

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 229<sup>th</sup> Edition – November 18<sup>th</sup>, 2007**

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



Whitehorse – November, 2007

Photo courtesy Cheri Seaman [40below@klondiker.com](mailto:40below@klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)



*Eldorado*

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

He was strong and determined, a young man,  
When he stepped out and closed his own gate;  
On his way to seek Eldorado,  
In pursuit of his dream or his fate.

He was years then exploring the jungles,  
Fighting bugs, tropic-rot, growing weak;  
Feeling driven to find Eldorado,  
And the treasure all wanderers seek.

Searching oceans, then deserts, then mountains,  
Checking cities and villages there;  
Always certain he'd find Eldorado;  
But instead, he found grey in his hair.

"Just a visit," he thought, still undaunted,  
Though homesickness misted his eyes;  
"Then I'll go on to find Eldorado,  
When I've figured out just where it lies."

On a hill overlooked his own valley,  
His perspective was suddenly changed  
As he gazed down upon Eldorado;  
With all lesser dreams rearranged.

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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**

### **Tuesday 10 August 1948**

Expended

Beer (yesterday) 1.10

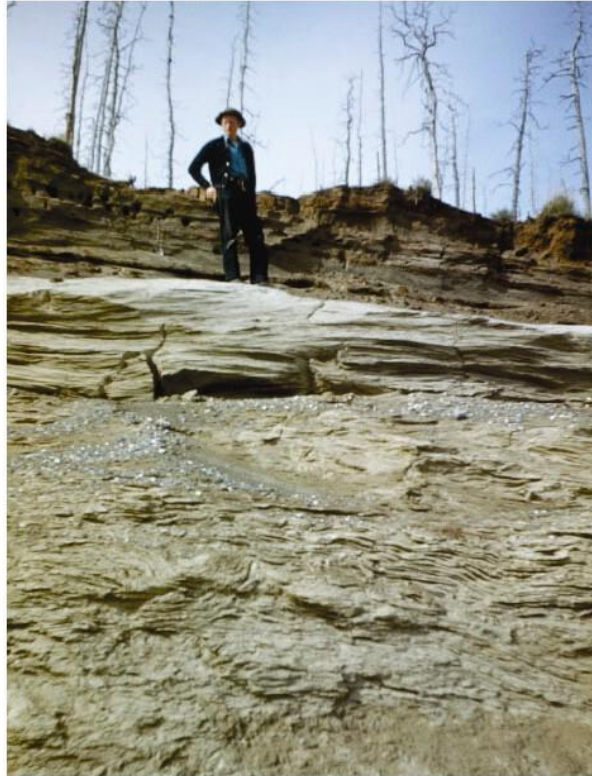
Gun scabbard 10.00

Cloudy AM after a damn cold night. Had heavy frost and temperature down to 25° F. No wind, but it is gradually swinging from the southeast quarter again so the weather is bound to be fair. All drove down to MILE-1073, arriving there at 10 AM, and worked up the details of the soil profile there: the same reworked deposition of Kluane Silt and duning as at 1085.

Left at noon and further checked the same data at Site 1074: here there is large duning just under the ash which may date from the Little Glaciation.

Had lunch there. Afternoon lovely and warm. Then came back to Site-1085, took some soil samples for pollen analysis and a couple of rechecks on leaching.

Mary Jacquot came out in eve with a fine moosehide gun scabbard for me. Mosquitoes and flies rather thick around the brush camp fire, so retired to tent early. Sprinkling rain about 10:30.



*Cut bank of duned bluff at Mile 1073*

### **Wednesday 11 August 1948**

Awoke in the rain and mild sporadic showers kept up all thru the day. Not much wind, but the rain drift is from the northwest as usual; this rain is also warmer than last and life in camp is not so chilly.

Set off about 9 with Hugh and Bill for a walk and hunt: passed back into the bush beyond our cove and picked up an old trail which led us up onto the north terrace of the old Duke channel which once entered the lake here (our camp is on the fan). Followed this terrace in a northwest direction, noting Kluane Silt with ash above it resting directly on till.

Continued on bluff edge, found 2 chips near the lake end, and came down onto the airstrip at its center. Walked south down the airstrip to our road and followed that back to camp by 12:45.

Snoozed in aft and read Rufus King's "Museum Piece #13"; not bad. In to Burwash after supper to pick up some moccasins for Bill and then sat around fire in brush camp. Mosquitoes back today.

### **Thursday 12 August 1948**

Uncertain weather this morning with heavy cloudiness trending in from southeast, but decided to try it anyhow. All left camp (9:05 and drove south down the lake, stopping for pictures at Slims River, and around to Jack Hayden's place and the old post of Kluane.

