

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 224th Edition – October 14th, 2007

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Grey Mountain – Chesterfield with a view.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

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

Thursday 29 July 48

Cold and very windy AM, clearing to bright but still chilly. Picked up Jimmie Joe at the Post and drove down to Duke Meadows on the road back to Buck Dixon's place. This is a former flood plain and channel of the Duke R. which now flows just N of here. Bostock says Duke formerly flowed directly into lake-cf. long terraces back of airstrip; we are camped on part of the old gravel fan. About a mile west of Buck's, we took off the road and drove in left to grove of large poplars. Walked in from here, following old horse trail another 1/2 mile thru buck brush and into an old (\pm 300 yrs.) spruce forest. Here we found an old pole tepee that had been reported by Walter after he once drove the horses thru here. No one else had ever even suspected its existence.

Actually this was only one of a series of 4 grouped dwellings. We spent the day excavating #1 and checking superficially the others.



House #1, Duke River Meadows

Excavating House #1, Duke R. Meadows [photos above and below]



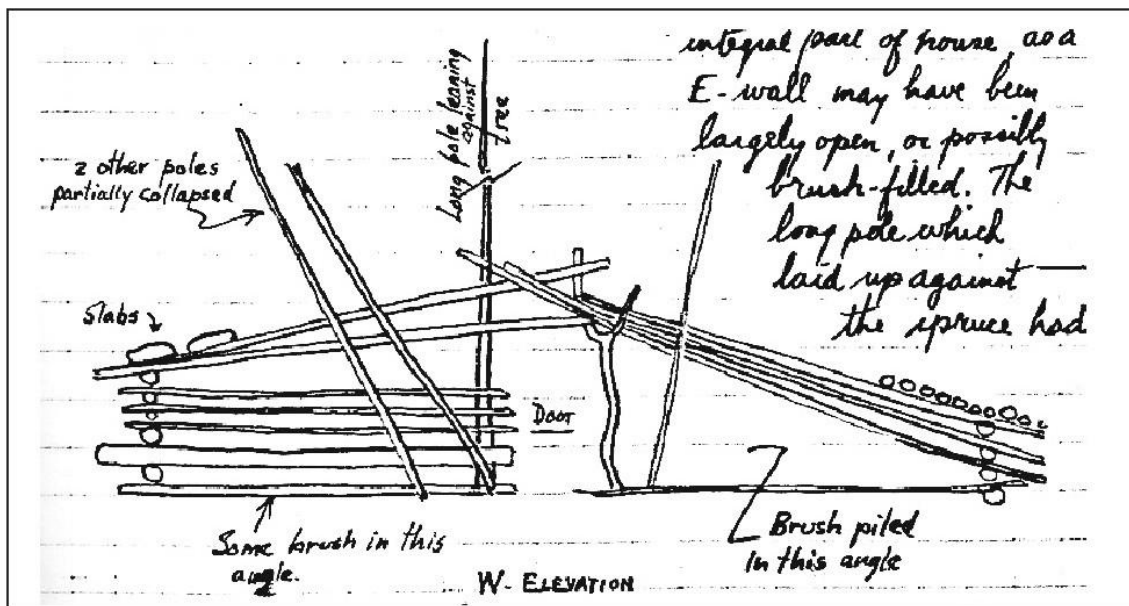
Dwelling #1 = Pole tepee constructed on or over a rectangular log base. This base measured $\pm 9 \times 15$ and there was a door midway in the N side. Excavation revealed that there had been repeated floods thru here, and the occupation floor of the tepee was buried beneath 10-12" of gray silt. This was the same as the height of the log side walls which did not show above the present surface. The superstructure of #1 was standing in good order although a number of the poles had caved in and were buried in the silt. The height of apex was $\pm 9'$ from occupation surface. The initial construction elements were: a wide crotch; a long narrow fork; and a straight pole. As far as we could tell these were set up in a tripod, and then all the other poles added later. The tepee was poled in quite solid and apparently covered with skin or moss. Many of the small poles that were added to fill up roof were untrimmed. On NW corner split logs 4" in diameter had been stood on end leaning against the side. Along NW side a 3' strip of split logs of 4" diameter had been laid up horizontally; 9 of these, one on top of other as per sketch. On N side between W corner and door more vertical split logs. On NE long side the door. A peaked hole about 3' square: made by stacking short poles on outside of main ones. Inside in center is hearth area: no apparent smoke hole in peak, but plenty of cracks up there for adequate ventilation. Some of larger poles were cut with adze (possibly stone but probably copper). Most of smaller poles were axe cut. In digging out House #1: much litter but only thin duff on surface. First located occupation floor in SW corner where a sill log showed up c.10" below surface. At bottom of this sill was a well established floor of spruce needles, twigs, bark, etc. On SW side 2 superimposed logs appeared as foundation beneath silt-one of them cut off near middle. On this same level in center of tepee hearth was located-a bed of red ash about 4" deep: contained one fragment of green hand-blown glass, a bead, numerous fragments of small bones (gopher and rabbit according to Jimmy Joe); also 2 shapeless pieces of flat copper (one of these had been folded over as if in beating, and the other, trapezoidal in shape had slightly bevelled edges like a microlithic blade for hafting). In SW corner among the needles of occupation floor found a curl of birch bark.

Hearth area was depressed saucer-like in center and approx. round in plan, although a tongue of ash extended thru doorway outside. Probably dragged wood in there and let it burn back. Query: Why was W. end of tepee built up heavier with split logs laid up horizontally and then on end around the corners?



