

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 240<sup>th</sup> Edition – February 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008**

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

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



This picture is in our yard again shows our greenhouse awaiting the coming of Spring.  
Fred Berger [fpbrgr@northwestel.net](mailto:fpbrgr@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

### **Robert Crawford**

A Yukon Nugget – By Les McLaughlin [leslorn@rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa) and Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg@hougens.com](mailto:marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

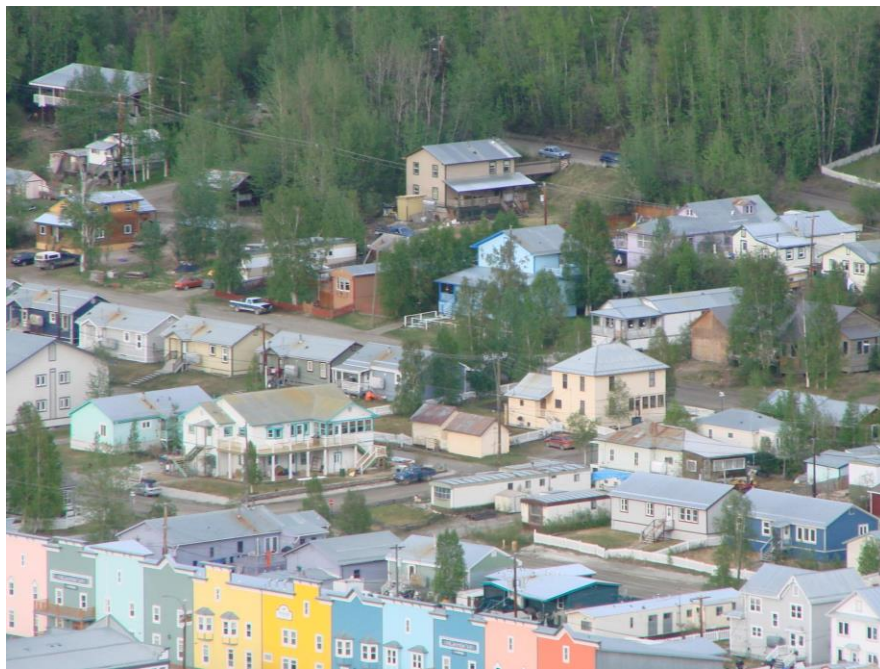
Robert Crawford was born in a little cabin in Dawson City in July of 1899. His father had been the bailiff for the city of Seattle before joining the hordes of gold seekers heading for the Klondike in 1897. The Crawford's moved to Fairbanks in 1904 where young Robert went to school. His older brother Sam had a Victrola phonograph. Robert loved listening to his brother's substantial collection of classical recordings. In 1915, he wrote his first song called My Northland. It became a quite popular and gave Robert recognition both in Alaska and Seattle.

As if to strengthen his love of the northland, he became president of the newly formed group called Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden North at the tender age of 13. This youth organization was sponsored by the Arctic Brotherhood. When it came time to enter high school, Robert Crawford was sent to live with relatives in Washington state. In 1921 he enrolled in Princeton University's school of music. His love of music continued to grow and he eventually studied at the American Conservatory of Music in Fontainbleau, France and at the Julliard school of music in New York.

Apart from music, aviation was his other love. He took flying lessons in New Jersey and bought a two seated English avian aircraft. In 1932, as his singing career grew, Time magazine dubbed him "the flying baritone". He returned to Alaska many times during the 30s to hold stage performances. In September, 1938, Liberty magazine sponsored a contest for an official song for the then called Army Air force. Robert Crawford entered his composition which won the first prize of one thousand dollars. The official name of that song, which to this day is the official theme of the United States air force is The Air Force Song. But it's better known around the world as the rousing call to arms "Into the Wild Blue Yonder". During the second world war the song was credited with enlisting more men into the air force than any speech or poster had done.

Crawford, a Lt. Colonel in the United States air command during the war, went on to become a professor of music at the University of Miami. But he never lost his love of the north. In 1958, the Anchorage Symphony Orchestra premiered his composition called Alaskana. Robert Crawford said the inspiration for the symphony came from a line in Robert Service's poem the Shooting of Dan McGrew. The line that struck him was "were you ever out in the great alone". In 1958, he left the University of Miami and headed for New York to write Broadway musicals. Some of the song titles in his first play were "Alas, I'm a Lass from Alaska", "There Must be a Heaven for My Dog", and "Parking' in a Parka". Alas, the play was never finished. Robert Crawford died suddenly on March 12, 1961. The Fairbanks Miner noted his death with the line "the singing spirit of Robert Crawford has gone into the wild blue yonder of his famed air force song".

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



With its mix of historic buildings, trailers, false fronts and facades, Dawson presents an interesting challenge for historic planners.

What this photo illustrates is the variety of existing structures in the residential area between 5th and 8th Avenues: historic McCauley House; Yukon Housing bungalows on 7th Ave.; single and double-wide trailers, both retrofitted to the Dawson Style and not; a log home or two; the false front strip of the latest Westmark Hotel expansion.

### **"Life was simple until I found out who I am"**

Shared by John Firth [john.firth@sunlife.com](mailto:john.firth@sunlife.com) (In Whitehorse)

It ran in the Whitehorse Star on Dec. 5, 2007.

Sex.

That's what got me into this in the first place. I suppose most of us have a story or two of how sex figured in our lives. But the sex that concerns me happened before I did.

I'm a one-night stand. My first mother is still alive. My second mother died in 1954 - I never knew her. My third mother died in 1995. I went to the funeral of my second father in 1971, but didn't know about my relationship to him at the time. My first father and I never met. I didn't know about his existence until almost 30 years after his death. It was my third father who, just before he died in 1977, tipped me off about a life I never even realized I had.

I am the youngest of six. And the oldest of nine. Some of my brothers and sisters have never met each other. I have an almost-sister, who has a none-mother as well as a mother - both of whom were married to my second father. Her none-mother was my second mother, that's why she's an almost-sister. I have an almost-brother who none of us have ever seen and none of us know who or where he is. He actually is related to five of my brothers and sisters, but not to me. I have a niece who never met her mother until she (the niece) was over 30 years of age.

I've had three different names - one of which I still don't know and probably never will. My original name was based upon how far into the alphabet a medical clerk in Edmonton, Alberta, happened to be on that particular day. My first mother never knew my current name until I introduced myself to her six years ago.

Sound confusing? Well, it should because it is. Life was simple until I found out who I am.

I was adopted.

My biological mother was told she would never hear from me. For a woman having a child out of wedlock in the 1950s permanent separation was simply the way it was.