Left car here and climbed up onto the 100 ft. bluff and worked north along east shore of lake through burn and blowdown. Classic soil profile along here on top of bluff: Sod and Slims River silt, then ash, then fully developed profile (red, yellow, and gray) of Kluane Silt, all resting directly on till. Some evidence of reworking, i.e., lenses of pea-sized gravel in the red zone of the Kluane Silt.



*South up Kluane Lake from bluff at Mile 1074*

About 1 mile north of Hayden's came into an area of much tree cutting, and located a meat drying rack and an old rectangular tepee brush camp. The end walls and shorter side walls were laid up in the usual criss-cross fashion, about 4 poles high above present level of moss; probably two entrances as sketched. From the roof poles that had collapsed this appeared to have had a tepee super-structure, probably skin-covered. All the tree cuttings we noted had been made with steel axes.

Farther north, near mouth of Christmas Creek estuary (+ 2 mile from Hayden's) noted numerous saw cut stumps of large spruce. No indication of purpose of these, but they may have been rolled down the bluff and floated to the village for cabin building.

Had lunch around on the beach of the estuary, the weather clearing and becoming lovely and warm, and then hiked back up the Creek, following the old Indian trail. Towards the head of the estuary, came upon the two abandoned cabins which the Jacquot Brothers used to have as a waystation. Before the Highway came through, they brought their supplies by horse and wagon from Whitehorse to Christmas Creek (this journey used to take [EH leaves a blank space here] days); there the stuff was loaded into boats and brought up the lake. Two of the old wagons still there. American made and one a beauty (green with red wheels from Chicago); had a slide run from one cabin down to beach for loading boats.

A lovely secluded spot. The old wagon trail still clear and deeply rutted, with much corduroy construction as it approached the cabins across the beach after coming down off the bluff. Using airplane photograph to keep ourselves located, climbed the bluff and cut cross-country west toward the lake. Passed through a lovely knob and kettle region, following a good horse trail: climbed over a series of N-S ridges, around kettle holes—'61

perfect terminal moraine country. Hugh noted that **Porsild** spruce (a variety of *glauca*) (almost no black spruce in this area) was the first to wood the tops of these ridges, as it had been on the lower Alsek beaches (thus confirming his belief that Porsild spruce is the pioneer variety in this area. Saw a perfect and lovely glacier up in the front range of the St. Elias, which is not visible from the road.

Arrived back at the car at 5 PM and at camp by 6:30 after stopping to take an additional picture or so (took a slew of them during the day). A thoroughly pleasurable day. Three swell letters from Elaine: 8th, 9th, 10th of Aug. and some moccasin patterns. Wrote her.



*Bill and Karl after lunch at estuary at Mile 1075*

### **Friday 13 August 1948**

Mailed Jack's moccasins to him in Vancouver. Warm sunny morning. All drove down (up) the lake and arrived at Jack Hayden's place at 10:30. His wife said we couldn't park there (possibly because we didn't go in for a visit last night), so we continued on up the Highway another mile to a borrow pit where Jacquot's wagon trail comes out. Parked here and set out along the wagon trail towards the estuary: followed it for about 2 miles thru the lovely knob and kettle section (put up a flight of about 30 ducks on one of the ponds), and then branched off toward east onto the old Indian trail.

Hot sun and heavy packs made the walking sweaty. Kept on the Indian trail, uphill and down dale until we came to Christmas Creek which we forded on bare feet a short distance above the head of the estuary. Then climbed the 100 ft. bluff on east side of estuary and had lunch on top. Trail divides here: one branch appears to follow up E side of lake, and the other bears E and apparently crosses thru a glaciated divide into the valley of Cultus Creek; thence it could go east to Aishihik or north to Gladstone Creek—I'm not certain. Found culture along the east bluff in blownout sections of Kluane Silt. Later Bill and I worked another mile north along the bluff until we came beyond the mouth of the estuary. Found two more site locales, both producing many chips, and I also

found, in the wind cut edge of the bluff, in site in the Kluane Silt yellow zone, a crude core or chopping tool—about on a par with some of the southeast Asiatic chopping tools.



*Blownout spruce on bluff, southwest end of Little Arm*



*Blownout bluff, southwest end of Little Arm, caused by gopher burrows*

Much of the bluff here showed reworking under the strong influence of winds from the Slims River gap, but in general the profile is classic and rests directly on till. Much frost action current on some of these slopes –strong solifluction even at this comparatively low altitude. The entire bluff on this side, as far as we went, is ridged with stabilized dunes which are backed by spruce forests. Lovely country. Unfortunately the afternoon became heavily overcast from the northwest and spoiled a lot of pictures. Left bluff at 4, got back to car by 5:20, and arrived in camp 6:45. All fairly well tired tonight—a good hike. This was my first try at moccasins for all day use in the bush, and they worked excellently; get a real foot grip with them, and not tiring at all.

