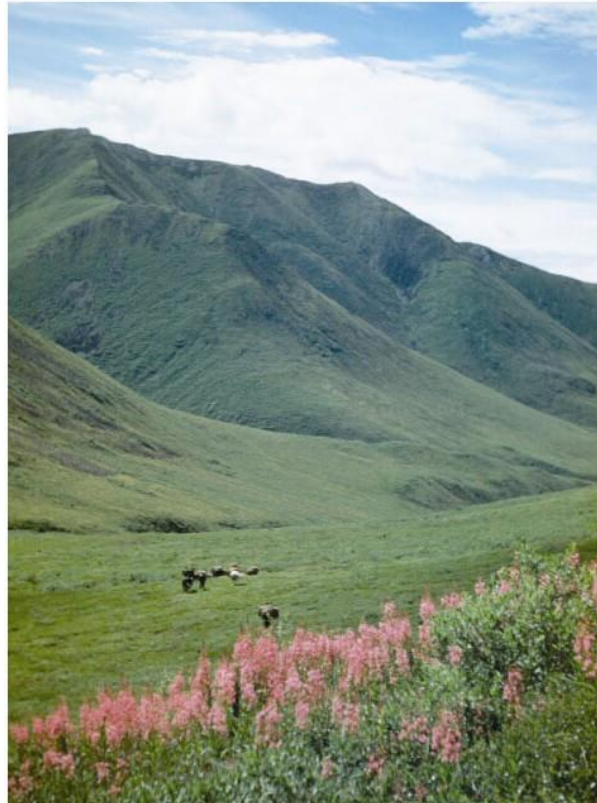
Rain continued all night - we awoke in it and found Boulder Creek now swollen to a river about 15' from our door. Camp isolated on an island which was growing smaller by the hour. Behind us, 2 harmless - looking sloughs had become new stream channels and the driftwood was dashing past us in the flood. The weather showed no signs of clearing, and if we waited another 24 hours we might be dangerously marooned, so decided to get out. Got packed up, broke camp (this = #5) and left at 11:00 AM. Bad crossing the 2 sloughs and got wet to the knees when Pepper stepped into a hole. Went thru continual showers and fog and climbed up thru the soaking spruce woods over the divide and down into the valley of Deep Lake. Skirted the S shore, staying well up on the slopes and passed thru some more beautiful knob and kettle country dotted with numerous ponds which are quite hidden until you come very close to them. Bore left and climbed south up the E bank of the first main creek we came to: this took us up into the heart of the range that separates the Big from the Little Arm.

All the creeks are raging torrents of white water due to the past 36 hours of constant rain and one which we forded really took a nice bit of doing. Across the valley of Deep Lake which extends west to Whisker Creek (the latter named from "Old Man's Beard", a lichen which covers the spruces here) the rain continued to funnel down toward the Big Arm, obscuring the mountain tops. Two very lovely hanging valleys in the ridge north of Deep

Lake. Worked our way up south into the range, gradually coming out above treeline; the going very soft and boggy, water streaming down the slopes everywhere. At 4 PM crossed the stream to the west bank and made camp on its very edge in a patch of brush willows - nothing but bushes here, the tallest of which isn't over 10' high. Set up with crooked crotches and cinch ropes. Quite a spot!

Normally one couldn't even conceive of a camp in a spot like this, but it's really very lovely: the creek roars by beside us, the scrub willows give us some protection from the cold wind, and we're less than a mile from the height of the drainage. Above us are great screes of slide rock and the heart of the range has been carved out a magnificent glacial cirque which is now half obscured by fog and low scud and patched with new fallen snow. We got out of Boulder Creek just in time; tomorrow we climb over the ridge and come down Bridge Creek back to the Little Arm.

Pack train above Bridge Creek



Apparently the Muskrat People are well acquainted with the floods of Boulder Creek and Sam told a nice little story about it (this from Fred): Once upon a time (in the old days?) when all the people were in their brush camps along Boulder Creek, the stream rose very suddenly in one of its floods and forced them out so fast that all their earthly possessions were swept away from them. One old man was able to save his bow and arrows and flint and steel and with that the people went into the mountains and hunted for caribou (and presumably, were thus possibly saved from extinction). [Story from Sam's grandmother according to Frederick Johnson's field notes.]

Climbed part way to the peak after supper and enjoyed the wonderful view of the Alpine meadows. Cold night but weather apparently clearing.