Needless to say, she was rather stunned when I tracked her down in 2000. Forty -seven years later, she told me, she still believed she would never see me again. She had only seen me once - when she sneaked into the neonatal ward the night after my birth, picked me up and gave me a hug.

I was still a skeleton in the closet for her. When I first contacted her, she was in a quandary. She wasn't too concerned about breaking it to her children, but the grandchildren gave her pause. What might they think of promiscuous granny! My biological father, on the other hand, disclosed my existence to his entire family early on. They knew I was out there somewhere, but had no idea where.

It is no easy choice for a mother to walk away from her child. Just as it is no simple decision for an adoptive parent to disclose the truth or an adopted child to seek the past.

Vancouver physician and author Gabor Mate believes the reluctance of people to talk about adoption comes from a fear of failure. Adoptees in particular have to deal with implicit memories - emotional imprints that can't be recollected as a specific event, but which create emotional isolation centered around the issue of abandonment. In seeking biological parents, adoptees feel they risk rejection once again.

The trick, he says, is understanding the difference between abandonment and necessity. In its own way, the decision to seek your parents is confronting your own worst fear.

Often the parent who gave up their child, fears suffers extreme guilt. The decision to search for my roots had it's origin in a chance encounter with a woman who gave up a son about 40 years ago. She told me that she still wakes up and cries at night. She hadn't wanted to give him up but the system told her she must. Every time a 40ish male knocks at the door or walks into her place of business, she wonders if it's him coming to find the mother who, in her mind, abandoned him. As far as I know, she is still waiting.

Another acquaintance gave up her only child for adoption in the 1980s. Her career choice, made years before the pregnancy, left her with no options. But upon finding out about my rapidly expanding Christmas card list in 2000 and 2001, she started looking. She found her daughter in the Maritimes - married and pregnant with her first grandchild.

The adopting parents fear loss of affection from the child. My mother, the one who raised me, never mentioned it and probably believed I never knew. My father asked me never to tell her that he had informed me. One friend told me his parents never disclosed his adoption to him. He found out from a friend of the family. "It was devastating," he said, "They never had the courage to tell me. I had to find out from someone else and it was a shock."

Is it worth it? After all, wisdom dictates, be careful of what you look for - you just might find it. The fear itself, the anxiety over what you might find, is most often worse than the reality you are about to experience. But not always.

I know my own experience has been positive. I now have extended family spread all over western Canada. We have shared Christmas, birthdays and weddings. Hosted many of them in our home and been guests in theirs.

When one of my biological brothers visited in 2001, I invited my adopting family over to meet him. I thought a couple might turn up. They swarmed the place, checking him out like he was a new zoo exhibit. When it was over they all agreed this whole "looking for my natural family" thing was OK.

A recent book written by a woman who decided to search for her long-lost brother highlights some of the risk in seeking the past.

Her life was just fine until she found him, she writes. At first it seemed he had the perfect life. Then they found Lacy Peterson's body in the California surf, murdered by her husband - who is also the new-found brother - and the author's emotional life has been in turmoil ever since. There is risk in every decision we make.

Which brings me back to the sex that started this whole thing. We've heard all the lectures about the Victorian principles of our parents. But it seems to me, given the number of people who have relatives "out there somewhere", that promiscuity was more the order of the day.

By the way I know the reason my adopting family kept me was because I was "way too cute" to send back to the orphanage. But babies grow up into adults and cuteness sort of fades away with time. I have been since informed that I could still be returned to sender - now that we know where and who she is.

*John would be happy to hear any information you may be able to share about his life as a youngster. Did you know his first adoptive parents? – Sherron*

## **Draft Heritage Management Plan presented in Dawson**

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

January 1, 2008

When one resides in a living historical community which trades on its past in order to guarantee the stability of its present and its future, one is always faced with the thorny issue of how to maintain that past without stifling both the present and the future.

Dawson council has faced this issue many times since the establishment of Bylaw #203, a Zoning Bylaw, in 1977. This original effort has been amended and replaced several times since (1980 and 1997) and is now once more under review.

A preliminary draft of a new Heritage Management Plan was presented to council in November by Hal Kalman, principal and project manager of Commonwealth Historic Resource Management Limited.

Kalman has produced a document which is intended to blend the priorities already evident in existing municipal policies, the Tr'ond'k Hw'ch'in Agreements, Parks Canada's existing priorities and the recently unveiled Integrated Community Sustainability Plan

The draft plan divides the town into several management areas, with different requirements for each.

In the Downtown zone all buildings and structures would be protected under the new bylaw, with incentives provided to encourage owners to fall in line. Renovations to historic buildings would have to follow the existing Parks Canada guidelines, while new construction would be encouraged to replicate a preexisting building or, at the least, conform to a 'Dawson Style.' This is essentially the modified historic-look style that has been in use for some decades now.

The Dawson Style should reflect the sizes and shapes of the period being commemorated. The report cites a number of successful accommodations but singles out the recently completed Westmark Dawson expansion on Fifth Avenue, which is essentially one large building with facades painted on the front to make it seem as if it is a number of linked buildings, as a failure: the uniform flatness of the wall and the design proportions lack any conviction.

In the Residential zone much the same rules would apply under the draft plan.

The final zone, labeled Valley, Confluence & Bowl, would protect certain landscape features (such as dredge tailings) and use regular national and territorial guidelines for buildings.

The current Heritage bylaw would be split into three sections. The first, a Zoning and Historic Control Bylaw, would be somewhat similar to the one in place now. A second Heritage Bylaw would be aimed at protecting existing buildings from demolition, disrepair and inappropriate alterations.

A Heritage Fund Bylaw would be established to build up a fund for the encouragement of heritage conservation.

The current Planning Board would be modified to become a Heritage Advisory Committee, while many of its functions would be taken over by the town's administrative staff. The HAC would provide non-binding advice to both the administration and the town council.

Three sets of design guidelines would apply to future projects, depending in part on which area of town and what type of building was under discussion. Existing Parks

Canada guidelines would govern old and replica Gold Rush buildings. The Standards and Guidelines for the Conservation of Historic Places in Canada would apply to all existing buildings. New buildings would fall under a new set of 'Dawson Style' guidelines which, while yet to be developed, would be similar to current practices.

The draft plan was also presented to the Dawson City Chamber of Commerce at its December meeting by the town's Mark Wickham. Comments at that time were generally positive.

The 61 page draft document and a printout of Kalman's Powerpoint presentation are available for viewing at the town office.