To be continued . . . . .

### **ANTON MONEY - continued**

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

People on the streets of Vancouver seemed to stare at him. He looked at himself in the reflection of a store window. Not much wonder! His clothes were too tight as they could hardly accommodate his new muscles. His skin was as dark as any Indian and his hair was bleached white from the sun. He purchased some new clothes and moved into a nice hotel. He contacted several of his friends living there and was soon invited to many parties and he made several new friends. He met a seventeen year old girl by the name of Joyce Curtis and it was love at first sight for the both of them. After a long walk in Stanley Park, Vancouver, he proposed and she accepted. They were married three days later, November 10, 1926, and rented a small house in West Vancouver.

Money considered himself the luckiest man alive. During the winter, they decided to purchase two ton of supplies and ship it to Pelly Banks. It would travel by steamship to Skagway, Railway to Whitehorse, and Riverboat to Pelly Banks. From there he could haul it over the 75 mile trail he was familiar with between Pelly Banks and his cabin. The goods would not arrive until mid summer. They left in early March on a steamship and the trip up the inside passage was beautiful. Joyce loved the north as much as he did. As they neared Wrangell, Alaska, Joyce thought she might be pregnant. There was no doctor in Wrangell, so they carried on to Juneau where her suspicions were confirmed. They would not be going any further than Juneau for a while. Money contacted a friend in Wrangell and arranged for a trapper to have the dogs until he returned, in exchange for their board. Their son was born in October and soon after, they traveled to Skagway and on to Whitehorse for a vacation. His two tons of goods were now at the traders at Pelly Banks.

After a short family vacation in Whitehorse, Money returned to a wet and blustery Juneau winter and took a job in a milling operation at an underground mine, the Alaska-Juneau Gold Mine. That winter was a miserable one due to the weather and Money could hardly wait for the first of March to begin his trip north again. Finally the big day arrived and

they were off again by steamship to Whitehorse with their dogs. They spent a week outfitting themselves and the baby with good winter woolen clothing, a new dogsled, and new down filled arctic sleeping bags. Early one morning they loaded up with a minimum of supplies, his wife and small son snug in their robes on the toboggan and the six dogs eager to get away. They would follow the tractor train trail as far as Fort Selkirk where they would turn up the Pelly River and begin their five hundred mile trip to Pelly Banks and on to their cabin at Frances Lake.

The weather was ideal and after a half hour, the dogs settled into a mile eating pace. They stopped every two hours, built a large fire, made tea and changed the baby's diapers. Their first night on the trail they spent in the Little River Roadhouse. It was a luxury that would not be repeated for some time. Joyce was getting cold feet from riding on the toboggan so Money showed her how to ride on the runners at the back of the sled, or trot behind to keep warm.

Their second night was at the Nordenskiold Roadhouse but it was unattended so they erected a small shelter in the front yard. Two Ptarmigan yielded to his .22 rifle making a tasty dinner that evening. They were averaging 6 miles per hour and day three found them at the Braeburn Roadhouse which was also unattended. The temperature had dropped to thirty five below so Money stoked up a fire in the stove and they rolled out their robes beside the stove. The following day on the trail, he had to make a repair to the dog harness. Reaching into his tool kit for a new metal ring, his warm bare fingers instantly froze to the cold ring. Cursing himself for being so stupid, he had Joyce warm the ring up with a few matches. It eventually released itself taking a patch of skin with it which hurt a great deal and only served to remind himself of his carelessness. Daylight was fading fast so they erected the tent and camped there.

Two days later found them at the settlement of Carmacks, a small town of 50 shacks and a trading post situated beside the Yukon River. They stayed at the Trading Post for 3 days as the weather continued to deteriorate and stayed at forty five below. The trader told them of an overland shortcut they could take that would cut several days off their trip. This would save many days travel so they were away early the next morning as the weather had warmed to twenty below. Instead of heading downstream on the Yukon River as was his previous plan, they now traveled upstream and left the Yukon River on the Little Salmon River. The trail was unbroken and not hard packed as the tractor train trail had been. The Little Salmon River was narrow and winding and at one point Money noticed steam rising from the river up ahead. This meant there was a hole in the ice and water would be on top of the ice and very dangerous. Money went to the front of his team, broke trail in the deep snow, and helped pull the loaded sled off the river and into the bush. Several hours later, they were able to return to the river.

By nightfall they reached Magundy Lake and made camp. They decided to rest for a few days and hunt for a moose or caribou for fresh meat. Money struck out by himself, leaving his family at the tent with the dogs. In late afternoon he downed a bull caribou, returned for the dogs, and hauled the meat back to camp. They rested for a few more days and struck out to find the creek that would lead them to the Pelly River.

