

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 223<sup>rd</sup> Edition – October 7<sup>th</sup>, 2007**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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**High Water in Yukon River at Whitehorse Dam Sept. 7, 2007**  
Photo courtesy Bill & Jeri Weigand [bweigand@shaw.ca](mailto:bweigand@shaw.ca) (In Steveston BC)

### **THE LOST PATROL**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach BC)

From the depths of history 'nigh a hundred years ago,  
Comes a tale brings a chilling to the soul.  
An epic tale of battle with the arctic ice and snow,  
The sad story of Fitzgerald's lost patrol.  
Inspector F. Fitzgerald and his little band of four.  
Left the town of Fort McPherson in a gale,  
On the winter trail to Dawson where they'd never gone before,  
Through the frozen mountain passes with the mail.

They left December 21<sup>st</sup> at 21 below,  
Four Mounties and their fifteen husky dogs,  
All eager for the lonesome trail where few would ever go,  
Across those unnamed creeks, muskeg and bog.

For a week they traveled easily, both men and dogs were strong,  
The temperature stayed relatively mild.  
The entries in their logbook as they quickly sped along,  
Showed their faith in their survival in the wild.

Then the trail grew tougher and the temperature declined,  
Until one day, at sixty-five below.  
The trail led through a mountain pass where suddenly they find,  
All sign had disappeared beneath the snow.  
For days they trekked the wasteland, as their food supplies diminished,  
They finally came to realize the cost,  
They gave up all hopes of Dawson; their great patrol was finished,  
In this vast unfriendly wasteland they were lost.

In despair they started homeward but at last their strength was draining,  
As they struggled through the darkness and the fog.  
Freezing, sick and hungry, there was but one course remaining,  
Then, one by one, they killed and ate the dogs.  
Determinedly each morning they would force themselves to rise,  
And painfully set out along their way,  
With frozen hands and feet that now were twice their normal size,  
They were gaining just a scant three miles a day.

After seven weeks of travel, sick and weary to the bone.  
With no hope of aid or rescue now to come,  
They lay down upon their blankets, in the wilderness, alone,  
And surrendered, only thirty miles from home.  
A rescue team from Dawson, Cpl. Dempster in command,  
Found them frozen where their strength had finally failed,  
Returned to Fort McPherson, they were buried at the end  
Of the Dawson City - Fort McPherson trail.

Today they're still remembered, and their story often told,  
Though it happened 'nigh a hundred years ago  
How they bravely fought the elements, the bitter arctic cold.  
Until finally they died there in the snow.  
Members of the famous force that pioneered the north  
Law and order in that land below the pole,  
A land that still recalls with pride, the battle that they fought.  
Those four members of Fitzgerald's lost patrol.



**Yukon River – High water – September 2007**

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

## **Andover-Harvard Yukon Expedition 1948**

Continued

**Field Notes of Elmer Harp Jr. Dartmouth College**

**North to the Yukon Territory via the Alcan Highway in 1948**

### **Saturday 24 July 48**

Indians worked hard for an early start and we were packed up and on our way by 9:15. Cloudy morning with threat of rain. The valley here is gorgeous now with great masses of fireweed in full blossom - unfortunately not enough light to shoot it in color.

Followed our same trail back down, although it was considerably soggier from all the recent rain. Rode on Pepper at the head of the pack with Sam in the lead, Jimmie Joe, Paul and Bill and had difficulty at many points in keeping the pack horses behind us: they kept pressing hard, sensing the road home.

Reached site of Camp-1 by 11:45 and kept right on going on the last leg to the outlet of the Kluane River. About 12:30 PM we rounded a point in the Little Arm and could see Burwash perhaps 10 miles away. The Indians decided to put up a smoke signal to let them know we were coming, so they built 3 fires 100 ft. apart. While Jimmie was dragging in logs for the center fire, Moose got a great stump going on one end, and Sam calmly piled in some brush at the base of a 50 ft. spruce and before we knew it the whole tree was a thunderous blaze. I'll never forget that signal! Amazing the way these Indians

treat fire - they just don't give a damn. When we left, Sam's spruce was still burning around the base and nobody seemed to mind the clump of 3 other big ones that stood right next to it.



*Signal fire from Little Arm to Burwash*

Pushed on at a good pace, the trail following the shore line so that many times we had to wade into the lake to by-pass blowdowns and outcrops, and reached the little island opposite Buck Dixon's on the Kluane River at 2:15 PM. Unsaddled and unpacked here in the poplar thicket and then the whole string of horses was swum across the river in high water and about an 8 knot current. The smallest colt had to hoist itself onto his mother's back in order to make it. On the other side they were rounded up and driven home to Jacquot's pasture west of the Highway. We sat around and waited until 6 PM before Wilson came in the fish-barge to pick us up - the Josephine is out of commission, and Wilson had been across the lake all day. Lucy rustled us a spot of grub on the island, as everyone had gotten pretty hungry waiting.

Lovely boatripe back to Burwash, although we had to tow the barge along the island for 50 yards to get it out of the stiff current. Arrived back at the dock by 8:30, loaded the necessary panniers into the beach wagon and proceeded out to camp to set up the tents. Gorgeous, flaming sunset. Fixed for the night and then sat up by candlelight until 11:30 reading a swell batch of letters from Elaine - all's well with the family.

### **Sunday 25 July 48**

Fine bright day. Made two trips in station wagon and got our cache out of Kluane Inn basement so we could reorganize. Wilson made another trip in the boat to the Kluane River and brought in the rest of the gear we had left behind last night and we unloaded it in the cove just north of camp. Bill and I set one tent up in the spruces this time, not on

the exposed point where we were before, because the wind is mighty chilly these days, and the lake is covered with chop and whitecaps. Spent the whole day getting settled down, building new caches, etc etc. Wrote to Elaine in the evening. Oh yes - a wonderful hot shower at the Inn!