Roundup of horses at Camp #6

Friday 23 July 48

Got some pictures of camp 6 and the mist-filled valley before breakfast and then broke camp. Weather still uncertain: overhead and towards the Big Arm it continues to look bad, but west toward the Little Arm it appears clear. Left at 10:30 and continued climbing toward the west, bearing left around the great central peak of this range which has magnificent cirques carved out of it on at least 3 sides. At the end of a 1/2 hr. on horseback (Pepper a good fellow, as usual) had to dismount and lead because the going was too stiff. Continued thus until noon, when after surmounting the last 200 ft. up a steep scree we reached the saddle of the ridge and could look down south into the drainage of Bridge Creek. Marvelous vistas of Alpine valleys here, a classic cirque in the heart of the massif with a tarn in its bottom and the solifluction slopes with their waves of turf banked terraces. Took many color pictures but cloudy overhead. Left the train at the saddle and climbed the slide of the ridge to the west and looked out across the tremendous snow-covered peaks of the coast ranges. From here on it was down all the way, and so steep to begin with that we had to lead the horses for another hour until we had swung right around the ridge and come down into the gorge of Bridge Creek. Sun out now, although we briefly came under the edge of a convection shower. Tough going down the gorge, crossing and recrossing, then crossing again the swollen creek, until at last the trail remained put on its south bank. Here the slopes were boggy below treeline and the long heavy train scraped away the turf in many places so that those who rode last frequently had to seek new trail because of bare ice that was exposed when the turf was gone. One or two goes with yellow jackets, and Pepper kept up his yen for jumping small draws-he's good at it, too. Worked our way down the last terrace on foot leading the

horses again: much of the valley and lower slopes have been recently burned and the surface is brilliant with whole fields of fireweed. Came to the Little Arm river at 4:30 and setup Camp 7 on the site of Camp 1. Easy for Fred and me because our stakes and poles were all here waiting for us. Black flies and mosquitoes bad here as they were last time. Thought to go fishing and try for some more of those big grayling, but the river is at least 12" in flood and muddy so didn't bother to try. Cloudy again tonight, but I think we're better off in this valley than we were in the Big Arm.

Ridge east of Bridge Creek. Elevation close to 6000 ft.



To be continued

ANTON MONEY - continued

By Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

After several trips to the fish camp Money got acquainted with Casca John, a very ancient and wrinkled Indian. The Tahltans had no written language so stories had to be handed down from generation to generation and had been the practice for over a hundred years. Casca John tells this story: Many years ago their hated enemy, the Tlingits from the coast had taken them by surprise and raided their village. A great battle ensued but many died and many of the young women had been carried away. A hundred fifty miles downstream, a glacier four miles wide had made a natural barrier across the river. The water had eroded the glacier over many years and turned it into a large tunnel. The Tahltans expected the Tlingits to raid again so for the next two years, they trained for war and battle hardened their warriors. Each spring, the Tahltans would return to the downstream end of the tunnel and watch for their enemy. They hauled large boulders to both ends of the tunnel and placed them in a position to drop directly onto the Tlingits war canoes. Finally, the enemy came with twenty canoes and twelve men in each. The

Tahltans were ready with their pile of rocks at each end and their best bowmen on each side of the river at both ends of the glacier. When the first canoe completed the journey through the ice tunnel, it was greeted with a hail of large rocks. Many missed their mark but not a single canoe got through. The canoes were sunk and the enemy was dumped into an extremely cold river. Canoes further back thought the tunnel had caved in and hastened their paddling to get through the opening, only to get a rock through their canoe and meet the same fate. Finally canoes started turning around only to be met with a hail of death or arrows at the other end. Not a single canoe or Tlingit warrior escaped. The Tahltans patrolled the river for many days, collecting scalps and looking for survivors but found none. The Tlingits had no desire to raid the Tahltans ever again.

Casca John opened his hand and showed Money a stained eagle feather from that long ago battle. It was stained by the roots of a cedar tree which only grow on the coast. Money felt honored to have been told the story.

Money had been hired as a bookkeeper but was only allowed menial work. He wanted to learn the fur trade business, but his superior kept him scrubbing floors and other small tasks and refused to show him the books. After several months he wrote a letter to the office in Vancouver but nothing came of that so he gave thirty days notice.

Arthur Brindle was a mining engineer and offered Money a better paying job to accompany him on an exploration trip into the interior to Dease Lake. Money was excited about the prospecting trip. He was used to camping out now, cooking over an open fire and living with the bare minimum of equipment. Brindle was from the north of England and an excellent traveling companion. They left in August over a pack trail.

The second day out, Money spotted an excellent patch of wild raspberries. He fetched his pail and started to pick the berries. Suddenly a large bear stood up out of the bushes not three feet away. They stared at each other for three seconds and Money turned and ran. Fortunately, the bear was a black bear and was moving just as fast in the opposite direction. Had it been a grizzly, the outcome would most likely have been different. Brindle had seen the entire event and was doubled over with laughter.

They traveled steady, living off the land. Fish for supper as the streams all had excellent fishing. Rabbit or grouse and ducks were the main fare otherwise. They rolled into their sleeping robes long before dark, very tired and awoke at five and were on the trail at six.

The next day they spotted a grizzly on an open hillside eating in a berry patch. After watching for a while, they left and the bear never knew they were there. They reached Dease Lake in a week of hard travel. They rented a small boat from an Indian in the village and went exploring the shoreline of the lake. They soon reached a Hudsons Bay Post at Porters Landing where they were entertained for a few days. Renting 4 large pack dogs, they traveled up Thibert Creek to prospect. Money learned how to pack the dogs, with canvas panniers on each side, evenly loaded and held with two straps. Done improperly, the load would rub the dogs legs and he would tire easily. A 35 pound pack was just right and Money states that he enjoyed this time with the dogs.

