

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 259th Edition – July 20th, 2008

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Jim Kirk now 90 – photo taken near his home on Denman Island, BC – July 6, 2008.
Vancouver Island can be seen in the background.

In 1938 Jim was sent to Yukon and turned 21 while working for the HBC as an apprentice Fur Factor at Fort Selkirk, Yukon. From Fort Selkirk he was sent to Stewart River / Island where he helped open the HBC store and stayed until he was sent to Whitehorse where he helped sell off the retail part of the store, (remaining in the fur trading business), before leaving Yukon in 1941.

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Note:

During a recent visit to Denman Island to make contact with Jim Kirk we stopped and met him first before touring Denman and Hornby Islands. I left a binder of the recent MocTels with him to peruse so that he could see what my intentions were. When I returned he had this message written out for me.

"Sherron:

I don't think there is anything I can add to what is in my story in "The Yukon Reader", along with the photos. Feel free to use any parts of the text and/or photos if they are suitable.

Some names mentioned [in the Moccasin Telegraph] that I remember. Aksel Porsild wrote a story in the same copy as my story and Sam used one of my photos for Aksel's story.

I'm sorry I'm not on e-mail or such but if these are questions arising from my story you will have to use Snail Mail.

The book I have at the Publisher is 60 years of my writing - 1920's to 80's. Still waiting to hear from them.

*Regards Jim Kirk
4611 Denman Road
Denman Is. BC V0R 1T0
250-355-2292"*

Jim Kirk is not on e-mail but I am sure he would be delighted to hear from anyone who enjoyed hearing about this part of Yukon history.

Since this story and the photos had been published in April 1994, by Sam Holloway in his "Yukon Reader", I have made contact with him and he has kindly provided the electronic copy of the text and photos. So a huge thanks goes to Sam Holloway.

THANK YOU!! Jim and Sam. - Sherron Jones

Part I (of IV)

FUR TRADE DAYS IN THE YUKON

Story and photos by Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

Canadian history had always been one of my favourite subjects, particularly the exploration stories of the west, the arrival of settlers, the fur brigades and so on. Little did I think my first job after leaving school would be with the Hudson's Bay Co. as a young fur trader. I wasn't aware the fur trade still existed until I learned in 1938 it was still a thriving industry and the H.B.Co. had some 350 trading posts operating across northern Canada.

I wasted little time in submitting an application to join them and in due course signed a three-year contract as an apprentice clerk. My first assignment was Fort Selkirk in the Yukon Territory. I was elated! Some of my friends thought I was crazy! My parents had mixed feelings. The only thing I could remember about the Yukon from our school text book was the Gold Rush of '98 and, although it was north of the 60th parallel, they were able to grow potatoes there.. Some of my friends knew little more, most knew even less. Some thought it was in Alaska. My father knew that Robert Service was a famous poet who once lived in the Yukon. He recited a couple of verses he remembered of the Cremation of Sam McGee."



Jim Kirk, Hudson's Bay Company fur trade apprentice to the Yukon, at home in Winnipeg, December, 1939.

Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

It was early winter 1938 when I left Winnipeg by train for Edmonton where I was to report to the H.B.Co. District Office for further instructions. There I was outfitted with a Three-Star sleeping bag, some additional winter clothing and told I would be flying north in the morning.

Edmonton's airport was a snow covered field with one small wooden hangar within the city limits. I would be flying with United Air Transport with pilot Jack Moir in CF-BDM, a three-place, single engine Waco aircraft on skis. It was late afternoon when we settled down into deep snow on a field on the edge of Grande Prairie. The U.A.T agent met us with his car and drove us into town for the night.



Jim Kirk enroute from Edmonton to the Yukon via United Air Transport "WACO" CF-BDM, February, 1939.

Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

Next morning after a lengthy warming up procedure followed by some taxiing up and down to make a bit of a runway we took off for Charlie Lake, (Ft. St. John). There we landed on the frozen lake in front of a cabin on the shore which was the airline's office and living quarters and where we bedded down for another night.

Morning three: I was greeted by pilot Sheldon Luck who told me his aircraft, a Ford Tri-motor, which we were to use, was out of service and we would carry on with the Waco. We had some supplies and mail for the H.B.Co. at Fort Nelson so landed on the Bear River in front of the trading post and were invited in for a quick lunch.

We were soon on our way to Watson Lake where we landed in front of a small cabin, the only building in sight. At that time it was not known whether Watson Lake was in B.C. or in the Yukon. Sheldon left the aircraft motor running while he ran in to get a radio report on the weather from Teslin Lake. As it turned out the report was not favourable and he flew an alternate route to Whitehorse. It was almost dark when we touched down on the airstrip up above the town. The agent met us in a pick up truck and while winding our way down the narrow road I was surprised to hear Sheldon tell the driver to slow down or he might kill us all! This from a man who had flown an aircraft with few instruments- and literally by "the seat of his pants" through narrow mountain valleys. When we arrived safely at the hotel he seemed thankful to get out of that truck!