As they were crossing some barren highlands, the weather turned. Soon it was snowing and blowing hard. Had Money been by himself, he would have slept in his bedroll in the lee of the sled, but now he had a wife and six month old son and must find a campsite. They traveled for several hours in the blowing snow looking for trees to provide a shelter, finding it just a few minutes before darkness. Soon the tent was up, fire going, and the danger was over.

Two days later they found the headwaters of Rose Creek and turned down it. The trail got very steep and at one point was over running the dogs. At one point the sled slid sideways, hit a tree and sent his wife and baby rolling down the snowy hillside. They reloaded the sled and carried on. On reaching the Pelly River two days later, they met a trapper and spent the night camped beside him.

To be continued . . . . .



**Whitehorse - Log Church – 1944-45.**

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

## **Cool**

A Yukon Nugget –  
By Les McLaughlin

That's cool. Real cool. What a great word – 'cool' - especially when it has nothing to do with the weather. While slang and pop phrases come and go as fast as a Ferrari, the word 'cool' is more like the energizer bunny. It just goes and goes and goes.

'Groovy' man. Or 'hip'. Or 'see ya later alligator'. They are all 'like so yesterday man'.

But 'cool'? It's as fresh today as it was in the forties when Charlie Parker recorded 'Cool Blues' and started the trend to mean alright or good, or - groovy or even - hip.

A national story this week out of New York reminded me how much the word "Cool" means. The writer called the word "the gold standard of slang in the 21st century, as reliable as a blue-chip stock, surviving like few expressions ever could in our constantly evolving language".

'Cool' is a charter member of the slang hall of fame. It just sits back and keeps getting used generation after generation. True.

My first realization that adults were paying attention to teenage language came in **1958**. WHTV, the fledgling closed circuit television operation had just begun broadcasting to wired homes in Whitehorse. What a concept.

Old movies, announcer-operated bingo games and one daily newscast read by announcer unskilled in the special art of reading into a self-directed camera was the bill of fare offered to Whitehorse residents who would shell out cash to watch one channel.

Of course, before the wired one channel world came into the local homes, residents had to buy a new fangled gadget called a television set. They weren't cheap and they were black and white.

The WHTV manager was Bert Wybrew, who would later become mayor of Whitehorse. Bert was pretty much a one man show at WHTV in the beginning. And he wanted to provide his customers with variety if he could.

I was then a teenage volunteer at the military run radio station, CFWH. We also bowled in the Whitehorse Inn basement where Bert was the manager. One night, while bowling for Whitehorse, Bert asked me if I would host a teenage dance party on Saturday mornings for WHTV. Just like American bandstand, said Bert.

My job would be to round up the usual suspect high school boys and girls and make sure they showed up at the Whitehorse Inn studios on Saturday morning. Then I would be the on camera host as Bert played records behind the camera through the sound system.

The studio had room for about eight high school rock and rollers. I sat behind a home built desk fancied up by Bert with some artifacts of the day. This was going to be fun. Except for one thing. As a teenaged announcer live on TV in front of my newly rounded up dancers, I was at a loss for words. Literally. I had no idea how to ad-lib. And mike fright turned to stage fright and then to camera fright.

Bert had written me something to read for the opening which I did. Then he played a Billboard charted Buddy Holly tune and the dancers went into action. They were - well, they were 'cool'.

When the song ended, I sat there looking at the camera. I had no idea what to say. The ominous silence lasted much longer than live TV would permit.

Finally, gentle Bert stepped out from behind his camera and walked over to the desk where I sat in full stage fright. He put his arm around my shoulder and said:

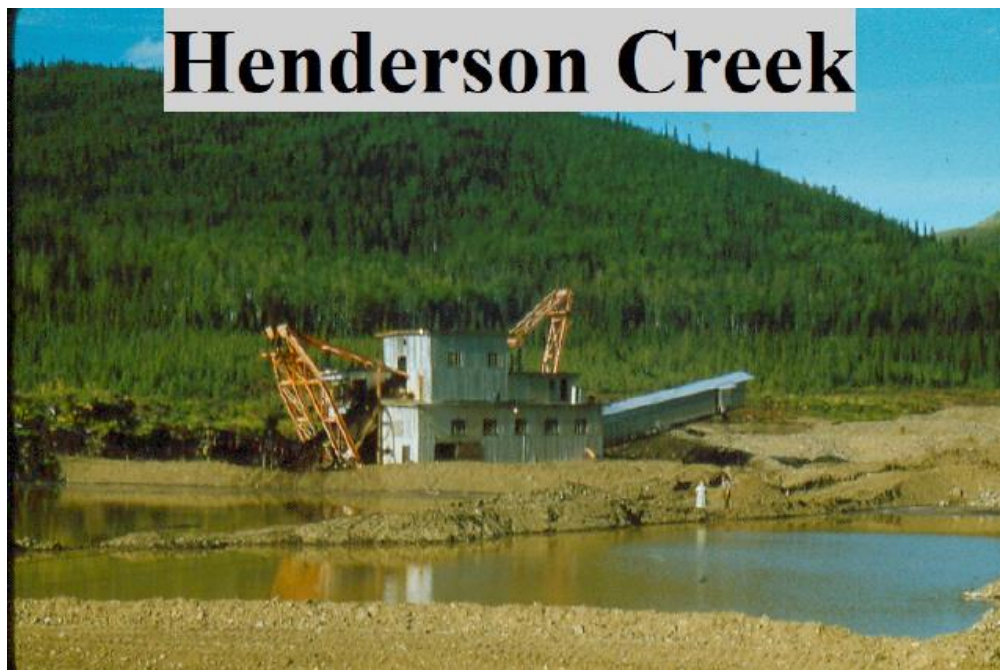
"You kids are 'cool'. Les. Tell me "What does that word really mean?"

