

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 225th Edition – October 21st, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Chipmunks eating sunflower seeds in the Sunflower dish.

They have now been evicted by the Squirrels.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT

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

Those Klondike trails tell many tales,
Of strong and hardy men,
Who braved the cold to search for gold.
Then searched and searched again.
And men of peace, the Mounted Police,
Who stood and held the law,
And brought renown to Dawson town,
Though small reward they saw.

Sad tales were told of the lost patrol,
Of the grief and pain they bore,

Of men who fell in that frozen Hell,
Then rose to fight once more.
One tale I heard, though a bit absurd,
Of a man who refused to bend,
Though he mused for days in a blizzards maze,
To cremate a frozen friend.

Those stories then, are all of men,
Men who were straight and true,
If aide they can, their fellow man,
There's naught they wouldn't do.
But I would dare to differ here,
And I'll back my bet with fight.
That the truly bold, in the rush for gold
Were the ladies of the night.

There were many who came to seek their fame,
And fortune in this land,
They'd earn their trove by selling love,
To serve the needs of man.
They all were strong and lasted long,
Though not all young and pretty.
With ready smile they made a pile,
In their cribs in Klondike City.

By nineteen one the rush was done.
Prospectors soon departed,
Though trade had slowed the girls were loathe
To go back where they had started.
Then dredges came to stake their claim,
And each dredge had its crew.
The girls closed shop, then opened up
On second avenue.

But then, in time, expenses climbed;
The gold reserves diminished,
Before the snow, the crews would go,
The day of the dredge was finished.
The mood in town, went down and down,
As workmen soon took flight.
And who stayed 'round and stood their ground?
The ladies of the night.

And so they stayed and plied their trade,
Though population faded.

Their incomes slow to record low,
As they grew old and jaded.
And if you took the time to look,
You'd find them up there still.
They stood the test and earned their rest,
In the graveyard on the hill.

Heroes come and heroes go,
The strongest bonds must sever.
Heroic tales of mighty males,
It seems will go on forever.
But just the same, I'll make the claim,
And I'll bet my poke I'm right,
The true heroes of the goldrush,
Were the ladies of the night.

© 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

Friday 30 July 1948

Fred and Hugh stayed behind today while I took all others with me back to Duke Meadows to do a real job on House #4. Had the boys finish trowelling out House#1 hearth while I cleared the ground at #4 and got preliminary descriptions.

Description of House #4, Duke Meadows

Present state = collapsed flat to ground by age and a large deadfall. In the center was a growing willow (*Salix glauca*) which by Drury's ring count was 68 yrs. old.

Later, the excavation showed that this willow had sprouted direct from occupation flow of house (also buried by 10 - 2" of silt, as in others) and as it had been flooded by silt, adventitious roots had branched out from the trunk. This time coincides nicely with the date on House #3 and approaches sufficiently the derived date for House #1, as that it can reasonably be stated that this group of dwellings were built and used at same time.

Superficially House #4 appears to have been a rectangular gabled house with vertical end walls (of undetermined height, but probably about 18"). Constructed of poles and logs 1"-10" diameter. Most of poles cut with steel axes but some look like adze cuts. Rafters laid over with poles from eaves to ridge. These roof poles appear large enough (average 2"-3") to have supported top cover of hides or moss-but not sod. Some split 1/2-logs on west side of roof near eaves.

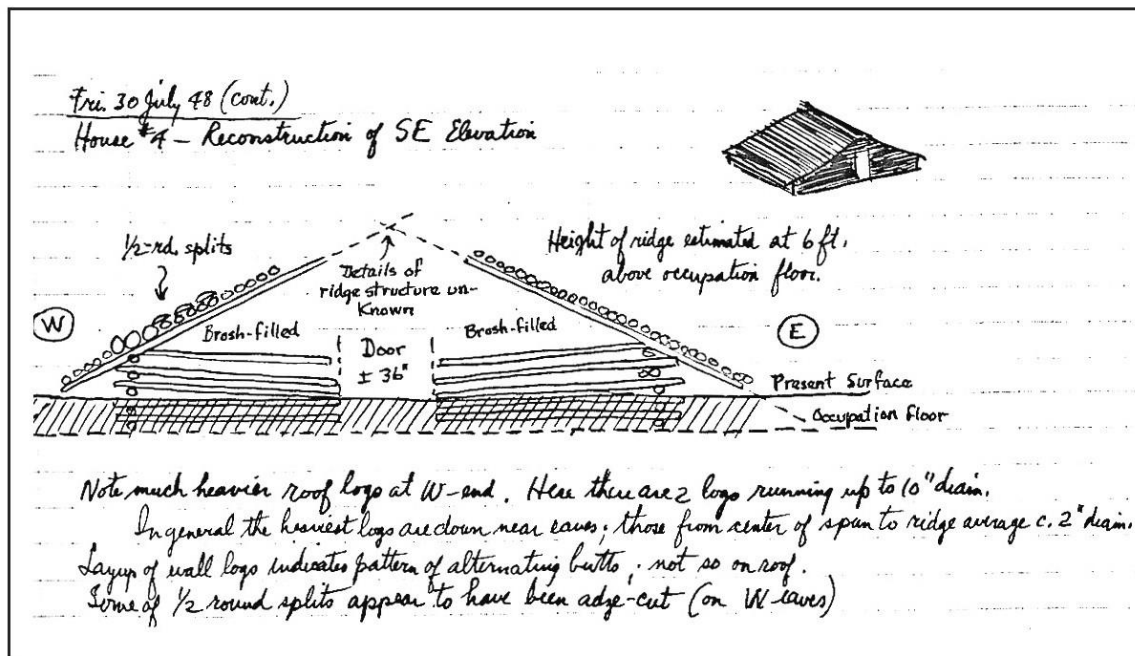
Shovelled test pit in SE corner of House #4 Bottom of lowest sill log (3"- 4" diameter) on east-wall c.12" below present surface. This appears to mark lowest and earliest habitation floor. Gray silt is here broken up by stratum full of spruce needles, twigs, bark, etc., and a few fragments of charcoal probably floated off hearth.

Joined by Drury and Karl and Dave after lunch, and shortly Hugh came along. Dug out middle of both long walls to establish door(s) and hearth. Gap of $\pm 36"$ in each wall indicates 2 doors. Large logs extended thru both doors towards center. They lie on top of hearth ash, and their inside ends are charred.

In SE corner found a bit of birch bark, a sharpened stick 4" long, and a sliver of bone.

In hearth area just inside N-door, at ash level, found a heat-cracked hammer stone or maul. The cracks were filled with the gray silt. Also 2 large fragments of burnt bone. Lowest sill logs are those on E and W ends of house. Secured at 5 PM and returned to camp. Cloudy, windy, cold day, but protected there in spruce woods and mosquitoes even bad at times-enough to light several smudges.