Whitehorse was an interesting, busy little town of about 500 population. Electric power was supplied from a small generating plant at the south end of town. Drinking water was distributed by tank truck for five cents per bucket. It was the end of steel for the narrow gauge railroad that began at the coast at Skagway, Alaska. The initials of the White Pass & Yukon Route being W.P.& Y.R. were often dubbed, "Weather Permitting You Ride,"

or "We Push & You Ride." Whitehorse was also the head of navigation for the British Yukon Navigation fleet of sternwheelers that operated all through the summer carrying supplies to the small settlements along the Yukon River and to the then Yukon capital city of Dawson, more than 400 miles to the north.

On the morning I was to leave Whitehorse, I was directed to Fairchild aircraft CF-AXK, one of the old reliable "bush planes" of the north, which was warming up outside the hangar. When the side door was opened I could see the aircraft was filled with crates of eggs except for a couple that had been removed by the door leaving just enough space for me to sit.

My baggage was stowed in whatever empty spaces remained. I was informed we would be going to Dawson to unload the eggs and I would be put off at Fort Selkirk on the return leg.

At about noon we landed at the Dawson airstrip, some 13 miles up the Klondike River. While the aircraft was being unloaded the pilot and I walked to a nearby roadhouse for lunch. The feature item on the menu was "moose-burgers" which was my introduction to moose meat.

Following lunch we returned south to Fort Selkirk, my final destination after ten days on the road, and in the air from Winnipeg.



Fairchild aircraft at Fort Selkirk, February, 1939.
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

Fort Selkirk consisted of about 14 whites and some 80 native people. The settlement was built on a bench along the Yukon River across from the mouth of the Pelly River where an old H.B.Co. Post had been located over 100 years before. The present Post was the

dividing point between the white settlement to the north and the natives' village upstream to the south.

The white settlement consisted of the RCMP barracks, three or four trappers' cabins, an Anglican mission with a small log school house, a Taylor & Drury store and a small telegraph office. The latter consisted of a single wire carried on poles along the river bank while the river was used in place of a return ground wire. At each settlement along the river the wire would be run into someone's house and hooked up to a crank style telephone powered by a set of batteries. Occasionally in the evenings some local chess players would get into a game with players some 200 miles away in Dawson by telegraphing the moves back and forth.



RCMP Cameron returning from patrol, Fort Selkirk, 1939.
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

The H.B.Co. store was an old log building that had once belonged to trading partners Schofield & Zimmerlee. A small log cabin next door was our living quarters. We used up a hundred cords of wood each winter stoking the cook stove and heater plus the large barrel heater in the store. There were two warehouses plus a long attic above the store for storing much of the year's supply of merchandise. The large warehouse had once been the Savoy Hotel," known as "The Queen of the Yukon Trail." It even provided dog kennels for those travelling the winter trail with dog teams. A part of the building was set aside as the community ice house for ice hauled from the river during the winter.

As an apprentice clerk I was expected to learn the many facets of becoming a Company Post Factor or Manager. I was expected to help out wherever required, whether it was store and office, outdoor chores or household help. In the latter I was fortunate as my mentor, John Forrest, was a married man and Mrs. Forrest capably looked after the cooking department.



RCMP Cameron with his team at Fort Selkirk, March, 1939.
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

Although we had no indoor plumbing we managed bath night with some preparations: lots of melted snow, setting up a portable rubber bath tub and serving notice to the rest of the household that the kitchen would be off limits for a while. Then baling out the tub, mopping up the floor, folding and putting away the tub. Come summer it was much faster to jump in the river! One elderly trapper told us he always had a bath every first of July- whether he needed it or not!

To be continued

DAWSON - CF-ETE - 1965 – 66

By Ross Taylor edithnet@mts.net (In Winnipeg)

First, a little background. I was born in 1942, in Goldfields, Saskatchewan, a mining town on the north shore of Lake Athabasca, that disappeared as the ore ran out, and was absorbed, at least some of the buildings were, into Uranium City. My parents met and married there, my father was with the Bank of Montreal, and my mother was working for the Hudson's Bay Company. The post was being managed by her sister's husband, Ralph Butchart, and my mother had gone up, initially, to help her sister, Anne, with her new family. My father was in Edmonton when I was born, having enlisted in the RCAF, and so I had my first airplane ride, at the age of two months, in what, by the description, was a Barkley-Grow. I guess that was where the fascination with aviation began, as I joined the RCAF Reserve in high school, and began training as an aero engine technician, and became an aircraft mechanic apprentice with TransAir Limited on completing high school, and became a Licensed Engineer in 1964.

I joined the Hudson's Bay Company Northern Stores in December of 1963, as a flight mechanic, hired mainly to travel with their newly acquired DC-3 on its northern missions. It might be of interest that the aircraft was purchased from the T. Eaton Company, who had owned it since 1947. It carried registration marks; CF-ETE.