The dancers giggled as I rambled on about how cool it was to be at the WHTV studios hosting the Yukon's first American bandstand. About how cool we all felt to be on live TV. About how cool the kids at the Whitehorse Elementary high school were every day.

My stage fright disappeared. How cool is that?

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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



**Henderson Creek - 1952**

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

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

When my uncle Frank was going to the University of Alaska, he worked summers at Henderson (1952 for sure) and then Sixty Mile (1953 for sure) at placer mining operations. The quality of the light suggests that it was he who took the pictures. His dad never quite mastered lighting.

By the time Frank had his mining engineering degree, he realized that mining had little future. He stayed on at U of Alaska to earn a civil engineering degree. He became quite the specialist in arctic soils in later years.

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



**Henderson Creek – abt. 1952**

Photo copyright J.E.F. ‘Frank’ Hoggan

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



**Henderson Creek – abt. 1952**

Photo copyright J.E.F. ‘Frank’ Hoggan

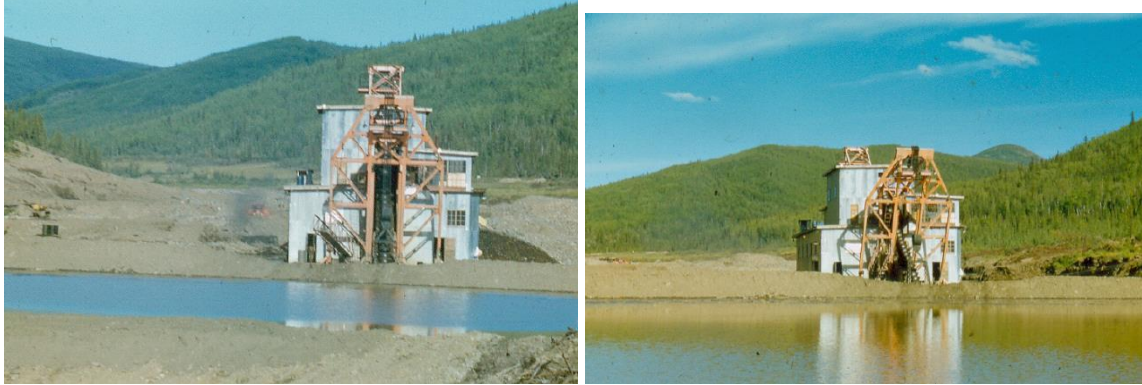
Submitted by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby BC)

All are Yukon Placers’ Henderson Creek Dredge. Most would have been taken in 1952 because the dredge was running that year and Frank Hoggan was working that summer between terms at University of Alaska. The following year they did not dredge but only stripped in preparation for the next year.

Uncle Frank worked for his Dad, Johnny Hoggan, that summer. Owner of the company happened to be the chancellor of U of Alaska, so the nepotism was rather double-barrelled.

The man most visible is John Hoggan and his Springer Spaniel, Freckles. John my grandfather, was superintendent of that camp until operations there ceased a few years later.

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



**Henderson Creek – abt. 1952**

Photo copyright J.E.F. ‘Frank’ Hoggan

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



**Dawson – October 12, 2007**

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

## **Fire Claims Older Dawson Cabin**

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

October 14, 2007

Fire took another of Dawson's older buildings on Friday, October 12. Located next to the parking lot of the Palace Grand Theatre, the house on Second Avenue could not be saved due to its age and the sawdust insulation in the walls, and had to be ripped open and partially knocked down before the Dawson Fire Department could get the fire out and soak down all the embers.

The 1902-1904 vintage building was the property of Edward Lenchuk and was currently rented by the Gaven family. Fire chief Jim Regimbal says that the fire began near the wood stove.