*Buck Dixon's place on Kluane River*

### **Monday 26 July 48**

Expended: Stamps .40, Airmail charge on package of water colors to Elaine .50, Bow and arrows for Jack 5.00

Cloudy, windy and cold today. Spent all the morning bringing laundry up to date and strung up a good long line full of it. Wrapped all our artifacts picked up during the trip and then went in to the Post. Bought a small bow and two arrows for Jack, and Jimmie. Joe said they were made by his father's brother Copper Jack (who is, incidentally, Paul Nieman's father-in-law). The bow is a good birch wood model of an Athabaskan reverse curve hunting bow with sinew cord and cord stop. The arrows have fine bone points (one with a native copper tanged point), and they fit with tapered ends into holes in the arrows so that the point detaches in the animal and the arrow shaft falls away and is saved from breakage. The bow is held horizontally, hand supine, and the release is with thumb and forefinger and second finger. The arrow is held up away from the bow in first stage of pull so that feathers (usually 3) do not drag and break down. Jimmie's father, Copper Joe, always used a bow for hunting in his day, and when he finally obtained a rifle he carried it only as a standby. Moose Johnson's father is said to have once driven an arrow clean thru a bear and buried it in the ground on the other side. Jimmie says the old hunting bows were heat-hardened to whatever strength of pull a man had, and that he himself could take an 85 lb. pull.

All the Indians are drunk as lords now and have hangovers to beat hell, but they all reiterate what a great trip they had with us - the best ever, they insist. George John wants

to go with us on our projected jaunt across the lake and I hope he can. At the moment our plans for that are somewhat up in the air until the *Josephine* gets fixed. Paul went in to Whitehorse yesterday to see how his wife's accouchement was faring, and he returned today with news of a 12 lb. boy!



*Indian women of Burwash (L to R): Jessie Joe (Jimmie's sister) Mary Jacquot (Louie's wife,*

## **Tuesday 27 July 48**

5 arrows (for Dartmouth College Museum)

Expended 5.00

Around camp most of day, continuing to reorganize affairs. Wrote some notes and about 15 postcards to people back home. Drove in to Burwash to catch the 11 AM bus to Whitehorse which takes mail in (BYN [British Yukon Navigation Co.] has the contract now). In afternoon all drove down to MILE-1074 to surface hunt terrace site which Fred picked up there in '44. Check places where bulldozers working on old pioneer road had stripped off upper layers and left Klauane Red Silts exposed. Numerous chips here and several utilized flakes retouched into scrapers, etc. Various materials: flint, chert, chalcedony, felsite, obsidian.

In evening after supper had a visitation - Indian women from the village - a social call: two of Jimmy Joe's sisters, Jessie and Mary (Louie Jacquot's wife); Sam Johnson's old mother; also one other whom I don't know, half a dozen kids and 4-5 of the teen-age belles with their powder, lipstick, slacks, turbans, jacket worn capelike, etc. They thawed out remarkably well around the fire and got a huge kick out of seeing some of the "old peoples" artifacts we had found. They quite evidently think it's incredible that we should come all this way and at such expense just to collect those few paltry things. These women don't have much knowledge of the old culture: the broken red slate (?) scraper

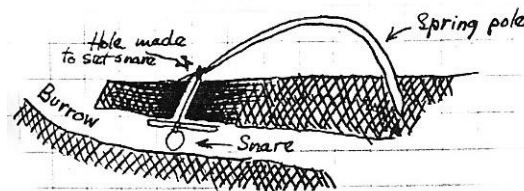
from the Henry Creek pole tepee they called an adze blade - which it certainly is not; and the small flint knife from Ptarmigan Heart they called a fire - making flint - which it couldn't have been. Of course, they have trouble expressing themselves in English. If only we could have understood their asides to one another in their own lingo! They promised to return tomorrow afternoon to show us some things.

### Wednesday 28 July 48

Cold night and cold morning with wind out of the NW and threatening squalls all around. Fresh snow on many of the lower peaks. Summer is over! Read a whodunnit in the AM and wrote to Mother and Helen (now back in Cleveland).

In the afternoon had another visitation from some of the Indian ladies of the village: old Mrs. Jimmie Johnson (Sam's mother who came originally from the Yukon River country); Mary Jacquot (Louie's wife and sister of Jimmy Joe); Jessie Joe (another of Jimmie's 5 sisters, unmarried); also a few miscellaneous kids. Old Mrs. Jimmy had brought along some of her old things to show us: birchbark baskets stitched with spruce roots (she and Mary will try to get some birchbark from the White River at MILE-1156 and make some more baskets for us in the month that we still have); an old sheep-horn spoon of her mother's (fashioned by boiling to soften so it could be split, cleaned and shaped; sinew and a piece of tanned moosehide; old Mrs. Jimmie had made herself a fine awl by setting a large steel needle in lead in a handle of black goat horn; also she had a handful of gopher snares, a long crochet stick for setting them; and a couple of sinew rabbit snares. She said one woman used to carry and set as many as 250 gopher snares in a day. The gopher hides are tough and are used sewn together for blankets, some parkas, winter moccasin liners, etc. Then we went out into the woods and she showed us how to set a gopher snare.

