

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 230<sup>th</sup> Edition – November 25<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 @.



### **Nares Lake at Carcross**

Photo taken from Hwy Bridge, Nov 5, 2007

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

### **Philosophizin' On A Cold Winter's Night**

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

Now, there's some things as certain as sunset,  
While others is iffy as sin,  
An' I reckon each man in the bunkhouse  
Has things he'd do diff'rent ag'in.

Seems the trouble is, we seldom see 'em,  
'Cept over our shoulders some day  
When it's too late to ever redo 'em,  
While stuck in the present this way.

'Course, there's ways that mistakes can be useful,  
Reminders we needn't repeat;

So the next trip, I'm gonna make certain,  
We've foam for the outhouse's seat.

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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**

### **Saturday 14 August 1948**

Bright warm day, turning to hot. All drove over to Buck Dixon's, except Bill who stayed behind to collect poplars. Buck out on a hunt, but we finally located his rowboat downstream in the bushes and rowed ourselves across the river in two trips.

Had lunch there on the beach of the north shore and then spent the afternoon exploring the bluffs around into the Little Arm. Usual wind-driven exposure along these cliffs, but here and there a classic section on the till; most of it redeposited. Found an extensive site along the big bend at the base of the Little Arm: the usual reworked flake scrapers and chips in situ in the red zone of Kluane Silt in association with hearth and burnt bone; also a hammerstone in situ in the Slims River silt. Others found a fine core knife (like a Hopewellian cache-knife) rudely chipped by percussion and use (like my chopper from Xmas Creek); this blade found on surface, but probably came from red of Kluane Silt. Followed along some of the horse trails along north side of river and found a couple of recent tent camp sites. Rowed back over about 4:30 and returned to camp. Letter from Elaine—she's coming to Skagway after all!

Enjoyed some target shooting with the .22 after supper and then went in for a bottle of beer: crowd there in the old shack and just after we got there, the changeover was made to the new beer parlor, and we all tramped down the road, bottles in hand, following the cash register! Sat around and helped drink up two barrels of free beer in honor of the occasion. Read a bit afterwards. Cold clear night. More and more stars visible now after 10 PM.

### **Sunday 15 August 1948**

Bright warm and clear day. Wrote Elaine in AM and then drove in to BL and had a shower. Fred left for Whitehorse after lunch to work on car sale. Duck season opened today, so in mid-afternoon Bill and I sneaked out through the small poplars on the beach and took a couple of shots at a flight of pintails—no ducks. Read a whodunnit in the aft and got caught up the laundry situation. After supper took a stroll with the boys north along the old trail toward Kluane River—with ducks in mind. But didn't see any.

### **Monday 16 August 1948**

Left at 9 with Hugh and Bill and the boys for a recco hike: went up the lake shore about 1/2 mile beyond Mary Jacquot's cabin before deciding no percentage there and turned back. There is no high terrace worth hunting there. Noted a likely deep fishing hole back of the sand spit by Jacquot's cabin. Followed the bluff around Burwash and finally ended up on the highest terrace in the horse pasture south of the Highway—back of the 1944 camp. Found some chips here in a tree-stump blowout—they appear to have been associated with a hearth which lies in the Slims River silt above the ash: this is important enough for a retake and more digging, as Fred has never found any chipped stone culture above the ash. While I was up on that hill with Dave, the others were cruising the bluff along the lake and picked up some stuff above French Paul's cabin.

Very hot morning and uncomfortable hiking. Returned to camp by 1:30 Spent afternoon reading, snoozing and wrapping up specimens. About 4 PM got the beginning of a gale wind in from the northwest—wouldn't be surprised if we had more coming from that sector in the next 24 hrs. Visited in the eve by 2 ethnologists, graduate students at University of California in Berkeley. Katherine [Catherine] McClellan and Dorothy Ranier by name. Pleasant. Working on grant from National Museum in Ottawa; they say Leechman is in the country and has been over at Champagne and up at Hutshi (where he is said to have raised hell by excavating a modern grave 20 odd yrs. old!) They all expect to be going down on same boat with us. The girls started out at Carcross, spent time at Champagne and Klukshu, and expect to nose around here until Friday. Apparently they are getting dope on acculturation and also what dope they can about the relationships between the Coast and interior peoples. In many ways they are still as much in the dark as we, but they have established the existence of Wolf and Crow moieties (?) up here — which would explain why Sam and Moose are “not related”, tho still brothers-in-law. Fred back from Whitehorse at 10:30. No mail for our crowd today.

### **Tuesday 17 August 1948**

Woke up about 4:30 with what sounded like a cloud burst coming down, and as it continued to rain off and on nobody bothered to turn out until 8 o'clock. Spent much of the morning down in the brush camp by the fire, as the day was miserable and cold. Read a whodunnit, then later switched over to Denny and Sticht's MS on “The Late Quaternary Geology of Alaska Highway”, taking notes on this.

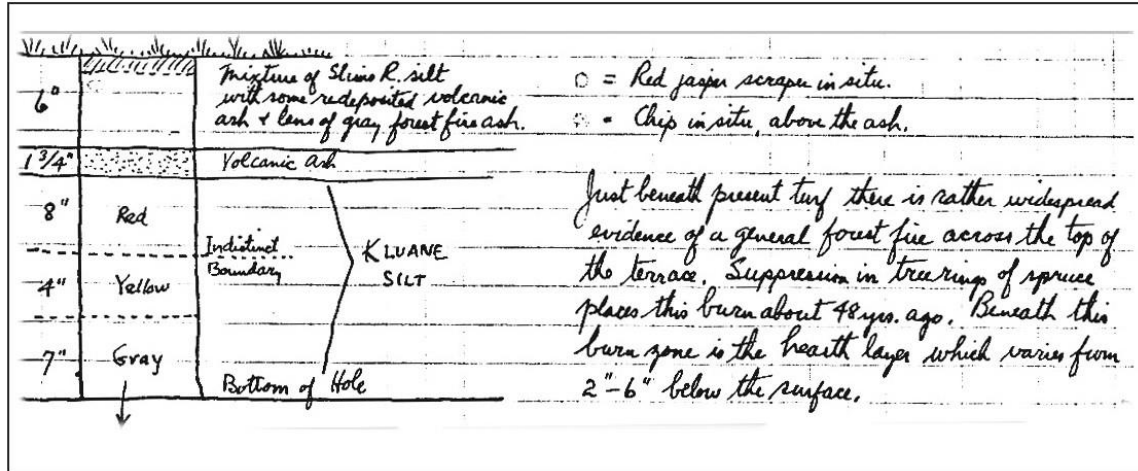
Later in the afternoon all had a hot buttered rum by the fire, Fred having brought back a bottle of excellent Hudson Bay Co's Demerrara. Fred wanted to meet McClellan and Ranier so he went in and picked them up and we spent the evening in the brush camp exchanging views and hearing what they had, which wasn't much. Visited by Archie and couple of duck hunting friends of his from Whitehorse. They said (this chap Williams (?) is in the Highway Department) that the Aishihik road is now open and they made a round trip from Canyon in 7 hrs. Also mentioned good rainbow fishing in the narrows between Beaver Falls and the lake (at south end of Aishihik lake proper). Weather cleared off late in afternoon and evening was very pleasant. Cold night.