The Dawson trip came as a bit of a surprise to the Aviation Division, as actual freight haul operations were, at that time, limited to resupplying a couple of small outpost stores in Ontario, using a DeHavilland Beaver. We, in the DC-3, would move small lots of merchandise from store to store, as part of our inspection tours, and take loads of fox and seal pelts to shipping points like Frobisher Bay and Cambridge Bay from various stores, on our travels, in order for the pelts to get out to the fur auctions, rather than wait for the sealift in the summer, as the markets were very active at that time. The animal rights folks were not busy yet, and fur was still in fashion.

Shortly after returning from an Eastern Arctic inspection tour, in February, 1965, we got the word to prepare for a trip to Dawson City, for a freighting operation, so the skis were removed, and all the cabin furnishings were taken out, the aircraft inspections brought up to date, and the winter gear checked and loaded. We were completely self contained for extreme weather and isolated location operations, as this was long before runways and electric plug-ins existed at most of the places we visited.

So, early in the morning, about 5:00 AM, we found ourselves in the air, heading for Dawson City, via Yellowknife. Art Atkinson, Chief Pilot, and Al Snyder, were at the controls. One comment by Art, as we rumbled along, listening to the song from our two Pratt and Whitney R-2000's, was "the next guy who hollers MUSH on the intercom, is getting out and walking home". No sense of humor at that hour, I guess.

The trip was uneventful, made more enjoyable by the huge box of food, prepared by Mrs. Snyder, and we arrived in Dawson. After putting the aircraft to bed, a car arrived to take us into town, and a bed, as it had been a very long day. We were to have rooms in a motel attached to an old Hotel, however, a mix-up in dates meant a couple of days in the old building. It was a real eye-opener, for me, at any rate. The building had settled, as old northern buildings do, and the stairs to the second floor had a difference in height on the stair treads of about six inches from one end to the other, which made the trip up interesting. The door to my room looked similar, with a similar six inch wedge removed from top and bottom, so it could open and close. I was glad to move next door when our rooms were available.

The hotel was run by a fascinating, and very welcoming couple, Olaf (Ole) and Marie. The last name escapes me, but I think they were of Danish ancestry.

Marie smoked a brand of little Dutch cigars, that had to be experienced to be believed, and I wonder how Olaf stood it. Having a drink or two in the bar was an adventure, as well. Olaf held court over the bar, complete with the obligatory toe in the jar, and the "sour toe cocktail" recipe at hand. Not for this kid, tho. The joint even had a resident sourdough/pro prospector in residence. He must have been 80 years old, and would come into

Dawson for December, through to the end of March or so, and lived upstairs in the off-kilter hotel. He would pay his bill with raw gold, which Olaf would weigh out on his scale, on the bar. Absolutely fascinating, particularly for me, as I had heard of the process, but never seen it done.

I had, however, watched a brick of gold being poured while living in Bissett Manitoba, as a youngster.

The whole purpose of this trip was to move two semi-trailer loads of mixed goods to Inuvik, and some to Tuktoyaktuk. My responsibilities were to look after the mechanical side of things, and to have the next load organized for the next trip. One trailer was full of freezable goods, the other non-perishable, so the aircraft would be loaded with a non-perishable cargo, about 6000 lbs worth at night, so departure could be quick in the morning, as the truckers were not too keen on the early starts, and after pre-heating the old girl, of they would go, and I would then wait for the trailer with the freezable stuff to come out from town, get the load set up, and wait for the return. We would get in two trips per day, weather permitting, and it all went pretty smoothly.

I was fortunate, in that some days the load arranging was quickly seen to, and I would have some spare time to see some of the sights, and take in some of the history. I was very lucky, one afternoon, to meet a young lady while I was standing looking at the newly restored Palace Grand Theatre, and after a conversation, I was allowed inside for a quick tour. It was absolutely fascinating to see the interior, and I marvel at the workmanship, and dedication that was evident. I was also fortunate to get a look inside the "Robert Service" cabin. Again a great opportunity, as my father often quoted long passages from his various works and I enjoyed Service's style of poetry.

While putting in time at the airstrip, I wandered over to a large wooden hangar that was being used by Connolly-Dawson Airways. I met a fellow engineer who was working on their DC-3, and gave him a hand for a while. He told me that the hangar had been built by Canadian Pacific Airlines, and showed me the heating system, a huge wood-burning furnace under the floor. There were grates in the floor, and the aircraft would be positioned over them, and large tents would cover the engines and the grates, thus keeping the engines warm and ready for the next flight. I later learned that the hangar had burned down, too bad, as it was a real part of history in its own right.

One experience that I had, that caused a near heart failure, happened as the second trip was taking off. I had accompanied the aircraft on the first run, to assist in off loading, and to ensure everything was in place for refueling etc. We returned to Dawson, and the second load went on without a hitch. I was standing near the runway to take a photo, and the old girl roared past, tail up, and the valley filled with the engine's roar. As she was climbing away, the engine sound stopped as tho both engines had quit. I guess it is a feature of the hills or something, that the noise is no longer reflected back. At any rate, I nearly died of shock, and never really got used to that feature of the Dawson airstrip.