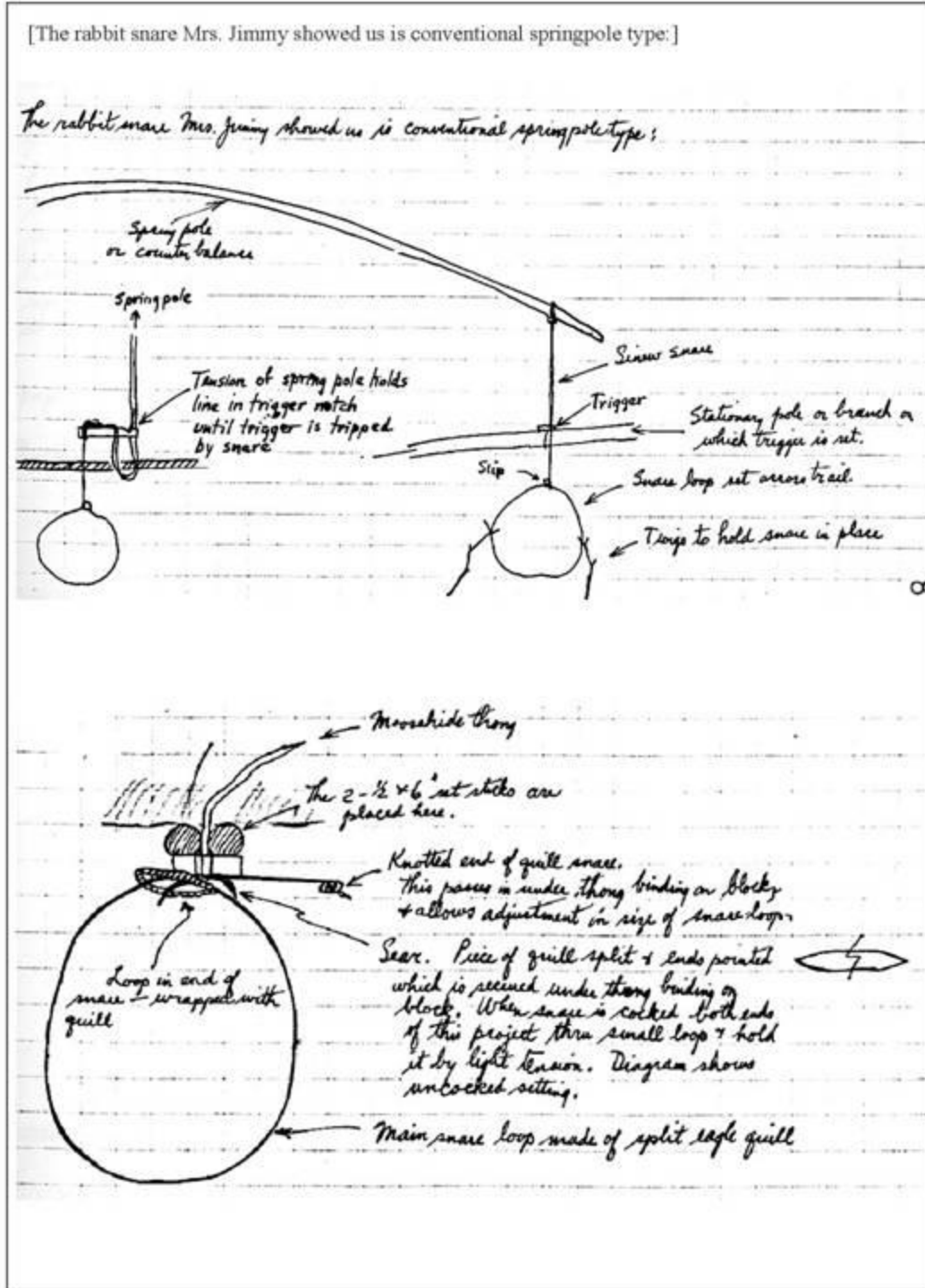
Locating a suitable burrow, Mrs. Jimmy took her long crochet stick and poked a hole down into the burrow through the surface of the ground about 12" back of the entrance.



Then she stuck her spring pole in the ground (any cut green pole of suitable strength perhaps 5' long); then she took two 1/2" x 5" sticks, put them on either side of the thong on top of the safety block and reached the whole assembly into the hole with her left hand, holding it against the roof of the burrow; then she poked the crochet stick through the upper hole with her right hand, expertly snagged the rawhide thong and pulled it out. Then maintaining tension on it to hold the trap and sticks against the roof of the burrow, she bent the spring pole down to the ground and secured the thong to it. The least pressure on the snare upsets the balance of the two set sticks, the spring pole flies up, and the noose trips over the sear.

The women used to take a bunch of these snares and pile them over with the sweet smelling sage (*Artemesia borealis*) to eliminate human odor and lull the suspicious gopher.

Expanded: 10 Postcards 1.00 Stamps .50



To be continued . . . . .

## **ANTON MONEY - continued**

By Don Frizzell [frizzell\\*northwestel.net](mailto:frizzell*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

It took 4 days to reach Telegraph Creek where an important letter was waiting for Brindle. He was to examine some gold claims downstream on the Stikine River. The claims were discovered by Groundhog Jackson and his wife. Jackson had recently discovered the Groundhog Coal deposit and hence the nickname. Brindle and Money boarded the southbound steamer Hazel B and in a few hours were on shore at Jackson's cabin. They picked up rock samples for 4 days while waiting for the Hazel B to make the return trip northbound. Various outfitters were at Jackson's cabin with their hunting trophies and everyone was enjoying the fresh wild meat provided by the hunters. The night before the departure, a big dance was held in one of the Indians large tents. One Indian had a fiddle, one of the rich hunters called the square dances and everyone danced. It didn't matter that some of the Indians were old and wrinkled; everyone was dancing until the fiddler couldn't play anymore.

