

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 228<sup>th</sup> Edition – November 11<sup>th</sup>, 2007**

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



**Pelly Fish Camp**

Doug Bell [cheechako46@northwestel.net](mailto:cheechako46@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

*Home To The Yukon Again*

by Alf Bilton [aelf60@yahoo.com](mailto:aelf60@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

I'm impressed with that Robert Service,  
As a cowboy, a poet, a man;  
I admire his vivid descriptions  
Of life in this wilderness land.  
And the way that he studied to know it  
As only a sourdough can.

The gold rush was over, he'd missed it,  
But that was just sauce for his tales;  
He recorded the life of those made it,  
Their hardship, and how they prevailed.  
Then, no faker, he went South of Sixty,  
And tackled the deadliest trail.

He wasn't content just to hear it,  
From others had conquered the strife;  
Nor willing to shirk, having missed it,  
As he took up a real writer's life.  
When Rob Service got back to the Klondike,  
He'd been tempered like steel in a knife.

The Edmonton Trail was a snow job,  
Just the plot of some mercantile men,  
Who were seeking to bilk, for profit,  
The stampedeers were passing through then.  
Their trail to the North had been charted;  
But, unfinished, was still a dead end.

That route had improved when Rob saw it,  
Though infamous now and disdained.  
Yet Service endured all the hardship;  
Dense forests, wild rivers, and pain;  
Won through to go down the Mackenzie;  
And home to the Yukon again.

His fame as a writer kept growing;  
Half a world seemed in love with his pen.  
That world pulled away Robert Service,  
From his cabin and sourdough friends.  
But it's said when he died, his spirit,  
Headed home to the Yukon again.

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## **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 6 August 1948**

Spent this day again at site 1085. Lovely warm day, some smoke haze coming up from southeast and the lake frequently as calm as a mirror, which is most unusual. Spent the morning with Hugh and Bill checking soil profiles with HCl to see where leaching had taken place. Tests confirm that classic Kluane profile is leached in red zone, but wherever

it is covered with the coarse gray platy sand it has derived CO<sub>3</sub>. Cf. yesterday's notes. The age of this culture is still not determined to everyone's mutual satisfaction. After lunch down by the pond, drove down to MILE-1091 where Fred and Hugh found chips in Kluane Silt on the bluff above lake's edge. This site similar in many ways to 1085, but, at least superficially, is not so extensive. The classic profile from Slims River silt all the way down is present here. So far, platy coarse gray windblown soil has been noted only at 1085.

In the eve, read a bit, and had some more target practice with my .22, shooting at a section of stove pipe about 125 yds. away down on the beach.

I asked Hugh today for some reading on soils and he gave me the following, also saying that nothing really adequate for our purposes had yet been done:

Von Engeln – Geomorphology (also recommended by Bryan) Lutz and Chandler – Forest Soils (good, but nothing on aeolian soils).



*Section of turf, ash, Kluane Silt, and till, at Mile 1075 estuary*

### **Saturday 7 August 1948**

Started off clear but became increasingly cloudy thru the day—less wind than usual. Left with Hugh, Fred, Bill and Karl and drove down to 1075 for a look see. Backpacked all our gear and struck down towards the lake. Went through a heavy blowdown and burn for 1/4 mile and then followed terrace edge.



*Bluff profile overlooking estuary at Mile 1075*

Fred and Hugh found chips and a hearth at one point. Stream channel here is same as others up the valley, but its mouth is an estuary about 1/2 mile long, and in that respect it is unique on this lake. Whole topography here on upper surface between the stream cuts is knob and kettle till, and we satisfied ourselves that several of the peculiar ridges were not eskers—the gravel in them showed no signs of sorting. Cooked up lunch down on the beach in the lee of some spruce, and then wondered farther up the shore before turning back and reaching the car about 4:30. Surrounded by large, brand-fresh bear tracks down there all day, but no visible sign of bruin or her cubs. Paul came back on the job today: his family in Burwash too.

Letter from Elaine—probably won't be coming up to Skagway because stray mines are being picked up along the route. News clipping calls them Russian, but they may also be Japanese. Apparently coast shipping is quite concerned. That is very disappointing news.

### **Sunday 8 August 1948**

Beautiful clear day. Warm and bright with no wind in the AM. Decided to stay in camp today and get caught up. Planned a fishing trip for evening, but at 12:30 the Slims River wind came in strong and put an end to that. Wrote Elaine and some postcards. Also

forwarded Kodachrome rolls 6 and 7 today (2, 3, 4, 5 sent out in pairs since we returned from pack trip). Did my laundry down on the beach, brought these notes up to date, and read Ellery Queen's "The Door Between." Back to the salt mines tomorrow. Also had a shower at the Inn when we went in with the mail—that's memorable enough to record. High winds all afternoon and evening.