### **Wednesday 18 August 1948**

Gorgeous fall day—sun warm and clear but a tinge of frost in the air. All over to Burwash 3; Bill and Karl and I stalked for ducks on the way but didn't see any. Excavated all AM

at B-3, but couldn't find anything more than chips and many of these (red jasper) were unquestionably congelifracsts. Decided to return after lunch for another try for specimens, which we did. Five minutes after we started trowelling I found in situ a good red jasper scraper (retouched flake, as usual), and later we struck the major hearth area which contained many large fragments of bone (some moose), more chips, including some obsidian, and 2 fragments of semi-lunar slate skin scrapers. This now becomes an important site—the first find of a chipped stone industry in the Slims River Silt and on top of the ash, which dates the stuff post-500 AD [850 A.D.]. See profile sketch.

Burwash-3: August 18, 1948



Burwash-3: first find of chipped stone culture above the ash

On the way back to camp Bill and Karl and I dropped off at Burwash to stalk ducks on the way along the road. Our technique is fun: we snake thru the grass until within .22

range; then the ones with the rifles open up, while I wait until the ducks are in the air before opening up the shotgun. Missed our shots at a small flight of 4 teal along the marshy edge of the lake, then tracked back in to the small pond that lies north of the trail to camp: spotted 3 green-wing teal there and 4 canvasbacks, but the latter were too far out of range. The boys missed their shots at the teal but I took one in the air and Bill retrieved it from the pond. McClellan and Ranier out for dinner.

At 7 Archie came along and beached the *Josephine* in the cove and suggested we go across the lake for some more duck-hunting. He had two 12 ga. pump guns along, of which Fred used one. Headed directly across in a slight quartering sea but the *Josephine* rolled and pitched as if we were in a gale. No wonder these people are afraid of the lake—they haven't got a decent boat to put on it.

Old Louie Jacquot built this *Josephine* 20 yrs. ago and she's powered by a 4-cylinder Kermath which drives her at the magnificent speed of 3 knots. Took us 30 min. to reach the opposite shore at a low section just east of the long point that sticks out toward our camp. Here there's a chain of four or more ponds which lie just back of the beach and which were once part of the lake, and are now cut off from it by off-shore bars.

The rifles missed and so did I on a high overhead going-away shot. My little 20 ga. just isn't meant for ducks—it can't reach. At the second pond Dave got one bufflehead on the water and Archie got two in the air, but they were all just youngsters. Happy, Archie's Labrador retriever, could find only two of them. I missed the shooting on this pond but continued on down the beach to the 4th pond where I stalked in on a flight of about a dozen great Canada geese. Couldn't get close enough through the marsh for a shot however, and it finally got too dark before they came my way so I hiked back to the boat. Got back to camp abit after 10—much fun.



*Till bluffs north side Gladstone estuary, looking east*

To be continued . . . . .

## **ANTON MONEY - continued**

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

Two more days found them at Ross River Post, a small community of twelve cabins, a trading post and a police post. Sergeant Tidd commanded the police post and his wife was the only white woman in the area. Joyce and her hit it off immediately, the men found places for the dogs and Money got a fire going in a vacant cabin. They rested for two days before heading out to Pelly Banks. The weather warmed and the trail was very soft and travel was difficult, but three more days on the trail and they were visiting with Del VanGorder, the trader at Pelly Banks.

In the morning, Money hired four Indians with dog teams to help haul his supplies to the cabin. The following morning, they were away on the trail. The Indians killed a moose the first day, so they had fresh meat for their trip. The second day they reached the cabin. The Indians would each return for another load.

Money wondered what his wife would think, never having been away from city life. He need not to have worried for she looked at the cabin and the beautiful lake, kissed her husband and said "I love this place".

The Indians returned in 4 days with the balance of their goods which Money promptly stored in the cache and the cabin. A three dollar bag of flour in Vancouver cost twenty eight dollars landed at their cabin when the freight costs were added up.

With time and weather on his side, he started to make improvements to his situation. First was a nice outhouse, nestled in some tall spruce trees about 200 feet from the cabin. With his axe, he fashioned a very smooth seat from two cottonwood boards that had held some of his supplies. Then he put in his fishnet and hauled it in every day, smoking and storing the fish in a smokehouse he had built. One day he decided to see if the sheep were still at the salty clay cliffs. Sure enough, they were there and he killed 3 large rams, hauling the meat and the hide home with the help of his dogs. With the skins he lined the inside of a small crib he had made for their son and stretched the rest for use on their bed. Soon he was felling trees so they would dry over the summer and he could build a larger cabin in the fall. One day a large group of Indians passed by and stopped to visit. They had never seen a white woman before. The women were excited and the young children were fascinated and asked if they could touch her skin and her auburn hair. Joyce went into the cabin and brought out their son and the Indian women could hardly contain themselves and made a huge fuss over the baby. Eventually they moved on down the lake, but Joyce and the baby were a huge attraction. Money arranged for some of the men to return and work for him at the mine.

The mine was 3 miles from his cabin and Money started hauling lumber and supplies to the location. Soon he was building sluice boxes and flumes to control the water. One day he was finished and just started to shovel gravel into the top. He shoveled gravel for 8 hours a day returning home just before dark. Soon the creek was at flood stage with the spring thaw, and Money dismantled his outfit and moved it back from the creek.