During their trip up the creek, they encountered a crew of four men working on a small gold mining operation. They had labored hard for two years only to encounter a Chinese water wheel four feet below the surface. The creek had already been mined and the fast flowing water had covered up all traces and their efforts were in vain. Later the same day they ran into a lone miner who was cleaning up minor amounts of gold from crevices in the rocks using a gold pan and a table spoon. He would get enough money from the gold to carry him through the summer to the trapping season in the winter. Returning to the lake while crossing a makeshift pole bridge, a dog fell in the fast flowing water and was carried downstream faster than Money could follow through the brush. They found his tracks where he got out of the river and suspected the dog was heading home. Too bad that their food was tied to his back.

However the fish and wildlife was plentiful and they never went hungry. They continued to prospect and upon reaching the lake found that the dog was there and had arrived with the backpack and all their food intact. Their next short foray into the wilds, they discovered a small outcrop of Asbestos. (this turned into a very large mine in later years complete with a town called Cassiar) The next several days were spent prospecting, hunting and enjoying the outdoors. Watching a large grizzly bear on the opposite slope for an entire afternoon lunching on blueberries. A family of ducks created an interesting diversion for a few hours until a large moose walked into the lake to browse on the lily pads and grasses. By keeping low in the deep grass and waiving a white flag on a stick, they were able to entice a curious Caribou within twenty feet. A chill was in the air and one morning they awoke to an inch of snow on the ground. Time to start back.

To be continued

AL OSTER

A Yukon Nugget

By Les McLaughlin

The man who wrote the story songs that define the Yukon's colourful history and lifestyle may well have done the same thing in Saskatchewan or Alberta except for a fateful day in June 1957.

Al Oster had been touring the Peace River country with another musician when, on a whim, they decided to take a few days off and travel north on the Alaska Highway to Whitehorse just to have a look. At the time he had just sold his interest in a building supply firm and was living in Langley, B.C.

Al had heard many tales about the Yukon's colourful characters and stories. The brief visit to Whitehorse did not disappoint him.

When he returned to Langley, Al talked his wife Mary into moving north to explore new challenges. She agreed. The 10-day journey over the very rough, muddy, dusty road ended in Whitehorse on July 30, 1957.

At the time, the town was at milepost 918. Al, who had written country story songs since he was a kid growing up on a poor dust bowl farm in Saskatchewan in the dirty thirties, instinctively knew the Yukon was the place for a songwriter. The song “918 Miles” was born.

Like most singers of an earlier era, he had come to love country music while listening to old time country radio stations on his parents “Zenith” battery powered radio on the Prairies.

Years later, he bought a guitar and learned to chord western songs while working in Alberta logging camps in the winter and on cattle ranches in the summer.

Al, who had been discharged from the Canadian army in Calgary in 1946, earned the nickname “Calgary Slim” while roaming around with his “dobro” playing buddy “Ray” playing theatres, restaurants, and dance halls in the Calgary and Edmonton areas. They called themselves “Slim n’ Ray”.

Then Al headed for Vancouver where he met his wife Mary. By 1957 when they moved to the Yukon, they had two children.

In Whitehorse, Al worked briefly at Campbell’s Lumber Yard and then in Hougen’s Hardware department.

He also played in a country and western band with Johnny Hutsul, guitar player John Irwin, steel player Andy Donais and drummer Cal Waddington. But, the group sometimes played that new fangled music called Rock n’ Roll.

One Saturday evening, they were booked to play a dance at the Whitehorse High School. Al always wanted to write a rock n’ roll song especially for the high school crowd and the song “Midnight Sun Rock” was born.

Later, while working for Husky Building Supplies, a customer came in to buy some special sized brass screws.

“We didn’t have any in stock,” said Al “so I gave the standard Yukon excuse. They are coming in on the next boat which will arrive next Thursday.”

The unimpressed customer replied that everything seemed to be on the next boat. Al went home for lunch and in 10 minutes wrote the song “Next Boat”.

“Midnight Sun Rock” and “Next Boat” were recorded on a single 45 RPM record, his first release. The first order of 1000 45’s sold out and in 1959, Al re-recorded those

songs on his first album called “Yukon Gold”. That version of Midnight Sun Rock was inducted into the Nashville Rockabilly Hall of Fame in 2002.

In 1958, WHTV began a cable service and manager Bert Wybrew accepted a proposal for a half hour weekly television program called “The Al Oster Show.” It ran for two years.

Al also worked five evenings a week at WHTV as their first announcer/operator after finishing his regular day job at the RCAF base as a clerk.

By 1961, he had a growing collection of Yukon songs. In December, the CBC offered him a 15 minute radio show called Northland Echos. After a few miscues while taping at the CBC studios, Al began recording the show in his basement. The program aired for three years.