*Mouth of estuary at Mile 1075, looking north-northeast*

### **Monday 9 August 1948**

Threatening day with strong wind out of the northwest spelling a bit of weather. Started out anyhow, and all down to 1085 by 8:30. Worked up the profile of the bluff for a length of about 250' in an attempt to see what happens there to the Kluane Silt stratum.

By 11 we were finished and it was raw and sprinkling, so we moved on down the road for a quick look at the bluffs south of 1074. No culture there. More rain, so returned to camp by 1:30 and had lunch in the cook tent. Rain and cold all afternoon. Rigged a tarp down in the brush camp and so had a dry place to sit by the fire. Wrote to Mother and Helen. In with Bill to get the mail, and over to Bert's for a bottle of beer. Bert said the old Chilkoot Pass up from Skagway lies north of the White Pass. The present Haines Rd. is the old Dalton Trail up as far as the Tatshenshini. The Chilkoot pass is a tougher one than the White but somewhat shorter; that's why it was used. From Hoochai Pass the Dalton trail went on to Carmacks on the Nordenskiold River and on down to Dawson and the Klondike.

Visited in the evening by all the Indian women. Mary Jacquot, Jessie Joe, and Mrs. Jimmy Johnson.

Cancelled my order for a toilet kit from Mary who will make me a shotgun scabbard instead.

Weather cleared around dinner time and the mosquitoes came out in full force for a brief time. Then it got very cold. We should have frost tonight; the fog is drifting south down the lake and lies in low banks along the eastern hills.



*Camp at Burwash*

To be continued . . . . .

### **ANTON MONEY - continued**

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

A week before Christmas he saw a herd of 300 caribou on a hillside near the lake. Hitching the dogs to the toboggan, he traveled 24 miles to the site of his sheep kill. He broke out all the salty clay he could carry and returned. The caribou were gone but he distributed the clay all around the bush where the caribou had been. Would they return? They did, but because of the man smell he had left behind, were very wary of the salty blocks but soon were busy licking it up. For several days Money hauled the salty clay blocks to the hillside and each day the caribou returned. Early Christmas morning, he went out early with a supply of his own salt. He stood very still and soon the caribou came. They spotted him of course, but their desire for the salt overcame their fear of man. Soon they were all around him and were licking the salt from his hand. Again from Money's diary: "Have you ever had great faith in something, and had your innermost desire answered? It is a wonderful and most satisfying thing. To feel the confidence of that cold and wet nose snuffing into my hand of salt, an animal truly of the wilderness, unafraid, licking my hand – what a glorious, triumphant, happy feeling! I had a terrific

sense of accomplishment, of being at one with all of nature. That moment will live with me forever. Indeed, God was in His Heaven that Christmas day. That day was mine.”

Now it was time for Money to get serious. If he were going to mine this summer, he needed to build a sluice box. He soon fashioned a saw pit out of some trees sawed off at five feet. Using other trees as a ramp and the help of the dogs, he could get a 12 ft. log on the top of the saw pit. Using a piece of charcoal to draw a line, he began to saw with the whipsaw. Regardless of how hard he tried, he found it impossible to stay on the line and the work was twice as hard without a man on the bottom of the saw. The boards would have to make do however, as there was no help. Eventually towards spring he had the required pile of lumber to build the sluice. He cut a few extra planks as he thought it might be a good idea to build a boat later.

One afternoon on Finlayson Lake, he watched a pack of 5 wolves bring down a caribou. The large male went after the caribou's hamstring on a hind leg and soon the animal was having difficulty with that leg and was slowing down. Then the female went after the other hind leg. The three smaller wolves moved in for the kill and not long after the animal was dead. Money marveled at the organized method of the wolves and while he felt sorry for the caribou, he realized the wolves hunting food for subsistence was no different than himself. A few days later on a small creek near his cabin he watched a family of otters sliding down an embankment. They would climb back to the top and slide down again and stayed at it for hours. He returned many times to watch them. As the days grew longer, Money started packing the lumber to his mine site. Soon the Indians returned for their spring trapping and Money talked two of them into coming to work for him right after the trapping was over. Payment was to be in Hudson's Bay trade tokens, or trade goods or gold dollars. The Indians said they would come to work for gold dollars.