House #2 Rectangular in plan but elevations in doubt because crushed flat by large deadfall, cf. map p. 60. N-wall appears to have been built up of brush and small spruce, and S wall probably the same. E and W walls possibly partly open. Roof of at least part of N-1/2 laid over with poles 4-8" in diameter. This house won't be dug out unless we have extra time.

House #3 About 10 x15 rectangular. Door in center of long W side. On N + N 1/2 of W and S walls was sill log about 10" diameter; above this, walls built up about 2' by piling up logs and criss-crossing at corners. Small spruce piled up on this base on E and W-walls, although not enough of E wall remains for diagnosis. Large spruce along E wall seems to have been integral part of house as a support. E-wall may have been largely open, or possibly brush-filled. The long pole which laid up against the spruce had chafed a deep scar in the side of the tree. Drury and Raup cut into this scar and determined by ring count that it was 72 yrs. old. Raup, on that basis, would date House #3 between 75-100 yrs. B.P., allowing time for pole to chafe thru to cambium layer. He also dates House #1 at about 100 yrs. BP on tentative basis of cross-dating false ring in boring from that house with similar false ring in living trees.

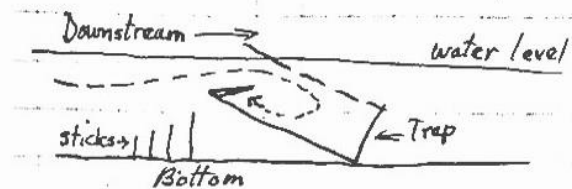


Left site about 5:30 and returned to Camp. Correction: site is about 2 mile NW of Buck Dixons; leave Highway, drive in 3.25 mile on trail to Dixon's; turn off left there and proceed across meadow to large poplars; leave car, pick up horse trail and follow that on foot about 1/2 mile into tall stand of spruce; trails cuts past near these camps and whole area is full of old stumps.

On returning to camp, found that Paul Nieman had shoved off in a hurry saying he had to go home and take care of his wife. Nobody knows if, as, or when he'll return.

In the evening Chief Albert Isaacs [Isaac] of Aishihik came to call. Mistook us for Bostock and party whom he had met in '44. Sat down and began to talk very readily about "old people", although most difficult to understand his poor command of English. He had come over from Aishihik by horse and pack train with his family including son's wife. Apparently came across Raft Creek trail and then down the Big Arm. When he got to Gladstone Creek built signal smokes and one of Jacquot's boats went over and picked them up. Isaacs said he was 74 but he looks closer to 50. Apparently had been told of our interest in the "old people" by Moose Johnson et al. in Burwash. Spoke of the first white men to come into the country, apparently for trading up the Yukon River. Traders were (in order of time) Kirby, Manning, Harper and Jack Dalton.

Manning and Harper apparently overlapped in time and were competitors. Spoke of paddle-wheel steamers used by these men up the Yukon R. and apparently well up the Nisling River. Isaacs explained use of fish trap we saw at Bridge Creek, as per sketch. Trap tilted up on bottom of stream. Fish forced up into it, but couldn't get back out because of sharpened sticks, which were closer to water level than I've drawn them. Fish come to sticks stuck in bottom and jump over them right into trap.



Killed with clubs. Salmon traps used at Tin Cup Lake and elsewhere are long conical affairs: 6-8 ft. long and about 2' diameter at large end. Made of small poles which are lashed around the outside of a series of tapering hoops which are placed 18" apart. Salmon swim into this and become wedged tight, when trap is full they are killed by stabbing with bone point. Isaacs also described fish spear which he had once found a part of over at Aishihik. This apparently the familiar type used in northwest only he spoke of the barbs as made of copper. He also once found a bone, barbed point possibly about 8" long.

He spoke of the birch bark canoes formerly used on the Yukon River - mentioned their extreme tippiness and said only an Indian who knew could paddle one by kneeling quietly in bottom and taking quick short chop strokes to either side with single - bladed paddle.

One of his best stories was about how the old people used to hunt bear. (He and all other Indians we've met up here have a very healthy respect for bears and never mess with them.) The brave stalked the bear to close, very close range, then tried to put one killing arrow into him; immediately he flattened to ground under disguise of gopher skin robe and played possum until bear had quit thrashing around. A nervy procedure!



Fireweed above Kluane Lake, Mile 1074

To be continued

ANTON MONEY - continued

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

On his last pack trip for the season, Money was camped at the Tanzilla River when two bearded prospectors arrived. Money recognized them as Hugh Ford and Bill Grady whom he had met previously in Telegraph Creek. They had made a good gold strike on Eagle River, twenty miles beyond the head of Dease Lake. Over tea, Grady pulled out his poke and spilled the nuggets out onto a canvas ground sheet. (Money states that it was fifty years ago and he remembers the moment and wonders still at the lure and magic of the gold.) He held the nuggets in his hand and yielded completely to gold fever. He knew what he had to do. He must beat the rush and stake his claim. Surely the prospectors had told the story to someone in Dease Lake and they would be getting ready to go in and stake claims near the discovery.