Al Oster performing at Hougen's Department Store, 1961.

His band played the “Kopper King” and the “Bamboo” on weekends. Al didn’t much enjoy the bar scene but, at the time, he didn’t mind touring. With the release of his first LP, he was invited by Jake Doell’s band from Vancouver to tour through northern Alberta. They developed a routine called the “Yukon Gold Show Tour.”

The group featuring Al, Jack Doell, Ed Isaac and Grant Wilson, staged an hour and half of singing, a magic segment, a comedy routine and Johnny Cash impersonations while traveling as far north as Hay River, NWT.

The main theme was to promote the beauty and intrigue of the Yukon. Al sold well over two thousand “Yukon Gold” LP’s during the trip, and wrote most of his famous “Paddlewheeler” song while driving between bookings with his bass playing sidekick, Ed Isaac.

On the way home to Whitehorse after the three and a half month tour, they staged the show in every Alaska Highway maintenance camp.

Al remembers that “they had a ball, but never again for me,” he said. “It’s a rough life for a musician.”

In the mid 60s, Al was a headliner on the first pan northern radio show out of Whitehorse called Northern Jamboree with the youthful voice of Les McLaughlin hosting the show.

In 1967, Al with Hank Karr and his group performed at the Canadian Pavilion at Expo 67 in Montreal. While there, the CBC recorded an LP featuring Hank and Al called “the Yukon Stars.”

In 1968, his story song “Irena Cheyenne” earned him the first songwriter award ever presented in Canada by BMI.

And what of his other music?

Al’s classic song, “My Book of Yukon Memories” was written totally from the heart, he says.

“It still creates a feeling of ‘longing’ when I sing or hear it. The music and lyrics came so easily.”

“Paddlewheeler” is also his favourite because of how easily the lyrics flow together and, says Al, “it’s an easy song to memorize and sing.” Like all of Al Oster’s material, it tells a great story of the historic Yukon days gone by.

His song “Waltz Of The Yukon” is included in the Boy Scout and Girl Guide camp “sing along” song book, and at one time, “My Book of Yukon Memories” reached number 30 on the Billboard charts.

Today, Al Oster lives in Salmon Arm, where he operates a CD and DVD duplication service. But his attachment to the Yukon remains and his collection of Yukon CDs are sold throughout the territory creating a lasting memory of people, places and events that have shaped the Yukon’s destiny.

For his role in recording Yukon stories in a musical format, Al Oster was awarded the Order of Canada in 1999.

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

*Al was also awarded the Commissioners Award in Whitehorse on July 1, 2006. He can be reached at alosteryukon*jetstream.net*

We just arrived home last night from Whitehorse. We left on Sept 2nd and returned yesterday afternoon the 23rd. The drive both ways was spectacular with great colors...(we had not driven the highway for about seven years) we saw more wild game than I ever saw before. Bears (black & brown). Two herds of Bison, sheep, deer, moose, fox. We had great weather both ways with only one day of rain. Jeri took a lot of pictures and when I get them downloaded I'll see how they look.

Bill & Jeri Weigand



Hat Collection at Toad River Lodge

Photo courtesy Bill & Jeri Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston BC)

ANTON MONEY & PRINCESS SOPHIA

Sherron and Maribeth,

I was happy to see that you will be covering the story of Tony Money of "The Village" at Mile 442! When I worked as an auditor for 14 Company RCOC in Whitehorse from 1954 to 1958 I always made a point of stopping for a visit with Tony, and remember him fondly every time I drive past his old place on the highway.

I've got a copy of "The Final Voyage of the Princess Sophia" by Betty O'Keefe and Ian Macdonald published by Heritage House Publishing in 1998 (ISBN 1-895811-64-3), which unfortunately doesn't include a passenger list. However, a friend from the Yukon, Loverna Armstrong" was visiting us recently and spotted a free copy of "The Yukon Story" by Walter R. Hamilton published in 1964 by Mitchell Press Ltd. in Vancouver (no ISBN number) in the "Discard" box at the local library! The chapter on "Marine Disasters" lists the names of all 313 passengers that were lost in the sinking of the Princess Sofia. If Maribeth can't find a copy of this book I will scan the 4 page passenger list and send it along to her.

That's all for now, but I am really trying to free up my time so that I can write down some of the "Yukon" stories that I seem to be regularly telling to anyone that will listen!

Dave Gairns dgairns*telus.net (In Castlegar BC)



Left to Right - Capt. J.E.F. (Farnsworth) Hoggan, Mate Angus McLeod, Al Woodburn, Capt. Hugh Morrison, Capt. Bill Bromley. (1930's?)
Photo copyright J.E.F. (Franklin) 'Frank' Hoggan

Yes, Cap Hoggan, Ned Hoggan, John Edward Farnsworth Hoggan and J.E.F. Hoggan are one and the same. – Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerm1*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CONTACT Klaas Heynen?