With little to do until the snow was gone, Money decided to take his dogs to Pelly Banks Trading Post about 75 miles from his cabin. He sorely needed a better stove to keep his cabin warm and could splurge on a few other items as well. He traveled light with 6 dogs, rifle, axe, tarpaulin, food for himself and the dogs. Each dog would consume 5 pounds of meat or fish every day. Two days found him at the trading post and soon the trader, Del VanGorder had his order together and offered the local police cabin for the night as it was vacant. Well rested, Money and the dogs reached their cabin in two days. Spring of 1926 eventually arrived. The lake was booming and cracking all day long as the pressure from the many springs entering the lake under the ice caused it to heave and break up. Soon the Indians left for their spring beaver hunt. Money hauled a tent to the mining site and began the task of putting together a sluice box and water flumes.

One day he noticed geese on the lake and he shot one. An Indian woman had shown him how to cook one. After cleaning the innards, the entire goose was wrapped in clay and left on the hot coals in the stove for several hours. Retrieving it from the primitive oven, the clay would break off in large chunks taking the feathers and skin with it. The meat was delicious. Next he watched the ducks to find out where their nests were. He soon had a dozen eggs. To test for freshness, if the egg stayed on his hand while submerged in

water, the egg was edible. If it rose to the surface, it meant there was a tiny chick inside. The few eggs made a pleasant change to his daily diet for a couple of days.

Money worked the next ten days single handedly at his mine, shoveling gravel in the top and clearing it out at the bottom, resulting in a cleanup of \$180.00 worth of gold. The Indians returned and 3 of them went to work for Money. He had to show them how to use a pick and shovel, and at first they were very clumsy, but soon had a system that worked very well. The Indians showed no interest in the nuggets or the fine gold, but the twenty dollar gold pieces they recognized and took great delight in having them. Money and his Indians worked the full summer and by fall he had a couple of good pokes of gold. As the cooler weather approached and the days got shorter, Money began to make plans to go to Vancouver. Finally the day to leave in mid September arrived. He closed up his cabin, loaded the boat with his rations and 6 dogs and rowed to the south end of the lake with the help of a small sail. Making camp there for the night he readied 6 packs for the dogs and one for himself. They were away before daylight as was his usual custom. All went well and a month later found him at Wrangell, Alaska, where he made arrangements to board out the dogs.

After a short meeting with the gold commissioner, who he reported his mining activity to, he was on the Hazel B headed south. Three years had passed since he arrived in the north. Money felt they were the best three years of his life. He was healthy, extremely fit, and very muscular.

Money looked forward to a nice roast beef dinner. However he found it flat and tasteless, not like the fat moose and caribou that he had been eating for the last 3 years. He found his speech was off, not having spoken to anyone but the local Indians for the last year or so. The brassy sounds of the juke box and the noise of the city were almost more than he could bear. He decided to take his gold and sell it at the Government Assay Office. Three days later he returned to pick up a cheque for \$2280.00. His efforts had paid handsomely.

To be continued . . . . .



**Army Buildings in Whitehorse - 1948**

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

## Where have all the army buildings gone?

By Pat Ellis, Whitehorse Star, Letter to the Editor, October 26, 2007

Ed. note: the first part of this two-part series was published last Friday.

Marlene Sudeyko is the only person I personally know who has been on the cover of Life magazine – with royalty, yet!

This was on the Aug. 23, 1954 cover with Prince Philip, when he officially opened the Whitehorse (Elementary) School. Marlene is peeking over His Highness's shoulder.

This is her story:

“I arrived in Whitehorse in May 1954 at the tender age of 20. I had purchased a one-way ticket from Vancouver to Whitehorse via CP Air for \$79.

“The next day, I went to the civilian personnel office (DND) and was hired to work for HME Highway Maintenance Establishment, NWHS.

“This was located in an H-type building alongside the RCMP detachment, which housed engineers, transport personnel, soil department and line drivers who hauled materials to the various maintenance camps along the Alaska Highway.

“My job was to do the payroll for all the casual civilian employees in town and along the highway. Sometimes I had to deliver paycheques to employees who, by the time their paycheques were issued, were guests of the RCMP.

“In August 1954, a new modern building opened in Camp Takhini for all female employees. (It's now a privately owned apartment called ‘The Barracks’).

“This was three levels of single rooms with community bathroom and kitchenette to a floor, one large lounge plus a matron to keep the men out.

“There were about 90 women in residence, most in their 20s. No shortage of men at that time, and it was hard to spend an evening at home.

“Our room cost \$5 a month and meals \$40. They were served in the big Mess Hall across the road.

“We were bused downtown to work and back again for lunch and dinner. An unreal life, really, and the most care free two years of my life.

“In July 1956, I married Peter in the Old Log Church, and held the reception in the Rec. Hall, which was later moved and is now used by a trucking company next to the Kopper King.

“We soon moved into civilian army quarters on lot 19 (end of Fourth Avenue).