This was the last trip for the Hazel B until May of the next year. After it left Telegraph Creek, the town quieted down and settled in for winter. Money decided to cut wood to make enough money to see him through the winter. He could cut a cord in a day, and it was a very long day. Later he would hitch a ride the 4 miles back to town. He agreed to outfit an Indian and himself with grub if the Indian would show him how to hunt a moose. It turned out his choice of Indians was excellent as the man was a guide for one of the better known hunting guides in the area. Within 4 days they had shot 4 moose, 2 of which they cleaned and left on a cache. This would be a small platform set atop of 4 stout poles about 12 – 15 feet above ground. Once the logs had a band of tin around them, the rodents could not climb up there, and the poles were stout enough that a large animal such as a bear could not knock it down. With 2 moose skinned out and loaded on pack horses, they headed for town. 13 miles out of Telegraph Creek, a salamander streaked across the trail. The Indian said that was an omen that someone in his family had died. He told Money to continue on with the pack horses and he would race for town. Later the next day he was home, to be met by the Indian who said that his sister had died the day before. Money says he has no explanation for the circumstances.

At that time, a telegraph line ran from Hazelton in the interior of B.C. through Telegraph Creek, Atlin, Whitehorse and terminated in Dawson City. Just before Christmas, Money was offered a job of backpacking 50 pounds of mail to one of the line stations along the telegraph line about 40 miles distant. At that point he would meet someone who would carry on with the mail. For provisions he had a sleeping bag, half a slab of bacon, flour, salt and tea. He carried a .22 rifle. When he reached the first cabin for his overnight stop it was snowing. With only the telegraph line as a guide, and darkness approaching, he was happy to retire for the night. The second day, the weather warmed up and the snow became sticky and as he came to his second overnight cabin, he realized he was completely worn out. Up and away early the next morning he was still very tired and dealing with the heavy sticky snow. His snowshoes were the first to give trouble. His

feet were sinking into the webbing and there was no support. He tied some babiche to the webbing to increase support but the knots caused blisters on his feet. Removing it again, he tried a rope tied to the front of each snowshoe and pulled on the rope to clear the shoes of the snow. Very tiresome and grueling work. At the end of 15 hours, he could no longer find the telegraph line. His sleeping bag and grub bag had fallen off his backpack and he hadn't noticed. He searched for some time and on reaching a large clearing collapsed in a heap. He slept for several hours and when he awoke, he had to pinch himself. Feeling nothing, he thought he must be dead. There was over 2 feet of snow covering him, so he had slept for some time but the trail he left was still discernable in the snow. He back tracked on his trail for a few hours and came to a tent which he recognized as the Iskoot Summit camp. He had overshot his destination by 15 miles, not recognizing anything in the snowstorm. There were a few supplies in the tent and Money soon had a bannock on the stove. He realized that it was Christmas Day, his first Christmas in the North. He slept for 10 hours, made another bannock and as the lineman had not shown up for the mail, hung it on the ridgepole of the tent and headed back to Telegraph Creek. Soon he found where he had lost the trail at Raspberry Creek. Two days later he was back in town just in time to stop a search party that was gathering to go look for him.

He moved into a cabin 6 miles downstream for the winter. He put together a dog team, soon had them trained to the commands, and were happy hauling firewood to his cabin. One day he shot a moose and the team hauled it home in 200 pound loads. He had grouse in abundance, good fish in the creek beside the cabin and one day shot a goat. He traded half the goat to an Indian for half a sheep. He went 4 months without a trip to town. One day he went hunting with his lead dog, Rogue. He came to a very large lake that had been swept clear of snow by the blowing winds. It took some time to cross and by the time he reached the far side, he was snow blind from the glare of the ice and 3 miles from his cabin. With no provisions or shelter, he could not stay the night but being totally blind would make it difficult to travel. He tied his belt to the dog and told the dog, "lets go home Rogue". The dog was well trained and home they went. Money fell several times and hit several trees, but each time the dog stopped and waited for him to recover. They reached the cabin in a few hours. For two weeks Money was blind and had to feed his dogs and himself by feel alone.

When the Hazel B came north in the spring of 1924, there was a note from Arthur Brindle that he would not be prospecting this year. Money accepted a job from a prospector to take a fast load of 120 pounds of supplies to Dease Lake. The prospector was trying to beat someone else to an area to stake a claim and promised a bonus if they got there first. The dogs carried 20 – 30 pounds on their back and Money carried 30. The prospector carried only his bedroll and rifle. They started out late in the afternoon and stopped every 4 hours for a pail of tea. By sunup the next morning they were half way and Money was certain they would win the race so they took a full hour of rest. The dogs were hard to get started again and by midnight, they had Dease Lake in sight. Money found the chap he had rented the boat from previously and talked him into taking the prospector the rest of the way to his destination. After a brief swim in the lake, Money rolled out his

sleeping bag. He wondered if the claims ever were worthwhile and immediately fell asleep.

Later that summer, a mining company decided to build a road from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake, a distance of 75 miles following the pack trail and Money was hired on. One day they broke a drawbar on the tractor and Money was sent to town to get a new one. He made it to town in 2 days only to find out that the drawbar weighed 80 pounds. Padding his packsack he hefted the bar and started out. It was a difficult trip and took 3 days to retrace his steps. His reward was a sore back for a week.

To be continued . . . . .

### **Four Generations Travel the Yukon River to Tell Tales**

by Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson) September 11, 2007



Four generations of Van Bibbers: Alex, J.J., Dustin, Joshua, Lucy, Andrew, Pat Junior and Pat Senior. Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Four generations of the Van Bibber family cruised into the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in dock in Dawson City on August 25, bringing to a close a river trip intended to bring the generations together and preserve some family lore that it was feared might soon be lost.

Commissioner Geraldine Van Bibber was at the dock to greet her husband and her relatives. She had been tied up with a number of official events between Champagne and Dawson City over that week and had been unable to make the trip herself.