Hi Sherron, while in Tsawwassen, this past month at my Mum's, we tried to locate Klaas Heynen, in Whitehorse. We had no success reaching him by phone as his phone number no longer exists. We left a message with Paul, one of his sons but received no response to this message. Could you please place a question in the Moccasin Telegraph to request anyone knowing his whereabouts to let us know how to get a hold of him?
Thank you, this is for my Mum: Elizabeth (Liz) van Oeveren,

regards, Maroesja van Oeveren maroesjabigm@hotmail.com (In Zandvliet, Belgium)

Checked Canada 411 and found these two addresses and hope someone on the MocTel can help.

Sherron Jones

Heynen, K
217 18th St W North Vancouver, BC V7M 1W7
(604) 986-3937

Heynen, K & K
4880 Plank Rd Vienna, ON
(519) 874-4232

Thank you for these two numbers, (looking for Klaas Heynen) first one is a Karel Heynen, no relative of Klaas's, second one is an invalid number, perhaps the Moccasin Telegraph will be of more help, thanks again, regards, Maroesja

Hi Sherron, here is the more detailed write up [about Bruce Patnode] and it was written by Jane Gaffin. I have her permission to forward this to you for the Moc Tel.

Shirley Keobke mistyonmarsh@northwestel.net (Marsh Lake)

PROSPECTOR STATUE IS DESIGNER BRUCE PATNODE'S GREATEST LEGACY

by Jane Gaffin (with permission)



"More Mud": The late Bruce Patnode is shown here with his acrylic "More Mud" entry in Northwestel's 1992 telephone directory competition. (Photo by Jane Gaffin)

Bruce Patnode, late of Parksville, British Columbia, died suddenly of a brain aneurysm on September 13, 2007. He was 60 years old.

Patnode, a former Whitehorse resident of nearly 40 years and long-term executive member of the Yukon Prospectors' Association and Yukon Chamber of Mines, was born in Dawson Creek, B.C. on March 21, 1947.

He was six-years-old when he came to Whitehorse in 1953. His father, Larry Patnode, had come ahead from Alberta to take an army job. Then his mother, school teacher and artist Alice Patnode, followed with the two children, Bruce and his sister Sharon.

Patnode grew up in Whitehorse and graduated from F.H. Collins Secondary in 1965.

From a very young age he became fascinated with rocks and began studying geology on his own and taking the chamber of mines' prospecting courses.

In that sense, he was following in the footsteps of his father who possessed an enthusiasm for finding mineral prospects and promoting properties. Father and son often went out on field trips together.

While still a high school student, Patnode spent summers doing field jobs that turned into an eclectic collection of experiences associated with some of the Yukon's most notable mining projects of the 1960s and 1970s.

He was a radio operator in a remote three-person camp for Southwest Potash Corporation (Am ax) when the tungsten deposit was discovered in 1962. The MacTung property, accessible from the north Canol Road, is located at MacMillan Pass on the Yukon-Northwest Territories border. He was on crews doing legal surveys of mining claims throughout the Yukon, such as in the Keno Hill district and the Whitehorse copperbelt.

An employee of White, Hosford and Impey of Whitehorse, he was one of the first surveyors into the early Faro mining camp in 1965, and later surveyed for the New York-based Parsons Construction which built the mill for Anvil Mining Corporation in 1968.

As a White Pass truck driver, he later was hauling lead-zinc silver concentrates from that Faro mill to railhead at Whitehorse as well as hauling asbestos from the Clinton Creek Mine near Dawson City and silver concentrates from United Keno Hill Mines at Elsa.

In 1974, he was on the Cassiar run hauling asbestos fibres from the mine in northern British Columbia to Whitehorse.

At one point, he did a stint driving for Ray Russell Transport. The Whitehorse-based trucking company had the contract to haul Hudson Bay Mining's nickel concentrates from the Wellgreen Nickel Mines near Burwash to a port facility in Haines, Alaska, between May, 1972 to July, 1973.

Over the years, Patnode's mining-related jobs expanded into crewing on diamond-drill rigs, operating heavy equipment and supervising geochemical and geophysical field programs in Canada and abroad.

Meanwhile, he was still studying geology as an avocation and eventually set up his own mineral exploration company.

He then returned to a British Columbia college to finish a business administration degree with majors in finance and marketing and went to work in the mid-1980s with the Yukon government's economic development department.

By 1986, the energetic Patnode had taken on the role of president of the Yukon Prospectors' Association and assumed management duties of the association's Satellite Remote Sensing facility, initially housed in a building on Industrial Road.

The purpose of the-then cutting-edge satellite imagery technology was to discern geological features on earth to assist mineral explorers in their quest for finding mineral deposits.

Simultaneously, Patnode served seven years as a director of the Yukon Chamber of Mines. As the senior industry spokesman, he was working in close liaison with government, first nations, private industry and environmental groups to help foster mining activities.

Amid all these other activities, he seriously began pursuing art with a great zeal around 1989. All those neglected ideas came pouring forth. Until then, it was the artist's old lament about "never having time".