Friday July 30, 1948 House #4 Reconstruction



House #4 - Reconstruction of SE Elevation

Note much heavier roof logs at W-end. Here there are 2 logs running up to 10" diam. In general the heaviest logs are down near eaves; those from center of span to ridge average c. 2" diam. Layup of wall logs indicates pattern of alternating butts; not so on roof. Some of 1/2 round splits appear to have been adze-cut (on W eaves).

Fred drove up to MILE-1191 with Gene Jacquot to visit Paul and get lowdown from him.

Notes on conversation of Gene via Fred: Jack Dalton: Gene apparently knew him well: He established trail bearing his name which led from Haines up through Chilkoot Pass to Tatshenshini River, to Klukshu, to Dezadeash Lake and down Dezadeash River, across Shakwak valley on esker, through present Champagne, then NE thru Hoochei pass to Dawson (thus bypassing the feared Five Fingers Rapids in Lewes River at Whitehorse, Lake Bennett, etc.) Dalton a hard man, but fair. Hot-tempered. Ran pony express over above trail from Haines to Dawson. Ran fur trade at his post. A great traveller with extraordinary knowledge of how to get about in this country. Also did prospecting for mining companies staked claims on White R. and kept 2 men panning there one summer. Spent some time at Burwash. Once killed 2 men. Was he related to the old Dalton gang, the desperadoes?

On Joe family: the day before Copper Joe died he gathered Jimmie, Jessie and Mary about him and told them not to break up the family. They should live together happily. This resulted in upset of strong tradition which had already been broken anyhow: brothers and sisters not supposed to speak to one another or to live together “after they grow up” (puberty or marriage?). Also remarkable was fact that Copper Joe had not remarried when wife died (Jimmie about 12 then) and had insisted on bringing up his own children rather than farming them out to relatives “to become slaves” Jimmie was 12 in 1904.



Looking west to Donjek ranges across Duke River meadows

Gene described sheep skin clothing worn by people in winter. Pants and parka with fur in. No underclothes. This used occasionally even now, and one old man who died a few years ago wore nothing else except at times during summer when he put on some European clothes. Gene said the Indians are extraordinarily careful of the children and still make sheepskin clothing for them. Also make gopher skin clothes.

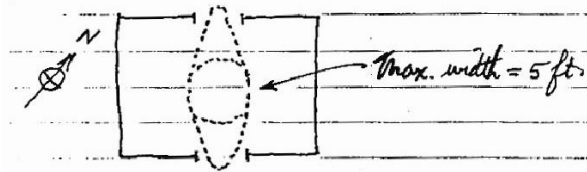
Saturday 31 July 1948

Clear, cold morning with threat of increasing cloudiness. All piled into wagon and drove down to Duke Meadows to finish the job on House #4. I carried on with the dig while Fred ranged the woods. Cf. my notes on his notes. Continued trowelling out same trenches begun yesterday.

X-section thru center line of doorways Ash is distinct reddish brown in color and is full of fragments bone (burned and unburned), mostly rabbit and gopher; also 2 large chunks as if moose or sheep.

Center of hearth mounded slightly above occupation floor—perhaps 1-2" and this concave in upper surface.

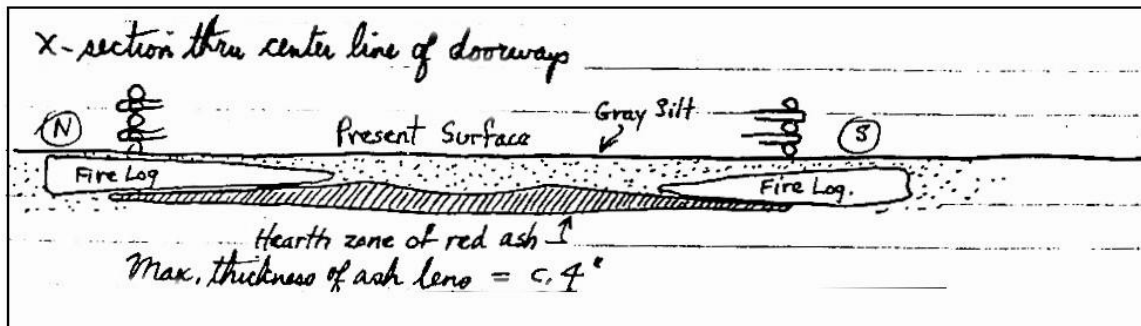
Sketch plan of hearth - House #4



Secured dig at 1 PM—no more significant finds.

From Fred's notes on ranging farther into the woods: House #2 built like House #4 and is practically identical.

The area in which the houses are found is on the old fan of the Duke River All the houses have been filled with 10" or more of flood silt. The floors of the houses are covered with spruce boughs laid on silt. The houses are spread along an old ditch in which water runs occasionally now. They extend for about 1/2 mile along this ditch as far as known now. The forest is about 200 yrs. old at a max. and is typical flood plain spruce forest. All around are old stumps, most being 4" diam. On average, but some are about 12". Many of these are cut with adze, others with steel axe.



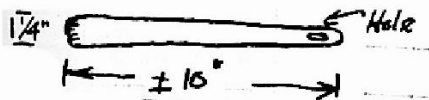
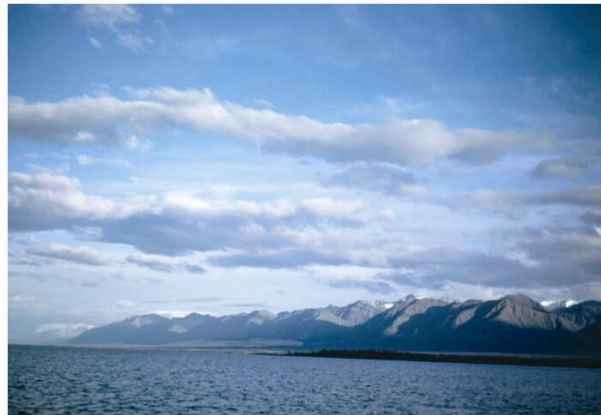
N-of the area of the 4 houses there were ruins of at least 6 others. These were made in the same manner, as #4 with variations. Some didn't have as many logs in the roof: one or 2 appeared to have but one or 2 logs. In one case a living tree had been cut off about 4' above ground and used as a door post. A second tree had been cut in the same way and used for one of the back corners. There seemed to be no particular orientation of the houses, but the locations of the doors could not be determined except in one case where at least one door faced SE, other long sides faced E, NE, etc.

In this same area there were many brush camps; some of them were close to houses and apparently later than them. Others were just scattered about.