"We've got right from 9 to 91 here," she said. "They're going to be telling stories for a long time to come. I'm sorry I had to miss it." The Van Bibbers have a moderate sized metal houseboat large enough to camp on and even hold a party on occasion. Eight passengers was not a challenge.



Alex, J.J., and Pat Van Bibber with sister Lucy Sanderson  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

The elder generation included Alex, J.J., Pat Sr. and sister Lucy Sanderson, who lives in Cranbrook, B.C. Pat Jr. was the second generation, with Andrew as the third and the twins, Dustin and Joshua, as the fourth.

The eldest of the Van Bibbers is a sister, May, who lives in Copper Ridge in Whitehorse and was unable to make this trip.

"The purpose of this trip was to get the three Van Bibber boys together for the first time in years and years," said JJ. "Alex lives down in Champagne, and I'm up here. We wanted to all get together for one rendezvous and tell old stories of the early days.

"We wanted to get all of Alex's stories out of him that we could, all the way down," JJ added, patting a portable tape recorder in his pocket.

"I was the one that kept all the tapes and stuff and Alex did most of the talking about the early days, you know, and how we were raised in the bush, along the river and on the land.

"It was a good rendezvous all the way down for three days."



Boat & fishwheels - The Van Bibber river cruiser, framed by a pair of fish wheels.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Arrival - The Van Bibber's boat pulls in to the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in dock.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **FOLLOW-UP TO STORY FROM COMMISSIONER GERALDINE VAN BIBBER**

Thank you for your interest, Sherron. We just returned from a trip to the lower mainland and just back in the office today. Saw Dan's article in Friday's paper.

The trip started from the Takhini bridge, Whitehorse on August 23 early morning, a beautiful day. The first day they travelled to Carmacks and overnighted at Coal Mine Campground. After wishing them well and seeing them off, I travelled to Champagne where I presented a Commissioner's Award to Ken Kane. Then down the highway where I stopped at Carmacks to see if they had arrived. Dale Best, owner of the campground, said that Pat had called by satellite phone and I should wait as they would be arriving at Carmacks about 6 pm. So I greeted them there.

I had planned on travelling through to Minto that evening but instead camped with them that evening. I cooked them breakfast and saw them off the next morning. Down the highway and I greeted them again at Minto about 11 am then they left towards Dawson after a brief stop. They camped one more evening below Kirkman Creek and then arrived in Dawson City late morning on August 25. Where again I was on the dock to greet them - a River groupie!

They had a wonderful time, telling stories, teasing each other as brothers and a sister will do and the younger ones were so helpful in setting up the camp and assisting with the elders.

I was in Dawson for two events that weekend, the Yukon Fire Chiefs banquet on the Sat evening and then the closing ceremony of the World Gold Panning Championships on Sunday. As I had so much going on with my official duties, I was unable to make the trip, but as you can see, I was there whenever I could see them. The brainwave to contact Dan Davidson happened to me Fri. evening, so I called him early Sat. morning and told him there was a 'human interest' story happening and the boat should be arriving later that day. Thank goodness he was flexible and was able to be on the dock with me when the Van Bibber crew arrived.

Andrew Van Bibber is Eleanor Van Bibber's son or JJ's grandson. The twins, Joshua and Dustin, are Andrew and Carolynn (Phelps) sons or JJ's great-grandsons.

I have yet to transcribe the tapes and am looking forward to hearing some of the stories as well. Hope this helps and answers your questions.

Geraldine Van Bibber [geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca](mailto:geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca) (In Whitehorse)

## **Duff Pattullo**

A Yukon Nugget -

By Les McLaughlin

Part One:

There were many cheechakos in the Klondike who made the most of their brief time to develop a taste for fame and glory. They included a future Premier of British Columbia who learned the art of hard ball politics during his stormy eight years in the Yukon.

Thomas Dufferin Pattullo was born in 1873 in Woodstock, Ontario. His father ran the Galt Reformer, a Liberal newspaper. For a time Duff worked as a columnist before the lure of the west called.

Through its father's connections with the Liberal government of Sir Wilfred Laurier, he was hired as the principle secretary to Major James Walsh, a former Mountie who was appointed in 1897 to lead a special government commission sent to the Yukon to bring law, order and good government to the burgeoning Klondike district.

The party of fifty well-equipped officials left Ottawa by train in September 1897 bound for Vancouver where they boarded the steam ship Quadra for the journey up the inside passage to Skagway.

Pattullo, a young man of twenty-four, seemed to enjoy the good life afforded his lofty position and more than once had to wire his well to do father for additional funds though his government salary and perks were enough to support a person of more modest tastes.

Arriving in Dyea at the foot of the Chilkoot Pass in late October 1897, the party began the long climb to the summit while the bitter winds, freezing rain and pelting snow raged around them. It was here on the so called "golden stairs" near the Chilkoot summit that young Duff Pattullo realized the coming hoards of miners were in for something far more brutal than anyone could imagine.

"Every man who comes here must be willing to take life risks and be willing to withstand every imaginable hardship," Pattullo wrote.

He soon realized that even late in the season, the Chilkoot was not the worst obstacle. In early November the government part set sail down raging Lake Bennett, a time of year when no sane person should be on the water. They continued across Tagish and Marsh Lakes, ran the forbidding Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse rapids and then entered the Yukon River proper as ice began to form.