The exact cause will have to go as undetermined, as it was too dangerous to spend any time (other than a search for people), inside the structure.

The fire was called in about 12:30 on Friday and Regimbal says the small building was totally involved (fire fighter talk for completely on fire) when he and his crew arrived.

This was a tough one to gain control of due to the amount of sawdust and moss that was used for the insulation. As well, the metal roof makes it extremely hard for natural ventilation to occur and due to the instability of the building I could not risk having anyone up on the roof to do a proper ventilation.

Regimbal says that he regrets having had to knock the structure down, but that the circumstances left him no choice.



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



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



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



Ruins

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

## **Riverboats – Nasutlin and Aksala**

I really enjoyed reading the accounts and comments and viewing the photos of the steamboats Nasutlin and Aksala submitted by John Gould, George Millen and Maribeth Mainer, Larry Chambers and Margaret Underwood (and perhaps others) in the last issues of the MocTel. They reminded me of a particular event in my boyhood life.

As was pointed out in the accounts, these steamboats, as well as the Keno, because of their smaller size were the ones that mainly plied the waters of the Stewart River between Mayo (originally called Mayo Landing) and Stewart City hauling the ore that came from the mines in the Keno and Elsa area to be transferred to the larger boats such as the Klondike, the Whitehorse and the Casca for the trip up the Yukon River to Whitehorse, where it then was transferred again onto the White Pass & Yukon Route Railway and taken to Skagway for transportation via ocean going ships to points South.

It was usually the Keno, Nasutlin and Aksala that I, as a boy, had the privilege of riding on and seeing either passing by or docked beside the long rows of wood my dad and his crew had piled beside the Stewart River at places like 26 Mile, New Crossing and Independence. One particular occurrence of many visits by steamboats stands out in my mind. Although I cannot recall for sure, I think it was probably in the Spring of 1949 or 1950. I was told years later that there was a very large amount of ore stacked on the

bank in Mayo at that time and so the British Yukon Navigation (BYN) Co., who owned and operated the steamboats, decided to make as many trips as they could to transport the ore to Stewart City. To understand my boyhood excitement, you have to know that during this time I lived with my parents, Renny and Mary Burian at 26 Mile (so named because it was located on the Stewart River 26 miles downstream from Mayo). I am an only child and there were no other children with which to play at 26 Mile. One of my ways to pass the time whenever a steamboat stopped for fuel wood was to run down the path to where the wood was piled and to watch as it was loaded onto the boats.

Normally only one steamboat at a time arrived at 26 Mile and it might be several days before the next boat would come by. There was a large bend in the river just South of our home and long before it came into view, I would see the smoke from its stack and hear the steamboat puffing against the current in the river. As I remember it, as the boat neared the point where it was to dock to take on the fuel wood, the captain would sound the whistle. I got so I could recognize the individual whistle sounds of each of the boats and distinguish one from the other. We often called the Nasutlin the "Nasty" because of its particularly shrill whistle. I would run down the path from our home to where the wood piles were and be ready to watch as the steamer pulled into the shore and the gangplanks were placed between the ship and the bank so the wood could be loaded by the deckhands using those heavy hand carts.

On this day I heard and saw a boat coming and ran down toward the woodpile to watch it. The boat had no sooner docked when to my amazement I heard and saw the smoke of a second steamboat rounding the curve in the river and then heard its whistle blow to indicate that it too was planning to dock to take on wood. How exciting to see two steamers! As I watched there was much hustle and bustle as the wood was quickly being loaded onto the boats. I don't know how long it normally took to load the required amount of wood onto the steamboats so I don't remember how long it was that I had watched but as the first boat was getting ready to depart I heard a puffing noise and couldn't believe my boyhood ears and eyes. Coming around the corner in the river was a third steamboat! How could this be?! How would these big steamboats ever be able to navigate at the same time in the river? What if they crashed into each other and sank? Questions that run through the mind of a small boy at a time such as this. The third steamboat soon appeared, blew its whistle and also docked to take on fuel wood.

I do not remember the names of the boats that came that day. Perhaps they were the Keno, Nasultin and Aksala. What happened after the third boat arrived has also faded from my memory. The steamboats must have safely left the wood camp as I do not remember any further incidents surrounding their visit. There were likely other times when more than one steamboat stopped at my dad's woodcamp to take on fuel. I don't particularly remember them. This one I do and I want to thank John, George, Maribeth, Larry and Margaret for bringing this event to the fore in my mind. I hope others will be willing to share their memories of the steamboat era too.

Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) Parksville, BC

## EDITH JOSIE'S COLUMN - 1963

The Whitehorse Star, Whitehorse, Yukon, Thursday, March 21, 1963

# OLD CROW NEWS

BY EDITH JOSIE  
(Held Over)

January 19, Pete and Albert Abel went to see their traps but not much luck. Mr. Peter Lord has seven martins but Albert hasn't got any.