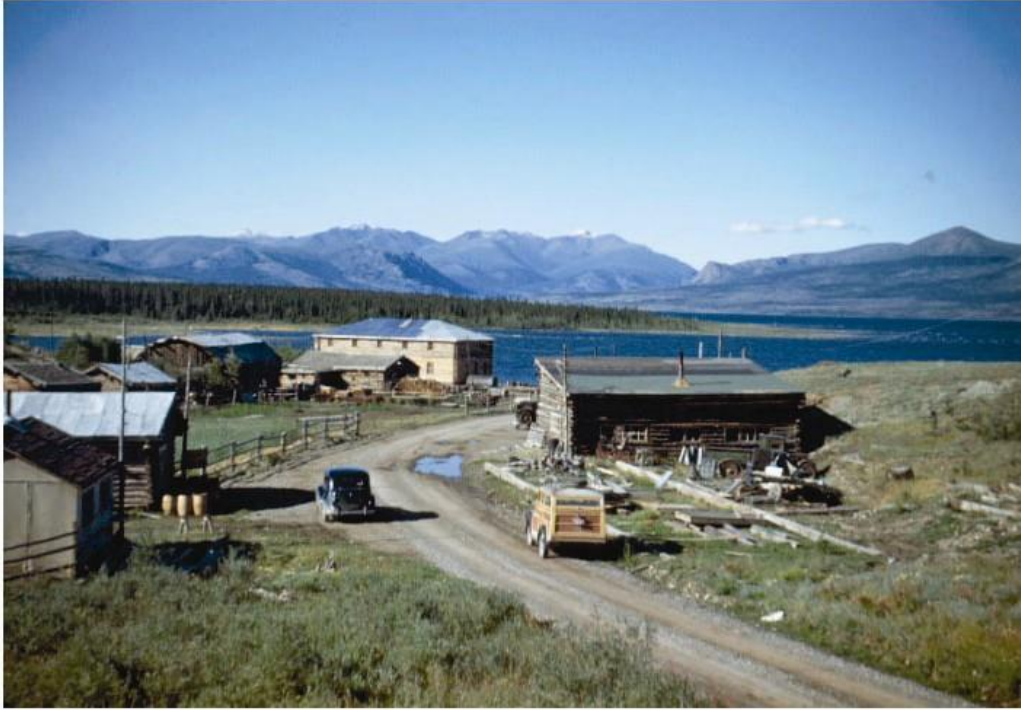
This seems to be an area in which people lived for sometime. The fires in the houses indicate long occupation, i.e. a winter or a season. The number of houses suggests a family group although no evidence to prove this so. Tentative dating points to an age of about 70 -100 yrs. Curious is fact that no one yet asked at Burwash remembers having heard of people camping in this area. (End of Fred's notes.)

After lunch, it began to sprinkle. Botanists began to collect on the meadows while Fred and I drove on down to Buck Dixon's (total length of this road from Highway to his cabin is 5.5 mile) Buck getting ready to leave on hunt. Joe Jacquot now working for him. Buck gave us permission to use his boat to cross over river anytime. He spoke of many old camps on other side, on the bluff, up in the poplars. Also said Indians camped not too long ago on the meadows up near Highway. (The meadows are alive with gophers, and Dave and Karl reported seeing many spring poles for snares there.) Buck showed us an old iron ulu that his father had found there in the garden, and a bone scraper for fleshing small animal hides which he had found: this made of flat split bone of moose leg, and hole in end probably for carrying on thong.

On Kluane Lake- looking south to Kaskawulsh



Buck said Indians used to cross river here in skin boats, and once he found remains of one up on the White River: wood frame laced together with thongs and whole covered with 2 mooseskins. Took 2 men about 2 days to make one. Used to cache them for long use. Skins could always be reclaimed by soaking and removing from frames.



Burwash Landing



Mission school at Burwash Landing

By the time we got back to camp it was raining hard and continued so all evening. As mail hadn't come in, Fred and Bill and I went back for it (after having dinner in the cook tent where it was warm and dry). Letter and paper and book from Elaine in Vancouver (all well). Over to the beer parlor and had a couple of bottles served up by old Bert of

the long and stringy white beard. Got him to talking about his early days up here in the '98 and in the later, smaller stampede around Kluane and Burwash Creek. He spoke of some of the fabulous strikes in the Klondike where as much as a million \$ came out of a 500 ft. claim. Must get some more of that dope.

Constant rain all night long—looks like we're in for a good run from the NW.

To be continued

ANTON MONEY - continued

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

Before retiring for the night, Money walked downstream to have a look at the rapids. There were a lot of large rocks sticking out of the raging water on a diagonal line across the river. A particularly large rock in the middle of the river would be the one to watch out for as to smash against it would certainly end their trip right there. Missing it would be tricky work with the oars. After a hearty breakfast they launched the Come What May into the cauldron of white water. Money and his friend Amos rowed for their lives and worked the sweep with their last ounce of strength. Just above the big rock, the boat almost turned sideways which they knew meant disaster. They managed to right the boat and almost scraped the big rock on the way by it. A few minutes later, they were resting in quiet water getting their breath back. Money's first introduction to white water. Before the summer was out, the cottonwood rapids would seem like a merry ride on a roller coaster.

They pulled in at the McDame Creek Post of the Hudson's Bay Company where they were greeted by Mike Larsen, the trader in charge. They camped in a vacant cabin at the Post that night. This was as far as either of them had ever been and from here on would be totally new country to both of them. They knew they could expect plenty of bad water. Prior to leaving, Larsen told them of two dangerous canyons that they would confront in the last few miles of the Dease River. They left the Post in the early afternoon expecting to make a few miles downstream and find a good campsite. No sooner were they around the first bend when they were confronted with a narrow canyon with a three foot fall at the bottom end. They sped down the canyon, narrowly missing a rock wall, shot over the rapids into a thirty foot whirlpool. Round they went with the whirlpool and Money noticed that in the centre, water was disappearing with a large sucking noise, similar to a drain when the plug is pulled. Money jabbed his oar into a rock wall while Amos pulled on the sweep for all his might and they shot out of the whirlpool and went madly downstream. The river widened and gravel bars appeared along with a large flock of Canada Geese preening themselves in the sun. As they approached, the Geese ran down the bar gaining speed and took off in unison.

Soon, they were approaching the first canyon mentioned by Larsen. The white water warned them in advance and they pulled in to shore to look it over. This set of rapids had

a six foot fall and several sets of whirlpools. They decided not to risk running the rapids and to line the boat down. One man with a rope on shore ahead of the boat to effect whatever steerage he could endeavor and one behind with a rope to hold back as much as possible. They made camp knowing that if they were successful with these rapids, much worse rapids would greet them a mile downstream. Money had difficulty sleeping and later noticed a Grizzly in their boat, no doubt searching for the bacon he could smell. Money fired a shot over the Grizzlies back and the bear headed for the bush. There was no sleep for either of them that night, fearing that the bear might be back. Lining the boat downstream proved to be easier than they first thought, although both men were soaked to the skin. A kingfisher watched them make their way down, displaying his brilliant colors as it flashed in the sun. Money rowed at a leisurely pace and Amos was idle on the sweep until they rounded the next bend where they could hear the roar of the canyon and the rapids below. At the same time they saw foaming whitecaps tossing spray ten feet into the air as it bounced off a rock wall. A row of rocks existed clear to the other side of the river but the far bank looked calmer. Shouting to each other above the din, they agreed to pull for the far side. On reaching it, they found the water shallower and faster. Both men leapt into the water with lines. Slipping and sliding on the rocks, they found some pools of water over their head. Little by little, they regained control of the boat and within an hour had lined it through the difficult canyon. The Come What May had shown its true colors, bruised and battered, she showed no sign of a crack.

