

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 226<sup>th</sup> Edition – October 28<sup>th</sup>, 2007**

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

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



**View From Silver City, Yukon - Fall**

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid [rustyreid@northwestel.net](mailto:rustyreid@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**

#### **Sunday 1 August 1948**

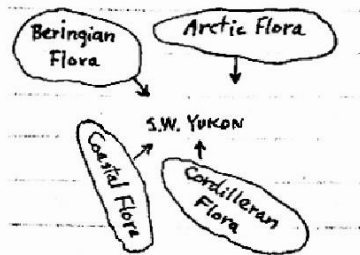
Expended

Beer (yesterday) 1.65

Awoke with the rain still coming down and it continued to do that all day long.

Fred under the weather with a bout of intestinal grippe so drove him in to the hotel where he took a room and stayed for the night. Ate all our meals in the cook tent, and spent most of the day bringing these notes up to date. Also spent sometime reading the new whodunnit Elaine sent me (Death of a Swagman) and wrote to Elaine. When we took the mail in to catch the 11 AM bus, bumped into Jackson, one of the bridge men who worked at the Rancheria.

Hugh dropped by the tent and we talked of the area; he is constantly impressed by the magnitude of frost phenomena and their effects on the physiography of this country. Spoke of the relationship of soil stability and advance of the forest, and believes that soil must be stable before the forest can take over permanently: a marginal area illustrating this was the great drunken forest on the clay-banks at head of Big Arm. (All drunken forests we've seen are on clay subsoil which is permanently frozen and the surface just won't stay put on it.) Apparently, once the climate has ameliorated sufficiently to bring an end to frost action which is severe enough to cause solifluction, then the forest can advance. He spoke of the small flora characteristic of this region, especially on the unglaciated mountain tops that we saw back on the Yukon Plateau, and concluded that this was drawn from 4 great reservoirs of flora that were suited to occupation of periglacial zone. See sketch this page. This flora came in during the period between the retreat of the ice and the advance of the forests up the valleys which thus effectively sealed off further migration and brought isolation of the mountain top species! We discussed the time factor of postglacial times: he felt that perhaps the scale was too great in view of the vegetative changes that have taken place and are still to be observed in motion here (cf. the known advance of the forest down onto the Experimental Farm in last 20 yrs.); then we noted Antev's varve count of 16,000 yrs. for the ice recession in New England, and also the well-pegged varve counts on the ice-regressions in the Baltic area; these are all pretty reliable, and yet they cover long periods of time. Suggestion arising from this was one that dealt with increased tempo: after the ice retreated and perhaps after the glacial lakes had drained away there was a long period of time in which the per-glacial zone was only slightly hospitable to flora; then gradually the tundra advanced, and soon behind the fringes of the taiga, and then the true forest. With each advancing stage there was a shorter time interval before the conditions were right for the acceptance of the next; increased tempo in the vegetative sequence –perhaps equivalent to a normal growth curve which speeds up matures, and tapers off. Approximately 1000 species of flora in this region, and perhaps 300 Alpine flora on mountain tops.



*Fireweed in old burn, Mile 1074*

**Monday 2 August 1948**

Expended

Moccasins 1.50

Knife sheath 1.00

Gopher snares (Dartmouth College Museum) .50

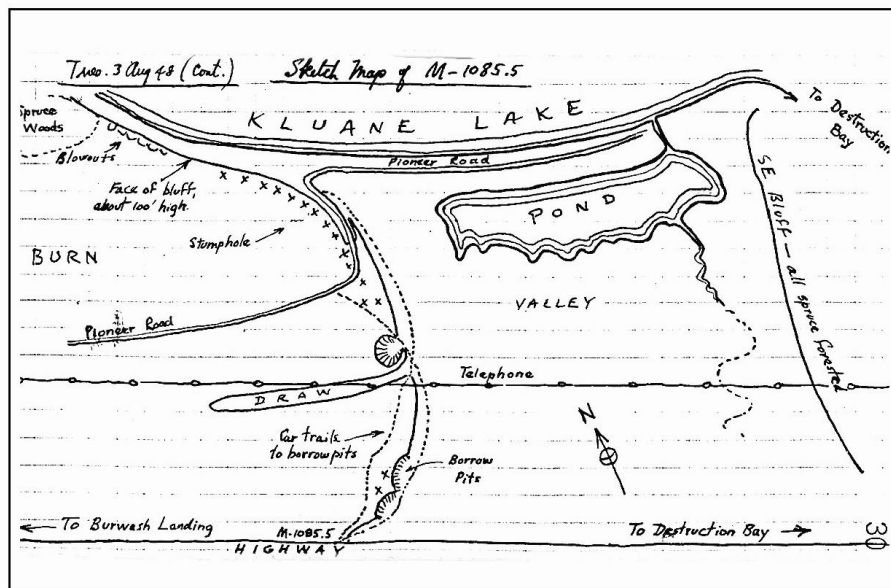
Gopher-skin robe ( " " " ) 2.50

Still a cloudy and threatening morning but the Slims River wind has taken over now and so it will probably clear. Brought Fred back to camp and saw Mrs. Jimmie in town and arranged to get the above things.

South down Kluane Lake from bluffs at Mile 1081



August 3, 1948 Site Mile 1085.5



*South down Kluane Lake from site on bluff at Mile 1085*



In the afternoon went out with Hugh and Karl and Dave to do a bit of prospecting. Turned off at MILE-1090.5, a draw which appears to be one of the old Northern valleys of Halfbreed Creek. [Copper Joe Creek]. A very complicated system of terraces here indicating 2 cycles of down cutting. Entire area dissected out in mature pattern, and the old shorelines, beaches, and offshore bars stand out very clearly. Walked out bluffs on N side as far as lake.

Area all burned over (c.10 yrs. ago), going tough, very little bare ground exposed, and not many cutaway sections in banks. Walked S along beach and near former mouth of the creek found large and recent abandoned Indian camp: tent stakes and crotches, fish and meat-drying racks, a skin-tanning stake, tin-cans, etc.

Returned to camp 5:30. No archeology for today. Hugh and I built open-top brush camp for eves.



*Site and bluff at Mile 1085*



*Site and bluff at Mile 1085.5*

To be continued . . . . .