Returning one day, he found he had not put his flumes back far enough and the torrent of water in the narrow creek washed his flumes downstream and broke them all apart. With the mining season upon him, and the Indians due to arrive any day, he asked Joyce if he could tear up the boards in the cabin floor to build new flumes and he would replace the floor in the late fall after freeze up. Joyce proved herself as a frontier wife and had no objections. Every day he put 3 boards over his shoulder and carried them the 3 miles to the mine. His two hired helpers arrived and they carried 3 as well. Much cussing was done in English and Tahltan as the trail was uphill and difficult in places.

One summer day, the hired Indians did not show up. They had gone hunting and it was not unusual that they did not tell him. The next evening a young 8 year old Indian girl showed up with a blistered hand. A hot pail of moose tallow had spilled on her hand. Money sterilized a pair of scissors and cut away the blisters exposing the raw skin. He covered this with ointment and wrapped the hand in clean bandages. The little girl never let out so much as a whimper, but it must have hurt a great deal. Two days later he saw the girl playing with her friends and the bandage was still on but covered in dirt. It healed with no complications.

Money returned to his mine and cleaned up the sluice boxes. He estimated they had shoveled 140 cubic yards of gravel (14 dump truck loads today). The cleanup netted 27 ounces of gold worth about \$500.00. Money figured they had a real bonanza. Frost came in mid August and they had to abandon the mine on September 15 as the creek was frozen and they had no water to wash the gravel with. Money paid the Indians in gold pieces and trade goods and they were well satisfied.

One evening two Indian women arrived with a 15 year old girl. They explained that she would stay and become a wife for Money. She could carry a pack and make clothing from skins for him. Money explained that it was not the white mans custom to take two wives. The women were very serious and although language was a barrier, they insisted that the girl came of her own free will and she must stay, this was their custom, the girl was of age and should have a fine man like Money to look after. They left very reluctantly and Money wondered how he would get out of this situation. He approached the chief and the elders of the band over a big feast and carefully explained that his custom would not allow this, and he could purchase or trade for all the clothing that he would need. This appeared to satisfy them and Money wondered if that would be the end of it. The Indians still believed in witchcraft and medicine men and they thought he was strange indeed to turn down such a good offer.

The rest of the fall was an enjoyable time. They had several Grizzlies in the area and a few close calls but Money and his wife both carried rifles and never went without the dogs. Money dug a cellar inside their cabin before replacing the floor boards he had borrowed earlier. Now they had a place to store their vegetables from their abundant garden. The cabbages they left in the ground to freeze. They would dig them up later and put them frozen into a pot of boiling water. They tasted like they were right out of the garden in the summer. Their fishnet produced two thousand whitefish, which they

cleaned, split and hung over poles to dry with a fire of green willow brush. It took 3 days for the fish to dry and then they put them in gunny sacks and stored them in the high cache. They took a week off to go hunting, and before long Joyce had shot her first moose. Syd was a year old and the trio spent long hours around the campfire relaxing. They returned home at the end of the week with 3 moose, 20 ducks, and 5 geese. Their larder was full and they were ready for a winter of solitude.

For two weeks Money sawed and split firewood. In the evenings he chinked the cabin walls and tightened up around the windows and the door. As soon as there was sufficient snow, he harnessed the dog team and he began to haul the logs home that he had cut earlier for the larger cabin. One end of the log on the toboggan and the other skidding along behind in the snow. One afternoon hauling logs, he observed a pack of wolves on the lake and fired a shot over their head. They left immediately and never again came closer than a half a mile to the cabin. The cabin rose a log at a time and six weeks later they were hoisting buckets of sand and gravel from the beach onto the roof as no sod was available. It eventually compacted and quit leaking and flowers grew out of it the next year. They spent the winter in the snug quarters and the following year was much like the past. In the fall they left Frances Lake by dog team, stopping in Whitehorse to sell their gold for \$17,000.00 which they considered to be a fortune. Then they sold their furs, boarded the White Pass Railway and eventually reached England. Returning to Canada, they sold their mine to a large mining firm. They had another son Tony, born in Canada.

Twice over the years they flew by small plane into Frances Lake and spent the summer. Eventually he took a job in construction and being away from home took its toll on his marriage and after 24 years they were divorced. Several years later he remarried and worked for several mining companies in B.C and the Yukon. He built and operated a highway lodge at Mile 442 on the Alaska Highway, and named it "The Village". He ran the lodge for 12 years and sold out in 1964. He held various high positions with several mining firms and retired as a professor at a university in Santa Barbara, California.

The End.

## **CBC Radio In Whitehorse (50 years old in November 2008)**

A Yukon Nugget –  
By Les McLaughlin

Andrew Cowan earned country wide acclaim during World War II, as one of the few Canadian reporters working the front lines in Europe. When he returned to Canada, he stayed on with the CBC working his way up the ladder to a top management position. In the mid 50s, he began the long bureaucratic process of bringing network radio to the north. It took a lot of arm twisting to convince the aloof brass in Ottawa and Toronto that the silent outposts in the north deserved the network radio service.

Cowan was firmly committed to public broadcasting and was determined to see that the north would be served by the CBC. On November 10th, 1958, Cowan's hard work paid off. CFWH became the first in a series of network linked radio stations owned and operated by the CBC to broadcast across the north. CFWH, standing for Canadian Forces Whitehorse, went on the air in the mid 40s as a military run, but volunteer staffed radio station. My first stint there as a volunteer was in 1956, when as a grade nine student, I was assigned the Saturday night shift and hosted a rock and roll record show called Night Train. Elvis got his first big break in the Yukon on that radio show.

When the CBC took over, I lost my job. Four other Yukoners, Terry Delaney, Tom Horny, Earl Stephanson and Joe Craig became the CBC's first on air employees in the north. Craig had been the morning man on CFWH as a volunteer and retained that role with the CBC. Terry Delaney became the voice of sports in the Yukon and went on to cover many memorable events such as Senator Robert Kennedy's famous climb of Mt. Kennedy in the St. Elias Mountains. He was there reporting first hand to the world, the devastation caused by the Alaska earthquake of 1964.