He was up before dawn, built a cache to store his outfit, loaded his and his dog's packs very light and hit the trail. He had fifty miles to go and he must beat the Dease Lake miners to the strike. Six miles from the location, he noticed a lot of boot and moccasin tracks on the trail and at least some of the miners were ahead of him. It was too dark to travel that night but again he was away at first light in the morning, pushing himself and his dogs to the limit. Ten miners beat him to the claims but he had beat the main bunch. Shortly he had staked his claim 1000 by 250 feet, and he called it eleven above discovery. It was the happiest moment of his life; he now owned his own gold claim. He scouted

the area for the next two days, noting things like game and firewood and building logs. By the time he left, 22 claims had been staked above the discovery claim.

Money and his dogs headed back to Telegraph Creek to record his claims with Harry Dodd, the Gold Commissioner. The last boat of the season was loading but Money paid it little notice. He had other things to get done this winter and no other spot on earth interested him more.

That winter he obtained some 12 foot lumber to build a 12 foot sluice box. He made 5 trips that winter with his dogs to the claim. At 200 miles for a round trip means they covered 1000 miles before spring. The last trip, Money left his dogs at Telegraph Creek to be looked after by the owner of the Stikine Hotel. That way he would not need to purchase and store dog food for the summer at his claim. Towards spring, Money relates an interesting story. It seems an Indian 50 miles from Lower Post near the Yukon Border had stolen some furs from someone else's traps. Harry Dodd, the Gold Commissioner was the law of the land at the time and no one really knows of his actual authority, if any. At any rate he sent word to the Indian to appear at Telegraph Creek to answer to the charges. The request went by word of mouth or moccasin telegraph as it was known. First to an Indian Pack Train headed to Dease Lake. They passed it on to a prospector going to McDame Creek. Then a Hudson's Bay barge gave it to the trader at Lower Post and finally a local Indian relayed it the last 50 miles. This took 5 weeks before it reached the offender in his fishing camp. Two days later, he started the 300 mile walk to Telegraph Creek. Dodd could have his credit cut off at the trading posts so he had no alternative but to face whatever might be in store for him. One day as Money was standing outside Dodd's office, talking to some friends, Dodd called them all over and stated "This is a trial and court is open." The Indian admitted his guilt and was sentenced to two months at hard labor. He was taken to a tent and left without supervision for the two months. He was brought a huge supply of 4 ft. logs to be cut and split into stove length firewood. He was free to come and go for his own supplies and water and there was no question that he would try to escape. He served his time and walked back to Lower Post.

Money leaves the next day for his claim. On arrival he finds tents set up for a mile or so. One enterprising individual has set up a roadhouse. Eggs are 1.00 each, with a meal 2.00 and a bunk for the night was 1.00. There was no mention of how old the eggs might be.

Through the short summer he dug and grubbed, built a dam, cut trenches down to bedrock, washed gravel and looked for gold. By the end of summer, he had only two ounces of gold and he had enough. He sold his claim to another stamper for a pound of tea and a half pound plug of pipe tobacco. In that brief, bitter experience is told much of the story of gold stampedes. On his way back to Telegraph Creek he met many stampedes on their way in, fired with the dream of gold. The dream dies hard—as many of them were to prove.

He was in Dease Lake in June of 1925 when he met an old friend, Amos Godfrey, who he had shared a room with in Wrangel, Alaska two years previous. Amos had a deal with a

Vancouver mining company to check out a silver-lead deposit near Frances Lake in the southeast Yukon. Amos invited Money to come along and he instantly agreed and shook hands on it.

Only a few Hudson's Bay men had been to Frances Lake and there were no maps of the area and the Indians were rumored to be very dangerous. They did not like white men in their trapping area. As no boats were available to buy, they whipsawed some lumber and built their own and named it "The come what may." It took 14 long days of hard labor on the whipsaw before the boat was ready. Each day they heard new rumors of a gold strike somewhere and almost left several times but finally decided they had to see the current venture through. Finally they built a steering sweep, 2 sixteen foot poles and a mast. Finally a sheet of canvas sewn to a half inch rope for a sail. The last move was to mix some spruce pitch with some moose fat and caulk all the seams in the boat. They shoved off and raised the sail at daybreak. In five hours they made 28 miles. Next, the Cottonwood Rapids.

To be continued

The Cameron's first 50 Years
copied from The Whitehorse Star in 1978 entitled "50 Years AGO"

Submitted by Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)



AS INFAMOUS PAPER CARRIER in Riverdale, Martha Cameron pedals the Yukon River door-to-door every week for The Star's "50 Years AGO" column. Over the past month, she has taken over her grandson's route while his broken arm mends.

(see caption next page)

"An infamous paper carrier in Riverdale, Martha Cameron pedals the Yukon News door-to-door every week via her 'Free Spirit' tricycle. Over the past month, she has taken over her grandson's route while his broken arm mends."



Fifty years ago last Friday, G.I. Cameron and Martha exchanged vows in St. Pauls Cathedral in Dawson City.

Since married constables were forbidden in the territory at the time, G.I. had to give up his career with the RCMP to take a bride.

Article by Suzanne Mason

"They say the Mountie always gets his man. Well, in my case it was the other way around," said Martha Cameron, who celebrated her 50th Wedding Anniversary with her husband G.I. (Cam) last Friday in Whitehorse. Friends came from near and far to help Mr. and Mrs. Yukon of 1975 celebrate their golden day at the Masonic Hall. Martha, who was born in Dawson City in 1904, met her future husband upon his arrival in the Yukon 21 years later from the Trois Rivieres, Quebec. "After some careful angling, he took the bait," but Martha admitted she had a tough time "actually landing him." Back in those days, she said, it was difficult for an RCMP officer to obtain permission to marry.