### **ANTON MONEY - continued**

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

After six grueling miles of poling their boat upstream, Money and Amos were approaching the lower end of the Canyon with its tumbling waves breaking the surface of the river ahead. For a short time they were able to wade in the waist deep cold water pulling the boat with ropes. Turning another bend the sheer rock canyon walls narrowed, and a dull roar like distant thunder told them what to expect. They found a small beach area and went ashore for lunch. After eating, they began their trek upstream again. The canyon walls rose to three and four hundred feet straight up. Huge boulders stuck up out of the water like half submerged houses. The river boiled around these boulders throwing waves ten feet high. Carefully, keeping to the lee of the boulders, they made their way upstream. When it became obvious they could proceed no further on that side, a decision was made to cross over to the other side of the canyon where it looked a bit more promising. To do so would mean losing some of the hard earned headway they had made, but no other decision was possible. Into the raging torrent they went, and suddenly their boat was sideways and moving much quicker downstream than they had planned. Luck was with them and just as they were about to pass between two large boulders, the boat turned again, barely missing the boulders and shot down the steep incline like a toboggan. In five minutes they were back at their earlier campsite. Five hours of hard work for nothing. Exhausted they hung their wet clothes up to dry, rolled out the bedrolls and were quickly asleep.

At sunup, they were ready to try again. Following the same course as yesterday, they proceeded upriver. At the two boulders they had narrowly missed earlier, they crossed to the far side, safely this time but losing some headway. The rock wall hung out over the river and they crashed into it, only to find the water was too deep to use their poles. Grabbing the overhang with their hands, they found they were able to slowly move ahead. They proceeded for an hour in this fashion until they came to a dead end in the lee of a large boulder. Money was able to climb the slippery surface and hold the boat with a line. They unloaded all their goods and hauled it around the rock, lined the empty boat around the rock, reloaded only to come to another dead end. Now a decision was made to cross over to the other side again, which would bring them a few hundred feet further than they had been the day before, but they could see the head of the canyon. By sundown they were a mile past the canyon and into open country again. The next few days were quiet graceful days. Long sandbars that they could walk along and line the boat as they went. One day Money spent half an hour watching a hawk and a kingfisher chase each other through the skies. Later he watched a Grizzly bear swipe at a fish and send it flying to the beach where two cubs pounced on it, growling and snarling. Money found a 4 foot wide vein of silver ore and for a moment was jubilant. . The thought that “what mining company in their right mind would work on a find in this area” brought him back to reality. Six days of hard work on the Liard River brought them to the mouth of the Frances River. The water was much warmer and at their evening camp, they went swimming and later fishing for grayling. Using rabbit kidneys for bait, they soon had all the fish they would need for some time. Money was reminded that surely the Garden of Eden must resemble a place like this.

Soon they would find out how tough the rapids on the Frances were. Sure enough, at sundown, they came to the first rapid. Money describes it as a rock strewn hell of white water stretching as far as they could see. They made camp and walked upstream for a look. It looked impossible so they walked the other side. Both sides had steep limestone walls but the other side had possibilities. They could line, pole and possibly portage their way up. In the morning they crossed over and did just that. One portage took them two days to clear a trail, chop trees, make rails and rollers to pull the boat on. At one point they had to use block and tackle to raise the boat over a fifteen foot rock and down the other side. While Money was walking along the top of a one hundred foot rock wall, pulling the boat below which he could not see, he slipped on some loose rock and fell the one hundred feet to the river below. He was a powerful swimmer but he thought he was finished this time. Still hanging onto the rope and moving rapidly downstream, when the rope became taut, he was swung to shore as if on a long pendulum. Amos had stayed with the boat using the pole to keep the boat off the rock wall. Soon Money was back in the boat again. They rested and decided to try to pole the boat rather than climb the rock wall again. This they did and at the end of a very long day they were clear of what is shown on today’s maps as “Middle Canyon”. Ten miles further up, they smelled wood smoke and soon were visiting with a trapper “Watson” and his native wife and children.

Watson could not tell him much about the Frances River upstream. He did all his trapping on the land and seldom used the river for transport unless it was frozen. He did

know that there were a few native families living at Frances Lake, but thought it might be seventy five miles or so.

Back on the river, the wildlife was evident. Tracks of otter and mink were obvious on the shoreline. At least once an hour, they saw a beaver, or a moose and lots of coyotes. Nineteen days into their trip found them at False Canyon, but it proved much easier than anything they had come through. This place was tame in comparison states Money. It was easy poling as the river widened and slowed and soon there was little current and they fashioned some oars. They reached Frances Lake and Money was struck by the beauty of it all. The smell of the flowers, the snowcapped mountains rising up to nine thousand feet in the distance, the clear water and the quiet solitude almost overcame him. Their efforts and unbelievable hard work had brought them to a place that no white men had ever been.

The following day they rowed their boat to the north end of the lake. There they found two teepee structures and evidence of many campfires. A very old Indian man and his wife were there and through sign language they were told the rest of the Indians would be back in 3 days from a hunting trip. They set up camp nearby and after eating brought some tea and tobacco over to the old Indian and his wife. The old Indian brought out his pipe. The bowl was made from a piece of alder while the five inch stem was made from the penis of a Grizzly Bear. Money showed the Indian the sample of Galena ore they had brought with them and learned that he would find the ore in a two day walk into the mountains and pointed the direction to the east.

To be continued . . . . .



### **Bonanza King – 1944-45**

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

The Bonanza King was located in the shipyard area and was used for lumber storage.

Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin\\*shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin*shaw.ca) (In Whitehorse)

The Bonanza King. This old steamer dates back to the gold rush days, brought up in 1898 with a rash of other boats, mostly either built in Victoria and sailed up, or in St Michaels, Alaska. When Weldon [Pinchin] and I were kids the Whitehorse shipyard was still a busy place and the old King as well as the

Yukoner, both long out of service, was on the upper north ways, and used for lumber storage. Seems like there was one other one but I don't recall its name.

Aksel Porsild [yukoner1@shaw.ca](mailto:yukoner1@shaw.ca) (In Courtenay BC)



**Ship Yard – Whitehorse – 1944-45**

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

On the left is the Yukoner which was built in Victoria 1898. It burned in Dawson in 1902 and was rebuilt the same year in St. Michaels and last operated in 1903. It was taken out of service because it had too much draft. It was beached in Whitehorse and used for lumber storage.

Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca) (In Whitehorse)

Shipyards in the forties; left foreground is the old Yukoner.

Aksel Porsild [yukoner1@shaw.ca](mailto:yukoner1@shaw.ca) (In Courtenay)

## **White Pass the Container Pioneers**

A Yukon Nugget –  
By Les McLaughlin

"Containerization." Today it is as common place as crocuses on the clay cliffs in the spring. Ports around the world are bustling with huge machinery loading and unloading goods. It wasn't always so.

Everything you buy today probably arrived from some foreign country inside a big metal box called a container - thanks to the pioneering work of a Yukon Company. The White Pass and Yukon Route built and tested one of the world's first container shipping systems back in 1955, and was the first to enter the integrated ship-train-truck business.