His work is very visible. He participated in producing the RCMP commemorative mural displayed beside the Whitehorse detachment building.

Some of his landscape dioramas, or backgrounds, that highlight wildlife displays can be viewed in the Kluane Museum at Burwash Landing, Yukon Museum of Natural History near Carcross and the Teslin museum.

He and Chuck Buchanan, founder of the Yukon Museum of Natural History and Frontierland Theme Park, produced the Skaguay to Dawson diorama inside the Yukon Transportation Museum.

In the summer of 1992, he was one of many local artists who applied their brushes to the colourful historic mural mounted on the transportation museum's exterior wall. It was the Yukon Art Society's big anniversary project to mark the Alaska Highway's 50th birthday.

Mother Alice Patnode, widely-known for her depiction of the Northern Lights, and her protégé son competed against each other in the 1992 Northwestel phone directory cover contest that had to represent some aspect of Alaska Highway construction.

Bruce's *More Mud* entry (as pictured) portrayed the elements men endured when punching through 1,600 miles of permafrost and muskeg to build a highway from Dawson Creek, B.C., to Fairbanks (Delta), Alaska.

But, of all his artisan projects, the larger-than-life bronze Goldseeker statue, watching over downtown Whitehorse from Main Street and Third Avenue, was his most ambitious and the one of which he was proudest.

As designer and project co-ordinator, Patnode modestly described the project as "a good idea", which is why all the pieces came together in a short time, he said in a 2005 interview.

The initial idea for a Prospectors' Hall of Fame was conceived in 1988; the money for the heroic-size statue took a little longer, he added.

The Yukon Prospectors' Association struck a committee to launch the Prospectors' Hall of Fame with a big kick-off dinner and dance, attended by 250 people wearing turn-of-the-century regalia.

A limited-edition Hall of Fame souvenir booklet was published. It was replete with fascinating early-day newspaper mining accounts and reports plus the original listing of about 173 inductees into the Hall of Fame and the 25 people and organizations named to the Honour Roll.

Additionally, Patnode made provisions for artist Bill Wallis of Atlin to create a large wood-burned plaque on which Hall of Famers' names are inscribed on individual brass plates. The artwork is displayed in the foyer of the Yukon government administration building.

The exercise was a way to pay tribute to Yukon prospectors who have struggled against seemingly impossible odds, suffered undue hardships and incurred incredible risks in their search for minerals in the territory.

While it seemed that sculptor Chuck Buchanan's suggestion to create this larger-than-life statue was destined to die on the drafting table, the "good idea", as Patnode called it, continued to tug at his imagination.

Only he knows how he managed to pull the money together in record time and be granted with Ottawa's blessing to erect the art piece in a prominent place downtown.

First, with a miniature clay prospector-dog model, known as a maquette, Patnode promoted the "good idea" while circulating among the delegates attending the annual Geoscience Forum in November, 1991.

Only 10 months lapsed from the time sculptor Chuck Buchanan cast the miniature prototype until the nine-foot-tall (2.74 m) prospector, accompanied by his malamute companion, suddenly appeared, seemingly out of nowhere.

The September 21, 1992 statue dedication ceremony was a surprise addition to the agenda of the two-day Canadian Mines Ministers' Conference.

But the signal to definitely go ahead had not sounded until June, 1992. Once the money was committed for the project, Buchanan started the clay work, then took the art casting to the Kalispell, Montana, foundry for bronzing.

Patnode went down the last day to assist with last-minute details. There was no time to admire their creation or make any changes. The crunch was on. The statue had to be out the door and on the Consolidated Freightways truck to rendezvous with a Whitehorse-bound Canadian Freightways truck.

Due to Patnode's organizational skills, everything clicked into place on schedule. "Elmer Mackay, the (federal) Public Works minister, liked the idea," Patnode praised. "He was instrumental in making the project a success as well as providing an excellent location for this landmark."

But the most important thing about the fruition of the project was to have the unwavering support from the prospectors' association's board, Patnode added.

The community took immediate ownership of the statue which has proven to be the most popular backdrop and photographed item in downtown Whitehorse.

Tourists love it. So do kids who crawl up to sit at the toe of the size 24 boot to survey their kingdom while holding secret meetings and eating lunch.

"It was nip and tuck to get the statue out on time," Patnode confirmed about the high-pressure, nerve-racking deadlines. "Everybody worked as fast as they could. But it

wouldn't have come together without Chuck Buchanan and his knowledge and contacts for bronzing."

Chuck is very organized, commended Patnode. "This was his first big piece." The \$80,000 funding to cast and erect the creation was cost-shared by government and private enterprise. The \$35,000 contributions were equally split among seven private companies whose names are engraved on the statue as are the names of 183 men and women inducted into the Hall of Fame for their work between 1860 to 1992.

The Honour Roll pays tribute to 30 individuals, companies and organizations who have helped prospectors along the way by showing faith in their visions.