## **NEWT WEBSTER**

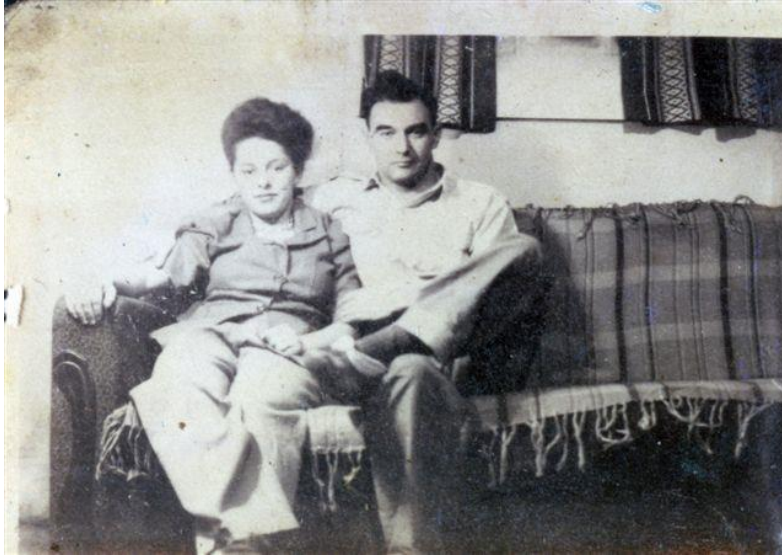
Here's a little story about Newt Webster.

The year was 1964 that I applied for a job with Y.C.G.C. [Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation] in Dawson City, Yukon...I was hired and placed under Newt Webster at North Fork Power Plant. We worked 7 Days a week at 1.92 an hour. Being young and inexperienced it was an opportunity of a Life time to learn the skills needed to survive in the Yukon.

Newt was originally from Haney B.C. area, he knew a fair amount about logging, he was able to run heavy equipment such as cats, trucks etc. He ran and operated the North Fork Power Plant, ditch and diversion system which provides electricity to all Y.C.G.C. camps, electric dredges, pumps as well as electricity for Bear Creek and Dawson City.

Newt was also a good hunter and trapper, all of these things he was ready and willing to teach all his employees that passed through the North Fork. Him and his wife Wilda and 2 children Jimmy and Pat lived at North Fork until they moved to Dawson City. A gentleman, a good friend and fun to work for.

Sincerely, Brian Kates [Brimart@telus.net](mailto:Brimart@telus.net) (In Edmonton)



**Wilda & Newt Webster**

Photo courtesy Newt & Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



**Jim & Pat Webster**

Photo courtesy Newt & Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



**North Fork Power Plant**

Photo courtesy Newt & Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



**South Fork Intake**

Photo courtesy Newt & Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## MORE HISTORIC SITES IN DAWSON



Keno Sternwheeler sitting on the banks of the Yukon River  
on Front Street in Dawson City.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus\\*northwestel.net](mailto:janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Old Post-Office, not in use anymore. Though a few years ago Parks Canada did have  
someone in there selling stamps, more of a tourist attraction.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus\\*northwestel.net](mailto:janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **HARRY SOMETHING OR OTHER**

Sherron, my name is Sheila Parkin. My husband Vern Parkin gets the Moccasin Telegraph and he was just reading the most current one and there is a picture that Tom Tait sent in of a man in the Gold Room in Bear Creek stamping numbers on Gold bricks. That person is my father, his name is Harry Coell and he worked in the Gold Room until he passed away in November 1964. I was born in Dawson City, as well as my Mom Therese Whelan. She left there in 1965 and moved to Victoria where she still lives.

Thanks for putting the picture in the paper.

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

## **Moc Tel 239 and TOM TAIT PHOTOS**

Another good Moc Tel!!!. The man marking the gold bricks in the Gold Room was Harry Coell who lived in Bear Creek. When Pete worked in the Gold Room, his boss was Harry. Pete's job was to go around The Loop every few days to do the Clean Ups on the Dredges. I believe the miner panning gold on the bottom deck was Pete Pamuchina who lived on Bonanza Creek in a little old log cabin. After the Gold Dredges closed down in 1966 Pete and Sox Troberg hired "Big Pete" to sluice with a monitor at our mine on Cripple Hill for a few years. He was a very large man and such a hard worker. He became a close friend and Pete and I would check in on him during the winter as we had skidoos at the time. Then the last several winters, Big Pete would be admitted to MacDonald Lodge and enjoy a good life being looked after by the workers at the Lodge. It was during a summer month when Big Pete was living in his cabin that he passed on. I can remember Pete and I being on a short holiday to Alaska and hearing that the Police were trying to contact my Pete in Whitehorse. Then we got the news of our old friend, Pete Pamuchina had died.

Debbie is my lifesaver: She found Big Pete's Obituary and on it spells his name like this --- Petar Pamuchina.

I have a picture of Petar 'Pete' Pamuchina panning gold on the lower deck, Darn, I just can't find it. I'll tell you why he was panning there. He tests the pans to see if it is worth continuing in that particular spot, if it isn't then they take another "step ahead". It's hard to explain unless you have seen it done. I have of course, on our Thistle Ck. dredge. Pete used to test the pans himself right there and then tell the Winchman to either continue in that spot, or "step ahead". Probably miners have a different vocabulary nowadays.

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



Never remember seeing this picture before. Of course Emily loves the old buildings, my kids like the sleigh that Pete made. Note the length of my coat, this was about the winter of 1957 - 58. ( Deb 1 yr. old, Lynne about 3 yrs.old.) - Brownie Foth  
Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell [eistillwell\\*sasktel.net](mailto:eistillwell@sasktel.net) (In Moose Jaw)

## YUKON PHOTOS

Hi Sherron, every time I send some pictures I get at least one reply - people making contact. This time I got mail from Karl Bressmer.

He now lives in Edmonton. These pictures go back to the 1950s', all taken in Calumet. Although I was there at the time I do not recognize a lot of these fellows. Perhaps someone might get some pleasure out of seeing himself or a friend in one of these pictures.

Karl does not have Email but his son has, and I would be happy to pass it on if someone wishes to contact him.

Keep up the good work.

Regards August Pociwuschek [augustp\\*telus.net](mailto:augustp@telus.net) (In South Surrey BC)

### **CALUMET PHOTOS**

Courtesy Karl Bressmer (In Edmonton)

August,

Karl says it is alright to use the photo's in any way.

The only request is that Karl Bressmer is credited with the Photo's.