The first load of freight in the test container carried rolls of building paper and had more bugs than a Yukon River fish camp in June.

The material was intentionally chosen because it had always caused trouble when shipped by the old methods. The stuff usually arrived flattened or creased. In the November 1955 test run, the rolls stood on end inside the metal container which was locked and customs sealed and swung sluggishly by a crane through the Vancouver port air to the deck of the newly built container ship, the 'Clifford J. Rogers'.

This was a red letter for White Pass. They were breaking new ground in the shipping business. At Skagway, the container was again swung through the air and onto a White Pass train flatbed.

As the building paper travelled over the bumpy 110-mile rail line, it was held firmly in place, out of the elements and untouched by human hands since it had left Vancouver. As the train chugged into the Whitehorse station, the container was greeted by an enthusiastic entourage of company officials and an exuberant crowd of Yukoners. Then, disaster. The container's doors wouldn't open. They were jammed shut. After considerable advice from the crowd, nervous White Pass officials ordered workmen to get a blow torch from the nearby tool shed.

Finally, the doors swung open and, inside, were the rolls of building paper in pristine condition. The doors had likely jammed after being shaken on the long sea and land voyage from Vancouver. That minor matter could be fixed. The container concept was deemed a success.

The new ship and containers, combined with the upgraded railroad and truck fleet made the Yukon the home of the first integrated container system in the world.

In 1965 the Clifford J. Rogers was sold and replaced with the MV 'Frank H. Brown', one of the world's most modern freighters, built in Montreal by the Vickers Ship Building Company.

In 1957, Rolf Hougen, President of the Whitehorse Board of Trade, led a delegation of Whitehorse business people to Skagway to view the container ship 'C.J. Rogers', the world's first container ship launched in 1955 in Montreal. They traveled the 8 hour trip on the W.P. and Y.R. Railroad.



M.V.C.J. Rogers unloading the 8'x8' Steel Container, 1957,

“Well I recall attending the commissioning of the new ship at the Montreal waterfront and interviewing the venerable old man of the White Pass company, Clifford J. Rogers himself.

While the containerization principle on the Frank H. Brown remained the same, the equipment had important design changes. The first containers were relatively small holding only about 5 tons of freight, the new improved versions held 25 tons of freight.

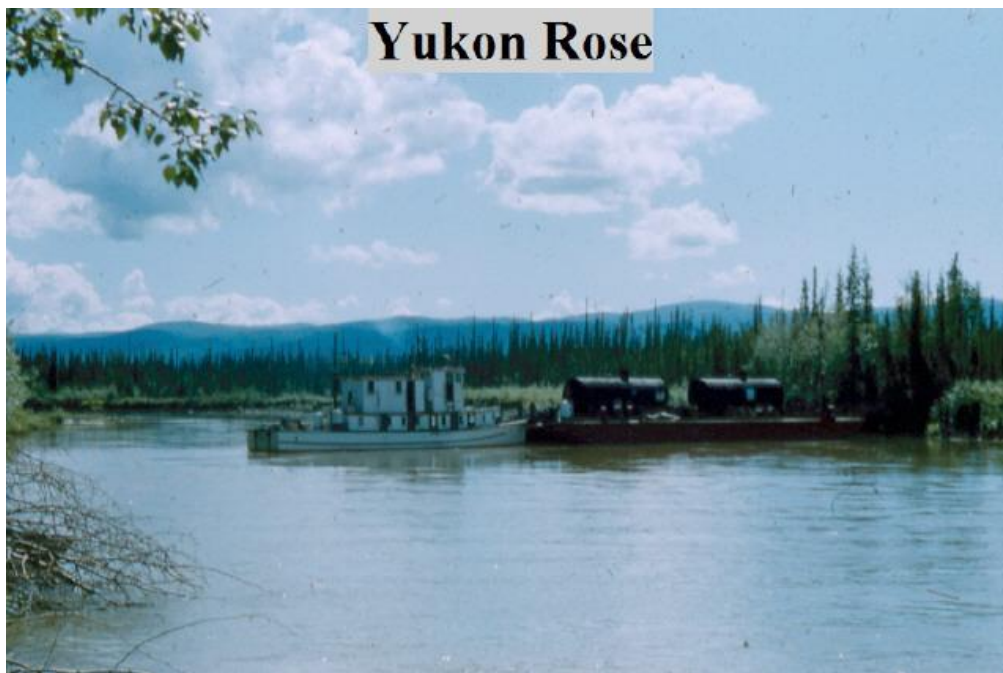
By 1969, the modern White Pass customs sealed containers came in four types – heater – freezer - vented and dry. Containers and heavy deck loads of northbound freight were easily exchanged at Skagway for a southbound containerized cargo of copper, asbestos and silver-lead-zinc concentrate when mining in the Yukon was at its peak of production.

By 1982, with mining activity at an all time low, the White Pass was forced to shut down the little narrow gauge railway and container shipping by rail came to an end. But not before the company had shown the world how to ship goods from the world's busiest ports to the isolated inland regions of any country.

It was a lesson well learned and today's massive transfer of goods world wide reflects the pioneering work of a venerable company, the White Pass and Yukon Route.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

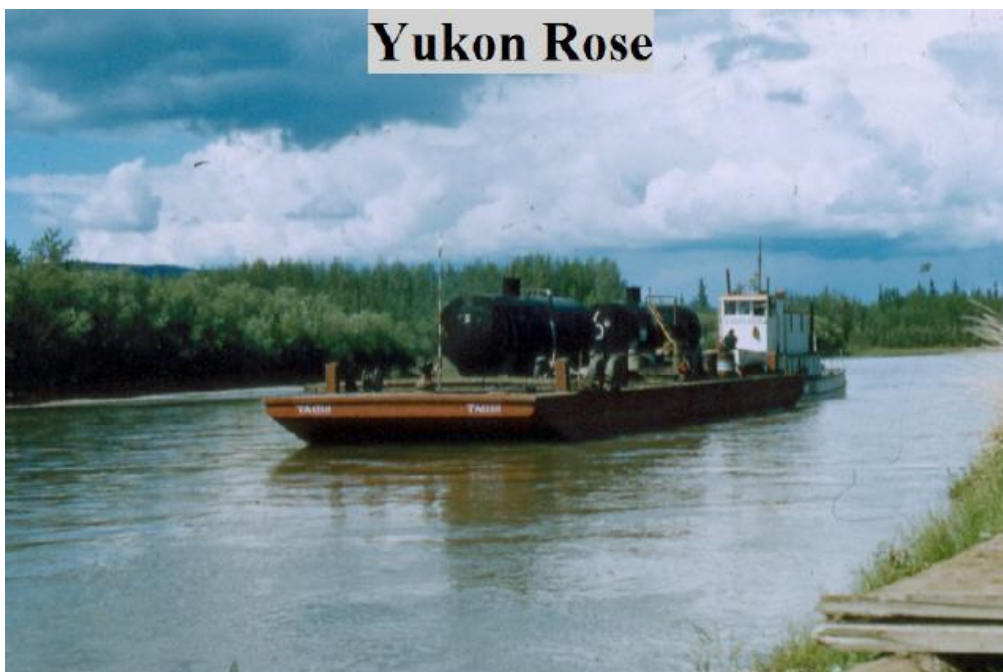
Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)