Since 1992, the Yukon Prospectors' Association has carried on the spirit of Patnode's Prospector Project. In early 2006, the names of 13 new inductees and Prospectors of the Year were added to the appropriate bronze plaques.

As soon as Patnode made his permanent, several-ton statement that epitomizes those who follow their dreams, he stepped aside after seven years as president of the prospectors' association for a much-needed rest and to follow his own dreams.

Although his trails took him to Parksville on Vancouver Island, he never missed an opportunity to promote the Yukon, the place he called home.

"For every area that has its past history steeped in mining, there are individuals who stand out in so many ways for their energies and contributions," noted former Yukon resident Dutch Van Tassell, an Alberta-based geological consultant.

"Such is the story of Bruce Patnode whose roots were planted and nurtured by his Prospector Dad. I remember Bruce for his friendly, positive attitude," continued Van Tassell, the former exploration superintendent for United Keno Hill Mines.

"Bruce will be remembered for his contribution to the Yukon Prospector's Association and the Yukon Chamber of Mines and as importantly for his creative artistry."

A biography, Bruce Patnode: Designer of Prospector Statue, is posted on the Yukon Prospectors' Association's website at <http://www.north-land.com/ypa> .

Bruce Patnode will be laid to rest in the Grey Mountain Cemetery on Sunday, September 30, 2 p.m. A reception and yarn-swap will follow at the High Country Inn.



Greatest Legacy: The late Bruce Patnode was the designer and impetus behind the Yukon Prospectors' Association's bronze gold seeker statue that watches over downtown Whitehorse . from Main Street and Third Avenue. (Photo by Jane Gaffin)

CONDOLENCES

I was sorry to hear of Lorne Gay's illness and passing on August 3. Lorne and I were classmates in Grade 11. Both he and I were a bit shy so we really didn't get to know one another very well although I do remember he was a real nice person. My condolences to his wife and family.

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



Polar Bear – Mother and baby.

POLAR BEAR AND SLED DOG

Hi Sherron: I have sent the ‘Polar Bear and Sled Dog’ as an attachment as well as its web site address below. I sure hope it opens up for you as it is really interesting.

I’m not sure if you can put this web site address into the Moccasin Telegraph for others to try and open it.

<http://speakingoffaith.publicradio.org/programs/play/audiogallery/soundseen.shtml>

Bye for now. RUSTY Reid (In Whitehorse)

Check out the web address – it is a memorable exhibition in nature. – Sherron

‘I have lost the dearest friend I ever had’

By Chuck Tobin

Courtesy Whitehorse Star – Jackie Pierce

Major Evans is being remembered as man dedicated to his community. Whether it was at the start line of the Yukon Quest, behind the scenes of the annual Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous, or as a longtime member of the local Elks Lodge, Evans was there.

Major Evans died last Sunday evening at the age of 91.

Born in Prince Edward Island on Nov. 11, 1915, Evans fought in the Second World War

as a gunnery major on an anti-tank unit.

He arrived in the Yukon in 1956 with the military, but left in 1960 with his wife, Pat, for another posting, only to return in 1965 upon his retirement from the army.

As the story goes, though, it was during his initial posting in the territory when he was bitten with what was to become a passion he and his wife nurtured for the rest of their years.

It was down on the Yukon River at the start of the annual dog races in 1958 when one musher called out for somebody to grab the gang line, to assist with an anxious team.

Evans answered the call. He continued to answer it for the next 50 years.

He was on the ground floor with the formation of the Yukon Dog Mushing Association in the mid-1960s. He and Pat began purchasing trophies for the children's categories as far back as 1967, a tradition that flourished right up until the last Rendezvous sled dog races.

"Major Evans was a nice person, a generous person, who was really kind to people," said Frank Turner, a renowned Whitehorse musher and former Quest champion who has a picture of Evans on his wall at home, close to his dad's picture. "He had a really, really good sense of humour – a really, really solid person.

"You could always count on Major Evans to be there, no matter what the weather was, or whatever was going on, he would always be there, and always encouraging."

Turner said while he has many memories of Evans associated with dog mushing, he also has memories of his dad and Evans getting together and reminiscing about the Second World War.

"That was pretty neat to see them telling stories back and forth."

Evans' dedication to the sport of dog mushing was highlighted by the Yukon Quest organization in 2005, when he was escorted to the start line to send off a ceremonial RCMP team in front of a huge crowd before the official start.

Later that year, he and his late wife were inducted into the Yukon Sports Hall of Fame for their years of dedication to the sport.

Evans was also made a lifetime honorary member of the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous Society in 2004. He was once declared Member of the Year for the local Elks Lodge, and was also member of the Royal Canadian Legion.

"He was a strong community supporter, and he supported organizations who supported the community," said Bert Hadvick, the Elks' former exalted ruler who nominated Evans for the honour back in the 1980s.

Hadvick said Evans was a no-nonsense fellow who was also dedicated to his country.

And like others have pointed out, he played a mean game of crib, Hadvick noted today.