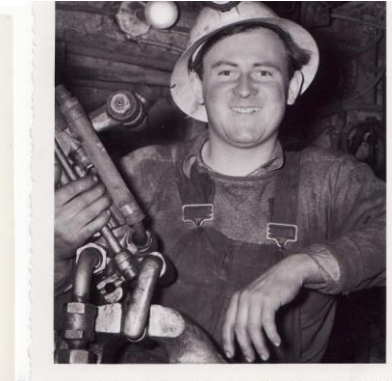
Also list his job as Lamp and Compressor Man and Machine Doctor.

This information we hope will bring more of the old timer`s together.

Karl Bressmer

All photos in this section courtesy Karl Bressmer (In Edmonton) Contact may be made through August Pociwuschek





Karl Bressmer

All photos in the section above are courtesy Karl Bressmer (In Edmonton) Contact may be made through August Pociwuschek [augustp\\*telus.net](mailto:augustp@telus.net) (In South Surrey BC)

## A MESSAGE FROM YUKON

Last week, as the temperature hovered around -45, with no wind and bright sunshine, it was really quite lovely, and as I walked our 2 little dogs around the area (there is no getting out of it, as far as they are concerned), I felt sorry for a lot of the people right across Canada, who had such a bad time with ice storms, slush, accidents, not to mention

delays and long waits at airports etc. As most Yukoners know, we have a dry cold and with the proper clothing, it can be quite tolerable. The wind is another story!! With all the talk of groundhogs, I thought of a trip we made in the moterhome last fall to Mayo and Keno. We unhooked our tracker in Mayo and drove up to Keno for delicious breakfast at Mike's Place, then drove up the mountain to take some video, as it was a spectacular day. I set up my camera to take a breathtaking panorama, only to discover that my batteries were left charging back at the motorhome. Needless to say, I was not impressed with myself. Fortunately, I also had my digital camera handy and as we descended, a large marmot popped up and let me take a few pics (one of which I have enclosed). We also have a family of lynx hanging around the property, hoping for a rabbit dinner. They are so beautiful and last week we saw a young one traveling with them. My neighbour saw four of them, together. I am enclosing a pic of one of them, about 20 yards from the house, which I took last spring. The cow moose, usually with a calf or two, who hangs around for a while every spring, hasn't shown up yet. Looking forward to seeing a few old school chums at the Vancouver Yukoners' in April.

Cheers, Norma Waddington [norma@redwoodrealty.net](mailto:norma@redwoodrealty.net) (In Whitehorse)



Marmot

Photo courtesy Norma Waddington [norma@redwoodrealty.net](mailto:norma@redwoodrealty.net) (In Whitehorse)



Lynx – hanging around Waddington property.  
Photo courtesy Norma Waddington [norma@redwoodrealty.net](mailto:norma@redwoodrealty.net) (In Whitehorse)

I have attached an item that I wrote for the Yukon news recently for my History Hunter column. Thought you might want to share it with your readers.

Michael Gates [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **History Hunter** **There's Film in Them Thar Hills**

08 02 01

Michael Gates ©

Sometimes, the strangest things can happen in life. They aren't planned or expected, but they leave a lasting impression.

I had just started working for Parks Canada as the curator of their massive artifact collection in Dawson City back in 1978.

It was the beginning of my first summer in the Klondike and there was plenty to do already when David Burley, a Parks Canada archaeologist, suggested that I take a look at what they had uncovered in the empty lot behind Diamond Tooth Gertie's.

This was the former site of the community Hockey arena. At one time, the three-storey Dawson Amateur Athletic Association (DAAA) building stood there, complete with swimming pool (summer) and hockey arena (winter).

In advance of constructing the new hockey rink, a city crew had uncovered unusual debris: chicken wire, broken curling rocks, bottles, metal canisters and numerous reels of old film. Finding things like these were not unusual in Dawson City. Every construction job, road repair or foundation repair exposed a treasure trove of items from the gold rush days.

The old films still contained the images that were once projected on the screens of Dawson City's theatres. By chance, I found an advertisement in an old issue of the Dawson Daily News for one of the reels that I had just examined stating that it was to be shown in the theatre in Dawson City in the fall of 1917. That piqued my interest.

I started to phone contacts I had in Ottawa and Montreal to see if there was any interest. There wasn't, until I spoke to Sam Kula, who was the director of the National Film Archives in Ottawa. The next thing I knew, Sam was on his way to Dawson City to examine the site.

Hollywood had lost a big chunk of its early film history when warehouses containing the highly flammable old nitrate silent movie films burned to the ground. Sam thought it would be worth looking at these old silent movies if they contained the lost work of the silent film era.

As we stood at the site of the excavation at Fifth Avenue and Queen Street, Sam, Kathy Jones, the director of the Dawson Museum, and I plotted out a plan to recover and identify as many of these films as possible. It was to be known as the Dawson Film Find. Over the course of the summer, hundreds of reels of highly flammable film were salvaged and identified by workers hired by the museum, who were stationed in what we thought was the safest building to do such work, the old acetylene plant at Bear Creek, six miles from Dawson City.

The building had metal-lined walls and cement floors and seemed the obvious choice.

We even learned how the film came to be buried in the ground, when a retired banker, in a letter to the community newsletter, the Klondike Korner, described how 50 years before, he had the film taken from the basement of the Carnegie Library on Queen Street, carted down the street to the DAAA building and thrown into the no longer useable swimming pool inside.

This wasn't the work my boss had in mind for me, so I found myself slipping out to Bear Creek at the end of the day to see how the museum crew were progressing.

To be clear, none of the footage recovered from this project contained anything to do with the Klondike, or even the Yukon, for that matter. It consisted of Hollywood films of

all types: comedies, westerns, serials and romance movies. Some of the most famous names in Hollywood were featured.

Also contained in the unearthed treasure were almost two hundred reels of news footage of the day. Much of this was Canadian content, and therefore of considerable interest to the National Film Archives.

When the first list of titles reached Ottawa, their public relations department went into high gear. The next thing we knew, newspapers from all over the world were announcing the discovery. Both the Dawson Museum and Parks Canada were swamped with telephone inquiries from every corner of the planet.

Back in Ottawa, Kula was gearing up for the restoration of the dangerous and flammable, but extremely valuable footage. Special equipment was required to copy the reels, frame by frame. The photo processing equipment became clogged with rust particles and the work was painstakingly slow.

Kula contacted the U.S. library of Congress, and they too got into the act. Ottawa was interested in the Canadian newsreels; Washington was interested in the Hollywood content.

But first, we had to find a way to get the film to Ottawa. Storing the material in the Yukon was not an option because of its dangerous instability, but nobody would transport the tonne of films, which were classified as hazardous material. Any attempt to sneak them onto a bus, plane or moving van was turned down by local firms. The film find had become notorious and everyone in the territory seemed to know what was going on.