Dawson Hangar in 1952

Photo courtesy Jim Austin jraustin929@yahoo.ca (In Vernon BC)



Dawson Hangar and CPA buildings in 1952

Photo courtesy Jim Austin jraustin929@yahoo.ca (In Vernon BC)

Another "fond" memory of that first trip was our transportation. The Company had rented a Volkswagen van for us to run back and forth. To say it had seen better days was a gross understatement! It was heated, for example, by a 100 lb propane tank, and a propane space heater. It gave the expression "bomb" when applied to a car, a whole new meaning.

The sun was intense enough around noon to cause puddles to form on the roads, and the shifter on the van would freeze, leaving you in whatever gear you were in at the time, for the rest of the day. However, the little jewel was kept in a large shed, where the bus would overnight, which was heated by a large wood stove, so the morning drive would be uneventful. I recall going to collect the little beast, one crisp morning, just as the sun was

peeking over the hills, and it was so cold and still that the smoke from all the chimneys was going straight up for about 1500 feet, before starting to drift. Quite a sight.

Another item that fascinated me was the gold dredges. I had met a chap who had worked on one in his younger days, so I drove in to look at one. Of course they were not operating yet, break-up was still a ways away, but the watchman made it pretty plain that I was not welcome, so that ended that excursion.

I think the highlight of the trip, however, was meeting a gentleman by the name of Alan Innes-Taylor. He had crossed paths several times with Art, the Chief Pilot, and when he heard we were in town, invited us for dinner. It was a fascinating evening for me. He, Art, and Al, exchanged experiences from their Arctic travels, and caught up on mutual acquaintances. I later learned that he literally wrote the book on Arctic survival, and indeed, was instrumental in formulating the manual used by The Scandinavian Airline System when that airline pioneered transpolar routes to North America.

Finally, the last loads were transported, and we took ourselves back to Winnipeg, another task completed. We had to make ready for the scheduled Western Arctic inspection tour, that took place at the end of March, followed by a trip to Baffin Island in late April, and May.

We returned to Dawson again in March of 1966 for the second time, and that was our last tour to your amazing town.

Cheers, and with best regards, Ross Taylor edithnet@mts.net (In Winnipeg)



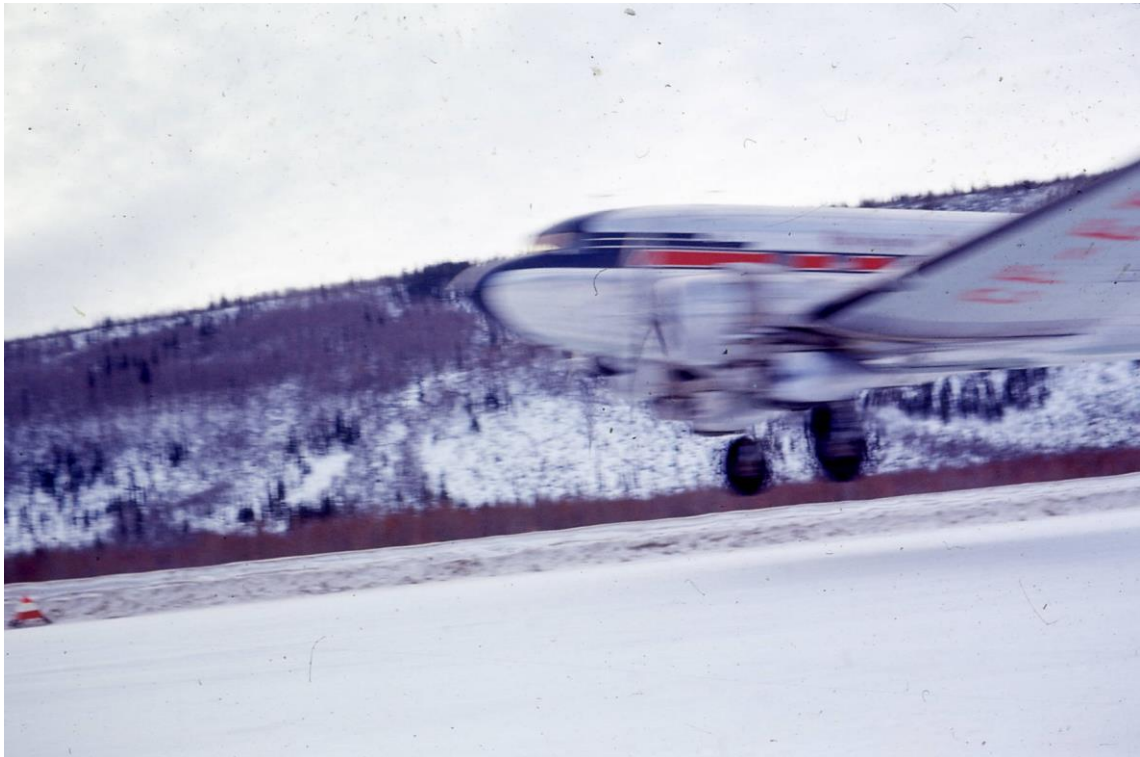
CF-ETE arctic scene

Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet@mts.net (In Winnipeg)