**Yukon Rose**

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

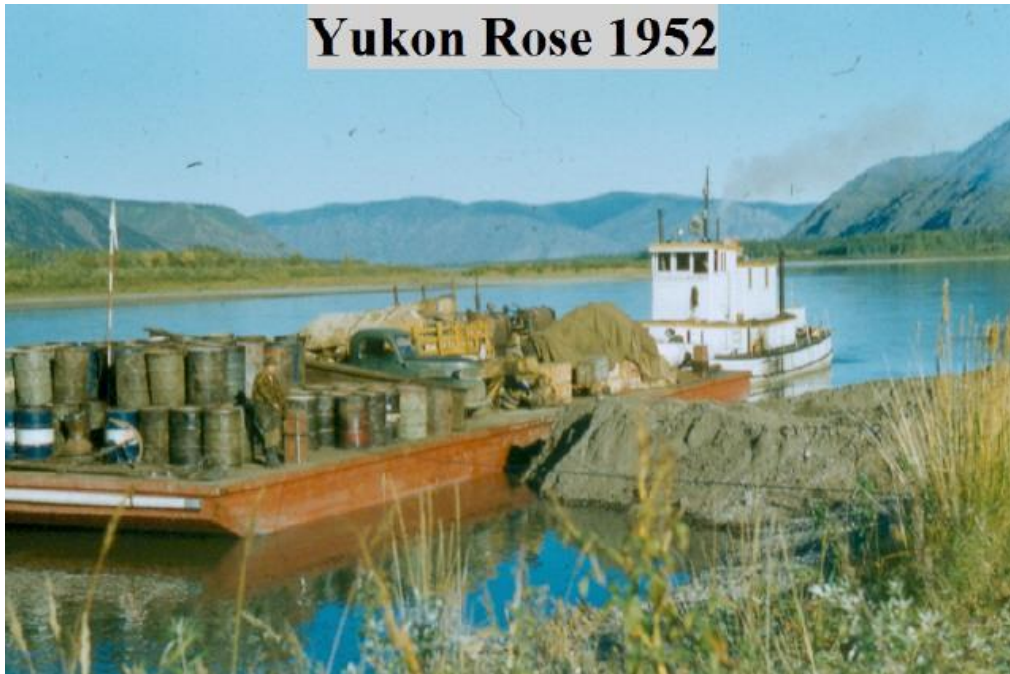
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)



**Yukon Rose**

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

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



### **Yukon Rose - 1952**

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

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

In looking at them closer, I believe they were taken at the Henderson Landing in Henderson Slough. That is where fuel was unloaded for YCGC at Henderson Camp. But let me get my brother's answer to be sure. Re: the dredges, we could possibly identify the creek if it was Henderson or Thistle.

Margaret Underwood [yukon180@hotmail.com](mailto:yukon180@hotmail.com) (In San Jacinto CA)

I agree, but it wasn't YCGS, it was Yukon Gold Placers a company owned by R.J. Paty of Alaska.

The family joke is that Johnny Hoggan got very good at shutting down operations. In 1953, he had to check on Thistle equipment periodically because operations were shut down; the ground had run out, but there was still hope. He shut down Henderson, probably in 1954 and went on to Clear Creek. Clean-ups in 1955 weren't good. Brownie Foth will know what year that Clear Creek shut down because Pete Foth and Johnny Hoggan bought the dredge and equipment c. 1958. Johnny Hoggan already lived in Whitehorse and got work in town there until called back to Dawson after the death of Middy Dubois, his friend and superintendent of YCGC's operations there. Then, in 1966, Johnny superintended the shutting down of YCGC's operations and retired.

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

That's true; the pay streak had run out. I believe Maribeth has everything down 'pat'. How well I remember the little working Yukon Rose with the big barge filled with many drums of oil.

Brownie Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca) (In White Rock BC)

Regarding the Yukon Rose pictures, the first two are in Henderson Slough where Henderson camp had a landing and that is where fuel, equipment, parts, etc. were dropped off to be transported to the camp up Henderson Creek. Regarding the third picture, my brother and I somewhat disagree about its location. I think it is just below Steamboat Slough where Henderson camp had another landing for low water, and my brother says it is Thistle Creek Landing. I am trying to find some pictures to identify the hills across the river. Will let you know by tomorrow if I come up with anything definite.

And, Maribeth, you are right, it was Yukon Gold Placers; not YCGC; I must have had a brain cramp!

Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukonl80@hotmail.com](mailto:yukonl80@hotmail.com) (In San Jacinto CA)

### **JACK STALBERG SPECIAL EDITION - IMPORTANT CORRECTIONS**

Jack Stalberg's daughter Sue Thomas found a number of inaccuracies in the special edition and made the corrections. The [corrected copies of the special edition were uploaded at 11:30 Monday morning October 22, 2007.](#)

Some corrections were the years of the aircraft, 1958 Stinson and 1968 Piper Cherokee. Also a photo of Gary McRobb was incorrectly named as Gary Knickle.

Sherron Jones [sherronjones@roadrunner.com](mailto:sherronjones@roadrunner.com) (In Yuma AZ)

### **MINING AT HAGGART CREEK – MAYO – MID 1950's**

I was looking through my old slides these are taken mid 50's.

First picture was of the gold coming out of the retort after clean up, others are of the work in the cut on Haggart Creek.

Bill Chapman [cwchapman@tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman@tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)



Mining on Haggart Creek near Mayo mid 1950's  
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)



Mining on Haggart Creek near Mayo mid 1950's  
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)



Mining on Haggart Creek near Mayo mid 1950's  
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)



Mining on Haggart Creek near Mayo mid 1950's  
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)



Mining at Haggart Creek near Mayo –  
Gold coming out of the retort after clean up.  
Photo courtesy Bill Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)

The creek name is Haggart Creek in the Mayo Mining District. Bill Drury, Jack Acheson, Maynard Wilson, and Clyde Day were the owners of Waddco Placers. They mined on property owned by Ed Barker. (Wilson was the W in Waddco).