The caribou is still around and never go away. Some are on the mountain and even on the wood trail and the boys are lucky to kill caribou. Every time they get wood, they have to kill caribous.

On February 9, Jerome Thomas went up to hunt at 6 miles and he got seven caribous. They were sure fat. Since he killed caribous, some boys go up same place. They get one or two caribou a day. Sure nice to eat fresh meat.

The people are expecting plane, but never see plane. Today is February 13, mail day. This morning it is stormy and windy, so the plane never come. I hope it come tomorrow so we can see our mail.

I hear Chief Charlie Peter is making house at Crow Flat and I hear he even killed five caribous.

### SNOW SHOE WALKER

Charlie Abel and Charlie Thomas went to White Stone for trapping. They spent all winter. So last week they sent message to Old Crow for one boy to meet them. So Dick Nukon had three dogs and he went a cross to meet them and they came into town on February 11, Monday evening. Dick Nukon he really good snow shoe walker so he met them long way. He's only one knows which was the trail. Charlie Abel and Charlie Thomas have to go back to Chance Camp, if the plane comes so they can work there spring time.

Charlie Abel said he killed four moose and eight caribous when he was at White Stone. I hear he got 69 martins and Charlie Thomas 75 martins. They

really good trappers this winter. They haven't got many dogs but even at that, they go up 100 miles, so they bring bunch of fur. They lucky men. While they got fur, they going to work, so they sure going to have money for a while.

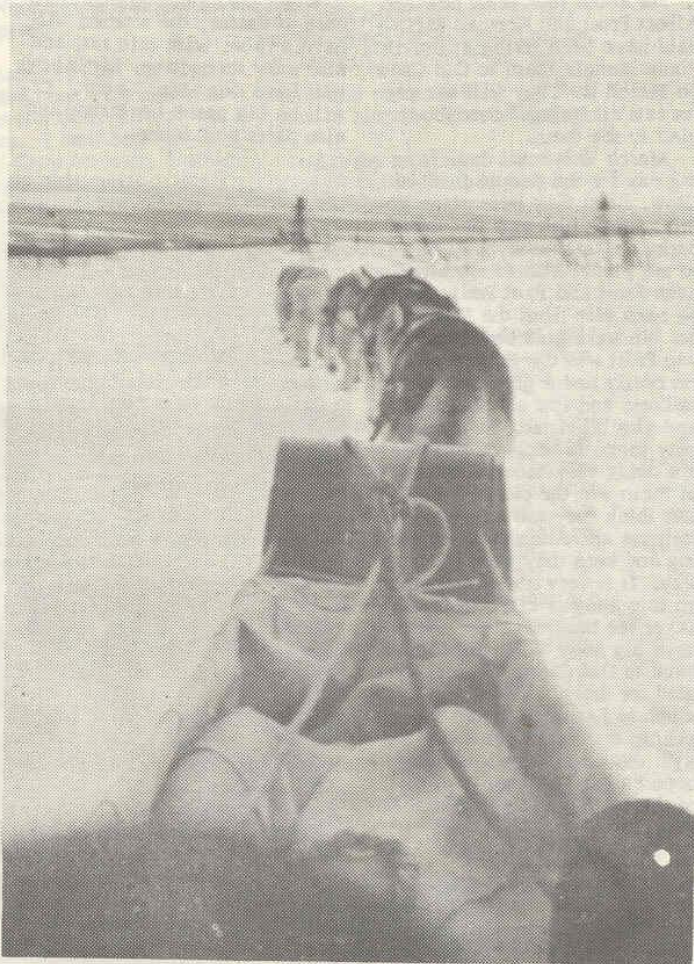
### STAY IN TOWN

Talk about boys in Old Crow but they never go out to trap

much. As long as they can buy can tobacco they just stay in town. Some of them got five or six dogs but even at that they never go out to trap.

John Kendi had four dogs, and has been to Crow Flat twice before Christmas. There was not much track, so he pick up his traps. He's been cutting wood for sale and most of the time he do little work so he make his living for all his family.

Mrs. Simon and Effie Linklater went to Inuvik on plane.



Heading out to Crow Flats



Railway Bridge and Carcross

Photo taken from Hwy Bridge, Nov 5, 2007

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

## LIFE MAGAZINE

I'd like to respond to Marlene Sudeyko's note in the last MocTel :

**“Where have all the army buildings gone?**

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

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.

As we saw in a much earlier MocTel, Donna (Cowling) McLean also appeared on the cover of LIFE when the Duke visited (see attachment). I don't know if Marlene is visible.