Fortunately, the armed forces work with explosives all the time, and we were able to arrange for them to fly the crates containing the film to Rockcliffe Airforce Base in the nation's capital.

A year later, Dawson City was recovering from a devastating flood. Despite that, and amidst great fanfare, the first showing of the restored silent movies was made to an enthusiastic full house in Dawson's Palace Grand Theatre in early September, 1979.

Fred Bass, a retired pianist from Vancouver, who had started his career playing in the silent movie theatres, provided accompaniment. The show was a success and lifted the community spirits a little after the trying summer it had just been through.

To this day, I still get inquiries about the Dawson Film Find. It has been featured in documentaries, including an ambitious feature titled "Popcorn With Maple Syrup". It has been the subject of magazine and newspaper articles. In 2004, it was featured at the Dawson City International Short Film Festival.

Many times during my quarter century living and working in Dawson City, I heard stories of how loads of gold rush artifacts uncovered from the earth, or taken from the old

buildings, were taken down to the waterfront and thrown into the river in by-gone days. This was one time that we managed to save the legacy.

If I had followed all of the government directives and policies on health and safety, or if I had just stuck to tasks listed in my job description, the Dawson Film Find would never have happened. Being young and enthusiastic, and perhaps a little foolish, I followed it through, with satisfying results.

Others received recognition for their part in the discovery. Frank Barrett, an alderman, received the Commissioner's Award for having the foresight to stop a municipal crew from excavating the material and throwing it away. Kathy Jones received the Yukoner Award from the Yukon Visitors Association the predecessor of today's Tourism Industry Association of the Yukon (TIAYA) for her role in publicizing the event and bringing recognition to the Yukon.

A little over a year after the whole thing started, Kathy and I were married, and still are today!

Michael Gates is a local historian and sometimes adventurer based in Whitehorse.



Boxes of film being stored in the old Root Cellar at Bear Creek  
Photo courtesy Kathy Jones-Gates [kmgates\\*northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Sam Kula and Mike Gates examine salvaged film at the old root cellar in Bear Creek, where the films were temporarily stored before being shipped to Ottawa  
Photo courtesy Kathy Jones-Gates [kmgates@northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

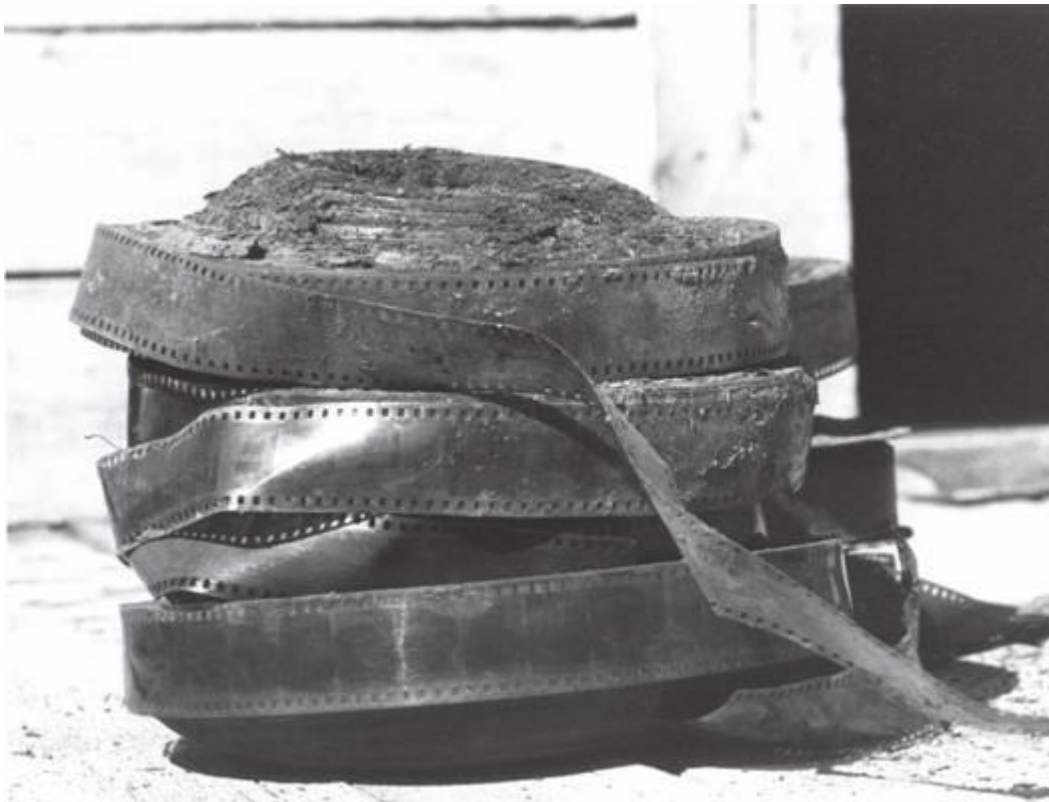


Sam Kula excavating film at the dig site behind Diamond Tooth Gertie's in Dawson City  
Photo courtesy Kathy Jones-Gates [kmgates@northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Kathy Jones Gates

Photo courtesy Kathy Jones-Gates [kmgates\\*northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Stack of salvaged films

Photo courtesy Kathy Jones-Gates [kmgates\\*northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

# EDITH JOSIE COLUMN - WHITEHORSE STAR 1963

The Whitehorse Star, Whitehorse, Yukon, Monday, August 5, 1963

## OLD CROW NEWS

By Edith Josie

July 1 -- Is the sport day but no one doing anything for the sport and it just pass. Even no dance tonight and we don't know if it's July 1 or not.

Some of the school kids are still absent. They might be back tonight or tomorrow. I hope they come back if the weather is okay. Mr. Brainstorm boat will be in Old Crow during this week. Everybody will be glad to see the boat once again. As I know everybody are glad for Mr. Strutter is working with his boat to Old Crow bringing the freight up to Mr. Joe Netro and Mr. Philip trader. Both of them are really help everybody with the stuff from the store.

July 2 -- Connelly aircraft just landing Old Crow and everybody glad to see them back. The PWA will come from Inuvik any minute so Connelly plane will wait for it.

The card board sent to St. Luke Church at Old Crow they have put it in the church. Sure look very nice. Everybody is glad for it and Mr. Moses Tizra he been paint the church window and the door with white paint. This is the end of the news from Miss Edith Josie.

July 2 -- One of Connelly aircraft been Old Crow from Dawson and also from Inuvik and Mrs. Clara Frost went over to Inuvik to see her daughter, Betty. She was working over at Inuvik.