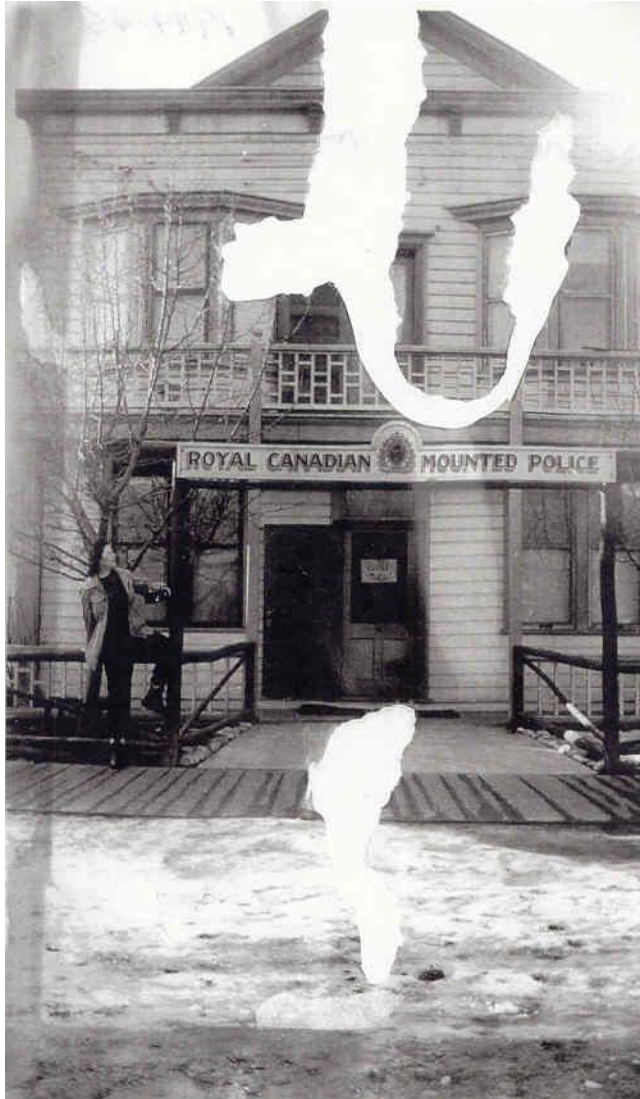
When I got my job back at CFWH in 1962, as summer relief announcer, the legendary Wee Willie Anderson was known throughout the Yukon for yelling Yahoo at the top of his voice to open his popular daily Western Roundup show. Cal Waddington was producing timeless Yukon historical radio programs. Terry Delaney was calling local hockey games and Ted North was sending new reports "outside" to the network.

The first location of CFWH as a CBC station was in an old air force building across the Alaska Highway from the airport. In the early 60s, the CBC moved into a brand new building on Third Avenue next to what was then the bus depot. As new as the building was, it was never meant to be a radio station. Sound proofing was non-existent and hallway conversations could be heard during local station breaks. The daily 6.30 departure of the bus, parked between the bus depot and the radio station, coincided with the broadcast of the local 6.30 newscast. I could always distinguish the bus drivers who liked the CBC from those who did not. Friendly drivers calmly let the engine idle. Unfriendly drivers revved the engine at maximum torque until the newscast was over.

In April of 1966, the CBC moved to its present location on the corner of Third and Elliot. The building was state of the art for its time. It was sound proof. If a bus went by, or a hallway conversation became heated, the noise couldn't be picked up by the vintage Northern Electric microphones which predated the coming of the CBC to the Yukon in November of 1958. Perhaps the same microphones which Andrew Cowan, the CBC's first Northern director used in his war time reports from Europe.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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



**Royal Canadian Mounted Police - Whitehorse - 1944-45**

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

RCMP office. (Now the Mc Bride Museum) On first avenue between Steele and Jarvis. Next building to the right, or north, was the RCCS building; Canadian Army telegraph office. Was a public telegraph office, the only one prior to WWII.

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



**Telegraph Office and Royal Canadian Mounted Police  
Front Street - Whitehorse - 1944-45**

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

This is the old telegraph office and the building next to it is the RCMP office in the first photo. The telegraph office was used as a museum before the MacBride museum was built.

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

Signal office at First & Steele.

Weldon Pinchin [pinchin@gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com) (On Mayne Island BC)

**Yukon Budget \$90 Million**

This coming year the Yukon government will spend approximately \$29,000 for every man, woman and child in the territory. By comparison British Columbia will spend \$7,500.

As printed in the Vancouver Yukoners Newsletter [Vanyukoners@aol.com](http://Vanyukoners@aol.com)

# OLD CROW NEWS

BY EDITH JOSIE

March 11, Abraham Thomas and Mrs. Susie Luke went to Inuvik in Connelly-Dawson Airway's CPY.

We haven't seen plane such a long time and Connelly bringing oil over from Inuvik and whoever want to take a trip, they just jump in. Mr. Lambert and his wife went over, but never come yet.

For about four years now Mr. Albert Frost and Norman McDonald have been living at Inuvik Plane brought them to Old Crow on March 11. They will set trap for rats all spring. Everybody glad to see them.

March 13 is mail day. It is big day for the people in Old Crow. Soon they hear plane coming, they rush and put their parky on, and everybody runs to see plane; also to see Mr. Steven Frost and Paul Ben, arrived back safe from the Dog Races. We were glad because Steven Frost win the second prize. He really had a good trip to Whitehorse and saw all his friends and also his sister. Everybody very proud to hear the skiers are doing very nice, and most of them win the race. They just think they are going to Whitehorse and Anchorage for skiing and here they travel long way. It is very nice for them to go into another city which they never see before. They will have big news when they come back to Old Crow. We are all glad for them. Thanks very much to Father Mouchet for teaching them and practising with the skiers all winter. I hope Father Mouchet is proud of them. Even in summer time they always had practice.

The boys are ready for ratt-

ing traps long ago, but it is hard for them to move out of town 'cause they see plane every day. At last four boys went to Crow Flat to trap rats before Easter. Some of them had cold and they have to wait till Monday.

No caribous on mountain or on wood trail. Today, March 16, Connelly airway arrived here with those Liberals and went to Inuvik. Hope they get back to Whitehorse safe.

When our Bishop Marsh visits here at Easter, the women will have a race, with skin rat, and also snow shoes race. Little boys will have dog race, too. It will be big game for Bishop and also party and dance.

Everyone comes down to meet the plane when it lands at Old Crow.



I cut and pasted my father's logo on another story from the Whitehorse Star.