“Those many barracks apartments were of the same type: 20 feet wide and lined with 10-test and had a temperamental space heater, but real plumbing!

“They were called EMQs, Emergency Married Quarters. After a year, all civilians were moved into another EMQ complex of about 40 tiny units in Camp Takhini, and stayed for six years.

“There wasn't a playground for the many kids, and we didn't expect one. When the Canadian military started to wind down, we had to look for our own house.

“In the early '60s, two buildings went up for sale in the airport area owned by D.O.T. and to be sold by Crown Assets. One building was the VIP guesthouse and the other building was called an annex, which housed the staff.

“At one point in the ’50s, Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip spent a couple of nights there. (The Queen surprised everyone with some mild morning sickness.)

“It was a two-storey large building with hardwood floors, four or five bedrooms and a huge living room.

“This was originally built for the U.S. Brigadier General James O’Connor. Of course, we didn’t have much cash, but put in a bid and, to our surprise, we were awarded both of them, but they had to be moved.

“To make a long story short, we purchased a lot in the (new) Porter Creek for \$265 – no services, of course. The big house was hot water-heated, so we sold it to George Krautschneider for \$3,000, which covered the cost of the annex.

“Good old Andy Hooper moved it for around \$1,000, had it gutted, rewired and new partitions put in, it was 20 by 48 feet. We lived there for 35 years.”

Note: The big VIP house was moved to Alexander Street and Seventh Avenue, where it sat empty ’til 1989, when it was nicely renovated in time for the 50th Alaska Highway Anniversary in 1992.

\* \* \*

Down Memory Lane with Pat and Marlene:

In August, we drove about town trying to spot old army buildings.

The familiar size, 20 feet wide, gave us a clue. Most were located on the other side of Fifth, now stuccoed or colourfully-sided; many still had the original multi-paned windows.

We also noted some Quonsets. We made a few notes – correct me if I am wrong about some of the remaining buildings:

The main buildings at the Kopper King, the old Canol warehouses in the Yukon Liquor Corp. yard, the Airport Chalet, the Guild Hall, Maryhouse, La Gourmandise, the Innuksuk building and many in the Marwell area, most of the old cabins at Marsh Lake, and highway lodges such as Braeburn Lodge.

It would be interesting if someone would compile a survivors list, do a little research in the U.S. army archives to see just how many buildings were shipped up to this country during the war.

I would also like to see a sample of a barrack and Quonset preserved at the Yukon Transportation Museum, with a large photo display inside them.

It would be a memorial to our biggest building boom ever, generously provided by Uncle Sam.

The writer is a longtime Whitehorse resident and history enthusiast.

\* \* \*

Please go ahead and use the above article, Pat and I certainly had fun poking around the old buildings. I had always thought I would write a story about life in the single barracks so maybe this will do. I am jealous of you being in Arizona but you deserve it.

Enjoy.

Marlene Sudeyko [msudeyko@northwestel.net](mailto:msudeyko@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## ARMY BUILDINGS

Some of you may recall seeing these Army buildings in Whitehorse.  
If you have any memories you can share with us, please do. – Sherron  
[Sherronjones@roadrunner.com](mailto:Sherronjones@roadrunner.com)



**Army Building in Whitehorse – 1948**

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



**Army Building in Whitehorse - 1948**

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

Hi Sherron:

I am sending you a little ramble regarding the above subject and I have picked up my story to follow the story that was printed in the Whitehorse Star on Oct. 26<sup>th</sup>.

Marlene

The first barracks I lived in after arriving in Whitehorse were located in an area beside the RCMP detachment which was in the same location it stands today. These were the typical long army buildings and were 20ft. wide and various lengths. We each had our own room and a community bathroom. Three months later we were all relocated to a brand spanking new building in the Takhini area and would house all the single female employees employed by the Army. The building was three levels and housed about 90 women. Civilian men and military personnel had their own buildings in the vicinity and we all ate our meals at the same mess hall.

In no time friendships were formed, there was a small segment of older women but most of us were in our 20's and we were from all different parts of Canada, even a few from Australia and England.

Of course there were rules and regulations for us to follow as with most renters. Periodically, the army would carry out inspections on our rooms and the night before you would see a frenzy of activity, called house cleaning amongst us, before we returned to our casual habits. The social life was quite active as there was an excess of men in Whitehorse at that time as they had also come north for the same reason that we women had, better pay. There was always an invitation to join a bunch for an evening at the Rainbow Room (Whitehorse Inn) or dancing at the legion. Within a few months after arriving here I attended a June ball at the Officers' Mess. This was an annual event put on by the Army at the three messes; Jr. Ranks, Sargents and Officers messes. Of course there were always young officer cadets based here for the summer months and they required dates and some of us gals would be invited. I just happened to have packed my high school grad dress with me (never dreaming I would ever wear it) so I was prepared. Military bands would be flown up from southern bases and the food and music was wonderful. A magical evening was had by all.