July 3 -- Another aircraft came from Dawson and Mr. Rev. James and Mrs. Simon returned. As soon as she get out of plane, Mrs. Simon told those women she really hungry for dry meat or either caribou meat. Must be she got lost away from dry meat.

Last Friday we been cleaning up the church wash floor and clean everything before Rev. J. Simon get back. The carpet was in the church

sure look very nice. It is south wind since four days and it's little cold here at Old Crow.

Sorry I missed July 2. They had feast and dance and also some boys collect money or either grub and they make coffee and lunch and they really had a big dance last night. Everybody enjoy the dance and had a big time.

July 4 -- The aircraft will be in from Inuvik and it came around 9 p.m. So this are the passengers, Mrs. John Moses, Johnny Abel, Mrs. Jane Rite and his brother-in-law and Mr. Ben Vitrekaw this are take a trip to Old Crow for three hours and they left around 12 p.m. midnight.

July 6 -- Mr. Strutter boat arrived to Old Crow and when it coming Mr. Steven Frost and Philip met the boat at Bluefish and they coming up they saw one moose and Steven shot it and they killed it. After they brought it to Old Crow, they give it to Chief Charlie Peter and they made feast and dance. Sure make good time.

The Brainstorm boat crew are invited for feast they sure eat lots. Two of Connelly aircraft arrived Old Crow and one went back to Dawson but one is taking those Socony Mobil Oil Co. to Crow Flat all day he was busy with flying. When the plane came two of Water Resources arrived at Old Crow. The boat will leave today.

July 8 -- The boat left to ward the Dawson it lift around. About midnight, these boys went up to one of the camp for working Lazarus Charlie, Alfred Charlie Steven Frost and Erwin Linklator.

The aircraft took them up to around Simon Cache. For about two days the weather is really hot sunshine. The aircraft also been to Old Crow and Mrs.

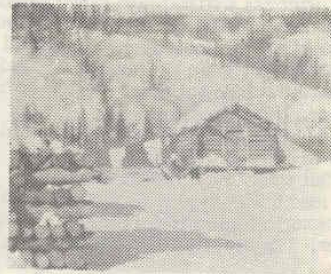
Lydia Thomas and his two kids and her mother Mrs. Myra Kay visit her she came back with her everybody glad to see when she arrived here.

Some of the girls came back from school. They collect little stuff and make coffee and lunch at midnight. They also had dance and great time on July 8 they make great time. The plane will come from Dawson and everybody is ready for it.

July 8 -- Mrs. Effie Linklator Hannah Netro and Edith Josie. They sure busy all day with those three bills sacks of clothes been giving away to womens.

July 10 -- Mail day and if the aircraft arrived here Mr. Neil McDonald will go for holiday to Fairbanks to see her two daughters Fannie and Annie. He will be gone for one month and while he's away Amos, Jessie will look after post office when the aircraft or mail come he will assorted them to the people.

On Friday we have our WA meeting but those WA at Fort McPherson will talk to all the WA at Old Crow and instead of meeting we went to school house to listen to tape and after they finish talking the WA Old Crow is talking back to them. When we listen to tape sure lots of fun and laugh when one person talk silly to each other sure funny. This is the end of the news.



**PIGS MAY NOT FLY – BUT LOOKS LIKE PICS CAN SWIM**



From e-mail forwarded photos  
Courtesy Donna Clayson

**AND CHICKENS HATCH KITTENS**



From e-mail forwarded photos  
Courtesy Donna Clayson



Snow - Fernie BC

Thought you might be lonely for some snow so while in Fernie the other day I took a spin up the mountain and took some pictures of how the rich and famous are living in Canada.

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook BC)



Snow - Fernie BC

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook BC)



Snow near Fernie BC

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook BC)

## **SNOW - COMMENTS FROM CAROL BUZZELL**

Sherron: am sending along a photo that you might enjoy.....A friend of mine mailed it to me (Lee and Judy Griffin from the Island). It is taken in Couer 'd lane and sent to them by a friend of theirs. Can't imagine that amount of snow anywhere.....I can remember as a youngster, there used to be those amounts thru-out the hi-way from Haines Junction to Haines, Alaska, in the BC side. Can't imagine just how one would get rid of that amount of snow, where would you put it.....

Our weather has been in the deep freeze for the past few days. Have experienced temps to -44°C one day last week, today it's a balmy -23°C.....with a wind blowing, so it feels like -33 outside. The weather patterns have been so strange this past season, like they say.....it's LaNinia dictating the weather systems.

The birds have been doing very well at the feeding stations, very fussy too, they only seem to like Black Oil Sunflower Seed, anything else is kicked out. I injected some of the Song Bird Fruit and Nut Mix into it and they seem to be accepting it, smells good enough to put into a bowl and have with milk for breakfast.

I will be sending along a donation to help support your efforts in keeping all of us up to date and connected; I appreciated all of your hard work and endeavors, Sherron. I will also enclose an amount to have Bill do my copy of MT, up to 2007, don't ever want to

lose the past issues and documents. Have a great day, keep up the good work and enjoy your weather.....



Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj\\*northwestel.net](mailto:buzzy.cj*northwestel.net) (Haines Junction)