Now the river widened out and the country flattened out. They could see no mountains and were about to enter the great Liard River. Lower Post would be a half mile upstream on the Liard. They decided to camp there for a couple of days to see what they could find out about the upper Liard River and the Frances River. The Indian population consisted of about fifty children and adults, mostly wearing skin clothing. It was plain that white men were an uncommon site. The Indians would not tell them much except the Liard was very dangerous and they knew nothing of the Frances River or Frances Lake. The Liard had names like Rapids of the Drowned, Whirlpool Rapids, and Hells Gate. They would just have to fight the current upstream and find out for themselves although they expected a lot of trouble.

The second evening at the Post, a big Swede came down the river in a thirty two foot dugout canoe made from the trunk of a cottonwood tree. He was invited to join them for the evening meal and tell them about the upper Liard. He described the canyon six miles above the post and said he did not think they could get through there by poling their boat upstream. The canyon had sheer walls and there was no room on shore for a man to stand with a line. The water was very high and swift. His advice was to abandon the boat and walk overland. He knew nothing about the Frances River but had heard several bad stories about it again suggesting they would have to travel on foot. Their outfit was too heavy for that so win or loose, they would have to stay on the river.

Later in the evening they had another visitor. A fifteen year old Indian girl wanted to travel with them to Frances Lake. She could cook and mend clothes and made good moccasins. She was cleaner than most Indians and attractive and had a happy smile.

However neither Money nor Amos was interested in the arrangement, so they sent her away, very disappointed.

Money relates at this point that if he lives to be a hundred, he will never forget the canyons in the Liard and the Frances. They pushed out into the Liard at daybreak after four days of rest. The river at this point is a thousand feet wide and quite gentle, but there were places where their seven foot poles could not touch bottom. They were leaving civilization and may not see another white man until they returned in the fall, assuming they lived to come back. Poling the large boat upstream was not easy. Put the pole too far out and you would push the boat to shore. Too close to the boat and the pole went under the boat and you either lost the pole or went in after it. After two dunkings, Money thought he had it figured out. It was mid July and both men sweated with the hard work in the hot sun. The first six miles was relatively easy – and then the first canyon, complete with white water.

To be continued



Old Man Winter

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Oct 16, 2007 - I finally got a picture of him.
It snowed a few days later our first snow too on 15 Oct 2007, all gone now we have a
false spring on us at the moment. – Doug



Who remembers this in Whitehorse?
War Department Theater 1 – Dark Waters now showing – 1944-45.
Photo courtesy Lucinda (Hall) Carter (In Abbotsford BC)

This was located on the south of town approx. corner of 4th and Lowe St. Whitehorse.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse)

The war department theatre was on fourth and Lowe across from the ball diamond. It later was used by the YPA for dances. We certainly never missed a dance there in the late 50s. Rock and roll was hot!

Les McLaughlin leslorn.rogers.com (In Ottawa)

Army Theatre in US area below the hill, south.

Located in the woods near the extensive army barracks complex, south end of town and up against the clay cliffs--you can see the cliffs behind the building. It was a large Quonset with a framed lobby, but was out of bounds to civilians. Nearby was the PX, also out of bounds but sometimes we kids would loiter around outside the place and ask

soldiers going in to buy us a Coke or chocolate bar-we would give them a dime. Bars were a dime and the six ounce bottles of Coke were 6 cents.

Aksel Porsild yukoner1*shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

The War Dept. Theatre, which was on 4th Ave and Lowe St (SW corner), was used by the Junior Forest Rangers, the YPA, etc. as a club house.

Ralph Lortie rlortie001*sympatico.ca (In Mississauga)

Bob Smart's Dream by Robert Service

A Yukon Nugget -

By Les McLaughlin

One hundred years ago, in 1906, Robert Service was invited to a going away banquet for J.P. Rogers, the Superintendent of the White Pass and Yukon Route. It was held on March 19 at "the club". Everyone who was anyone in the small town's social circuit was at the affair.

The poet, who had yet to become famous, was noted for penning poems for almost any occasion. And for freely using the names of local characters.

This time, he centered his poetic creation in the mind of Bob Smart, then a government assayer, who has a dreamlike premonition of what Whitehorse will be like in fifty years hence in 1956.

It began.

This is my dream of Whitehorse
When fifty years have sped,
As after the Rogers' Banquet
I lay asleep in my bed.

I tottered along the sidewalk
That was made of real cement;
A skyscraper loomed above me,
Where once I remembered a tent.

Smart discovered a vastly different Whitehorse from the frontier town he knew. The poem reflects a vista of a technologically changed city.

Smart envisaged that in 1956 there were manufacturing plants and a smelter where the airport lies today. The Whitehorse Rapids had been dammed.

He hears the roar of a trolley car while crossing the Yukon River on a large steel bridge. Smart walked along a cement sidewalk that had replaced the old wooden boardwalks and looked up at an 18 story skyscraper where once there had been a tent.

He marvelled at "Taylor and Drury's colossal department store." And watched "the Flyer" leaving for Dawson, and "the bullion express" coming in, a reference to a fast passenger train departing for the heart of the Klondike, and a freight train bringing more gold from the creeks.

The names in the poem present a slice of life that existed in Whitehorse 100 years ago. We meet J.P. Whitney who owned one of the two largest general stores in town at the time.

So I thought I'd go to Ear Lake Park
Where nature was fresh and fair;
(Twas donated by J.P. Whitney,
The multi-millionaire.)



This early 50's Photo Shows the Civic Centre and Ball Diamond Located on Land Donated to the City by White Pass

Others include Bob Lowe who was a member of the Territorial Council, Bill Grainger who owned mining property in the Copper Belt and 'the Deacon', the nickname of local lawyer and territorial councillor Willard Phelps.

And everywhere were strangers,
And I thought in the midst of these
Of Old Bill Clark in his homespun,
And debonnaire Mr. Breze:

And Fish, and Doc and the Deacon,
And the solo bunch at the club –
Now grown to a stately mansion
That would make the old place look dub

The "club" was the North Athletic club housed in a clapboard structure at the corner of Third and Main Street.

When Smart emerges from his dream, it is apparent that he spent too much time and had too much fun at the banquet.

It was all so real, so lifelike,
I awoke like a man in a fog,
So I shed a few tears in the darkness,
And groped for the hair of the dog.

This was my dream of Whitehorse
When fifty years have sped,
As I lay asleep in my bed.

Robert Service wasn't far off in his predications for Whitehorse fifty years hence back in 1906.

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

RE: MOCTEL 224

Just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed your poem in MocTel 224. As a former dog musher and a person that enjoys poetry and history your poem tells so much of how

it actually is mushing dogs. G.I. Cameron would be very proud of this fine dedication. I will be printing off your poem and framing it. Well done!