Another tradition of life in the barracks was the linen exchange. One scheduled evening every week an army truck would pull up in front of the barracks and we would line up outside to exchange our dirty sheets for clean ones; another good free service.

One tradition I remember from this era is that we had to provide our own cutlery to eat in the mess hall and everyone used a cloth bag to carry the utensils. These bags were purple in colour with yellow trim and a drawstring at the top. Apparently to obtain one of these cutlery carriers, all you had to do is purchase a bottle of Crown Royal at the liquor store

and the alcohol was sold in one of these attires. I have no idea how this "tradition" was started but we carried these bags everywhere like a badge of honour.

The evenings we did spend at home, the doors to our rooms were always open and we would congregate in one another's rooms to gab, eat and just generally socialize.

Like everything in life, good times don't last forever -- a lot of the girls moved on, many of them met and married local personnel from the Air Force, Army, RCMP and civilians and moved onto another life in southern Canada. I attended many bridal showers held in our lounge and eventually my turn came also. I married a civilian in July 1956 and moved out of the barracks forever.

Those two years were the most carefree time of my life and I am glad that I had them before I settled into life's responsibilities and the good memories still stay with me.

Marlene Sudeyko [msudeyko@northwestel.net](mailto:msudeyko@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



**Mountain view from Carcross cutoff area.**

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

I took this picture today [Nov. 2, 2007]... the sunlight was nicely hitting the mountains just around supper time... this is the view from our living room window... we don't have a

lot of snow yet, but it's coming. Thought you might be able to use it in the MocTel. -

Don't know the name of the mountain but it's next to Grey Mountain... we're out by the Carcross cutoff... live in Spruce Hill (subdivision) but not everyone knows where it is... so near the cutoff is the best direction .. looking East.

Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)



Robert Service Cabin, Dawson City 1958 "The Bard of the Yukon"  
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg.hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **Robert Service Cabin**

A Yukon Nugget –  
By Les McLaughlin

There's a little cabin on Eighth Avenue in Dawson City which was home to the world's most famous Yukoner. Though he never owned it, the cabin was his pride and joy inspired some of his most famous poems and a book which became a Hollywood motion picture.

The two room cabin, set amongst the willows and the alders on the hill side overlooking Dawson was built in 1897. The first owner was Mrs. Matilda Day. Later it was sold to Mrs. Edna Clarke, who rented the cabin to Robert Service in November of 1909. Service had written his most famous poems while working as a bank clerk in Whitehorse. When the Bank of Commerce transferred him to Dawson in the spring of 1908, he quickly discovered that his poems were earning more money than the bank was paying him. He quit the bank, rented the cabin and began his career as a full time author.

Here he wrote his third volume of poetry called Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. The collection included such gems as the Trapper's Christmas Eve, Athabasca Dick and Goodbye Little Cabin. He also wrote his one and only novel called the Trail of '98. In 1929, Metro Goldwin Mayer released it as a movie with the same name. It starred Dolores Del Rio, Ralph Forbes and Karl Dante.

Though there had been previous movies about the Gold Rush, 'The Trail of '98' was the first talking picture dealing with the Klondike as its theme. It was acclaimed at the time because the critics all agreed that the depiction of the characters and the plot were true to the Klondike story.

While living in his little cabin, Service was so inspired as a writer that he'd often run out of paper for his little Underwood typewriter. So he'd scrawl his lines on the wall paper using a led carpenter's pencil. Then he'd pin the stuff on the walls, stand back and read it over to make sure it was right.

Service left Dawson for the last time in June of 1912 telling everyone he was going on one of his periodic trips to meet with his publishers in Toronto and New York. He knew he would never come back and wrote his soliloquy called 'Good-bye Little Cabin'.