The one photo is something most people would not be familiar with. It is a "button" of gold which has just come out of a retort. The button is produced by amalgamating very fine gold with mercury. Mercury will sop up gold into a "sponge". The sponge is put into the retort and heated to recover the mercury. Once the retort has cooled the gold button is dumped out (as in the photo).

In the era in which the photo was taken, the button would be combined with the rest of the nuggets and shipped to the Royal Canadian Mint for refining.

Today, most miners have the equipment to melt the nuggets and buttons into dore bars which then go to a refiner of choice. Dore bars are never pure gold. Refiners use chemical or electro-chemical methods to refine the bars into pure gold, with silver being the main by-product.

The other two photos are of Waddco's Haggart Creek mining operation. The bulldozer was probably Fred Taylor's D8 from Dublin Gulch. When the water was too low to mine on Dublin, Fred would rent his D8 to Waddco. Fred had the only hydraulic blade D8 in the country at that time. The other photo is of Waddco's dragline, also the only machine

of its kind to be in the Mayo area. It was the envy of the placer miners in the region.

Regards: Lowell

No, we were on another creek -- Hight Creek. Haggart Creek runs into the McQuesten River watershed, whereas Hight Creek flows into the Mayo River system. Even though Haggart Creek was a much larger creek, it did not have the long mining history Hight Creek had.

As a note of interest, Ed Barker the fellow mentioned in the previous email came to the Mayo area to be the dredgemaster on Hight Creek. Hight had the only dredge that ever operated in the Mayo region. Another interesting item about Ed Barker is that prior to coming to Hight Creek, he was a dredgemaster on a machine in Siberia. He and his wife escaped Siberia just ahead of the Communist takeover of the country.

Regards: Lowell Blieler [vanyukoners@aol.com](mailto:vanyukoners@aol.com) (In White Rock BC)

The Hight Creek dredge, which was painted red, stopped running in the early 1920's. It was much smaller than any of the Dawson dredges. It had a very interesting history however. William Ogilvie, the first commissioner of the Yukon was a real advocate of the north. In talking with the old timers who arrived in the territory before the gold rush, Ogilvie became convinced the Stewart River bars (the site of the first placer mining in the Yukon 15 years prior to the gold rush) contained untold riches which still needed to be extracted. Near the end of his term as Commissioner, he became involved in a stock promotion on the Kansas City stock market to raise funds for obtaining a dredge to install and operate on the bars along the Stewart River. Incidentally, one of the major stock holders was Baker of Baker Chocolate fame.

Ogilvie, being a Scot, went to Scotland to acquire the dredge, probably the only Scottish manufactured dredge to come to the west. The parts were shipped to Skagway, and railed to Whitehorse. The steam powered dredge was assembled in the ship yards, possibly the only dredge to be built in Whitehorse. It was towed down the Yukon to the mouth of the Stewart River using a stern wheeler, and then up the Stewart to the area near the mouth of the McQuesten River.

It was there that it began digging the gravel bars of the Stewart.

Understanding the geology of sand/gravel bar gold deposits is a very difficult science as any old timer who might have tried bar mining will tell you. This fact along with the fact that the dredge would take only half a day to mine out a deposit before it had to be moved to a new location, created poor utilization of the machine. Towing the dredge to a new location would take a steam boat and since the boats ran up the Stewart quite infrequently in the mid teen years (1916-18), the dredge and men operating it sat idle, more than it worked.

The company went bankrupt and the dredge was purchased by another group who had it pulled up river to Mayo where it was dismantled and hauled up to Hight Creek where it was reassembled.

It mined a season and one half on Hight Creek, with Ed Barker as dredgemaster. Being a very light dredge intended for dredging boat harbours (read easily dug sand and mud), it was not up to the task of dredging boulders like those on Hight Creek. It failed financially, since it was in need of repair more often than it was digging.

All that remains of the Hight Creek dredge today is a decaying hulk midway up the Hight Creek valley. There were never any attempts to breathe new life into it.

It is interesting the Ogilvie family thought that the #4 Dredge on Bonanza was the one William brought into the country. They were taken back a bit when we told them the history as it really was.

We met the current Ogilvie family while we were in Dawson for the 1998 commemoration of the Gold Rush.

Regards: Lowell

## **CLEM EMINGER**

The recent letters in the Moc Tel about Clem Eminger prompted a memory as I had heard his name mentioned by my dad in earlier years. I also recalled that my Aunt Amanda Rendell has talked of him in later years. I called her and asked for some memories and, since she doesn't have a computer, she enlisted the help of her daughter, Pam Charman, who sent me the attached biography on Clem. If you can use it for a future edition, that would be great.

How's the weather in Yuma? Hope you had a good trip down. We are having our last spurt of summer, with temperatures in the low 90's F. and today we are having a horrific sand storm.

Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukon180@hotmail.com](mailto:yukon180@hotmail.com) (In San Jacinto CA)

### **Clem Eminger**

Clem Eminger came to Canada in 1924 from his birthplace, Salzburg, Austria. As a young man he, and his brother Andrew, got the prospecting bug and were staking claims in the Livingstone Creek area in 1931. They met another prospector, John Scott, who not only became a partner in their endeavours, but a life long friend.

Clem's brother Andrew, who was reputed to have a lovely singing voice, was lost sometime before 1937 in an accident involving the cat train he was driving on the Whitehorse to Dawson run.



Clem continued to walk the length and breadth of the Livingstone Creek area, knowing it as few men have. There were stories that he could look at a piece of ore and tell where it came from. He also prospected in the Wheaton and Ross River areas and his name is included in the Yukon Prospectors' Hall of Fame, established in 1988.

In the mid 1930s, Clem and Alfred Burian, built a cabin on the Miles Canyon road, next to Schwatka Lake, for a senior official in the White Pass company. That cabin still stands and is well maintained and enjoyed by a local resident to this day.

Clem's association with the Burian family started when he met them in British Columbia, not long after he came to Canada, and extended to many hunting and fishing trips, dinners and happy times with Amanda Burian and her husband Charlie Rendell. He was always referred to as "Uncle Clem" in their family.

During the war years Clem worked for a while as a mechanic for Pan American Airways. He later became an electrician, and a very good one, it was said.

The famous sky scraper log cabins were once next door neighbours to Clem on Lambert Street. He built himself a cabin there, and the sky scrapers can be glimpsed at the top of the photo of Clem watering his ever present garden. His little well kept cabin was where he stored his collection of war era National Geographic magazines and an eclectic collection of books including a flower identification book by Martha Louise Black and

poetry by the famous German poet Friedrich Schiller, whose work Clem admired and committed to memory, reciting pages of Schiller's poems to entertain his friends.