After three years of courting, the couple were given the go-ahead from the officer in charge to tie the knot. However, as luck would have it, the officer died of a heart attack at the annual ball, and his successor nixed their wedding plans. No married Constables in the territory," said Martha, "and that was that." Cam chose to marry anyway, and on June 16th, 1928, he purchased his discharge from the force and made Martha his bride in St. Paul's Cathedral in Dawson City.

The newlyweds headed for Ottawa to start their life together, "but things never panned out during those Depression years, no matter how hard we worked," said Martha. In 1934, they moved to Vancouver and Cam rejoined the RCMP.

Cam was posted to the community of Fort Selkirk in the Yukon, located half-way between Whitehorse and Carmacks on the Yukon River. For 14 years Cam led police patrols by horse and dog teams, while Martha kept the home fires burning in their small cabin.

Despite the isolation of the community and a population of about 15 whites and a few Indians, the Camerons seldom had an idle moment. With no modern conveniences in their cabin, "we didn't need any 'keep fit' classes in those days" said Martha. "We were always busy in that small village. We had wood to cut, water to carry (or the pump when it worked.) In winter cutting a hole in the ice, or melting snow for the washing. It was a full time job cooking and sewing, with knitting and crocheting as well."

Cam often spent three to four weeks out on patrol and there was no way for the couple to keep in touch while he was away.

Martha remembers one such expedition in March when a storm was blowing outside and her husband was overdue. Her little girl, Ione (who is now the Mayor of Whitehorse,) turned to her and said, "Mommy, I wonder if the coyotes have eaten Daddy yet?"

When policeman were away, their wives were often called upon to take their place "most unofficially, of course," Martha chuckled. She has never forgotten the night when a missionary rapped on her door. He told her there was trouble in the Indian village and asked her to help out.

"I took the leg irons and handcuffs (I had never seen Cam use them, but he was many miles away) Martha said. "It seemed like the logical way to keep the man quiet until he slept off the effects of the home brew." The missionary held the man down while Martha put on the handcuffs "and for good measure, the leg irons." She said she went home and worried all night about it. "I'd done something I had no right to do and knew nothing at all about. But the deed was done." The next morning, Martha went back to her prisoner's cabin to set him free, fully expecting him to try and get even with her.

"But no," she said, "Selkirk Indians after that said policewoman worse than policeman!." The Selkirk detachment had no prisoner cell. The Camerons had to guard prisoners 24 hours a day in their house. Since they had no indoor plumbing, guard duty also meant accompanying them to the "outhouse."

Cam and Martha were also in charge of medical services for the community. Cam pulled teeth and the odd bit of stitching if necessary, while Martha handled the medicine and first aid chest for the community. She remembers the first needle she ever administered - to a lemon - to practice the procedure. "I decided to go it alone, and my first patient was an excellent model," she said "That's the best needle I ever had, he said, so it never bothered me after that."

On patrols to isolated trappers, Cam sometimes found some of them dead, and buried them; and others ill, whom he looked after them himself, or brought them to a hospital. As the years passed at Fort Selkirk, the community began to see signs of progress. When weekly air service was brought in, Martha was given a contract to maintain the landing field. The company sent her a two-ton cat and roller, "which was a pleasure to have, I must say. All the kiddies could ride as I went up and down the field," Martha said.

Martha remembers one occasion when a planeload bound for Fairbanks from Texas kept coming back each night because of weather conditions. "Then one of our Indians made medicine for them, and the next day they DID get through," she said. The community also acquired two-way radio eventually. "I would read the Dawson news over the air once a week. By spring I had built up quite an audience," Martha said.

Cam had a particularly memorable experience during one of his patrols, about 50 miles outside Dawson City, at Sulpher Creek. An oldtimer "had gone off his rocker" and the police were called in to calm him down. The Mounties hitched up the horses and set out for his cabin. They laid down in the snow behind and in front of the cabin and exchanged fire with the old man. When the old man opened the door, Cam aimed his revolver at him. Nothing happened. The gun was frozen. "He looked down at me and pulled the trigger," Cam recalled. "I saw a flash of fire and froze in more ways than one." His opponent's gun was useless - ice had formed in the barrel. The gunfight lasted another couple of days until "we peppered the place," Cam said. When the Mounties rushed into the cabin they found the oldtimer dead. The coldest night Cam ever heard of in Fort

Selkirk was -86 degrees F. "but I was 'stuck' in Whitehorse, fortunately," he said, "during a Pot Pourri session."

His wife, though, wasn't. She related to the Pot Pourri audience how she and a friend, with scarves around their faces, walked about half a mile to the airport on that day "just to prove you can stand the weather." "I've seen some cold winters," she said, "but I have yet to suffer from the cold." However, on most cold winter days, she nailed blankets over the doors and only opened them once a day to bring in wood and empty out the ashes. On less cruel days, Martha said the days were never long enough. Everyone went snow-shoeing, skating, and skiing in town after clearing off the river.

Spring break-up was viewed by the villagers from the top of Victoria Mountain where they gathered their first spring flowers. "Then the first BOAT, an annual highlight." said Martha. "This was May, and on Mother's Day it was a treat to let Mom climb the mountains for a picnic," she recalled. "There was still enough snow in the draws to make a good pot of tea."