The poem includes lines such as "your roof is bewhiskered, your floor is aslant ... your walls seen to sag and to swing ... I'm trying to find just your faults, but I can't ... you poor, tired heart-broken old thin". This clearly shows his deep attachment for the place. Today, the cabin sits in much the same condition as it was left by the bard of the Yukon, a living reminder of the inspiration the cabin on Eighth Avenue gave the Yukon's most famous poet.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin  
Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **Steamer NASUTLIN**

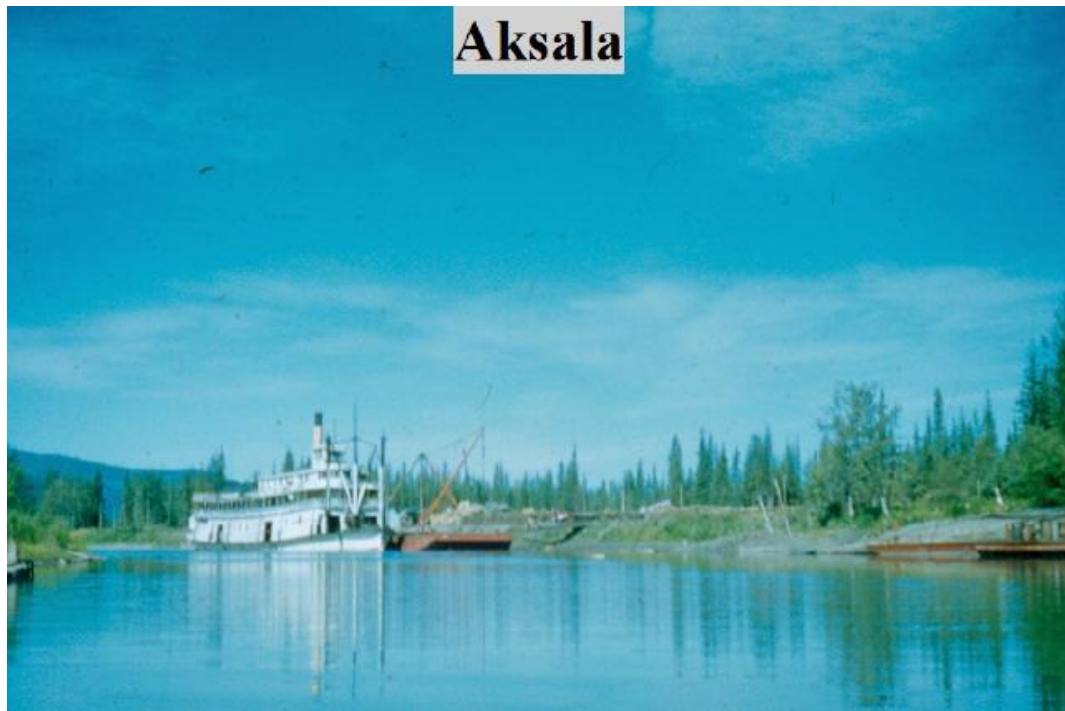
It was nice to see the write up on the Steamer Nasutlin [In MocTel 227]. That was the boat that Henry used to be on between Stewart and Mayo. It was nice to see those photos. I was lucky enough to be able to take a trip on the Nasutlin from Mayo to Stewart and back my first summer up in Mayo. It was a lovely trip with great scenery.

Alice Breaden [ambreaden\\*shaw.ca](http://ambreaden*shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)



**Sternwheeler Aksala 1950**

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan  
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)



**Sternwheeler Aksala 1950**

Photo copyright J.E.F. 'Frank' Hoggan  
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)

My last year on the Aksala was 1949. I am trying to pinpoint where those pictures were taken. I know in '49 we hauled from Mayo to the Stewart slough at the mouth of the Stewart River where the ore was off loaded and then reloaded onto other Steamers running the Dawson City - Whitehorse run. The barge the Aksala is tied up to in the top photo looks like one of the new steel ones they had put in service a year or so before I left. The one in the picture looks like the Pelly. Did Frank Hoggan take those pictures? I thought he was in Fairbanks going to University in '50. I know I bumped into him once while I was there, but can't remember if it was in '50 or '51. Maybe Maribeth can shed a little more light on that. I am not sure but I think Frank is still alive in Edmonton.

Sorry I couldn't be more help. You can add this picture of the Whitehorse and the Aksala together transferring ore at Stewart slough in 1949. I have had a close look at my picture and I am sure they were all taken in the slough only a year apart. I must do an article on the Lower River one of these days.

Larry Chalmers [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) (In Oliver BC)



Sternwheelers Aksala and White Horse in slough at Stewart Island 1949  
Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) (In Oliver BC)

Thanks, Larry, for jogging my memory. I knew the Aksala figured largely in the Henderson Creek part of the family stories but had forgotten how.

Frank is still alive in Edmonton but is not well and is unable to fill us in on the details. As I told Sherron, the quality of the pictures tells me that Frank took them. He did work at Henderson during those summers and attended the U of Alaska otherwise.

Thanks to the MocTel for enriching our family record. Let this be a lesson to other Yukon descendants not to leave it too long to write down the stories and to label the pictures.