Clem was instrumental in the discovery of the Venus Mine in the 1960's. It was a silver mine and was located on the West side of Tagish Arm, approximately 17 km South of Carcross. It was located right on the South Klondike Highway (Whitehorse, Yukon to Skagway, Alaska) at km 83.4, 2.9 km north of the Yukon-British Columbia border. The remains of the mine structures can still be seen above and below the highway.

As the years went by Clem developed a new passion: marksmanship. He was a crack shot with a pistol. He never packed a rifle, figuring that it just got in the way. To his way of thinking, a pistol was easier to handle and carry. He trained not only by target shooting, but he would hold a two gallon plastic jerry can of water out in front of him, as though it were a gun, to strengthen and steady his shooting arm.

Clem was an ardent member of the local Rifle and Pistol Club, winning many medals in competition. In 1967, at the first Canada Winter Games, held in Quebec City, he was part of the Yukon contingent's shooting team. At 68 he was also the oldest man to take part in the Games. He put five shots in the space of a silver dollar in ten seconds. Clem was dedicated to and extremely accomplished at everything he put his mind to.

In his later years, despite having lived a healthy lifestyle, Clem developed a heart problem. His one remaining brother in Austria also suffered from heart problems. He passed away in Whitehorse General Hospital October 12, 1969, at the age of 69 following a heart attack.

Friends from all over the Territory gathered at the United Church for a Yukon Order of Pioneers funeral ceremony, with the Reverend Harold Marston officiating. Clem was buried as was his wish, on Grey Mountain overlooking Whitehorse.

Clem Eminger was a man with old world values and was greatly missed. He was industrious, honest, generous, kind and considerate, did not speak ill of others and was a great friend. In a word, he was a gentleman in every sense of the word.



Clem's parent's home in Salzburg.



Clem is second from the left in the back row. Although it is difficult to see, he is wearing a very fancy, tooled leather holster and pistol. Another group shot of the Rifle and Pistol club, judging by the fellow in the front row holding a pistol. The back row people appear to be users of the long bow.



Clem is in the front row, second from the right.

## **TRANSPORTATION HALL OF FAME**

It's that time of year to start accepting nominations for the 2008 Transportation Hall of Fame awards. Could you please post on MocTel and advise everyone that the deadline to submit nominations for Person of the Year, Pioneer and the Order of Polaris (aviation award) is December 31st 2008. All nominations can be sent directly to me electronically or by fax or mail.

Thanks so much Sherron!!

Terry-Lynn Vold [Terry.Vold@gov.yk.ca](mailto:Terry.Vold@gov.yk.ca)

Program and Research Officer Road Safety Transport Services  
W-17 Dept. of Highways and Public Works Whitehorse, Yukon  
Phone: (867) 667-8835 Fax: (867) 667-5799

## GRIZZLY AT HAINES

Hi Sherron, I took these snaps of this grizzly in Haines at Thanksgiving. He was interested in only the fish and certainly got his quota, while some of the rest of us had to go and buy our fish from the fish market!!!! This one spent pretty well the entire day at the lake, eating, swimming and entertaining us and of course was the most photographed of the two that were in the area. The other grizzly blended in with the color of the trees and ground (all brown) so well. It was a little nerve racking with so many children, dogs and people around, but he ignored people standing five feet or less from him taking pictures. I didn't venture out to take pictures when he was around the vehicles. I thought I was safer in the camper with the door locked, just in case he came calling!!!! ha

Hope you are enjoying your warm winter, everything changed so quickly this year and we are certainly not ready or looking forward to a long winter, but guess we have no choice.

Shirley Keobke [mistyonmarsh\\*northwestel.net](http://mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net) (At Marsh Lake)



Grizzly at Chilkoot Lake – Haines Alaska – Thanksgiving weekend 2007.  
Photos courtesy Shirley Keobke [mistyonmarsh\\*northwestel.net](http://mistyonmarsh*northwestel.net) (At Marsh Lake)

*The seagulls sure aren't intimidated by a grizzly.*

## **JACK STALBERG**

Wonderful tribute by Donna Clayson to the memory of Jack Stalberg! It's a true work of love. Thanks Donna.

Joyce Yardley [Joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce*dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## **JACK STALBERG**

Good evening Sherron

What a beautiful tribute to Jack.

I was a child in Beaver Creek when I first met Jack, but it was not until I moved back in 1983 to work for the Dept of Tourism, that I would get to know him a lot better.

One of the many things that I remember about "Mr. Stalberg", which I was later told to call him Jack as "Mr. Stalberg" was his father, was that he was very meticulous of his appearance. I never saw him ruffled. He had the most infectious smile, and one was hard pressed not to smile back or wonder what he was smiling about when you met him. He was always ready for a wee chat, and that sparkle in his eye, was almost mischievous.

I went to school with Sue and her brother Jackie, in Beaver Creek for a couple of years before the Pump Station closed down, but as stated earlier, I did not know the parents that well.

In 2005, Ron Hiltz, made a trek back to the Yukon, and upon return to Vancouver, stayed with me for a week. One of the priorities on our long list of places and people to see was to go to Shawnigan Lake and see Jack.

So after a short visit to Chemanius, we found our way to Sue's house in Shawnigan Lake. My, how the years had past, but seeing Sue, was like no time had past. Sue looked the same to me.

But the sight of Jack was the icing on the cake. Ron was beside himself, as Jack had always been someone he truly respected, appreciated, and looked up to. Though Sue told him we were arriving, and the anticipation was there, it took Jack a couple of minutes to remember who we were, as Ron was just a kid when he last saw him. But, once we got to talking, well, the path was blazed. It had been 20 years since I last saw Jack in Beaver Creek as well.

Sue, Jack, Ron and I went down to the little restaurant for lunch, and you could just see the sparkle in his eye. He had the ever present smile, and the curiosity of what we were doing and where we lived, and where other "old-timers" of the Yukon were, and what were they all doing?

We filled him in as much as we could, including the information about my dad, as he and Jack were friends. I do not know if Dad ever flew with Jack, but Dad also had the love of flying, and I believe that he has flown with Beat Ledergerber at one time or another.

Though he had suffered a stroke, it did not seem to appear to deter his curiosity or excitement as we spoke of the Yukon. It was like the years melted away, and it was only yesterday that we were all there.

As we left the restaurant, you could see that he was getting tired, but as also stated in the article, he was stubborn, as Sue would attest to. He would not allow us to cut our visit short, until its time came. When Ron and I bid our farewell, he stood and waved until we could no longer see him in the rearview window. Little did we know that it was our farewell to a great man.