Marj Eschak, president of the Rendezvous society, said Evans was involved with the society as far back as she can remember, and never missed an annual general meeting.

"He remained dedicated all these years," she said, emphasizing his focus on children and encouraging their continued participation in dog mushing.

"No matter how cold it was, he was there, all bundled up. He was always, always involved."

Evans' daughter, Iris Cormier, said today her father fell in love with the North on his first visit to the Yukon, and vowed to return upon his retirement from the service.

He worked for several years with the territory's tourism department, and was a great ambassador for the Yukon.

Evans kept a diary, making his last entry last Sunday evening, shortly before his death.

“He was the most generous guy, and always had a sense of humour,” Cormier said, adding that he loved to read joke books, and had a pile of them.

“I have lost the dearest friend I ever had.”

Cormier said the family members want to extend their appreciation and thanks for the many friends who showed Evans their admiration in his later years.

Said Turner: “I think Major Evans’ life was full in what he did, and it was also nice for the rest of us who could enjoy him for as long as we did.”



Near Summit on Alaska Highway – September 2007

Photo courtesy Bill & Jeri Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston BC)

OBIT

MEIERHOFER Gerhard (Gerry), of Prince George passed away peacefully surrounded by his family on September 16th, 2007 at the age of 77. Gerry was born in Salzburg, Austria on January 24, 1930 to Hans and Antonia. He came to Canada at 19 years of age. **He spent time working in Dawson City** before starting his long career with Greyhound and meeting the love of his life Faye, whom he married in 1960. Gerry is survived by his wife Faye, his son Gerald (Jacquie), daughters Janice (Frank), and Sandra

(Paul). Grandchildren Brittany, Tyler, Samantha, Kasandra, Ethan and Madison. As well as sisters Erika, Sigi, brother Ingo, and many nieces and nephews. A Celebration of Gerry's life will be held at a date to be announced. In Lieu of flowers, donations may be

made to the Prince George Rotary Hospice House. Published in the Vancouver by The Province

TOWNSEND, George Brooks September 15, 1916 September 19, 2007 George began his career in Dawson City. He returned to his native Victoria and established the Hollywood Grocery and later the Shopping Basket grocery store. The great joys in his life were his wife of 61 years, Jean; gardening, salmon fishing, golfing, square dancing and travelling South in their trailer. Predeceased by his parents George and Jessie; brother Edwin and sister Doris. He will be fondly remembered by his prairie family, nieces, nephews, friends, and close neighbours as a kind, gentle man, with a great sense of humour and as a dedicated husband. No Service by Request. 411731
Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist from 9/25/2007 - 9/26/2007.

This obit should read – (died) September 13, 2007.


Bruce Ronald Patnode
March 21, 1947 - September 14, 2007

A Long-time Yukoner, Bruce passed away suddenly from a brain aneurysm last week in Comox, B.C.

Bruce will be fondly remembered and sadly missed by his mother Alice Potnode - sister Sharon (Pete) Jensen, Aunt Helen Fisher, nephew Kirk (Anne) Potter and sons Logan & Mac - nephew Pete (Grethe) Jensen Jr., and sons Peter, Joe and Trygg and daughter Line, and many friends.
Bruce was predeceased by his father, Larry.

Please join us for a graveside service at 2:00 pm, Sunday, September 30 at Grey Mountain Cemetery, (Yukon Order of Pioneers). Reception and sharing of stories of Bruce's life to follow.

In lieu of flowers, donations in memory of Bruce may be made to the Yukon Foundation, PO Box 32096, Whitehorse, YT Y1A 5P9, where an Arts/Mining youth scholarship is being set up.



QUOTE OF THE WEEK

It is impossible to Bless and Judge at the same time. – Bless one and all.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

SPAGHETTI SAUCE

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

- 2 lbs lean ground beef
- 3 or 4 sticks of pepperoni
- 1 large onion
salt and pepper

- 1 tsp each of red pepper, sage, dry mustard, paprika, cayenne,
savory, curry, thyme, chilli, basil, marjoram and garlic.

- 1 large can tomatoes
- 1 large can tomatoes sauce
- 1 can tomato paste

In large frying pan brown beef, pepperoni and onion. Drain grease several times during browning. In large pot mix tomatoes after crushing, sauce, paste and all spices. Combine meat mixture with sauces and simmer. Add green peppers, mushrooms or anything you want.

TIP: Experiment with hot spices. Perhaps the first time hot spices should be reduced. I remember many years ago the one and only time Aunt Melinda and Uncle Neil came for supper and they thought I was trying to roast them alive because my sauce was so hot. Brother Brian was visiting also but he thought it was just right since he likes hot spices. Take into consideration that recently purchased spices are much hotter than ones you have had in the cupboard for some time. I usually make about 4 batches at a time and use 3 tsp of each spice total. You can quickly defrost sauce in microwave and have supper on the table in the time it takes to cook some pasta.

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 9205 Orchard Ridge Drive Vernon BC V1B 1V8