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



Looks like Lousetown during a Dawson Flood.

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan

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

Northwestel expands its grip on the North

Monday, July 16, 2007

By Jeremy Warren *Yukon News Reporter*

Northwestel has expanded its telecommunications dominance in the Yukon after it purchased (WHTV) Northern Television Systems Ltd. for an undisclosed sum from the Hougen Group of Companies.

The deal, which includes television and internet services, was finalized Thursday and takes effect September 1.

From a single black-and-white channel, WHTV has grown to offer more than 70 channels.

Rolf Hougen has owned WHTV for 55 years

For complete story Yukon News editor Richard Mostyn suggested you go to their website read this and other stories www.yukon-news.com

Re: MocTel 224 – Clem Eminger

Just remembered some thing about Clem Eminger. He was very influential in the forming of the rifle and pistol club and the shooting range in the basement of the high school now the elementary school on 4th Ave. He was a great pistol shot.

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

No I don't have any recollection of Clem Eminger other than the name. My mother Vera Miller knew him but only as a customer at Taylor & Drury's Hardware. She said he seemed very nice and very polite but that is about all.

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

I just created a collection of articles about Polly which were quite faded out in my mother's album. I would like to add a picture of her grave at the end of this article, with the obit included, but will have to wait until I either find the pictures I took (somewhere in the piles of documents and snapshots I've saved over the years) or until Heather Jones gets back to me with a copy.

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

Carcross Parrot Cashes in His Chirps

(Source: Whitehorse Star clippings taken from the scrapbook of my mother, Grace Richards Circa - Nov. 19th and 20th 1972)

The world famous Carcross parrot, reputedly the oldest, meanest, dirtiest bird north of the 60th parallel, has chomped his last cracker.

Known most recently as Polly – for want of a better name – the Carcross parrot was found deceased, drumsticks up, Monday morning on the floor of his cage in the parlor of the Caribou Hotel, where he survived ferocious northern blizzards, fire and the dregs of the Klondike gold rush for more than half a century.

No one was ever sure of his exact age – or sex, for that matter- but residents of this tiny Yukon settlement believe he was the oldest resident of the Canadian North, perhaps 125 years.

The parrot was believed to have come to the Yukon during the early stages of the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898. In the years since then, he became a legend, receiving visitors and fan mail from across North America.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced. His first recorded owner was a Captain Alexander who operated a mine here during the First World War. He and his wife left Polly at the Caribou Hotel here in 1918, when they left on a trip to Vancouver.

Their ship, the CPR's Princess Sophia, foundered on the rocks in the Lynn canal, off Skagway, Alaska, and the bird has remained at the hotel ever since.

Polly used to have a reputation as a hard drinker, says the hotel's current owner, Dorothy Hopcott.

"People would come in and give him a few belts. He'd get so drunk he'd fall off his perch and lie on the bottom of his cage with his feet stuck up in the air."

But somewhere in his chequered life in the North, Polly swore off booze. One of the hotel's owners, according to local residents, taught him several verses of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and eventually eliminated his racy language and repertoire of salty sea shanties. And he apparently associated his former days of drunkenness with adults.

When someone would ask him what everyone asks a parrot – "Polly want a cracker?" he'd come back with his stock reply,

"Go to hell."

But with children, he was the model of politeness. Mrs. Hopcott said he would hold long conversations with toddlers, most of them incomprehensible.

"He got down in a corner of his cage and mumbled away to himself. A lot of the time we couldn't understand him. He picked up a lot of foreign words and strange accents over the years."

Plans for Polly

Last minute arrangements were being made this afternoon in Whitehorse and Carcross to have the parrot buried this Sunday in the community. It was first thought that the burial would not take place until next spring, but plans were being made this afternoon to take a parrot donated by radio station CFCF in Montreal to Carcross, along with Polly in her casket on Sunday morning.

The CFCF parrot is scheduled to arrive in Whitehorse tomorrow. Polly's owner at the Caribou hotel, Dorothy Hopcott, said a small red velvet-lined metal box was prepared and the bird was sealed in it to await burial. Mrs. Hopcott also received a phone call from the radio station WWR in New Orleans. Workers there sent a flower casket cover. She said she also received a nice long telegram from a parrot named "Admiral" in Kansas City.

Phone messages, telegrams and letters also came in to the hotel from Jamaica, Washington D.C., New York, New Orleans, Illinois, and many parts of Canada.

Polly Two takes over "ornery" role

Polly Two arrived here Saturday afternoon, riding in the passenger compartment of a jetliner and escorted by, among others, Erik Nielsen, Conservative MP for the Yukon.

Polly Two's cross-country trip ended Sunday when she arrived in Carcross to attend the funeral and assume ownership of the perch of her predecessor, Polly, the pioneer parrot who died last week, aged about 125, at the Caribou Hotel.

Polly Two started her journey Saturday in the baggage compartment of a CP Air jet bound for Vancouver from Montreal. The bird, donated by Montreal radio station CFCF, put up such a squawk in Vancouver that she earned herself a seat in the passenger section for the flight to Whitehorse.

The six-month-old Colombian parrot met Mr. Neilson at Vancouver Airport. Feathers were ruffled when a CP Air worker arrived with a cage to replace a cardboard box that Polly Two had occupied during the Montreal-Vancouver trip. She stepped out of the box into the cage and through the bars onto the floor. Obviously upset by the substandard cage, Polly Two let loose with a broadside at everyone present.

To soothe ruffled feelings CP ordered a new cage, bent regulations and granted Polly Two a seat in the passenger section.

On Sunday, Polly Two traveled by rail to Carcross with her new owner, Dorothy Hopcott. She attended the funeral rites there for Polly in a pioneer cemetery, then was taken to her perch in the hotel to assume duty as the newest, meanest orneriest bird in the territory.

.....

Carcross, Yukon Ter. - Grave of Polly the Parrot

Polly the Parrot, internationally famous for his fondness for crackers, lived in the storied Caribou Hotel (formerly the Anderson Hotel) in this Klondike-Gold-Rush-era town and is buried beneath a lavish bronze marker in the cemetery. Polly moved into the Caribou in 1918, sang opera, spewed profanity, and lived 126 years until his demise in 1972.

[Rob L., 06/1/2003] 8

Note by Joyce

I see in another partial clipping (from my mothers' old album) a piece from another article on Polly, sure wish I had the rest...someone describing Polly Two as "similar to the old Polly; with a salty vocabulary. He whistles at ladies in shorts, but judging from the 30 below temperatures in Carcross area today, it will be some time before he will get a chance."

At any rate, the first Polly is buried in the same cemetery as an original discoverer of the Klondike Gold Rush.

Numerous Yukon pioneers are buried here, including Bishop Bompas, Skookum Jim Mason, Kate Carmack, Tagish Charlie and Polly the Parrot.