I know that one of Jack's passions was talking politics. I recall a couple of conversations he and I had at the Information Center in Beaver Creek, when he would stop in and have a coffee, that it was always an "invigorating" experience, and always left me amazed at his knowledge, and insight. He made his point, and as stated in the tribute, he stuck by what he believed, even though he would listen to someone else's opinion. He would not necessarily side with them, but he was fair in acknowledging their point of view. I looked forward to these "debates", though I really did feel that I was no where near good enough or knowledgeable enough to "enter the ring" with him.

I recall sharing a coffee with Jack at the info center and listening to Morning Side with Peter Zoski. CBC was my "teething ring" so to speak, and we shared our stories of listening to the different shows that had been on the radio of long ago.

When I learned that his daughter, Sue, had received her "wings", I was in awe, and maybe a little bit envious. She was the first lady that I ever knew at that time to receive a pilot's license. I recall that Sue would give the "boys" a run for their money in elementary school in sports and class, and now we all know that it was the man behind the daughter that was the driving force.

When I heard that the airport in Beaver Creek was dedicated to Jack, I was really surprised, as I did not know the true history behind it. I thought that it was built originally by the army, but alas!!!! it was Jack.

I may never had acquired a flying license, but I learned to drive on that airstrip, as well as the Snag airport...both skidoos, and vehicles....so I thank you, Jack....you gave us young drivers a safe place to practice the hundreds of turns, and hundreds of shifts.....as we all learned on standard gear shifts.

I recall my many trips out to Snag over the years, and yes, I do recall the initials at the base of the flag pole, and always wondered who they belonged to. Now I know. That airport was always a place of discovery and a real draw for me. I think I have walked that strip a hundred or more times, and at times I could almost hear the planes landing and taking off from there. I would go up to the "tower" and pretend I was an air traffic controller, calling the planes as they prepared to land, and now I learn that one of the pilots that landed there many times, was our own Jack Stalberg....

Yes, the Yukon and for that matter, Canada, is better because of men like Jack Stalberg...and all the pioneers like him.

Thank you, Donna, for the beautiful tribute and to all the others that sent in their memories. I pray that Sue and her family will know that her dad gave us all a gift in one form or another, especially those of us in Beaver Creek. Now he has his "wings" for ever, and heaven is so much richer for him.

Here's to flying high among the clouds, Jack, and you always keep your sense of adventure and wonder.

Sandy Campbell [northernlyght\\*shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght*shaw.ca) (In Langley BC)

## **Vancouver Yukoners Association annual banquet**

Have now finalized plans for our banquet in April and would like to begin contributing bits and pieces re this event to the Moc Tel. By the way, loved last edition re Polly of Carcross fame, and picture of old YPA hall in Whitehorse. I too, have fond memories of those Friday night dances YPA Les McLaughlin mentioned. My brother was a member of the YPA (Young Peoples Association) and I could hardly wait to join. It was the club of its time - I recall the snappy white cardigans members wore - believe there was a green stripe around one arm. Ah, the simplicity of the 50's.

Hope all is well with you both.

Take care and best regards. Helen

The **Vancouver Yukoners Association annual banquet** will revisit the **River Rock Resort/Casino** for their spring banquet to be held **April 5, 2008**. We had a great turnout last year and expect the same this time around as well.

**Banquet tickets remain priced at \$55 a person.** Many who attend like to arrive at the RR on the Friday night before the dinner just to have more time to visit with old friends. It is our hope that we will be able to arrange a hospitality area for the Friday and Saturday where guests can register and pick up banquet tickets. We will also have available lists

of those attending so no one has to shuffle around a reader board trying to find familiar names. :))

The hotel rates are \$159.00 Plus tax. Remember to ask for the Yukoners rate when reserving suites. For your information/files:

River Rock Casino Resort,  
8811 River Road,  
Richmond, B.C. V6X 3P8.  
tel.604.247.8900  
fax.604.207.2641  
t/free.1.866.748.3718  
[email.reservations@riverrock.com](mailto:email.reservations@riverrock.com)  
WEB SITE: [www.riverrock.com](http://www.riverrock.com)

All tickets to be prepaid in advance. Our treasurer, Vivian Lelievre Stuart is in charge of ticket sales. You can email Ms. Stuart at [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca) or write to

Vivian Stuart  
217 - 3255 Cook Street,  
Victoria, B.C. V8X 1A4

In the meantime, if you have any questions please get in touch and keep an eye out for more bulletins in the MocTel. Hope you can join us!

Helen (Munro) Fitch [hmunro@shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro@shaw.ca) (In Port Moody BC)

## **EDITH JOSIE'S COLUMN - 1963**

I have received permission from the Whitehorse Star and Edith Josie's daughter in Old Crow to share some of the Column's Edith wrote for the Whitehorse Star back in 1963.

Gus Barrett had a copy of the booklet "The Best of Edith Josie 1963" and loaned his copy to be scanned and shared with you. Hope you enjoy them.

Thank you to Gus, the Whitehorse Star and to Edith and family for sharing these unique writings. – Sherron Jones



Most readers of the Yukon's twice-weekly Whitehorse Star newspaper have never seen Old Crow, which is on the banks of the Porcupine River, and 80 miles inside the Arctic Circle. There are no roads, and to hire a plane is expensive. But they can read the daily comings and goings of the citizens of Old Crow in Edith Josie's column "Old Crow News."

Edith Josie is a Loucheaux Indian woman of the Vunta Kutchin tribe which lives at Old Crow. If the weather is good, and Connelly-Dawson aircraft can land at the tiny village to pick up the mail, her column appears just as she writes it in The Whitehorse Star. Yukoners talk about it, and wonder if the rat (muskrat) trapping is good at Crow Flats, and if there will be enough caribou for the winter. For Edith Josie writes simply and philosophically, about a way of life now nearly extinct — an almost complete preoccupation with food and shelter, life and death.

She lives with a blind grandmother and other members of the family, in a one room log house, which is similar to all the other homes in Old Crow. Wood is used for heating and cooking, and ice is melted for water in winter time. There is no electricity, no telephone, no car.

Because The Whitehorse Star has been asked by so many people for back issues of Edith Josie's column, this booklet has been compiled. It is the Star's salute to a respected band of people, and to the woman whose writing has made them familiar friends to thousands of readers. Edith Josie will receive the royalties from this booklet.

# OLD CROW NEWS

BY Edith Josie  
(held over by bad flying weather)

Mr. John Joe Kay went across to see his trap on December 5, and he's lucky. He caught 4 minks and four martens. At last he's doing fine. On December 14 he went to his trap but he still gone.

December 10, Andrew Charlie, John Kendi, William Blacke Chief Charlie Peter left to Crow Flat to see their trap before Christmas.

December 11, Abraham Thomas and Isaac Thomas they went to Crow Flat to stake rat house.