I'd also like to say hello to Marlene. Pete Sudeyko worked with my father for several years, and they were good friends. I last saw Peter at Dad's funeral in 1999.  
Best regards to the Sudeyko family.  
Ralph

## OBIT

### **STUART, Bruce Dwayne**

November 19, 1959 ~ November 04, 2007

Bruce peacefully slipped away, at his home in Vancouver. Deeply loved and missed by his mother Vivian, brother Doug (Arlene), sister Sherril & her children Rudy & Alyssa, along with his aunts, uncles, cousins & many friends. Born in Whitehorse Yukon, Bruce was a 5<sup>th</sup> generation “sourdough”. After living in Edmonton, Germany, Calgary & Victoria, Bruce moved to Winnipeg in 1986 to attend university & graduated in 1991 with a Nursing Degree. Changes in his health due to diabetes, caused a relocation to Vancouver in the mid-90’s. Bruce became actively involved with Vancouver’s theatre community as a box office manager for every independent theatre company he could, and took on major administrative roles with both the Vancouver International Jazz Festival & Film Festivals, purely on a volunteer basis. The community’s “uber-vollie” will be missed by many many persons.

Please gather for a celebration of Bruce's life on Saturday November 17, 3:30pm, at the Coal Harbour Community Centre, 480 Broughton St. Reception to follow. Please, no flowers. A memorial fund has been established in Bruce's name by the Waterfront Theatre on Granville Island. Monies will be donated to the "Performing Arts Lodge" #300-581 Cardero St., Vancouver, V6G 3L3. Please make cheques payable to PAL Vancouver.

Many thanks to those who have assisted in the past week. Special thanks to Bruce's close friends Bill Taylor & Tracy Huitika. Interment at Grey Mountain Cemetery in Whitehorse, Yukon

*"There's always room for one more"* was Bruce's favourite saying.

To leave a message in the guest book -

<http://www.legacy.com/can-vancouver/GB/GuestbookView.aspx?PersonId=97959981>

**CHENEY Brian Matthew** October 1952 - October 2007. Dawson City, Yukon. Passed away suddenly in VGH. Survived by his mother Margaret, nephew Graeme and niece Chelsey. Cremation. Internment with sister Merle and father Hugh, Masonic Cemetery, Burnaby. Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 11/16/2007.

Hi Sherron

I just accidentally came across this obituary on the web. Maybe somebody can tell us about this man.

**MACPHERSON, EDWARD GRANT**, 85, of Belleair Beach, died Thursday (Nov. 30, 2000) at Morton Plant Hospital, Clearwater. **He was born [in 1915] in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, moved to the United States in 1946 [at the age of 31],** and came to Florida in [at the age of 61] 1976 from Chagrin Falls, Ohio. He was an engineer for Harshaw Chemical Co. and Monsanto. He received a bachelor's degree in chemical engineering from the University of Toronto. He was a member of Calvary Baptist Church, Clearwater. He was a member of the Rotary Club, Clearwater, Board of Adjustment, Belleair Beach, Belleair Country Club, Clearwater Yacht Club and Island Estates Yacht Club. Survivors include his wife of 15 years, Jeannie; three daughters, Janet Curtiss, Chicago, Mary Lind, Chagrin Falls, Kathryn Bohannon, Palm Beach and New York State; a stepson, Mike Finn, Alexandria, Va.; nine grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. Moss-Feaster Funeral Homes & Cremation Services, Serenity Gardens Chapel, Largo.

Cheers. Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga ON)

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Call of the Wild

Wood carving by Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## NEW ADDITIONS

After reading several back copies of the Moccasin Telegraph kindly handed to me by Rick Griffith I would like it very much if you could add me to your list of recipients. [brauer@northwestel.net](mailto:brauer@northwestel.net) Tel. 867-633-2363, snail mail: 313 - 600 College Drive, Whitehorse, YT, Y1A 0B9 with a note on the cost.

Also I would like to ask if it is ok to use the odd item either on the senior web page: [yukon-seniors-and-elders.org](http://yukon-seniors-and-elders.org) and/or in the newsletter for the Golden Age Society in Whitehorse. If yes any cost of that.

Thanks lots, Michael Brauer

*My reply to Michael was for him to contact any of you who have submitted the material that he is interested in using, and request your permission. – Sherron Jones*

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*My mother taught me IRONY. - "Keep crying and I'll give you something to cry about."*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

### Peanut Crisps

½ cup sugar

1 cup corn syrup

1 cup Jack and Jill chunky nut peanut butter

Cook for 3 minutes in double boiler.

### **NOW ADD:**

3 cups Rice Krispies

12 red glazed cherries and 12 green glazed cherries.

Press into 8 X 8 inch pan. (No cooking)

Mrs. Ruby Bowers

First Presbyterian Ladies Aid

Whitehorse

## 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

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