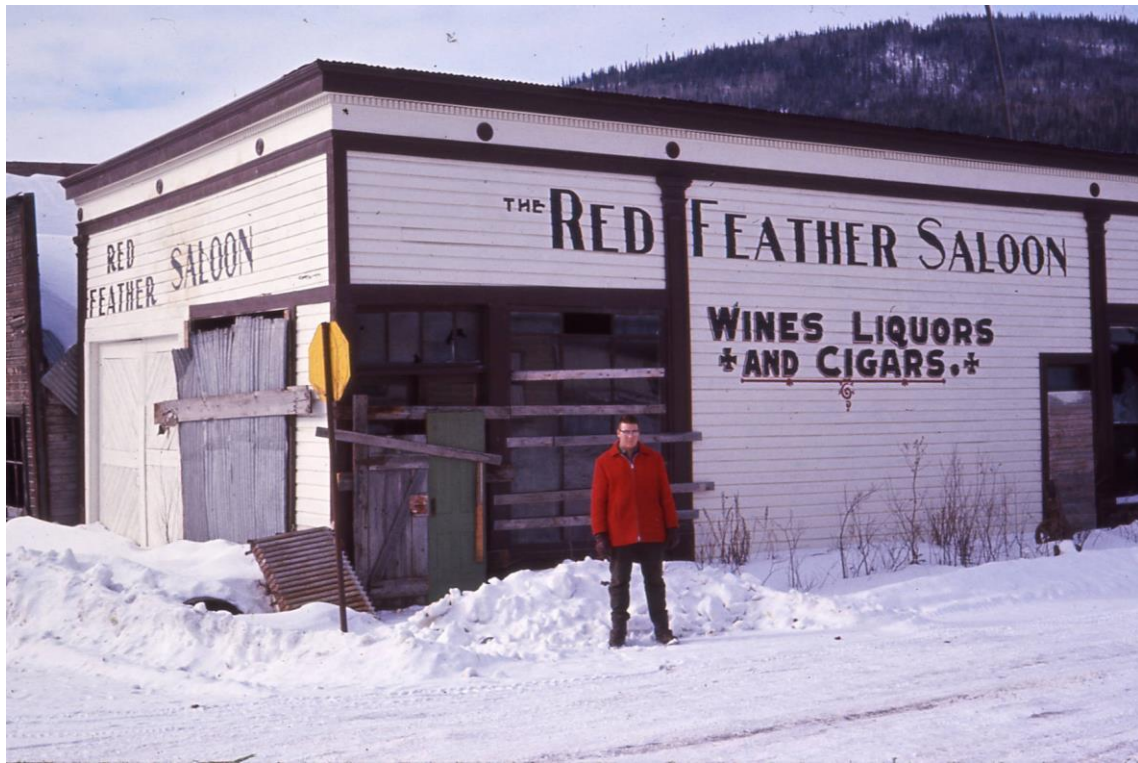
CF-ETE rolling

Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet*mts.net (In Winnipeg)



CF-ETE airborne

Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet*mts.net (In Winnipeg)



Ross Taylor 1965 - 66
Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet*mts.net (In Winnipeg)



Palace Grande Theatre 1965-66
Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet*mts.net (In Winnipeg)



Ross Taylor – 1965-66 – Robert Service Cabin
Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet*mts.net (In Winnipeg)



View of the town (from Service's cabin I think)
Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet*mts.net (In Winnipeg)



View of the town

Photo courtesy Ross Taylor edithnet@mts.net (In Winnipeg)

I asked Joe Redmond for help with Ole's name thinking there was a relationship to his wife. – Sherron

OLE CHRISTIANSEN

The "Ole" in the story is Ole Christiansen (sp?). He and his wife Marie were Danish and operated the Occidental Hotel in Dawson from the mid 50's to late 60's.

Gwenne's Aunt and Uncle operated the Principal Hotel/Pearl Harbour in the 40's/50's. Their names were Nick and Pearl Carswell and Nick's second wife Kay. My parents leased the Pearl Harbour from them in the 50's.

The green roofed house was originally Munroe's, in my memory. At the time of the photo it was owned by the Telep family. Berton house was/is across the street, to the right of the picture.

I found the story interesting. It wasn't too many years later that Great Northern capitalized on the concept of groceries being cheaper in Inuvik via Yukon. That held true until the Dempster was completed in the 70's.

All the best,

Joe and Gwen Redmond yukon43@telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)

Asked Myrna Butterworth for help regarding the owner of the green roofed house having remembered that the Berton house had a green roof. – Sherron

HOUSE WITH THE GREEN ROOF

Hi Sherron, the house in the photo is the Telep House, (in the 1960's & 70's). Several families lived there, the Munroe's in the 1940's & 50's, Stan King Family (Dawson Gospel Hall) then, CNT families lived there and finally the Teleps moved from Bear Creek when YCGC forever shut their doors. That is what my memory comes up with, the Berton house is across the street from this house.