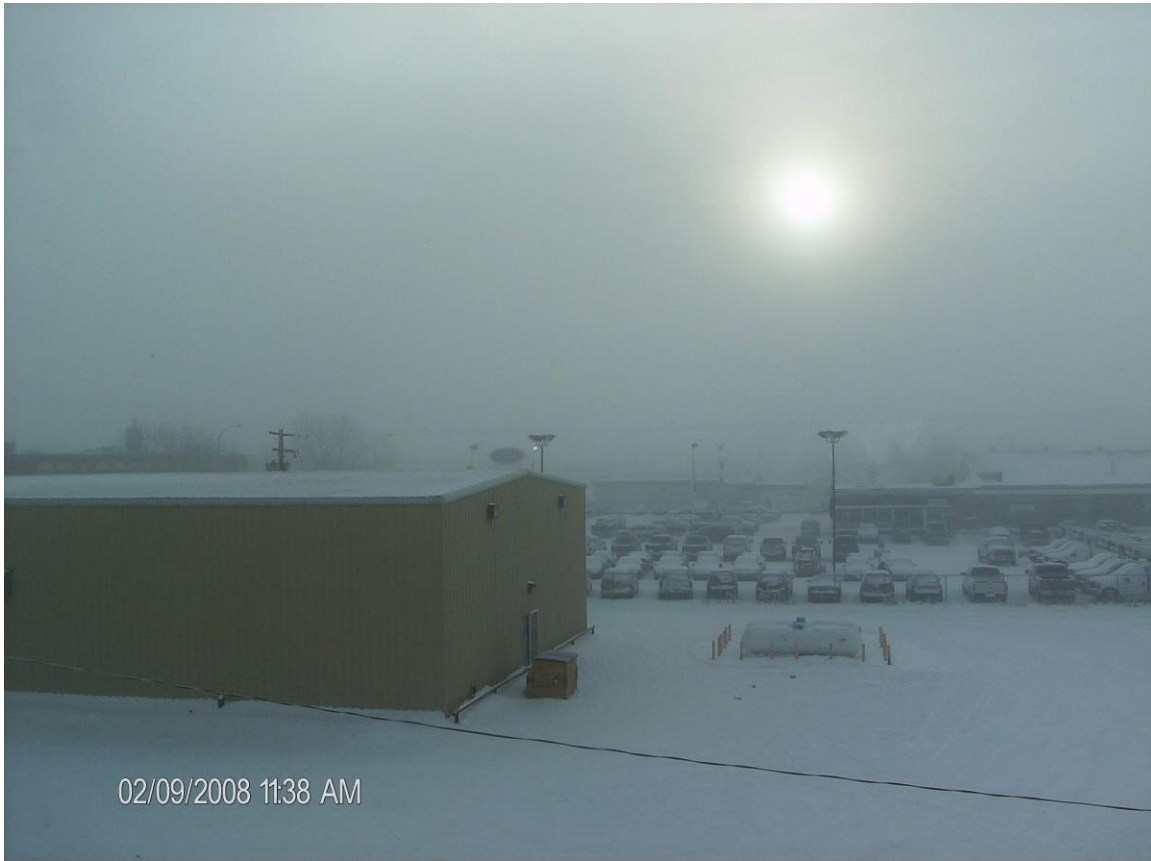
**KLONDIKE CATTLE DRIVE - STORY & MOCTEL** – help relative find his Great Uncle in print.

I was very interested in the story of the Klondike Cattle Drive in your 237 and 238 because my Great Uncle, Will Copeland (my Grandfather's Brother) was on that drive and stayed with Robert Lee the whole time from The Chilcotin until they separated at Wrangel Alaska after walking out from Teslin, Yukon in winter after they lost all the beef. I had read an earlier edition of Norman Lee's journal that my Uncle Victor Copeland (Mom's brother) had but when I asked him about it a few years ago, he did not know where it went.

However, as a result of the information contained in Moc Tel 238, I now have a copy of the current publication and am most grateful that Moc Tel was instrumental in pointing me in the right direction to get it. I am certainly glad it is still in circulation.

I met my Great Uncle Will a few times after he retired and lived in Kelowna but I was too young and therefore not aware of his involvement in the Cattle Drive at that time. I knew he pioneered with one of his other brothers in an area known as Chezacut which is a few miles North of Redstone which is on the highway from Williams Lake to Bella Coola. I have been there and saw on a topographical map the "Copeland Hills" near Chezacut. My Great Aunt, Martha Copeland, married a Charlie Mulvahill and they lived and ranched in that area for years. The Mulvahill descendents are there today.

Thanks again, Bill Craig [mjcwsc\\*telus.net](mailto:mjcwsc*telus.net) (In Chilliwack)



**Ice Fog over downtown Whitehorse – Feb 9, 2008**

Here is a picture of ice fog at noonish on Saturday February 9th. It is looking south toward Golden Horn. My apartment building is located across from the Qwanlin Mall (behind the Chilkoote Motel). It is a new building and is 3 stories high. The temperature is hovering around -40 and has been for a number of days. Now I know that is not 'cold' to some of us oldtimers, but it is cold enough to keep me inside, for sure.

The wind chill the last few days has been around -50 too. There have been periods during the day where there has been no wind though. The predominant wind has been from the north, which makes it even worse. I walked a block one day this week and just about froze my cheeks.

The ice fog did not really lift at all today, couldn't see the mountains, and I do love looking at the mountains.

My niece, who lives in Vernon, tells me they had 9 inches of snow this week, so I guess you are glad you are in the sunny south.

Beverley Whitehouse [pebnorth@yahoo.ca](mailto:pebnorth@yahoo.ca) (In Whitehorse)

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Interesting Shadow

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [chechako46\\*northwestel.net](mailto:chechako46*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## OBIT

John [MURRAY] lived in Whitehorse 86/96 and was very involved with Whitehorse United Church, Whitehorse Curling Club, and many Yukon Electric events. His work was related to the many hydro projects in their planning and repairing. The Mayo Dam and the Fourth Wheel were John's favourites.

Jim Pollock [jimwendypollock\\*msn.com](mailto:jimwendypollock*msn.com) (In Indio CA)



***John William Murray***

December 23, 1938 – February 1, 2008

John passed away peacefully at home after a valiant battle with cancer. He will be sadly missed by his loving wife and best friend, Marilyn, and their children, Karen and her husband, Denton Henkelman, Laura and her partner, Jason Janus, and Brent and his wife, Jacqueline Dockray. John was a special “Grandpa” to Kaitlyn, Jason, Ryan, Beth, Euan, Shaeleigh, and Sabina. John will also be missed by his sister, Joan Fulton, brother, Bruce, mother-in-law, Louise Plewes and several extended family members.

John grew up in Edmonton where he met Marilyn in the eighth grade. He was a Queen Scout and a lieutenant with the Royal Canadian Engineer corps, graduating from the University of Alberta with a degree in Civil Engineering. **He worked for Alberta Power Co. Ltd. for 32 years spending the last 10 years in Whitehorse** before retiring to the Comox Valley. John loved the outdoors, a legacy he passed on to his family. As a youth he hunted and fished with his father and later he enjoyed skiing, camping and hiking. His passion in life was sailing which started at the age of 14 when he hoisted a home made sail on his canoe.

He was very active in the community, belonging to several boating clubs, assuming a teaching and leadership role in the Canadian Power and Sail Squadron. John was also involved in curling, Comox United Church, and the Comox Valley Probus Club. John was instrumental in the campaign to retain “Moorecroft” the United Church Camp at Nanoose Bay. A memorial service will be held at Comox United Church on Wednesday February 6, 2008 at 2:00 P.M. Comox Valley Funeral Home entrusted with arrangements, 334-0707. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to: Moorecroft Camp Society, 1563 Stewart Road, Nanoose Bay, B.C. V9P 9E7.