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



The Whitehorse Star Circa 1928 Reprinted in 1971

### 43 Years AGO

May 11<sup>th</sup>, 1928 Mayo:

The Greenfield and Pickering Royal Mail Stage in charge of Jim McKinnon, arrived here yesterday. Jack Stewart came in from the Junction Roadhouse. McKinnon reports the trail in very bad condition. The Willow Creek bridge was washed out and he had to ford the stream. He had to go upstream some distance in order to avoid being carried away by the swift current. The water came into the wagon box. At several other points the bridges had gone or were unsafe. The horses broke through the ice on one stream and were nearly drowned. At another point McKinnon was forced to cut a half mile of road through the bush to get around a bad mud hole. Walter Scott went with McKinnon as far as the Junction on his way to Stewart Crossing.

May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1928

This week a sea sled arrived from New York for the White Pass and Yukon Route. It arrived on Tuesday's train and on Wednesday Mr. Wheeler and Cam Smith made a trial run to Lake Lebarge. The new craft did all that had been claimed for it and seemed quite ready to do even more. The trip upstream from the lake to Whitehorse was made in one hour and seven minutes. The sea sled may prove a very useful addition to the river equipment of the White Pass.

May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1928

"A Little Bit of Fluff" the local talent play produced under the direction of Mr. Eric C. Richards on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings showed that in spite of the fact it had been given before, people were interested and enthusiastic about it.

Mr. Richards, as John Ayres was in fine voice and showed himself to be the exceptionally good interpreter of his part as well.

Mrs. Eric Richards as Mrs. John Ayres was splendid, although possibly a less serious part would have suited her particular style better.

Mrs. T.C. Richards' interpretation of Mamie Scott was excellent.

Bertram Tully, who in reality was Mr. Joe Williams, was funny enough to keep the audience laughing continually.

Nixon Trippet, the dignified inspector, was most lifelike in the person of Mr. Pat Cleary. He had all the earmarks of a shrewd questioner and nothing seemed to escape him.

The Doctor was admirably portrayed by Mr. J.D. Skinner and he was a good caricature (in which he specializes) of himself. His laugh was particularly pleasing.

Mrs. Jessie Peel (Mary) and Miss Dolly Bowcott (Ursula) made perfect maids and the cockney accent of the latter must have taken the thoughts of some of the listeners back to "dear ol' Lunnnon."

As aunt Hannah, Mr. Bruce Watson was a "corker." His own agreeable countenance was completely camouflaged (as well as his slight figure) and his antedeluvian bonnet was a scream.

The audience (if it listened) heard the music of the trio who played during the evening.

We hope Mr. Richards and his cast feel repaid for their efforts in giving the public a good treat.

May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1928

The Whitehorse Inn – the most modern hotel in the north – was opened to the public today. The house was sold out over a week before the opening day. Such was the urgency for additional hotel accommodation.

Manager Clayton says that he is simply deluged with applications for reservations. Some weeks ago notices were sent out advertising that construction of this new hostelry was under way and explaining the high class accommodations it would afford. The hotel will be filled to capacity during the travelling season.

Upon entering the building the spacious lounge, comfortably furnished, is the first to attract attention. Immediately the guest feels at home. The large fireplace adds greatly to the cosy appearance of the room.

"With or without bath?" asks the pleasing mannered gentleman at the desk.

"Have you private baths in this hotel?"

"Oh, yes!"

Out of forty three large, airy and nicely furnished rooms, fifteen have private baths. In addition to these, there are four public baths, and five toilets. And in every room there is running water.

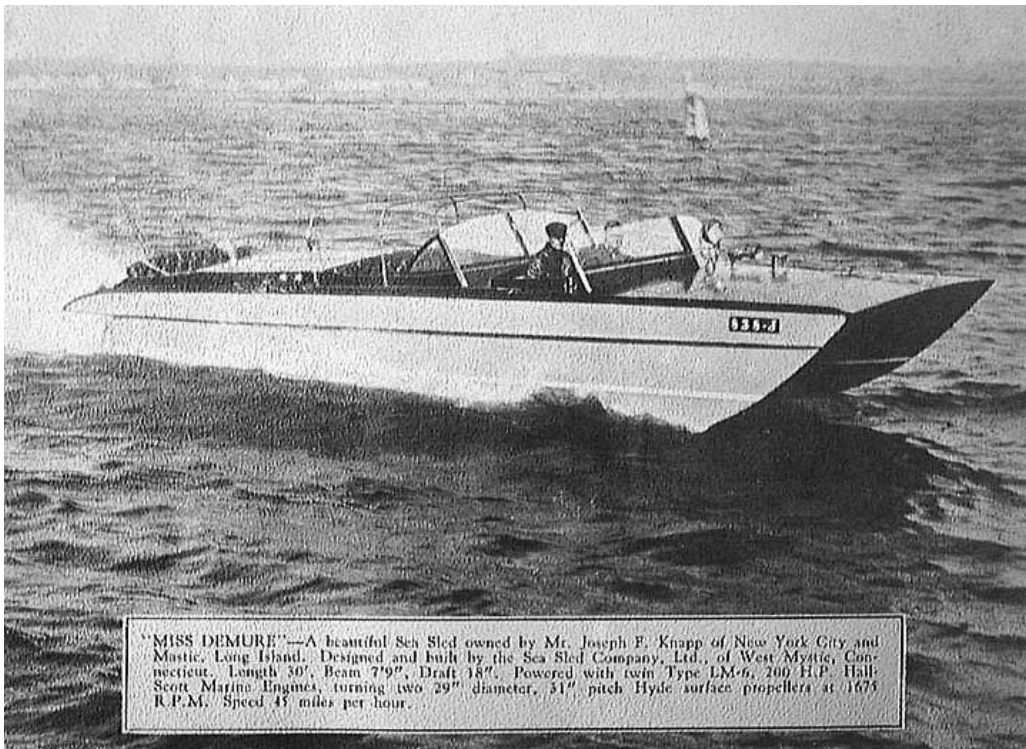
The halls on both the upper and lower floors are wide and well lighted, and run the full length of the building.

The construction of the building was under the capable supervision of J.R. Gaudin, Port Engineer for the White Pass and Yukon Route. The actual building operations were directed by Edward Hunt. The plumbing was installed by Hugh Thomson, assisted by R.W. Todd.