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

There is something bothering me about those pictures that Frankie took. I think one of them was printed backwards, and I think it is the top one. That barge seems to be on both sides of the Aksala. The picture I took of the stern would seem to line up with the lower picture of Frank's. It looks to me like he was standing on the forward barge shown in the lower picture when he took the top one.

Larry Chalmers [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) (In Oliver BC)



Aksala -1950

**(Original flipped and cropped)**

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

Fantastic Sherron. How did you do that ? Notice the guy going up the gang plank with an empty hand cart, which should mean they were loading the ship for a trip to Whitehorse. That job paid 75cents per hour, and we loved every nickel of it !!

Larry Chalmers [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) (In Oliver BC)

Absolutely, Sherron! This is Steamboat Slough, in back of Stewart where the ore was stored. Both Aksala pictures are the same location. The reversed photo really threw me because I KNEW that was Steamboat Slough but all details were just not right.

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

### **More details re Hoggan Photo of Flood in Dawson 1925.**

Yes the railway bridge did go across the Klondike River to Klondike City (Louse Town). You cannot see Klondike City in the photo it is to the left on the south side of the Klondike River.

The rail road came across the bridge (at 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue) and then along Front Street to the foot of King Street where the White Pass office was; the Northwest Territories now have an information booth there. The bridge was set up so that cars and horse drawn wagons could cross to Louse Town.

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



## Ferry Ride ends Earlier this year

Photos and story courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

October 28, 2007

Friday, October 26, was the day they pulled the George Black Ferry out of the Yukon River this year. It's a few days earlier than the last couple of years - Oct. 30 in 2005 and Oct. 31 in 2006 - but Dawson's had permanent snow on the ground now since not long after Thanksgiving, and while daytime temperatures have been moderate, night times have been creeping down to -20, so the earlier ice was not a terrific surprise.

Once the ferry has to shoulder its way through the frazzle ice, once you can hear the proto-bergs shattering against the side of the boat or against themselves as they jostle in the current, it's time to do the job.

West Dawsonites, an ever increasing population, have stocked up for the interruption of their commute for supplies or, if they have to due to their jobs, have found berths in town until the river freezes solid enough for traffic.

On Saturday afternoon the crew was busy putting away the thick cable, spools and pulleys and buttoning up the ferry for another winter season on its pad beside the dike.



River ice is still flowing, but it won't be long before it jams and solidifies and not too long after that before the first hardy souls brave the trail, first on foot, then by skidoo and finally, by ATV and light truck.?

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Highway workers put the finishing touches on the George Black's winter home and clean up the paraphernalia used to haul the boat out of the river.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## NASUTLIN

Regarding John Gould's comments on the Nasutlin, here are a few photos before and after.

George Millen [george\\_millen@hotmail.com](mailto:george_millen@hotmail.com) (In Watson Lake)



Photo courtesy George Millen [george\\_millen@hotmail.com](mailto:george_millen@hotmail.com) (In Watson Lake)



Photo courtesy George Millen [george\\_millen@hotmail.com](mailto:george_millen@hotmail.com) (In Watson Lake)

# OLD CROW NEWS

BY EDITH JOSIE

February 17, I had wire from Mr. Harry at Whitehorse. He said Ben Charlie and Mrs. Martha Benjamin will go to Ottawa for International Olympic Competition for skiers on February 19. Frank Cook will take them out. Everyone is very glad to hear these two will go out long travel. Hope they had good trip. Old Crow is little town and Father Mouchet is training boys and girls for the skiers. Now they even go way out to Ottawa. Sure big surprise for the people in Old Crow.

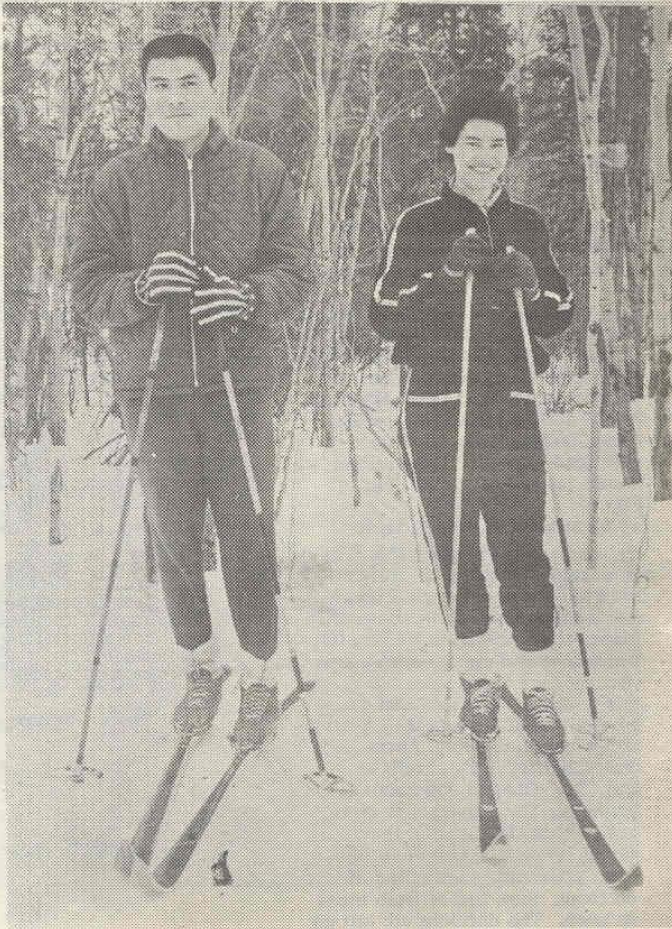
February 16, two of Connelly-Dawson Airway planes land in Old Crow, one with mail and one came from Inuvik. Same day plane came from Fort Yukon with mail and Mrs. Ethel Frost went down to Fort Yukon to see her mother.