Other highlights of the couple's years at Fort Selkirk were the ice-cream parties in the summer. River ice was hauled by dogteam in the spring and stored in an old cellar full of sawdust to make the ice-cream. The Camerons had two huge ice-cream freezers, the hand-cranking kind. "When the trappers came in to get their outfits, there would be a big ice-cream feed ...lots of work, but it was fun." said Martha.

Their daughter, Ione, grew up learning how to handle a dog team and a gun "as well as the best of them." said Martha. She tried to teach her daughter at home, but "she soon knew more than I did" so Ione was sent to a Vancouver boarding school. Ione's kindergarten teacher at the little school in the community was Pierre Berton's mother – Laura Thompson at the time.

Upon his retirement from the police force in 1949, Cam moved his family to Whitehorse where he worked for the territorial government in a number of positions. Cam is now Sergeant-at-Arms in the Legislative Assembly.

HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL

by Joyce Yardley

We've been running all day on this rough frozen lake.
The dogs pull the sleigh, but my legs how they ache!
The dogs feet are sore, I can tell by their wail,
But we have to deliver his majesty's mail.

We're reaching the shore line; I think we'll rest here.
We're not behind schedule...there's nothing to fear.
I kindle a camp fire and get the dogs fed,
Then pull down some spruce boughs to serve as a bed.

My buffalo robe is worn and it's old
No longer able to keep out the cold.
Howling away at the moon big and bright,
Somehow the huskies are restless tonight.

The long night has ended, we mush on our way.
The post is in sight now- they heave on the sleigh.
Their steps start to quicken- they're wagging their tail,
For they know they've delivered...his majesty's mail.

Dedicated to the memory of a friend:
Constable G.I. Cameron,
member of the Order of Canada
Photographed on his 95th birthday.



Duff Pattullo

A Yukon Nugget –
By Les McLaughlin

Part two:

In the spring of 1898, Duff Pattullo, was travelling with a federal government contingent that had spent the winter at Big Salmon, and now continued to Dawson. But Pattullo was at odds with his boss, Major Walsh, a former Mountie who was being sent to the Yukon to help establish order in the Klondike.

In May of 1898, they arrived in Dawson City, a city clogged with men, material, and mud. Front Street was lined with clapboard buildings, many of which housed saloons. It seemed like total chaos, but Pattullo immediately took a liking to the street with its carnival atmosphere and expensive booze.

Still there was government work to do and on June 13, 1898, the Yukon Act was proclaimed and Pattullo served briefly as Secretary to the first elected Yukon Council.

By mid-August, his boss James Walsh had become embroiled in a scandal over gold claims. Walsh left the Yukon and Pattullo went with him.

However, by late October Pattullo was back in Dawson carrying many official government documents from the powerful federal Minister of the Interior, Clifford Sifton. One of those documents was very important to Frank Nantuk, a native who had been convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to hang. Nantuk's sentence was commuted to life in prison.

Pattullo expected to be named as Principle Secretary to the new Commissioner, William Ogilvie. The Commissioner, however vetoed the idea and Pattullo was instead offered a civil service job in the Gold Commissioner's office. Ogilvie claimed that "the boy's drinking and rebellious spirit" did not amuse him and ordered Pattullo instead to report to Fort Selkirk as the government timber agent.

It was the spring of 1899 before Sifton became aware of Pattullo's fate and of Ogilvie's interference in the appointment. Bad enough that Ogilvie had overruled the powerful federal Minister, but when he complained to Sifton that such detailed management was better left to officials in the Yukon, Ogilvie's days as Commissioner were numbered.

In the summer of 1899, Pattullo was acting assistant Gold Commissioner. It was a job the 26-year-old budding bureaucrat took seriously but he was consistently passed over for the top job - that of gold commissioner. In October, he quit the public service and went into private business selling real estate. However, the boom days of Dawson were over. He could barely eke out a living, but he developed a keen interest in politics. In February 1903, he was elected to the executive committee of the Dawson Liberal Club. He also declared himself a candidate for civic office and in January 1904 finished third in a slate of twenty-four candidates for six positions on Dawson City Council.

The die was cast. Pattullo, now a city Alderman, became deeply embroiled in the ruthless Dawson game of federal politics. As a Liberal, he opposed the Liberal appointed Commissioner Frank Congdon who he felt had a complete lack of political finesse.

By now, the federal Liberals were taking notice. Pattullo wrote to both Sifton and Prime Minister Wilfred Laurier to vilify Congdon as "unreliable, unpolitical, weak and wholly

lacking in ordinary judgment." Congdon's troops replied that Pattullo and his bunch were "a gang of bums."

When the federal election campaign began, the Yukon Liberal Association, controlled by Pattullo, withdrew their support for the official liberal candidate, Congdon and endorsed the Conservative candidate, Andrew Thompson. On election Pattullo had reason to celebrate Thompson won in a landslide.

Now Pattullo was like a wolf on the chase, but there were no more chases in dwindling Dawson town. Young Duff had faced the rigours of the '98 trail, fought the bureaucratic battles and took part in the most bitter election campaign in Yukon history. In the summer of 1908 all this ended. But the political career of Thomas Dufferin Pattullo had just begun.

His move to Prince Rupert set the stage for his entry into British Columbia politics that culminated when he was elected B.C. Premier on November 15, 1933, a post he held until his retirement in December of 1941. Not surprisingly, Pattullo was the first B.C. Premier to suggest that the future of the Yukon lay in joining the Province of British Columbia. He died in March 30, 1956.

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



Whitehorse 1944-45.