For more than 50 years Polly held court at the Caribou Hotel where he gained international fame for singing opera--and for shocking unsuspecting hotel guests with

colourful profanity. Polly died in 1972 at the age of 126 years--older than the gold rush itself--and his grave boasts one of the finest bronze markers in the cemetery.

The grave marker reads:

Under this sod lies a sourdough parrot
Its heart was gold, pure fourteen carat
Polly now can spread her wings
Leaving behind all earthly things
She ranks in heaven as our dear departed
A just reward for being good hearted.



Flowers for Polly !

Joyce Yardley

1929 FOKKER – Special Edition Correction Notice

Sherron, I asked Bob Cameron to read over the article I did on the 1929 Fokker. He corrected a statement in the article that I would like to have in the MocTel. I'd like to thank Bob for ensuring the accuracy of the article.

Original statement:

In the late fall of 1936 the Fokker was badly damaged on Frances Lake when it hit submerged rocks. Over the following winter, though, it was repaired and flown back to Carcross. In August of 1937 AAM was flown to Vancouver, where it was professionally rebuilt, but she had only been back in the Yukon for less than three months when her career came to an end.

On December 5, 1937, pilot Les Cook attempted to leave Dawson City with six passengers aboard. While attempting to take off, the plane failed to reach flying speed and lost a wheel after leaving the runway. There were no serious injuries, but the plane was considered a write-off, and was stripped and left in the brush.

1937.01.07 Accident at 09:00. Pilot Robert C Randall. West Arm, Frances Lake, YT. On take off the aircraft settled slightly, the left ski "kissed" the top of a snow drift on the heel, breaking the front ring that fastens the shock and safety cable to the nose of the ski, the nose of the ski then dropped putting the ski in a vertical position, and the heel jammed against the shock absorber strut. The nose of the vertical ski then caught the top of a drift breaking off its nose and collapsing the shock absorber strut. This allowed the ski to assume an upside down position. The drag of the ski in the snow caused the aircraft to lose flying speed, the engine was cut and the aircraft settled on its left wing and right ski. After a short run in this position the left wing tip struck another small hard snow drift breaking the tip.

Correction to Fokker article:

Donna - I see that your Francis Lake account includes Bob Randall's report, which is, of course, well detailed and totally accurate. As you can see, the aircraft did not at any time "hit submerged rocks".

In the Dec. 5/37 incident it is a little misleading to say it "lost a wheel after leaving the runway" In actual fact, as it careened through a ditch off the end of the runway, the entire landing gear was completely torn off, causing the aircraft to slide to a halt on its belly, ending with a bent prop and some additional fuselage structural damage (quite a difference to just losing a wheel!)

Bob Cameron (In Whitehorse)
October 13, 2007

CORRECTION TO MocTel 224

I mistakenly recorded Les McLaughlin as being from Mississauga when in fact he is in Bells Corners near Ottawa. (Actually since amalgamation, it is part of Ottawa). - Sherron

MARSH LAKE DAM

I was just cruising through some of Henry's computer photos and came across this photo of Marsh Lake dam. Thought you might be interested.

Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

When I went to file the two photos that Alice sent, I came across some that Henry Breaden had sent July 27, 2004 – Sherron



First old Dam 1945
Built about 1927

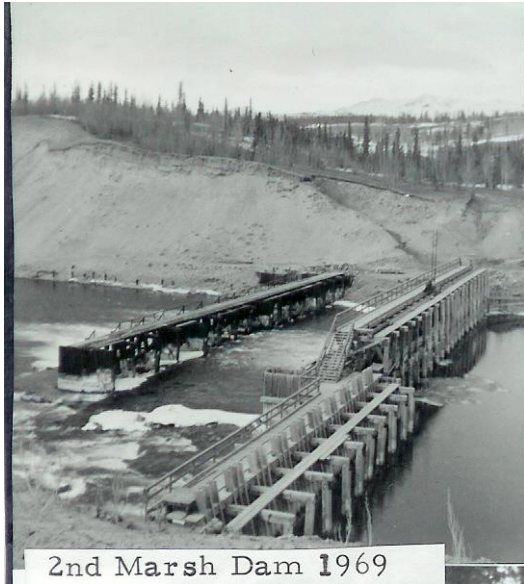
First old Dam to hold
Marsh Lake 1945

First old Dam to hold Marsh Lake - built in about 1927 – photos taken in 1945
Photo courtesy Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