February 15, Chief Charlie Peter got back home from his trap line. He got ten minks, one moose.

Still caribous around on wood trail. They still kill caribous every day.

February 15, John Joe Kay killed eight caribous and February 16 Richard Nukon killed nine caribous. Sure lots of fresh meat to eat and also for dog feed.

February 18, first day we had nice weather -- warm and sunshine all day. Sure look very nice. Make us think the spring is coming soon.



Ben Charlie Martha Benjamin

## **OBIT - SAD NEWS**

My son, Bruce passed away Sunday afternoon [Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> 2007]. I don't have too many details at the moment and hopefully will tomorrow.

The service will be held in Vancouver on November 17<sup>th</sup>; however the place of service is not firmly confirmed at this time. Next spring we will take him home to Whitehorse to be buried alongside my parents and brother. It was his wish for that.

If anyone would like to attend, please email me or contact at the numbers below for further information.

I will let you know further. Please, no flowers and if you wish to make donations, kindly do so to the Canadian Diabetes Association in his memory.

Love, Vivian, Doug & Sherril

Vivian Stuart  
#217 – 3255 Cook St  
Victoria BC V8X 1A4  
[lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca)  
250-383-1349  
250-588-1349 Cell

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Could I ask you to change my email address for the MocTel Sherron?

From this one [trapper@nemotel.net](mailto:trapper@nemotel.net) to [trapperyt@gmail.com](mailto:trapperyt@gmail.com).

I've moved.

thanks

Rick Mortimer

Effective immediately, please change our e-mail address to:

[ruthandzoli@shaw.ca](mailto:ruthandzoli@shaw.ca)

Thank you.

Ruth & Zoli Kovacs

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*My mother taught me FORESIGHT- "Make sure you wear clean underwear in case you're in an accident."*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Florence Roberts [yapper\\*klondiker.com](mailto:yapper*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

### German Christmas Cookies

4 cups flour  
½ pound butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 egg yolks  
1 tsp baking powder  
1 tbsp sour cream

Mix all ingredients together. Dough should be very stiff (keep working). Cut and decorate with egg whites and cookie decorations. Bake at 350 degrees approx. 15 minutes.

Mrs. Penny Sippel  
First Presbyterian Ladies Aid  
Whitehorse

Re cookies - here is a true Yukon solution; I learned it from Vimy (Yeulet) Cooper -

When rolling cookies into balls, put a dozen or so in a zip lock bag and chuck in the freezer, next time do the same throw them in the same bag & pretty soon you have enough to make assorted cookies, nice if you have to take some to a meeting. Very impressive to have 6 kinds of cookies all fresh.

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

## COOKIE RECIPES

Just click on the name of the cookie and bam the recipe is there. Good to keep handy !!

[1-2-3 Cookies](#) [7 Layer Cookies](#) [Allie Nelson's Famous Snickerdoodle Cookies](#)  
[Almond Crescent Shortbread](#) [Amish Sugar Cookies](#) [Andies Candies Cookies](#)  
[Angel Crisps](#) [Angenets](#) [Applesauce Cookies](#) [Apricot Fold-Overs](#) [Aunt Edy's](#)  
[Molasses Crinkles](#) [Auntie Linda's Ginger Gems](#) [Bakeless Dream Cookies](#)  
[Banana Drop Cookies](#) [Best Chocolate Chip Cookies in the World](#) [Biscotti](#)  
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[Butter Nut Balls](#) [Butterballs](#) [Butterscotch Haystacks](#) [C.O.P. Cookies](#) [Candy](#)  
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– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

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