The only home that was similar to home.

Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter (In Abbotsford BC)

This one looks like the Litzenberger house corner 3rd and Lambert St. – that's who lived in it in the 50's who lived in it before I can't remember.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse)

I thought the house faced on to 3rd Ave., not Lambert. The fellow who built the house if it is the one, was Army something you did a story on him all ready he was the skier that built the first ski jump across the river. If it is the house it was kitty corner across from the school.

Ask Ralph Lortie he was the sports man of the day. Their son I think went on to play a season or so in the N.H.L. his name was Eddy Litzenberger.

Upon more reflection, Fred is perhaps right about the house, the shadows in the snow suggest the play ground at the school.

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

This house, on the northeast corner of 3rd Ave. and Lambert St. (kitty-corner from the Lambert St School), was the residence of Whitehorse judges and magistrates.

I'm not sure if Mr. Litzenberger was a judge or magistrate. I know of two Litzenberger sons, Eddie (the NHL player with the Chicago Black Hawks) & George, who went to school in Whitehorse. You might check with some of the guys a few years older than me (Dan Vars, Les McLaughlin, et al) to find out more about George. I remember him as a pudgy kid.

After the Litzenberger occupancy came Judge Gibbens and Judge Adams. Both Barbara Gibbens and Arthur Adams were classmates of mine, Barb earlier and Art at graduation. I think Barbara is a MocTel subscriber.

I used to have a hockey card of Eddie Litzenberger. Also, when I was in Melville, SK to play hockey, I met a few cousins by the same name.

By the way, the house faces onto Lambert St.

Ed Litzenberger was an NHL star for many years, with Detroit and Toronto as well as Chicago.

His hockey career was underway by the time the Litzenbergers came to Whitehorse, so we didn't see much of him. I do recall that he did visit Whitehorse one summer.

Cheers.

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

I think Ralph is right about Ed Litzenberger. He may have visited Whitehorse but certainly didn't live there.

Would be interesting to find out more about his family.

Anyway here is his impressive NHL bio. FYI: I also HAD an Eddie Litzenberger hockey card. So did Danny Vars.

Weldon would be referring to Arnie Anderson, the skier.

Centre/right-winger Ed Litzenberger played over 600 NHL games for four different clubs in the 50s and 60s. He was a fine goal scorer who once hit the 30-goal mark three consecutive seasons.

Born in Neudorf, Saskatchewan, Litzenberger was a scoring star in junior with the Regina Pats. In 1950-51, he led the league with 44 goals in 40 games and was the leading point producer in the playoffs. In 1952-53, he played a pair of games for the parent Montreal Canadiens but spent most of his first two years as a pro with the Montreal Royals of the Quebec League. In 1953, he was presented the William Northey trophy as the league's top rookie after a 26-goal performance and was placed on the second all-star team in 1954.

The talented forward began the 1954-55 season in Montreal but the club had too many good players. In December, he was traded to the Chicago Black Hawks for cash. Litzenbeger blossomed with the increased ice time and scored 40 points in the last 40 games of the season. Chicago missed the playoffs, but their new addition was named the Calder trophy winner.

By the late 1950s Litzenberger was one of the league's most reliable scorers. He notched three straight 30-goal seasons and was named to the NHL second all-star team in 1957. He often formed a solid line with Bobby Hull and Lorne Ferguson. Between 1958 and 1961, the steady veteran served as the Hawks' team captain. In 1961, he helped the team win its first Stanley Cup since 1938.

During his last three years in the league, Litzenberger was a solid role player on the Detroit Red Wings and Toronto Maple Leafs. Before retiring, he helped Toronto win

three consecutive Stanley Cups between 1962 and 1964. Litzenger retired in 1966 after splitting the year between the WHL's Victoria Maple Leafs and the Rochester Americans of the AHL.

Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Mississauga ON)

I have run out of time to contact Dan Vars and Barbara Gibbens on this one. So if they have any comments please send them to me when you read this. – Sherron



The last Robin

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

MocTel 223 correction, etc.

It was a pleasure to see an old photo of my Dad, Les Millen, Mike Comadina, and others given to John Gould by my sister, Louisa Maguire, (name spelling corrected) in the last MocTel and also those sent in by Marlene McLennan of the Milky Way, A. Borealis, and the E. Penguins which reminded me how vast and beautiful is this universe.

Sincerely,

Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

LES MILLEN

My Dad's sister, Doris, a legal secretary in Vancouver, put him in touch with someone connected to the firm she worked for and YCGC, and this man told him that if he could get passage to Dawson, he'd have a job on the dredge, so he did.

I don't know the year, but it may have been around 1939. In his spare time, he catalogued the records at the radio station, CFYT, (most of the sleeves for the transcription records have his writing on them) and played music over the air. It was listening to his voice and the music he chose that drew my mother's attention to him. They met, married, built a house on the north side of Dawson, and then the army stationed him in Chilliwack with the military police where he developed skill in marksmanship and taught it during the latter war years. When he was on leave, he went to Vancouver and produced two records, 45's, one with the Warsaw Concerto playing in the background, to express his romantic sentiments for my mother, who had returned to Quebec in 1946 to have her first baby, Louise (Louisa).

By the fall, I think, of that year they had returned to Dawson, for I was born in the old hospital on the north hill in 1947, and I think it was at this time that my Dad did many diverse jobs, such as delivering the mail around the Loop, hauling trappers, their sleds, and dogs to their trap lines, delivering water to residents, working as a projectionist for his friends, Chuck and Tommie Grey or Gray, who were in the signal corps, and who owned the Orpheum Theatre, working on the DEW Line, and being a clerk in the NC store.