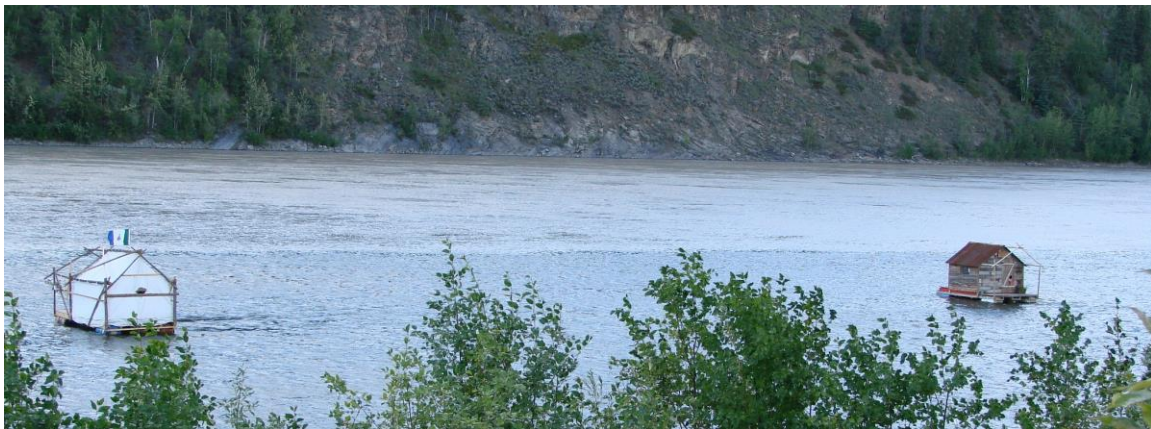
No one was under the illusion that they would make Dawson City before the river froze. And they did not. Instead, Pattullo and the others spent a difficult winter at Big Salmon, a native village about halfway between present day Whitehorse and Dawson City, but not before he was forced to abandon his boat when solid ice cakes tipped them into the water. Pattullo made it to shore, but another man, J.J. Freeman was not so lucky. He disappeared under the ice and was never seen again.

On the way down the river they encountered men coming out of the Klondike and heard reports of food shortages so severe that everyone expected a starvation winter in the Yukon for those foolish enough to stay. The government party, though it had lost supplies to the icy river, did have sufficient provisions to last the long, dark cold winter at Big Salmon where Duff Pattullo, a future Premier of British Columbia spent his first Yukon winter.

To be continued . . . . .

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)



## **Introducing the Yukon River Subdivision**

by Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

August 20, 2007

Living right on the Yukon River probably isn't the solution to Dawson's transient worker housing crisis, but it's been an innovative experiment for Ed Vos (the wall tent) and Beth Egnatoff (the cabin) for much of the summer of 2007.

Neither of these folk fall into the category of transient worker, exactly. Vos, a photographer, has been in and out of Dawson for years, and has produced a number thematic guy and gal calendars. Egnatoff, a trained opera singer, arrived here last summer

and has spent a good deal of the last year substitute teaching, waiting tables and house sitting, as well as organizing choirs and giving voice lessons.

What these two have in common is that they both know Holly Haustein, who runs Slow Rush Tours and dabbles in a number of side projects, like making benches out of scrap wood ... and thinking up ways to live in harmony with the land.

Holly came up with the idea of small rafts and agreed to let Vos and Egnatoff use them for the summer if they helped to build them.



**Liard River Bridge under repair – September 2007**

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

## **A MESSAGE FROM LES McLAUGHLIN**

Hi Sherron, hope you and Bill pass a good winter down south.

I just placed Hank Karr's song AFTER YUKON on Youtube. It can be accessed at:

<http://video.google.com:80/videoplay?docid=6362382668820653129&q=hank+karr&total=4&start=0&num=10&so=0&type=search&plindex=2>

Your Moctel readers may like to have a look.

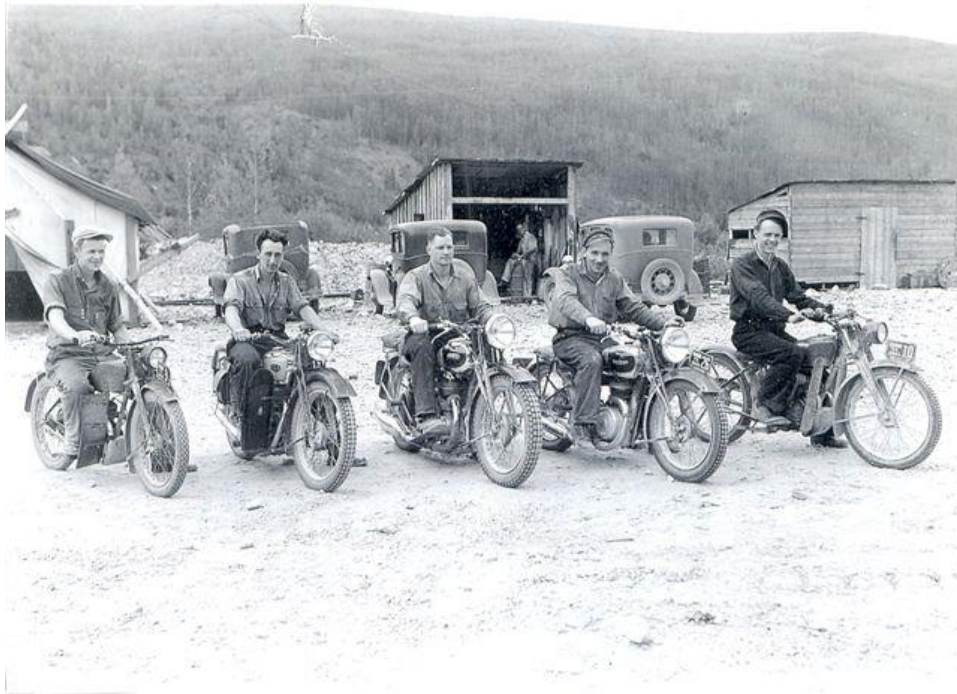
The DVD (Hank Karr's Yukon Book of memories) continues to do well in the Yukon.