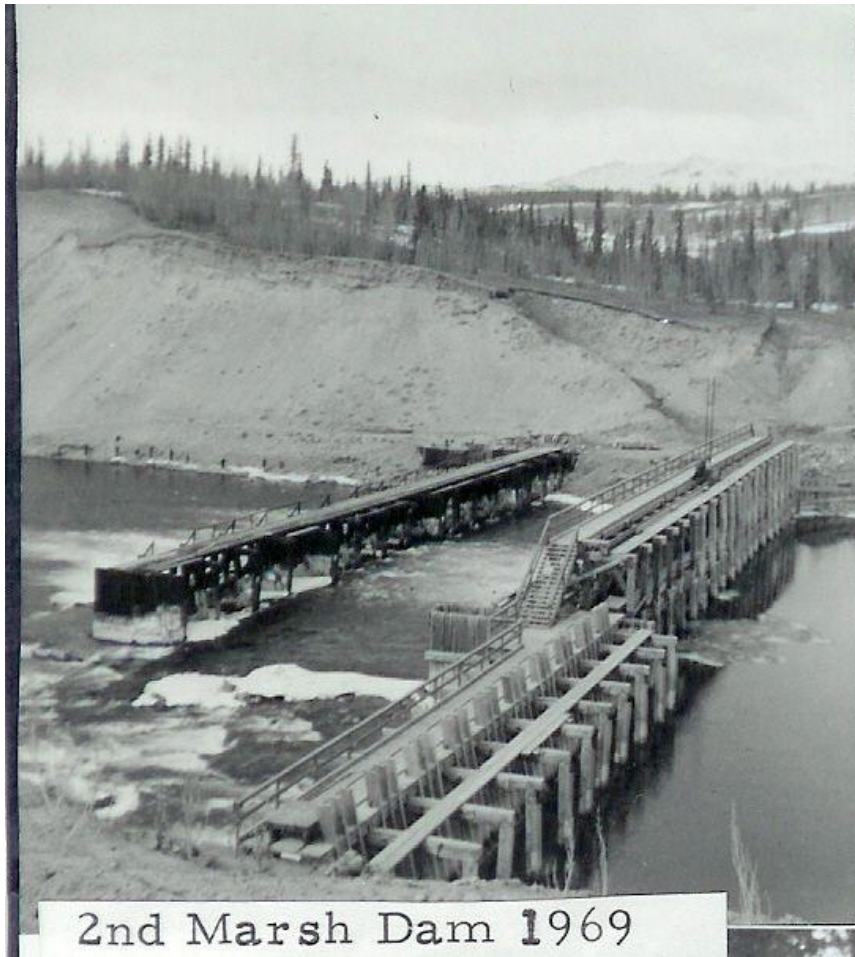
Marsh Lake Dam 1952

Photo courtesy Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



2nd Marsh Dam 1969

Photo courtesy Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



2nd Marsh Dam 1969

Photo courtesy Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

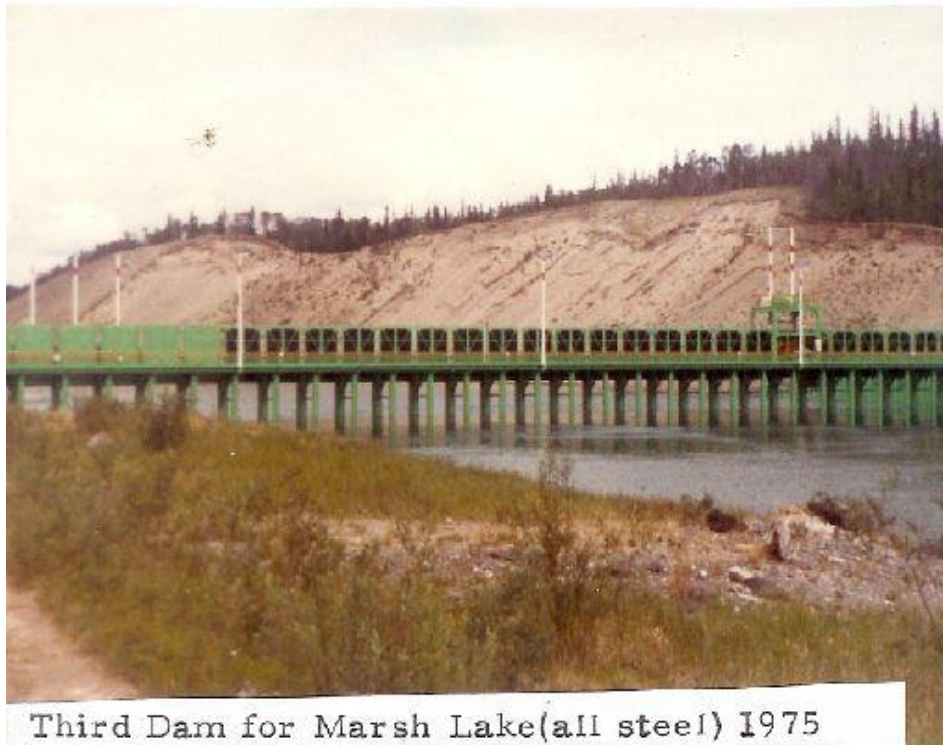


Photo courtesy Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

1950's Photos from Bill and Colleen (Cassidy) Chapman



First picture is Front Street in Mayo mid 1950's.
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman cwchapman@twifi.ca (In Devon AB)



Stewart Crossing with ferry still in.
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman cwchapman*tbwifi.ca (In Devon AB)



Ice bridge at Stewart Crossing
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman cwchapman*tbwifi.ca (In Devon AB)



Dredge working near Dawson not sure which one.
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman cwchapman*tbwifi.ca (In Devon AB)



Colleen at Fraser Falls on the Stewart River before we were married.
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman cwchapman*tbwifi.ca (In Devon AB)

Re George Millen

Would you be interested in printing the letter below from Maureen (Schink) Bucholz, a childhood friend from Dawson?

Madeleine Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

Dear Madeleine & Family,

I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed your article in MocTel about your Dad, Les Millen, and his contribution to Dawson's history. I remember being allowed to stay up late on a Sunday night to listen to the Lone Ranger - something my brother, Allen, and I looked forward to all week, back in the early '50s.

Maureen (Schink) Bucholz

VAN BIBBER PHOTOS

I really enjoyed the article and pictures of the Van Bibber family. I was delighted to see Alex. He was one of the first people I met when I moved to Whitehorse 61 years ago. Norm introduced us and we spent a short time talking. (I'm sure he does not remember.) He made such a big impression on me. To start with he was such a handsome man and knew so much about this (to me) new and wonderful country. Norm knew the family from his early days in the Yukon. He told me a lot about the family, renowned in the Yukon, and the ranch outside of Selkirk.

So I would like Alex to know he made my day !!!

Jean

Jean & Norm Hartnell ladue1@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford BC)

RETURNED to the MocTel list

Could you please add me to your list. I was on previously but got married and I neglected to inform you of the change of address.

Yeah, I was an Air Force Brat. Lived on the base. I attended the High School (both actually). I guess my mother thought the nuns would straighten me out (don't think it helped!!). I used to go the YPA a lot - dances etc. My boyfriend was Gordie Brett (haven't forgotten him).

My maiden name was "Bergeron" and then "Walford" and finally "Kerr".
Donna Salter has been sending me the editions.

Thank you, Wendy Kerr [v_kerr25@sympatico.ca](mailto:kerr25@sympatico.ca)

OBIT

Louise Howatt

Just a short note to let you know that **Louise Howatt** passed away at 6:00 AM this morning [Saturday October 20th, 2007] at Cottonwoods.

She has been sliding for the past two weeks.

I am heading down to Kelowna tomorrow morning.

The funeral will be in Kelowna at 2:00 PM Wednesday, October 24, 2007 at First Memorial Funeral Home, 1211 Sutherland Ave.

We will email the memorial from the funeral later.

Much Thanks

Dave & Tina (Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net In Grand Prairie AB)

LINTNER Herbert December 10, 1903 - October 5, 2007 Passed away of "old age" at his home with daughter Lorraine and son-in-law Bernard Portier at his bedside. Herb was 103 years old last December. Herb was predeceased by his wife Vera in 1999. He is survived by brother Sven and sister Helga in Sweden. Herb immigrated to Canada in 1927 and **went north to the Yukon in 1930 to work on the dredges**. He settled in Vancouver in the early 1940's, working for the Vancouver School Board Workshop until retirement in 1972, though he never stopped being active, as he always had a project underway. Many thanks to those who gave him care and support: Dr. D. Etches, Kate, Riza, Aida, the VON Respite Center and A.S.K., as well as his many "younger" friends. Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 10/13/2007.

Unfortunately Herb's obit has excluded one very important piece of information. Herb's wife's maiden name -- Gillespie. Vera was a teacher in the Yukon, the daughter of an early Mayo Mining Recorder. Her brother Archie had a very long history in the Yukon as a newspaperman. Most of our older members would be saddened that this connection was not made. Perhaps you could suggest to the Moc Tel editor, that the obit be modified

".... Vera (nee Gillespie)...."

Regards: Lowell

Sherron, my brother-in-law, **Jack Stalberg** passed away last Friday. There will not be a funeral held, however there will be a memorial held next spring in Beaver Creek. I'm hoping that a notice will be sent to me by my niece very soon and when I get it I'll pass it along to you.

Hope you had a great trip.

Donna Clayson dclays1*telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

STALBERG, John (Jack) Albert

1924-2007

As he lived his life, it was with great dignity and grace that Jack Stalberg died on October 12, 2007 in the Cowichan Valley on Vancouver Island.