During this time, he had a darkroom for developing pictures in our house, and when he found old glass plate negatives that photographers, Larss & Duclos, Adams & Larkin, Ellingsen, and others had taken and left behind, he developed them. They span the years 1898 to about 1905. In all, he made five bound books of these photos that attest to Dawson's glory days. I think he gave a set to George Murdoch, who owned a jewelry store in Dawson and who let him design jewelry for my mother and his sister. And I think the Archives in Ottawa also have a set.

Probably around 1955, Noel Pennington, who was Collector of Customs in Dawson, talked him into applying for the position of Customs Officer in Dawson. He did and received it. I think Noel taught him almost everything, and my Dad liked and respected him immensely. As well, he enjoyed his career, studied, took government exams, some of which were presided over by Mary Gartside, principal of the public school, and received his fourth grade, the highest. After Noel's retirement, he was promoted to Collector of Customs, a position he held until his death in September 1969.

When he began work in Customs, we moved to a government house, the old and beautiful Telegraph Office, that had been hauled on skids many years before and deposited on its present location at the south end of 7th Avenue overlooking Minto Park, and here he no longer had a darkroom or the room to put one in. Still, he continued to take photos and was meticulous in documenting Dawson's unfolding years.

As for music, that love also remained, so when the capital moved to Whitehorse in the 50's and CFYT was shut down, he was offered his choice of records in recognition of the work he'd done at the station. As we grew up, we listened to the operettas, Naughty Marietta, Rio Rita, The Desert Song, and many others as well as recordings of The Great Gildersleeve, Jack Benny, the Lone Ranger, and more. It seems he was often intent on improving the quality of sound, so he built several stereos. In our teen years, he ensured we had our own to play Elvis Presley and our other favorites, but of course all music sounded better on his system.

Everything he did he did well, and I think that's an amazing statement to make about anyone.

So that's a little bit about my Dad, who was not in the signal corps. Rather a long answer to your brief query.

Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

PRINCESS SOPHIA

Thanks to all who raved about "The Sinking of the Princess Sophia: Taking the North Down with Her" by Coates and Morrison. My cousin Joann (Stevenson) Robertson and I are trying to fill in blanks in our family story. One blank had been held open by a misspelling, fixed by MocTel respondents. I bought the book online. Within minutes of its arrival, I had the whole story sorted out. The stories we had heard did not conflict; they all happened to the same man. Imagine suffering severe burns at one job; building your own successful business, only to get your arm amputated in your own equipment; selling out during a business downturn, only to be drowned in a shipwreck on your way to your next career. What is that saying? If it weren't for bad luck, he would have had no luck at all!

Our special thanks to Vivian Stuart, Dave Gairns and Sherron Jones for leading us to this information.

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

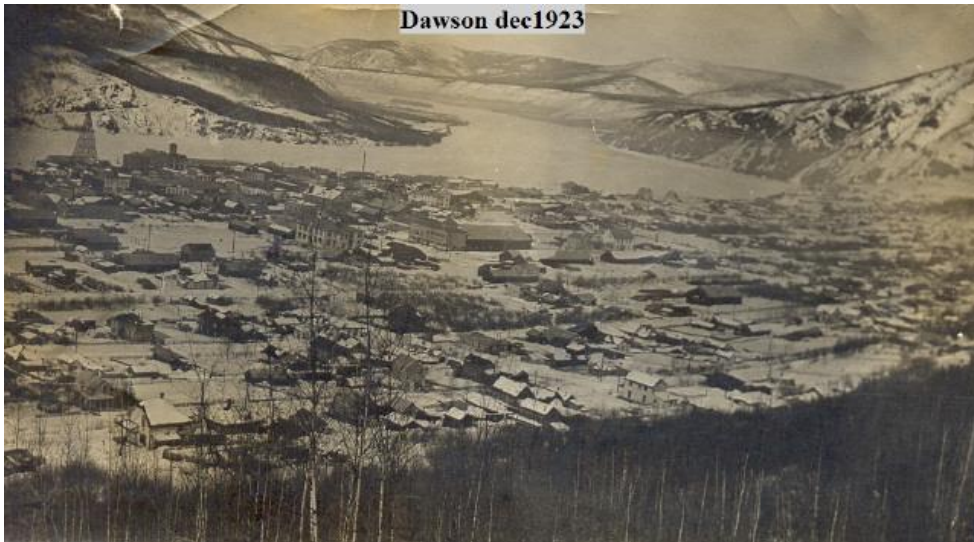
YUKONERS AT THE SOUTH POLE

Looking at the pictures of the South Pole reminds me that Pelly Construction of Whitehorse several years ago took on a very large contract to build some facilities down there. They loaded a barge in Vancouver with all the machinery and supplies they would need, went in and did a great job and came home. Pelly Construction and the owner,

Keith Byram were very well organized and received many kuddos. I wonder if we have any of their employees on the MT that could tell us the story. Have a safe trip.

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

*Hope someone will come forward with their recollections of the Pelly Construction trip. – Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca (In Vernon or Yuma)*



Dawson – December 1923

Photo copyright J.E.F. ‘Frank’ Hoggan

This one would be one taken by Johnny Hoggan (my grandfather). - Maribeth
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

WHO REMEMBERS CLEM EMINGER?