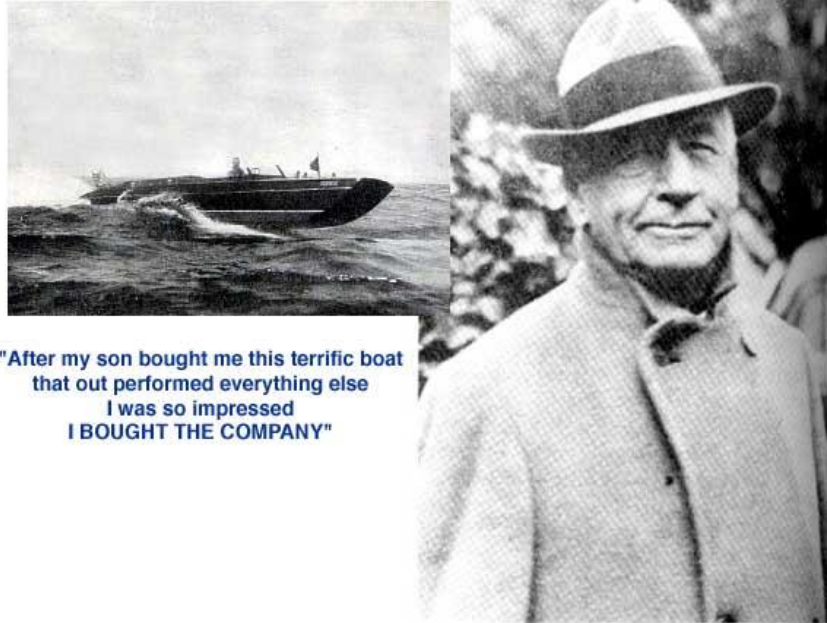
The painting and decorating was done under the direction of C.J. Caddy.

And regarding the Whitehorse Star stories - I looked up “sea sleds” on the web and found this.

I know I for one had no idea what a sea sled was. I thought it was quite intriguing. Of course it may not be identical to the one that was sent to the WP & YR but likely very similar. And it *was* from New York!



“Miss Demure” –A beautiful Sea Sled owned by Mr. Joseph F. Knapp of New York City and Mystic, Long Island. Designed and built by the Sea Sled Company Ltd. of West Mystic, Connecticut. Length 30' Beam 7'9", Draft 18". Powered with twin Type LM.6, 200 H.P. Hall-Scott Marine Engines, turning two 29" diameter, 31"pitch Hyde surface propeller at 1675 R.P.M. Speed 45 miles per hour.



Joseph F. Knapp

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

### **Oct 14<sup>th</sup>, 2007 House Fire in Dawson**

The fire on Oct 14 of the old house in Dawson. That house is older than 1902, it was one of four that lined that street, now there are two left. They were accommodations for N.A.T. & T. Co. (North American Trading & Transportation Company) they were one of the businesses in Forty Mile at the time of the discovery of gold on Bonanza. Their buildings were across the Forty Mile River at a site that became known as Cudahy. They were formed by the Cudahy of Chicago. They moved to Dawson probably in late 1896 or in 1897, they had a store on Front Street and several warehouses; they were also involved in Mining on Bonanza at claim #12 above discovery.

John Gould [jgould\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jgould*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

### **Re: KEN JONES SPECIAL EDITION – SUMMER 2007 on the WP&YR Railway**

I enjoyed this special as Pete did the same job as Ken Jones the summer before we went to Beaver Creek. (Summer of 1965) The girls and I lived in Takhini while Pete stayed out at Carcross and rode the trains to Bennett. A couple times, Lynne, Debbie and I travelled to Carcross on the train and they enjoyed the big meal that we got at Bennett, especially all the different kinds of pies. I loved the scenery.

Brownie Foth [lfoth\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth*shaw.ca) (In White Rock)



Historic Cabin – Photo taken July 2007

Cabin destroyed by fire October 2007

Photo courtesy Murray Lundberg [webmaster1\\*yukonalaska.com](http://webmaster1*yukonalaska.com) (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron,

You might find the attached photo to be interesting - it's the cabin that just burned in Dawson that Dan Davidson sent the photos of.

I love "character buildings", and as the years go on I get better and better about listening to "that little voice" inside my head. In July this year, on my final trip to Dawson as tour guide after probably 100 such trips since 1990, I listened to the little voice that told me to get a photo of that cabin. It was the only cabin that called to me, and now it's gone. Another of the places that makes the Yukon unique is history - very sad. Part of the reason I retired from tour guiding is that I hate to see big business (Holland America & Princess in particular) taking over the Yukon and Alaska. Dawson is one of the places that is hardest hit - with buildings burning, with Tom Byrne gone from the Robert Service cabin and now from Dawson completely, with Westmark Alley becoming the most visible landmark in town..... - losing the George Black ferry to a modern bridge would finish off Dawson as a must-see.

Murray Lundberg [webmaster1\\*yukonalaska.com](http://webmaster1*yukonalaska.com) (In Whitehorse)



**Mallards at Lake Laberge in mid November.**

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

This picture was taken on Friday [November 16<sup>th</sup>, 2007] out at Lake Laberge... actually at Policeman's Point... there were about 600 Mallards that hadn't gone South ... guess it's because we're not really having a cold winter yet.

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

**COMMENTS FROM AUDREY IN DAWSON**

Enjoyed the special by Ken Jones.

A note about MocTel 229, [Obit for] Brian Matthew Cheney---this was a real shock. I first met Brian several years ago when he was bar tending at the Downtown Hotel in Dawson and I was waitressing in the Dining Room (15 yrs). He was working in a mining camp during the summers recently. I spoke with him just before he left town in the late summer. I am asking around to see if anyone knows what happened to him and more info on him. Will send whatever I am able to find.

Thanks

Audrey Vigneau [vigneau@northwestel.net](mailto:vigneau@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **The Mail Carrier**

Submitted by Ken Jones, grandson of Jack McMurphy, [k29j32@shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32@shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack BC)  
(Revised from a November 1994 story by Ernest Bordvuk, in The Yukon Times & Advocate)

On the declining slope of Atlin Lake shore, a few men wait patiently scanning the horizon, while shading their eyes from the glare of the snow.

The sky is cloudless and the frosty air bracing like clear wine. Permeating the air are clear crunching sounds of cracking ice.