Myrna (Hadley) Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Who was Victor Jory?

by Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Victor Jory was born in Dawson on November 23, 1902 (the date is in dispute), and spent his early years here, moving to the USA and finishing high school in California. Some of the websites that mention him place his birth in Alaska, but they're the ones that move the Gold Rush there too. During a stint in the Coast Guard he was a champion boxer.

In 1929 he made his stage debut in New York, and was a headliner within a year. The website, Northern Stars (northernstars.ca), records of Jory that "His commanding presence and remarkable voice quickly brought the attention of Hollywood where they had just started making 'talkies' and actors with great voices were in high demand. He began his film career in 1930 and would spend the next 50 years in front of the cameras."

Within the film industry, he proved to be versatile, portraying heroes (Lamont Cranston in The Shadow serial in 1942) and villains (a terrifying Injun Joe in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer in 1938). He essayed dramatic roles as the father of Helen Keller in The Miracle Worker (1962) and the fairy king, Oberon in the 1935 production of A Midsummer Night's Dream as well as the role of a South American Indian chief in Papillion (1973) and a "white trash" carpetbagger in Gone with the Wind (1939).

During his career he made over 150 films and appeared in dozens of television shows, including a starring role in the 1959-60 series Manhunt. In addition, he wrote two plays, (including Five Who Were Mad, which was staged on Broadway) and directed some live theatre. He died on February 12, 1982.





FURTHER PHOTO IDENT REQUESTED

Willie (Bill) Braga's photos of Dawson were great to see, and by now you've probably realized that Dawson photos always seem to be in that category.

Willie got in touch with me recently, having found my email address through the MocTel. We had not seen each other for about 48 or 50 years, so we've had lots to talk about. He is my godfather, and he was best man at my parents' wedding (Les and Jackie

Millen). His mother, Angela, used to baby sit us, and we looked forward to seeing her as the most wonderful event imaginable. She was affectionate, fun, and pure delight. Willie's daughter, Beverly, looks exactly like her and has a huge heart that reminds me of her grandmother.

Willie, Beverly, and I have had a few dinners together, and we've been looking through Willie's albums that have many photos of my family in among his own. He's also been answering my questions about Les prior to his marriage, and there are photos of that time showing him with his girlfriends from that period.

Right now, Willie is trying to find out who the men on motorcycles are. At this time, he's certain of Les Millen and on his right, Walter Troberg, but there are three others with them. It had seemed that Mike Comadina was on Walter's right, but now Willie has heard that Mike had a moustache, so it may not be him. As well, it seems the photo was not taken on Bonanza as John Gould mentioned, but elsewhere. There is a tall tower, perhaps for electricity for the dredge, not necessarily Dredge 4, and that might indicate where the photo was taken.

I've included the photo as shown in a previous MocTel to see if anyone might be able to contact Marie Comadina or Ralph Troberg to find out if these men are indeed their relatives, and perhaps that information would help identify the other two men.

Thank you,
Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield8shaw.ca (In Calgary)

VALENTINES DAY - Surprise

It was Valentine's Day, I think 1977, and I received a call to attend an accident on the Alaska Highway near Porter Creek. I had been advised there were injuries involved and an ambulance had been dispatched.

It was in the evening and dark but the visibility was good. There was a one ton truck heading south on the highway and he attempted a left turn into Porter Creek. A car was passing the truck and whether the driver of the car didn't see the truck's turn signal or there was no turn signal isn't known, but as the car was beside the truck, the truck turned. This caused the vehicles to collide and put the car into the east ditch. The passenger of the car was thrown from the vehicle and was in the east ditch as well.

On my arrival at the scene, my first concern was for the passenger who was unconscious. I immediately recognized her as Sue Bassinette (sic?) who many will remember taught figure skating and later was part owner of a crafts store on 4th Avenue just north of Main Street. As I knelt beside her to check for a pulse she regained consciousness. We spoke briefly as to how she was feeling, the ambulance arrived and Sue was transported to the Whitehorse General Hospital. As is usual, once the accident scene has been cleaned up, I would go to the hospital to see how serious the injuries may be.