Sending you a couple of clippings I found in my mother’s diary. They are self-explanatory, and I’m sure other’s will remember the details about this pipe line and the hydro plant. The attachments above may provide a better picture, hopefully.

But the clippings are very old and fragile.

I’d sure be happy to hear from someone who still remembers Clem Eminger. I remember his name so vividly but have forgotten what he used to do for a living in Whitehorse. Evidently he worked for Scott and Phelps, but didn’t he also help Larry Higgins at the Liquor Store in those days? Only on special “busy periods” I think,

Maybe at Xmas time or when the US soldiers came and there were lo-o-o ng lineups on the street outside for “rations.” Before that, of course, Larry usually managed the store

and most of the city affairs by himself. So I guess my big question is: “Who remembers Clem Eminger ??”

Very likely it will be Harry Miller ...

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)



I am very surprised that there have not been stories on Clem Eminger before now. My memories of Clem are very clear. He & his partner were the ones who found the very large copper nugget in the White river area. Last I saw it was outside the door going into the McBride museum.

Also Aksel Porsild & Porsild family lived right next door to Clem Eminger; next to him was Martin Berrigan. All on Lambert Street between 2ND & 3RD.

Cheers Weldon.

Weldon Pinchin pinchin*gulfislands.com (On Mayne Island, VI)



BUILDING THE HYDRO: It was in 1949 that the hydro plant was built above Whitehorse, using water from Fish and Louise lakes. John Scott and John Phelps were responsible for the

project which today is still churning out the power. Phelps is shown in front with the late Clem Eminger, right. Erlam photo

Clem Eminger continued . . .

I recall the name and I believe he lived in a log cabin on Lambert Street and 2nd Ave. across the alley from where Peacock Sales is now.

I do remember the pipe line and Sparks place on the Fish Lake Road because we would go out there to pick high bush cranberries and my mother would always get stung by wasps. Don't know why but for some reason she would be the only one to get stung.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

Clem Eminger; He lived two houses down from us on Lambert Street, and in the forties was building the two log skyscrapers that are still there (did one burn down?) Clem at that time was an older bachelor; don't know what else he did for a living. He lived in a small log house with a companion named Ole Rollag, an old Norwegian who worked for my Dad one summer on camp demolition.

Hope this is helpful, Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

Hi again

AX [Aksel] & I have a different take on Clem Eminger & Martin Barenger.

Here is my story -

When we got out for lunch, the Porsild kids and I would run down to their house light the stove and heat up the lunch. This took time SOOO I would go over to Martin's place - he would have me sit on the seat and pedal the sand stone wheel so he could

sharpen his tools. He paid me a hand full of hard candy for my time. Then back to AX's and back to school.

If Clem or Rolly gave Martin a hand I never saw it. There were both the 2 story and the 3 story log pagodas as we called them, were left to the Catholic Church when Martin was called.

Lots of stories about the 3 story one - how was water delivered ? Honey wagon pick up ? And on an on.

Cheers Weldon Pinchin pinchin@gulfislands.com (On Mayne Island, VI)

Log Skyscraper / Pagoda

On the photo that I have of the log skyscrapers it says:

“A favourite camera subject with tourists, this 3 storey log skyscraper was built by Martin Berrigan in the 1940's to ease the housing shortage in Whitehorse when the 30,000 construction workers arrived to build the Alaska Highway.”

Dept. Travel & Info. Photo.

Mike Paolera mpaolera@telus.net (In Osoyoos BC)



Log Skyscraper – Whitehorse – 1944-45

Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter

RE THIS PHOTO IN MOCTEL 223



Buck Dixon's place on Kluane River

This story is blowing me away I do so wish Henry was here to read it he would enjoy it so much. This is my home land. This is a picture of the place where Grace was born and raised. It is taken from across the river this is the mouth of the Kluane River as it flows into Kluane Lake. I am loving the pictures in this story. Thanks again Sherron for all that you give us by making this paper available. I am soon hoping to get some time and do some writing about my trip this summer. Will phone Toot's and Kluane and tell them about this story and paper.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

OBIT

Hi Sherron I just wanted to let you know that **Mervin Peel died on Sept 25th** [2007] he was ill since May with heart and kidney failure We will be taking his ashes to the Yukon when our Son and Daughter can get the time off together. He is the last of his brothers and sisters.

Sincerely Pat Peel pattipeel*shaw.ca (In Powell River)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

My mother taught me RELIGION. - "You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Frozen Caramel Apple Cups

Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

Apple pie filling and ice cream team up in these easy-to-prepare dessert cups. Store in the freezer until serving time, then peel off the paper cups and drizzle with hot caramel sauce.

1 - 2 litre container of vanilla ice-cream
1 can of ED Smith Apple pie filling (chopped up)
1 teaspoon of cinnamon
1 jar of caramel sauce

Line 20 large muffin cups with paper baking cups. Spoon in the ice cream into a large mixing bowl. Beat until soft - but not melted. Stir in the apple pie filling and the cinnamon. Spoon in the mixture into the paper cups. Cover and return to the freezer until firm. Place in the refrigerator for about 15 mins before serving. To serve, remove paper linings from the cups. Drizzle each serving with caramel syrup (just a hint - if you warm the container of caramel sauce in a pot of warm water, it pours easier). This will serve 10 to 20 servings.

Preparation : 15 minutes
Freezing time: 4 hours

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

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