Behind the men, a few yards up the slope lay Atlin. Cabins nearby sit in the deep snow; their flues steadily exhale willowy wisps of smoke that grace fully weave into the frosty air.

A ruddy-faced man, whose continuous rivulets of nose moisture form needle like icicles on his bushy moustache, broke the silence.  
“See’em yet?” he inquired. “Nope.” Answers a man in a buffalo-skin ankle length coat.

Gradually from the horizon come thread-like forms which take shape as they approach the waiting men on the lake shore.

It’s the mailman, all right,” someone shouts. “He’s got twelve dogs today!” As if tuned by mental telepathy, groups of people begin leaving comfortable, warm houses to head for the post office.

Soon the post office area is transformed into a kaleidoscope of jumping, running, shouting children, barking dogs and excited adults. The scene, repeated often during his career, provided all the impetus the late Jack McMurphy needed to risk his like time after time for the sake of the mail delivery.

The late Jack McMurphy was a tall, stalwart and amiable, well-known Carcross gent, who had pleased 650 Atlin, BC folks during the periods of 1928–32.

In the winter season, he used a dog team to deliver mail, in late spring he used his back and pack-dogs to do the job. The winter trail to Atlin, British Columbia was eighty miles return trip from Carcross, Yukon, while the spring overland trail was one hundred, eighty miles return trip. Mind you, he walked every mile.

Jack had stated that a Canadian Pacific Railway boat arrived at Skagway, Alaska, every ten days till Christmas then each two weeks thereafter, till May. From Skagway the mail arrived at Carcross, Yukon, via the White Pass and Yukon Rail Route. Further, he had stated that on numerous occasions, as much as seven-hundred and fifty pounds of mail would be unloaded from the train. The reason being for so much poundage arriving at

Carcross was that the merchants were able to trim their overhead costs by having the dry goods shipped parcel post.

From Carcross, Jack and partner continued the mails journey to Atlin, BC. Leaving Carcross with their weighted mail pack, Jack and partner followed a trail to the community cemetery. There they mushed the dog team over the frozen expanse of Tagish Lake up to Talma Bay, then overland to Pig's Tails and continued the trip on Atlin Lake to Atlin B.C. Canada. It was three days steady trudging, relieved by only one overnight pause at a lodge called Moose Arm Road House.

Jack chuckled as he had stated that at times, as many as thirteen sourdough passengers paid twenty-five dollars for the privilege of following the mail-run dog team. The sourdoughs were glad to have the dogs blaze a walking trail for them and show the way to Atlin.

In fact, Jack had stated that Ernie Ormen, a Carcross resident, had left a day later after the mail-run, and upon walking into Atlin, Louis Schultz the mail contractor, had tried to charge Ernie the \$25. passage fee.

Blizzards, sub-zero temperatures, open stretches of water and thin ice posed the usual problems. The former two of which Jack and his partner could merely dismiss with shoulder shrugs; however, open stretches of water and thin-ice could have proved fatal.

Isolated stretches of open water created an eight hour gap in the trek because Jack would have to wait for a frigid squall to quick-freeze this water. With a mixture of anxiety and prudence, Jack forged ahead along the lake's shoreline, while the howling and numbing wind stung his face.

Plunging through the ice, along the shoreline route, was an occasional hazard, but in these trials, the dogs proved their worth. With the icy water licking at his knees, and a vice grip on the sled's handle bars, Jack, in his husky voice, would urge his dogs and they would lunge him to safety.

Spring is associated with animation; however, ice break-up meant perils for Jack. Various parts of the lakes would become thousands of ice-floes, the larger ones would rock like a boat slapped by a back wash. Some tended to tilt slightly upwards, but the crowded floes would jam one another, thus preventing a spill-over. When lake ice proved too treacherous, Jack would use pack-dogs and follow the telegraph line that stretched out to Atlin.

His job often included moments of gnashing his teeth in anger, times that required Jack to have both the strength of a sapling and courage of a patriot. As he reminisced over his memorable episodes, he chuckled; these were moments that spiced life.

Since it was near his mail route, Jack would often deliver goods to the Engineer Mine. One year on the twenty-second of December he was asked to bring, for the miners, the

ordered quota of bottled liquor. This particular load that Jack had to freight to the mine, required two trips. He decided he'd deliver the liquor on the second trip, the twenty-fourth of December, so that the miners could enjoy themselves come Christmas. With a proud satisfied feeling, Jack finally trudged into Engineer Mine with the second load and was greeted with a bewildering scene. The back-slapping lusty miners were primed on booze already. Certainly he puzzled there wasn't a still within a hundred miles of the mine. And there weren't enough extra potatoes to quick-brew potato champagne. To his chagrin he discovered when the freight was opened that all boxes contained shoe packs. Inadvertently Jack had delivered the liquor on the first trip.

Another humorous incident occurred in Atlin in late spring the shore-line ice became soft and wet like a sponge. At such times Jack had to scramble speedily over the ice to keep from sinking into the rotten ice. One spring day as Jack and his dog team approached the shore a friend George Cunningham was waiting and stopped the lead dog to pat it. Just as the dogs halted, Jack plunged through the slush knee-deep into the water.

Jack upon wading ashore was nonchalantly asked by oblivious George; "Got a light for my cigarette?"

Why did Jack take these risks? Who knows for sure? Service, love of rugged adventure, and lure of danger – these were some of the tugs at his masculine spirit.

In later years when Jack was asked if he'd like to relieve the call of the wild, he replied with a reminiscent twinkle in his eyes: "You bet! I loved every minute of it!" And with a mischievous wink he added: "Come to think of it – I still don't know how I managed to travel over those spring ice-floes without a horseshoe in my pocket!"



Adele (Sansom) and Jack McMurphy in their cabin.  
Photo courtesy Ken Jones [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32@shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack BC)



Jack McMurphy, a team and a sleigh full of children.  
“Grandfather's Dog Team delivering the mail to Engineer Mine down Tagish Lake.”  
Photo courtesy Ken Jones [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32@shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack BC)

Hello from the "Frozen North"! We had frost this morning [Chilliwack, November 20, 2007]. The temperature was +1 C. Not the Yukon but not Arizona either!

All I know about the picture is that it is Jack arriving at the Engineer Mine. Probably the kids met the mail man and jumped on the mail bags to ride in with him. That is a picture from the Yukon Archives that my sister, Heather, located for me.