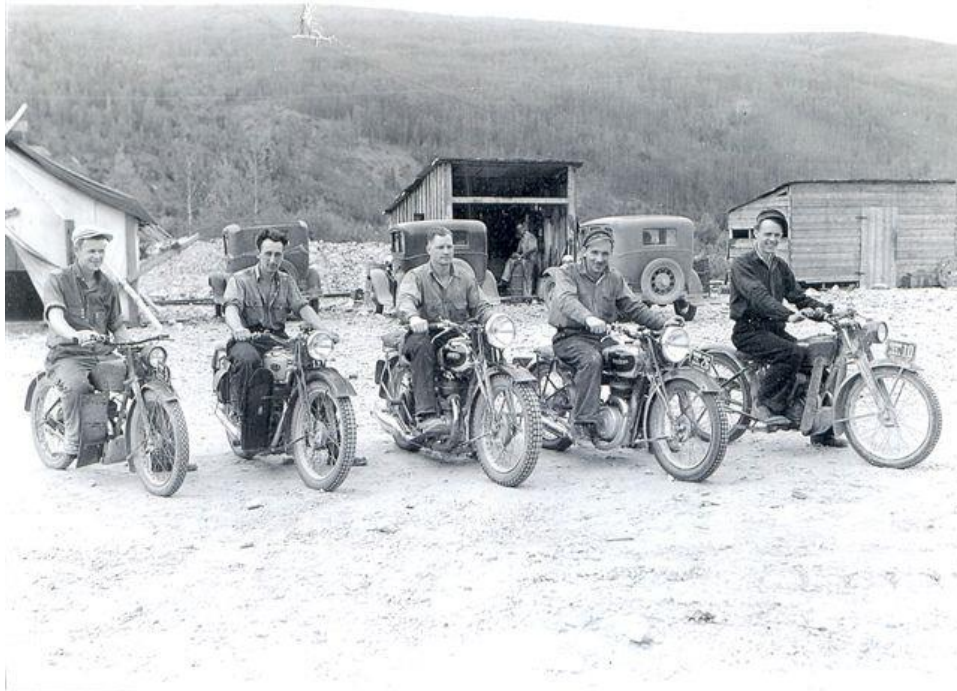
I was outside the Emergency Room when Dr. Tulio Albertini came out and said Sue wanted to see me. I went into the treatment room having no idea what her condition was and I could see she was trying to say something but it was so hushed I couldn't hear her. Sue waived me closer so my ear was very close to her mouth and she reached up and gave me a kiss on my cheek. It caught me so much by surprise I must have turned ten shades of red. Dr. Albertini told me Sue said that when she regained consciousness at the accident scene the first person she saw was me and she knew she was going to be okay. Dr. Albertini and the Emergency Room staff knew what was going to happen and got quite a laugh out of it. Sue was lucky to have gotten away with just bruising.

George Bliss jrsports@sasktel.net (In Regina)
Whitehorse Highway Patrol 1973-1978

CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY THE MEN IN THIS PHOTO?

I think I sent this photo to you some time ago. It is from Lousia McGuier, her father is in it and Mike Comadina but we don't know who the rest of the men are, they were a crew that was working on the re-building of No. 4 dredge on Bonanza in 1940. Lousia' father Les Millen is the 2nd one from the left looking at the photo and I think Mike is the one on his left.

Regards John Gould jgould@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Company Men

Photo courtesy John Gould jgould@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



ROSE RIVER AND UPPER NISUTLIN CANOE TRIP

Second Canoe

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

ROSE RIVER AND UPPER NISUTLIN CANOE TRIP

In early July, when we had those two hot days of summer, my partner, Paul and I went on a canoe trip with my son and daughter....my son lives here in Whitehorse but my daughter was visiting from Australia.... so we wanted to do a little wilderness paddling... we drove from Whitehorse to Quiet Lake and about half an hour later put in at the first bridge of the Rose River...the bridge was out but we were on the right side of the river to put in thank goodness.... we offloaded and the guys did the vehicle shuttle back to the take out.... they saw bears on the road both black and grizzly... we didn't as we waited by the boats.... we put in about 3:30 in the afternoon in glorious sunshine... it's an easy paddle down the Rose, a swift little river to the confluence of the Nisutlin. .. as soon as we put in we had an incredible moose sitting but as the camera was packed... sorry no picture....and he didn't run away, he was in a backwater just munching away watching us as we drifted by.

We saw lots of birds especially Canada Geese with their young ... still yellow about 8 to 10 inches long ... both parents were in attendance honking loudly. It was so pleasant. We saw about three groups of Canada Geese with young on the Rose River.



Camp

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

We camped our first night on a high sandbar on the side of the Nisutlin....near a cabin...and there was a clutch of young grouse and a noisy parent there ... no shortage of bird life... it was fun. Then as we started to make dinner, we realized we didn't have our stove.... no problem, we managed and it was lovely and hot & sunny and the bugs weren't too bad....



Nisutlin Morning

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

The next day started off cool with the threat of rain but it didn't amount to anything and we just drifted most of the day...it got very warm and I would dip my hands in the water to splash my face to keep cool.... there were a few spots of white water but no pictures as the camera would always be safely packed away at those times. We saw another moose about to cross the river between the canoes but at the last minute he changed his mind and went back to the bank and went up an incline that was incredibly steep. Just shows you how powerful they are.

We finished our second day just in time to make dinner and it was 29 degrees C in the shade.... but we had the luxury of a picnic table and campfire stove... whoo hoo. Had another great campfire meal and slept amongst some very hungry mosquitoes...thank goodness the zippers held.

The next morning we did the vehicle shuttle again and packed up and headed for home. Oh yes, and we forgot the "afterbite" too.

Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)



Nisutlin

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

TRIBUTE TO DANNY JUROVICH

I had the opportunity to attend the Celebration of Life for Danny Jurovich this week. I am hoping to do a tribute to Danny for the MocTel over the next while. What I'm thinking is having those who have memories of, and about, Danny send me their story

contributions and I will put the tribute together. I have discussed this with Eve who is fully supportive and will assist once the dust has settled with Danny's passing. Danny had many friends in the Yukon and amongst former Yukoners here in BC, was well liked and helped many people so I feel it appropriate to do such a tribute.