December 6, Albert Abel went up river to set trap around drift wood. He came back Dec. 14. He caught 9 martins, 1 weasel, Gee, he's lucky man.

Mr. Peter Lord he been working with trap up river. He spent about 2 weeks. He had 12 minks, 2 martins, 1 weasel.

Mary Netro had couple across river and she staked few rat house and set 2 traps. She got 1 mink.

Everybody's doing fine with traps this year.

December 15, two planes were in Old Crow with mail. Poor Mr. Neil McDonald! He's really busy that night. The Post Office is not very big and it is all full when they sorted the mail. Mr. Philip Dacquemire had fresh stuff and Mr. Netro had some also.

St. Luke's W. A. women will sing carols next Sunday. They've been practicing every night. Mrs. Simon really busy teaching women before Christmas. These women are; Mrs. Myra Moses, Mrs. Myra Kay, Hannah Netro, Ellen Bruce, Ellen Abel, Edith Josie, Eliza Ben, Sarah Abel, Martha

J. Charlie, Joan Njootli. The songs are in the Indian Hymn Book.

Everyone came into town for Christmas. Sure lots of people. Had a great time at Christmas.

Mr. Moses Tisyah he move up to Simon Cache this fall for trapping. He moved down to Old Crow for Christmas and New Year. Sure nice for him to stay here in town -- better than out in the woods.

All the W. A. women decorated St. Luke's Church and the Hall before Christmas. They did it on Monday, Dec. 24. The same night at 7:30 p. m. they went to Christmas Tree and nice to see out old Santa Claus once again.

W. A. had feast on December 25 and invited everybody. All the white people went to the party. Everyone had a nice supper on Christmas Day.

On December 27, Abraham Thomas and Isaac Thomas came

back from Crow Flat with 6 minks and 3 caribous on mountains coming back. They really doing fine and had a good trip.

New Year is coming soon so Mr. Chief Charlie Peter is busy getting ready to make party for all the people in town.

Kenneth Nukon been up river to see his trap he caught 2 minks out no caribous. Everybody very happy for another year coming soon, we all be glad for 1963.

Mr. Connelly been in Old Crow with his plane from Inuvik on Jan. 3 and he supposed back next day but weather is bad. It is cold and there is ice fog, so the plane never come, but it came on Sunday afternoon. Two passengers are in the plane; Philip Joseph, Jerome Thomas. They stay two days cause the weather is bad and cold.

Sure had nice warm weather at Christmas and New Year. Everybody had good time and dance.



Chief Charlie Peter

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I appreciate receiving the Moc-Tel and I do not want to lose it.

Would you please change my e-mail address to the following -- [snowbirds-mexico@hotmail.com](mailto:snowbirds-mexico@hotmail.com) starting immediately.

Thank you, we are going to be in Mexico until the end of March, coming back when the weather warms up.

Jack Parkin [jparkincfp@shaw.ca](mailto:jparkincfp@shaw.ca) (In Creston)

## BACK ON THE LIST

We are back on line for the winter anyways. Our new email address is [gwyulett@telus.net](mailto:gwyulett@telus.net) George and I spent the summer at the cabin at Marsh Lake, intentions where to move there, however on the last day, Georges employers made him an offer to stay on for awhile longer. So with 3 months leave of absence we spent most of that time fending off the floods like everyone else! Hopefully next summer we will be Yukoners again.

Could we please be put back on the list so we can receive the Moccasin Telegraph.

Thanks

Wendy and George Yeulet

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*My mother taught me LOGIC. - "Because I said so, that's why."*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Peg Watson [pegwatson@hotmail.com](mailto:pegwatson@hotmail.com) (On Vancouver Island)

I have the recipe requested at the Vancouver Island Picnic:

### **Sour Dough Biscuits:**

First, of course, the cook needs the sourdough Starter, which I was told the recipe that was given in an early Moccasin Telegraph [#27].

And as long as a little milk, flour and sugar are added weekly, it's still working.

### **BISCUITS**

1 cup flour

2 tsp. Baking powder, pinch of baking soda

1/4 cup cooking oil, pinch of salt

For sweet biscuits, 1/4 c. sugar  
Add 1 cup sourdough for a moist dough, mix well  
Put on board and kneed, roll out, cut.  
Bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.  
This makes a baker's dozen. Lift onto rack. Try to keep for next picnic!

My big grandson likes them as is, no butter even.  
GOOD LUCK, Peg

**From Moccasin Telegraph 27 – August 24, 2003:**

## **SOURDOUGH STARTER**

*Source: Yukon Cookbook, A Selection of Recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs*

Sourdough is a mixture of flour and water, fermented in various ways to trap natural yeast. Having a well used starter guarantees that these organisms will be plentiful; but lacking the starter, a mixture of yeast, flour and warm water or potato water can be used. Old timers who had no yeast to begin with mixed flour, water and sugar and set it aside to ferment.

The starter is set by adding flour and water to it, and letting it sit in a warm place overnight. One cup of this starter is removed before other ingredients are added. This one cup of starter is the basis of future hotcakes, waffles and bread.

The more the starter is used, the better it will be. If it is not used once a week it may get a little too sour; when this happens, just throw out some of it and replace with the same amount of flour and water.

The starter should be kept in a cold place, but it should never be allowed to freeze; nor should it be stored in a metal container; a wooden bowl or container is best. Old timers often used hollowed out logs as their sourdough pots.

To make your starter, get a cup of sourdough batter from a friend or neighbour and mix it with 1 cup flour and 1 cup warm water (no hotter than 90F). Let this stand in a warm place for about 12 hours or until bubbles begin to form and it takes on a pleasantly sour aroma. If you can't get a starter, take 1/3 ounce of yeast cake or package and combine with 2 cups flour and 2 cups warm water or potato water. Let mixture sit in a warm place for 24 to 36 hours.

## **SOURDOUGH BANNOCK**

1/3 cup            starter  
1 cup             warm water (no hotter than 90F)  
2 1/2 cups        unsifted wheat flour or

2 cups           wheat flour and ½ cup corn flour or other flour  
¾ tsp.           Baking powder  
½ tsp.           Soda

1. Mix starter, water and 1 cup of the flour in a large bowl, at least 8 hours before baking time. Cover bowl and keep at room temperature for 8 or more hours, depending on the degree of sourness desired.
2. Put 1 cup of flour on bread board; turn dough out onto it.
3. Combine salt, baking powder, soda and the remaining ½ cup of flour, and sift over the top of the dough; mix into dough with hands, kneading lightly.

Roll out dough to ½ inch thickness; and cut with a round cutter. Place rounds in a greased, 9 inch square pan close together; let them rise for about half an hour, then bake in a preheated, 375F oven 30 to 35 minutes.

## **SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

### **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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