I have taken a 2 month contract with the RCMP Stores to help them out due to short staff. I will put the proceeds into our Arizona Fund. We will see you there eventually.

Again, thanks for your efforts in preserving our Yukon Heritage.

Ken Jones [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32@shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack BC)

## **OBIT**

**LAFRENIERE, Yvonne** passed away on November 17, 2007, in Kamloops, B.C. at the age of 82 years. Her sense of humour and joy for life, family and friends will be missed by all. Memorial services will be held on Sunday, November 25, 2007 at 2:00 pm at Schoenings in Kamloops and on Saturday, December 1, 2007 at the Royal Canadian Legion in Whitehorse, Yukon. In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Diabetes

Society or the Royal Canadian Legion (Whitehorse Branch). Arrangements are entrusted to Schoening Funeral Service, Kamloops, BC, 250-374-1454.  
Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 11/20/2007.

**ARSENAULT Armand Joseph**

Born June 17, 1930 La Tuque, Champlain, Quebec. Armand passed away peacefully on November 16, 2007 at the age of 77 years. He will be lovingly remembered by his wife of 49 years, Barbara (Macaulay), and children: Cindy husband Derek Whyte, grandchildren Venesa, Justin, Eric, Jarrid, and great-granddaughter Mackenzie of Stony Plain Alberta. Debbie husband Robert Wren, grandchildren Amanda, Joseph, and Jesalyne of Whitehorse, Yukon. Son Armand of Whitehorse Yukon. Michelle husband Doug Brown, and her children Copera (Chilliwack) Grayson, Ciara of Maple Creek Saskatchewan. Son Arthur of Whitehorse Yukon. Nicole husband Darrell Bouvier, grandchildren Alaura, Alexander of Whitehorse Yukon. Predeceased by his parents Joseph and Elioza (La Voi) Arsenault, brothers Arthur and Yvon, sisters Liza and Lorraine; survived by sisters Helda, Julie, Sally and brothers Marcel and Claude and numerous nieces and nephews. A memorial will be at a later date in Whitehorse, Yukon to honour and celebrate Armand's life. Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 11/23/2007.

**BACK ON THE LIST**

I had been a subscriber to the Moccasin Telegraph last year and the beginning of Jan of this year. Then I ran into some computer difficulties. Now my address book is gone and I am trying to reconstruct it from bits and pieces that I have of old emails. I don't know if you are still putting that out. It was a lot of work I could see and I know you were having some trouble with the new site. If you are still doing this, I would love to have my name back on the list and hope to hear from you.

Thank you so very much!!! I looked at this last issue of the MocTel [229]. The opening picture of Whitehorse brought a lump to my throat and tears of homesickness to my eyes as did the ones of the latest fire in Dawson city. I don't know if we will ever be able to make another trip back to the Yukon but the photos of familiar places always touch my heart.

Have a wonderful time in Arizona and thank you for the wonderful job you do on this newsletter.

Gwynn

Gwynn (& Bob) Kroeker [Gwynn\\_Kroeker@telus.net](mailto:Gwynn_Kroeker@telus.net) (nee Peirson, formerly of Whitehorse. Graduated from FH Collins in 1969) Prince George

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Bennett

Submitted by Ken Jones [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32@shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack BC)

I have also attached a picture of Bennett that was taken in June and sent to me by a George Forero who was one of the organizers with a Trains Unlimited Tour that was on our route in June 2007. This is a picture of the "73" with a mock up freight train that was put together for the Trains Unlimited Tour Photo Ops.

It does a nice job of showing Lake Bennett looking North towards Carcross.

Ken Jones

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Each of the following recipients was rejected by a remote mail server. The reasons given by the server are included to help you determine why each recipient was rejected.

Recipient: <[clattin@klondiker.com](mailto:clattin@klondiker.com)>  
Reason: unknown user <[clattin@klondiker.com](mailto:clattin@klondiker.com)>

Recipient: <[wdorwjduncan@aol.com](mailto:wdorwjduncan@aol.com)>

Reason: We would love to have gotten this email to [wdorwjduncan@aim.com](mailto:wdorwjduncan@aim.com). But, your recipient never logged onto their free AIM Mail account. Please contact them and let them know that they're missing out on all the super features offered by AIM Mail. And by the way, they're also missing out on your email. Thanks.

*If anyone has a current address for these people, please let me know. Sherron Jones*  
[sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*My mother taught me OSMOSIS. - "Shut you mouth and eat your supper."*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Jenny Roberts [jiroberts@gmail.com](mailto:jiroberts@gmail.com) (In Lower Mainland)

### Pumpkin Loaf

1 c. margarine  
4 c. granulated sugar  
6 eggs, beaten  
3 c. canned or cooked pumpkin  
1 c. cold water or coffee <--- I use coffee tastes better!!!  
5 c. all-purpose flour  
1 tbsp. baking soda  
2 ¼ tsp. salt  
3 ¾ tsp. pumpkin pie spice  
¾ tsp. baking powder  
1 ½ c. raisins  
2 c. chopped walnuts

Cream margarine. Add sugar gradually and beat well.  
Add eggs, pumpkin and water or coffee. Sift dry ingredients together; add to pumpkin mixture. Mixwell. Stir in raisins and walnuts. Divide batter between 3 well-greased 9" x 5" loaf pans. Bake at 325°F for 1 ¼ hours. These loaves freeze well and keep moist fresh for a long time.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

## **Vancouver Island Yukoners' Xmas Luncheon**

Because so many people at the August picnic expressed an interest in doing something for Christmas, the Vancouver Island Yukoners have made the following arrangements for a luncheon:

PLACE: ABC Country Restaurant,  
6671 Mary Ellen Drive,  
Nanaimo

This is just north of Woodgrove and very near the Parkway

DATE: Friday, December 21, 2007

TIME: Welcome and no-host bar at noon. Lunch at 1:00PM

There will be a choice of three entrees, the cost being \$16.00 per person including the meal, coffee, dessert and taxes. As the room accommodates only 60 people please advise the organizers early---with your final decision no later than December 10.

Email Fay Ash at [fayash@shaw.ca](mailto:fayash@shaw.ca) or phone (250)760-0349 or phone Harriett Butterworth at (250)751-1194.

## **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.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca).

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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