Best regards  
Les McLaughlin [leslorn\\*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn*rogers.com) (In Ottawa)

## **CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY THE MEN IN THIS PHOTO?**

I think I sent this photo to you some time ago. It is from Lousia McGuier, her father is in it and Mike Comadina but we don't know who the rest of the men are, they were a crew that was working on the re-building of No. 4 dredge on Bonanza in 1940. Lousia' father Les Millin is the 2nd one from the left looking at the photo and I think Mike is the one on his left.

Regards John Gould [jgould\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jgould*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Company Men

Photo courtesy John Gould [jgould\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jgould*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **I feel another piece of me is gone.**

My wife Elaine found out about Bruce this morning and just informed me of his passing. This is truly devastating to me as Bruce and I went to school together in Whitehorse and later reacquainted ourselves here on Vancouver Island. Matter of fact the last time I saw Bruce was at the Yukoner's Picnic here on the Island when Bill and Rusty Reid played.

He and I also learned how to play music in the Whitehorse Junior Band under the direction of Kurt Grundman. I feel another piece of me is gone.  
I am truly saddened.

Harry Miller [ee.miller@shaw.ca](mailto:ee.miller@shaw.ca) (In Coombs BC)

## **CORRECTION TO MOCTEL 222**

Sherron, one name my great grandfather never used was John or Johnny. Johnny Hoggan was his eldest son, my grandfather.

Great to have the names of the others, though!

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

## **A MESSAGE FROM AUDREY VIGNEAU IN DAWSON**

Hello Sherron

Thanks for the special edition. Very interesting, what a lady. Also Aksel Porsild's Mother was a friend of one of my home care clients of a couple of years ago. My client, a very lovely lady, Vicky Graham, was a very good friend of the Porsild's. Also from the write up on Al Raine, I had the pleasure of meeting Nancy Greene in May of 2006, at Sun Peaks. My sister-in-law a representative for Sun Peaks at the time. I had wanted to meet Nancy for a long time, nice lady.

Cheers

Audrey Vigneau [vigneau@northwestel.net](mailto:vigneau@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **Re: Professor Harp article, etc.**

I certainly have enjoyed the series; the photos and things he mentioned about Grandpa and Grandma Pringle while in Dalton Post were absolutely wonderful. I remember the boat out in front like it was yesterday.

There is mega snow in the high country, the temps are holding and is turning out to be a great fall. There are no leaves left on the trees, had to tear out the flower beds, but still have a few planters out as petunias are fairly hardy. It is still harvesting time up here, so a lot of people have their smoke houses full, a lot of hustle and bustle getting ready for winter. I love this time of the year, being able to breathe in clean, pure air is wonderful - even at times it may be 'crispy'.....I do miss the hot weather from the south and keep praying that one day - my body will acclimatize.

Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj@northwestel.net](mailto:buzzy.cj@northwestel.net) (In Haines Junction)



Gladys Hoggan, young bride, mid 1920's, Dominion Creek  
Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan  
Submitted by Maribeth Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

## MY ARCTIC TRIP

What an interesting article, I have a good friend and neighbor whose maiden name was Vesey, not a common name, so have sent her some of the references to Mrs. V.

Isn't it funny how society decreed Mr. & Mrs. rather than first names even in those situations.

Was wondering if the descendents of Mrs. Hall had sent the story to the HBC archives in Winnipeg? They have lots of genealogists asking about various early employees and this might help.

Many thanks

Dorothy (Wilson) Graham [dorothyg@dccnet.com](mailto:dorothyg@dccnet.com) (In Delta BC)

Hello Sherron

Lu will be very pleased to have a copy of her grandmother's journey sent to the HBC Archives if they wish to have it. She and her sisters would also like to think it might be of help to anyone searching their family history.

It is amazing how many people you touch with MocTel. Great work.

Jean Hartnell [laduel@shaw.ca](mailto:laduel@shaw.ca) (In Abbotsford BC)

## JUST IN FROM THE SOUTH POLE



Austral Borealis, Milky Way and Red light reflection on the ground.