**GALLICANO Terence Henry "Terry"** 1938 - 2008 On Monday February 4th, Mr. Terence Henry "Terry" Gallicano passed away at the South Okanagan General Hospital in Oliver at the age of 69 years. Terry will be fondly remembered by his loving family including wife Lynda; sons Bill (Kelly), Michael (Rhonda) and Robert; grandchildren Courtney, Nicholas, Cassidy and Cameron; brother Bill (Mabel) and sister Betty-Anne. He was predeceased by parents Harry and Helen Gallicano. Terry was born on June 4, 1938 in Fernie, and was raised in Revelstoke. **He worked with C.I.B.C. for forty years;** starting in Revelstoke in January 1956 with transfers to Golden, Vancouver, Victoria, back to Vancouver, Vanderhoof, **Whitehorse**, back to Vancouver where he retired in 1996 and moved to Oliver. Terry greatly enjoyed his holidays in Arizona and short RV trips with friends. He also enjoyed playing golf at Fairview Mtn. and shooting pool with friends. Terry was a member of the congregation of Christ the King Catholic Church and of the Knights of Columbus and was involved with the gathering and distributing of food hampers for the past two years. Prayers will be held at 6:00 P.M. Thursday, February 7th at Christ the King Catholic Church and a Funeral Mass will be celebrated by Father Garry Igot at 11:00 A.M. Friday, February 8th at Christ the King Catholic Church. A reception in the church lower hall will follow the mass. Donations are gratefully accepted to the Desert Hospice Society, PO Box 1261, Oliver, BC V0H 1T0. Arrangements entrusted to Graham Funeral Home, Oliver & Osoyoos Published in the Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on 2/5/2008.

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Now have my own laptop & email address. The address you currently have is [moma\\*telus.net](mailto:moma*telus.net) (which Val will continue to use). Please add me to your contact list:

[goodgame\\*telus.net](mailto:goodgame*telus.net)

Thanks  
Mike Lytwynec

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

After thinking long and hard, I've decided to remove my name from your MocTel list My connection to Alaska and the Yukon came to an end when the pilot, Bud Drodding died last spring. (In 1941 he crashed just before my dad's crash and survived from the provisions of my dad's plane, as in "Death is a two sided Coin.")

I've enjoyed reading the Yukon stories but I don't know the people .... So the stories have less meaning. I want to thank you for all the MocTels I've received since 2003.

Marilyn Chase (In Canistoe, NY)

CHASE, Marilyn [cmchase1\\*verizon.net](mailto:cmchase1@verizon.net) (Daughter of **Chuck Gropstis**, pilot who died with Mr. Wernecke) NY

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron. My name is I.O. (Bob) Harrison and I was A Yukon resident from 1958 until 1969. I was a pilot for GO.CO. F Dalziel's, B C Yukon air service out of Watson Lake. I moved to Watson lake from Atlin where I was A pilot for Herman Peterson. I have been wanting to get your Moccasin Telegraph since first heard about it from friend's, but lack of a computer prevented that, now that I am into the computer world I would love to receive it. Please advise. Thank you Bob Harrison [rhoo7\\*telus.net](mailto:rhoo7@telus.net)

Hi Sherron, Thank you so much for your quick response to my enquiry about Moccasin Telegraph and my welcome to it. I have a lot of fond memories of the Yukon and the time I spent there. I would love to have your disk of back issues. I have seen some of them when we visit our friends in Enderby. I have seen most of the Bud Harbottle story. I knew Bud in Watson Lake where we worked together. As far as stories go you might be interested in my book, it is called Memories of Bob Harrison, Bush pilot and my memories go back as far I could remember in the remote area of B.C. where I was raised and on through my working years. There are quite a few pictures in it, it is 75 pages. It could be used in whole or in part at your discretion. If you are interested I could mail you a copy. I will need your mailing address. My address is 78 Patrick View S.W. Calgary Alberta T3H 3J4 Phone 403-242-2490

If you want to list the books they are twenty dollars plus five dollars postage and handling. The cost printing is very high.

Regards Bob Harrison [rhoo7\\*telus.net](mailto:rhoo7@telus.net) (In Calgary)

I've loved reading the last two issues!  
My home email address is:

[Triciasirrs\\*shaw.ca](mailto:Triciasirrs@shaw.ca) And yes, I was a Yukoner! In fact, I'd love to write more stories about my memories of growing up in Dawson.  
Thanks so much.

Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Happiness keeps you sweet, trials keep you strong.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

A short note from the monsoon territory. You asked a while back for a few recipes...well I thought this one might be appropriate seeing as how Pancake Day is approaching. (Shrove Tuesday, the day preceding Lent). This year it falls on February 19th and our family will be having a huge feed of Pancakes and sausage as we recognize this tradition. The funny thing is, although my kids don't follow any religious beliefs, heaven forbid if I shouldn't remember dates such as this that might include a feast of some sort. The pancake recipe comes from a well worn "Five Roses " cookbook that I have had in use for 46 years, and I guess its just the comfort of tradition that brings one to carry on a tradition.

Karren Crowley [kbcrowley@telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (In Sidney BC)

### Great Pancakes

3 cups flour	2 eggs
6 tsp. baking powder	6 tbsp. oil
1 tsp salt	dash of vanilla
6 tbsp. sugar	2 1/2 cups milk

Add liquid ingredients to dry and slightly stir. You may need to add more milk as these are big puffy pancakes and sometimes need a little more liquid.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

**Vancouver Yukoners'  
Luncheon & Meeting  
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTER  
Room C  
3250 Commercial Drive  
Vancouver  
Thursday, February 21, 2008  
11:30-2:30pm**

**Lunch: \$10**

To sustain this cost, we need an average attendance of 30.

**This venue is easy to access by car, convenient to public transportation, has ample free parking, and is heartily endorsed by members who have tried it.**

**Is there someone you could offer a ride or guide on the Skytrain?**

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

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet April 5th, 2008

Tickets can be purchased from:

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

email: [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca) phone: 250.383.1349

Cheques payable to: Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Reception/Visiting: 5:00 p.m.

Dinner: 6:30 p.m.

Plated dinner \$55.00 per person.

Special Yukoners' rates at River Rock

Example: One bedroom suite \$159.00 plus tax

To make a reservation at the River Rock:

toll free phone: 1.866.748.3718 fax: 604.207.2641 phone: 604.247.8900

Location: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C., V6X 3P8.

[www.riverrock.com](http://www.riverrock.com)

FREE PARKING

For more information contact:

Carol Clarke [clclarke@shaw.ca](mailto:clclarke@shaw.ca) phone: 604.325.4774 or

Helen Munro [hmunro@shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro@shaw.ca)

## **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