Jack was born March 14, 1924 in Sexsmith, Alberta, the oldest of three children. Sexsmith was home until 1941, when at age 17 he joined the 13th Field Regiment to serve overseas. Jack enjoyed many adventures after his discharge from the service in December 1945, eventually finding his way to the Yukon in 1952. While working in Snag, the handsome Jack caught the eye of Betty Armstrong. Betty and Jack married in 1956 at Snag Creek with a reception at the Mile 1202 Rec Hall. That same year, Jack pursued another love and earned his pilot's licence. In 1965, Jack's love for flying prompted him to construct an airport at Mile 1203 (the community dedicated this airport to Jack in 2000). Jack's aircraft lifted off his runway many times until 1971, when the Stalberg family moved Outside to Calgary. The family was living in Olds, Alberta when his beloved Betty died in 1974. Jack later returned to the Yukon, where the land and people gave his heart much peace. In 2002, due to poor health, Jack made his final move Outside, to Vancouver Island to reside with his daughter, Susan.

Jack will be greatly missed by the families of daughters Susan and Cheryl Anne, brother Ed and best friend Beat Ledergerber. Jack's wisdom and strength will be missed by his two granddaughters and five great grandsons.

Regretfully, Jack was predeceased by wife Betty (1974), son Jack (2000), and sister & best friend Mary (2006). He was also predeceased by his parents, Peter and Jean Stalberg, pioneers of the Peace River country.

A celebration of Jack's life will take place in Beaver Creek, Yukon, after the snow melts in 2008.

FRANKLIN, Derek

Born London, England on May 19, 1922; passed away peacefully October 7, 2007 in Victoria, B.C. Greatly missed by his wife Wan York (Lew); sons Paul (Gail), Kirti (Satya), Mark (Sharon) and David (Sae); and granddaughters Anne and Valerie. Also survived by his first wife June, and second wife Doreen. Predeceased by his third wife Muriel and brother Ralph. Derek began his working life as a draftsman and tool designer in the UK, and emigrated to Vancouver, Canada with his family in 1957. **There he worked first as a vocational instructor, and then as an educational administrator with curriculum development, distance education and instructional design for the provincial government. Over the years he was located at Haney, Whitehorse, BCIT's Burnaby Campus and finally at the Open Learning Institute in Richmond.** Derek was also a lifelong artist and had a great interest in all the arts. He will be remembered by family and friends for his affection and humor, his curiosity and penchant for life-long learning, and his generous encouragement and mentorship in the arts. In lieu of flowers, donations would be appreciated to the Alzheimer Society of B.C, 2571A Quadra Street, Victoria, B.C. V8T 4E1. Respecting Derek's wishes, there will be no funeral service. A family celebration of his life will be held at a later date. 416114 Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 10/13/2007.

KIRK Jack (John William)

November 3, 1913 - October 9, 2007 With deep sadness, we bring the news of Jack's death. A beloved husband, father, and friend, he cherished his life in BC, moving here during his teens from his birthplace of Burdett, Alta. For years following his overseas service and graduation in commerce from UBC, Jack pursued a career in logging equipment sales, travelling up and down the Fraser Canyon. **A great storyteller, he had many tales from his time on the road and from his earlier days in the Yukon gold dredges.** During the later years, happily ensconced on Menzies Mountain, he took care of the farm and drove around on his tractor, often toasting the day's end with a glass of red wine. He is loved and missed by his wife Jean (Nelson), daughter Laura, former wife Mirjam, six stepchildren and their spouses, numerous grandchildren, great-grandchildren, cousins, and friends. A memorial service is planned for Saturday, October 20, 2007 at 1 pm at the Hammond United Church, 11391 Dartford Street (off 207 and Lougheed Hwy), Maple Ridge, BC. Reception to follow at the church hall. Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 10/13/2007.

LINES, Gordon On October 14, 2007, Gordon Lines of Edmonton, passed away at the University of Alberta Hospital, at the age of 88 years. Gordon is survived by his loving

wife, Pearl after 64 years of marriage; son, Gary (Carol) Lines; daughter, Carol Doyle; sister, Jennie Vickers of Neepawa, Manitoba; brother, Jack Lines of Calgary; grand-daughter, Marla Lines of Edmonton; grandson, Morgan Lines of Chicago; grandson, Donald Doyle of Regina; nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends. **Gordon worked for the Department of Transport, Government of Canada, for 35 years, spending time at Penhold, Calgary, Edmonton, Whitehorse and then back to Edmonton in 1955.** He spent his retirement years traveling and covered many places especially his favorite, 35 times in Hawaii. A Memorial Service will be held at Kirk United Church, 13535-122 Avenue, Edmonton, on Friday, October 19, 2007 at 2:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Cross Cancer Institute. To sign the book of condolences visit www.glenwoodmemorial.com <<http://www.glenwoodmemorial.com>> GLENWOOD 467-3337 Funeral Home, Cemetery, Cremation Ctr. Serving Edmonton - Sherwood Park & Area logo
Published in the Edmonton Journal on 10/17/2007.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL.- "If you don't straighten up I'm gonna knock you into the middle of next week."

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron,

I have recently been receiving the Moccasin Telegraph and have been enjoying it very much.

I am sending you two new contacts who are living or have lived in the Yukon:

1. Jennifer Nadon is the clerk at the Beaver Creek Health Centre and has voiced a desire to receive your publications. Her e-mail address is: Jennifer Nadon gypsyfireweed@hotmail.com.
2. Kevin Mellis (my son) lived in Whitehorse for six years. He has recently moved to Calgary. He participated in the Yukon River Quest for the past five years and I know that he has some neat stories tucked away. His e-mail address is: Kevin Mellis kjmellis@gmail.com.

Thank you very much.

Beth Mellis

I have lived in the Yukon now for about 15 years with the first 10 years being in Dawson City and the last 5 years being in Destruction Bay. My first visit up here was 5 years before that. I was 10 years old and my mother and I came up to visit my sister. Sorry, I can't think of any memorable moments right now.

Cheers Jennifer Nadon

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Blueberry Tarts

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

Prepare pie pastry as per your regular recipe.

Blueberry pie filling

Fresh blueberries

Boston pie filling or custard (I find the custard a bit lighter in taste)

Whipping cream (either Cool Whip or from fresh whipping cream, I prefer the fresh, it adds more flavour.)

Graham crumbs

Line 2 tart tins with the pastry. Bake until golden brown, and then cool.

In each cup place 1/2 teaspoon of either Boston Creme or custard then add 1/2 - 3/4 tablespoon of Blueberry Pie Filling

Top off with whipping cream and few fresh Blueberries and dust with Graham cracker crumbs.

(This is a personal favourite of mine when Blueberries are in season. They are really a nice light dessert, and a great addition to a buffet, as they are small, and "hit the spot" so to speak.)

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

Winter Address –

483 – 5707 East 32nd St.

Yuma, Arizona 85365

Phone 928-341-0690