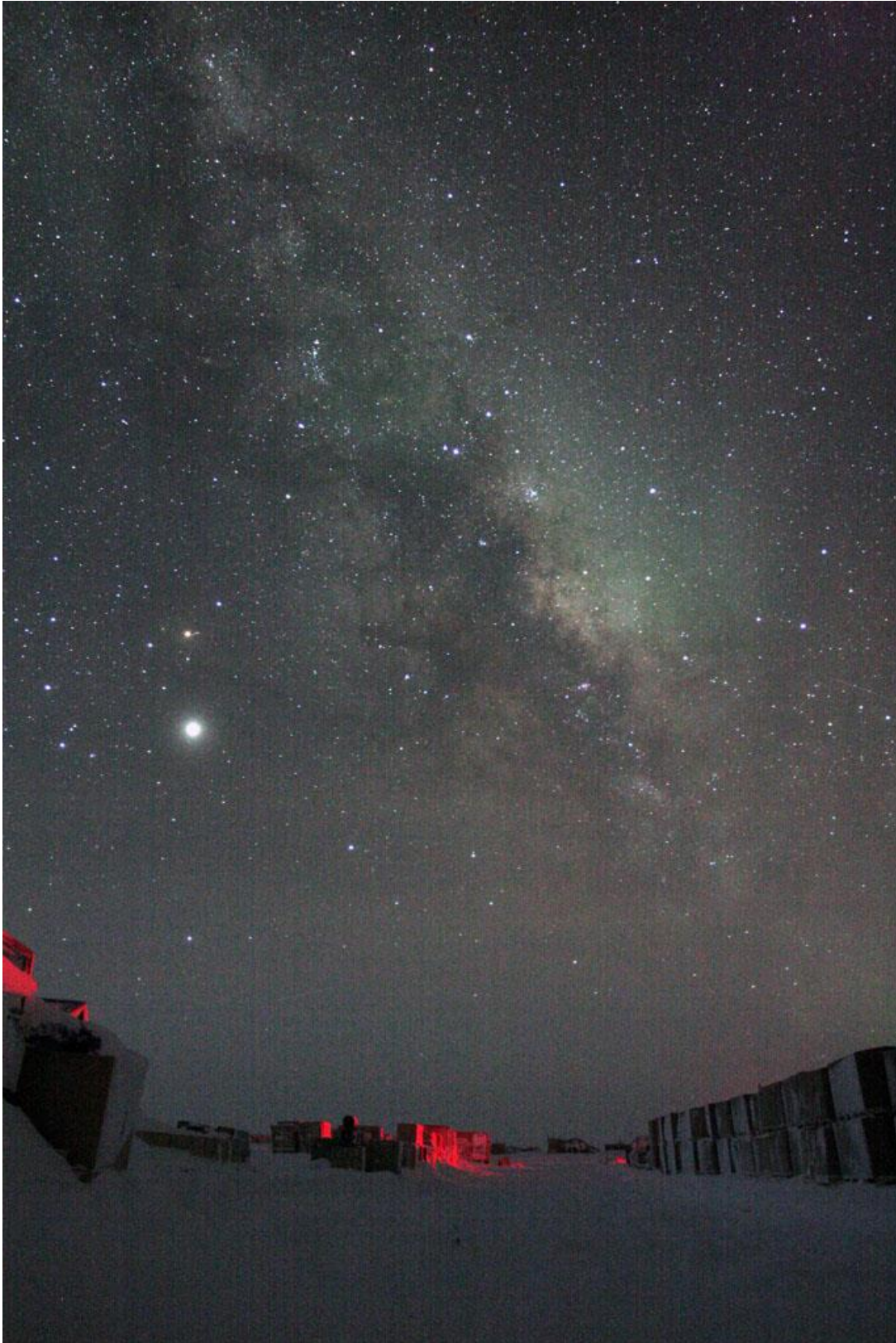
Photo courtesy Marlene McLennan

Assistant Supervisor CDC - Raytheon Polar Services NZ Ltd



Camping at -90, South Pole – Austral Borealis

Photo courtesy Marlene McLennan



Milky Way  
Photo courtesy Marlene McLennan



Emperor Penguins – Antarctica  
Photo courtesy Marlene McLennan



C-17 at McMurdo Station Antarctica  
Photo courtesy Marlene McLennan

Up to two C-17's based at Christchurch fly missions as required each week while up to nine LC-130s, depending on mission requirements, fly multiple daily missions daily from their hub, McMurdo Station.

Vessel re-supply operations consist of two Military Sealift Command vessels delivering fuel and supplies to McMurdo Station. In early January, prior to the MSC vessels' arrival, the U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker Polar Sea will cut a channel through miles of ice allowing the ships access to the McMurdo Ice Pier.

Operation Deep Freeze is unlike any other U.S. military operation and is one of the most demanding peacetime missions due to the extreme adversity of the environment and the remoteness of Antarctica. Antarctica is the coldest, windiest, driest, highest and most inhospitable continent on the globe, and Operation Deep Freeze provides a challenging opportunity to demonstrate the reach and flexibility of airpower, the capabilities of the joint force and the integrated support of Active-Duty, Guard and Reserve military personnel.

For more information see - <http://www.pacaf.af.mil/news/story.asp?id=123035895>

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Self Portrait

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [cheechako46\\*northwestel.net](mailto:cheechako46*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Please change my e mail address from [thelmartin@rogers.com](mailto:thelmartin@rogers.com) to [peter\\_martin@rogers.com](mailto:peter_martin@rogers.com)... Thanks much.. Peter Martin

We have been notified that our email address will change effective October 31. It will be [ianddbolstad@persona.ca](mailto:ianddbolstad@persona.ca). It may be in effect now but cablerocket still works for this month. Please make the necessary changes. Thanks Inez Bolstad

## **BACK ON THE MAILING LIST**

Jim Dokken phoned to have his name added back to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. Jim was in Whitehorse from 1969 – 1975 during that time he worked for Trans North, CBC and CKRW. Jim is thinking of making another trip north, likely next year.

His e-mail address is [jamesakaspanky@shaw.ca](mailto:jamesakaspanky@shaw.ca) and he is living in High River, Alberta.

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

I have enjoyed receiving the MocTel over the past few years, however due to failing eyesight I would like my name removed from your mailing list.  
Thank you and enjoy your winter in Arizona.

Irma

GORDON, Irma [igordon@northwestel.net](mailto:igordon@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse since 1954)

## **REMEMBRANCE**

Remembering Henry Breaden who passed away Oct 2, 2006.

Cheers to you Henry.

Sherron



Alice and Henry Breaden – Aloha !

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*My mother taught me to APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE. - "If you're going to kill each other do it outside, I just finished cleaning the house."*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### Flax Muffins

Submitted by Elena (Soukoroff) Popoff [popoff47\\*xplornet.com](mailto:popoff47*xplornet.com) (In Slocan BC)

1 ½ c. ground flax seed  
½ c. whole wheat flour  
½ c. all purpose flour  
½ c. brown sugar  
4 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
¼ tsp. nutmeg  
½ tsp. salt  
1 ½ c. skim milk  
2 tbsp olive oil  
1 egg  
Finely grated peel of orange  
½ tsp. vanilla  
1 ½ c. raisins and walnuts

Bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

This recipe makes 12 muffins.

## 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](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

c/o Sherron Jones 9205 Orchard Ridge Drive Vernon BC V1B 1V8

Winter Address –

483 – 5707 East 32<sup>nd</sup> St. Yuma, Arizona 85365 Phone 928-341-0690