If you could put a short note in the next edition of the MocTel to ask any of the readers who might have memories of Danny they would like to share with the rest of us, I would appreciate it. It will probably take a month or so before I can get it all together as I want to give Eve the opportunity to provide input, as well as any of the other members of Danny's family who wish to share. I also hope to get some photos from Eve that can be included.

Thanks.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

Dear Sherron,

Thank you for placing Danny's obit in MocTel and thank you to all who attended his Service of Remembrance, sent messages of sympathy, and those who sent donations to the Cancer Society or other charity.

For anyone wishing, you may join us in remembering Danny by visiting at www.MeM.com. Through this site you may share your thoughts and fond memories with our family. Visitors to this site simply click on the "Tribute" button and enter their message.

The Province also has a site www.remembering.ca which is available until July 29, 2008.

Sincerely Eve, Vern, and Kevin Jurovich vejurovich@shaw.ca (In Surrey)

MOCTEL 258

I found George Millen's photos in MocTel 258 taken at MacTung Mine in MacMillan Pass incredible. Seeing the snow, the tent flaps blowing, and George in winter gear brings home the diversity of our weather. If that is summer, I wonder what winter looks like!

Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

I've just been back in Grande Prairie for about one week following a three week 7000 kilometre trip with my truck/camper to Hay River, Yellowknife, Fort Providence, Fort Simpson (and a floatplane trip to South Nahanni River and Virginia Falls), Fort Liard, Muncho Lake, Liard Hotsprings, Watson Lake, Teslin, side trip to Atlin for one day,

several days in Whitehorse during Summer Solstice celebrations, rode the WP&YP narrow gauge down to Skagway (WP&YR has a thriving business there, serving the cruise line visitors to Skagway - more engines and more cars running - I expect the line will be back to Carcross before long), then drove down to Skagway, ferry over to Haines, Chilkoot Park, etc., and then took the Alaska Marine ferry to Rupert. It was great to be back in Whitehorse - three years since my last trip there.

Regards.

Earle Smith t16ru672*telusplanet.net Grande Prairie AB

Hi Earle

What a fantastic trip. Only one part that scares me and that is the Nahanni and Virginia Falls part. Glad your float plane didn't cough when it shouldn't have.

Was surprised to hear the WP train isn't running to Carcross or perhaps you were referring to the Whse-Carcross section.

Have placed the travel portion your message in the next edition so folks will learn of your exciting trip.

Sherron

Well, I've been flying, either with the RCAF or corporate/private outfits for 60 years now and I never think of it. Anyway, flying from Fort Simpson over to South Nahanni River and Virginia Falls is no problem - lots of lakes and streams to land on in case of any trouble. Also, the Cessna 185 floatplane I was on out of Simpson carried a satellite phone, I noticed, and the pilot used it to call in to their dispatcher whenever they landed and before they took off again.

The WP&YR passenger trains that I saw last month were running up to the Canadian Customs buildings in the Fraser BC area at the present time. There's a "Y" there so the engines can turn around at the end of a trip. I noticed that WP&YR now has several bigger diesels, much heftier than the old Thunderbird diesels used back in the 50s. They were also running steamers again, very popular with the tourists - I think No. 73 was one of them. Anyway, all of that info is available on various WP&YR web pages. I'm pretty sure I saw work crews going north along the old line from Fraser toward Lyndeman and Bennett Lakes so made the assumption that the line would be coming back into service once again into Carcross. There's much more information at < <http://www.explorenorth.com/library/roads/sklondike-photos1.html>> and < <http://www.railsnorth.com/steamex.html>>, for example, along with some great photos. WP&YR is now owned by Tri-White Corp., see < <http://www.triwhite.com/>> for their corporate blurb.

According to the info at < <http://www.yukonalaskatouristtours.com/bustrain.html>> trains do run right up to Carcross so I stand corrected. I did the combination Bus/Train trip -

bus from Whithorse to Fraser BC, train to Skagway and then bus from Skagway back to Whitehorse.

There was one engine and some work cars at Carcross when we took the bus down toward Fraser to get on the trains - whether they do go down to Bennett, I don't know. Of course, the Carcross-Whitehorse section is still out of service and, from what I saw, a lot of work would have to be done to bring it up to snuff.

The WP&YR station is still there in Whitehorse at the East end of Main Street and is occupied by the Tourist Association - WP&YR HQ and staff are all in Skagway so far as I know, being a USA outfit now.

While in Whitehorse I took a look at my old residence at 601 Alexander St - my first real estate venture and one that paid off. It was originally owned by Fred and Ethel Becker who came up to Whitehorse with the building of the Alaska Highway. Ethel and I were regulars at the IODE bridge parties in the 50s - she was a deadly player. Tried to locate their daughter Velma Robertson while I was there last month but no one knew of her.

Also visited my friends at the Mary House; when I arrived in Whitehorse in June 1954 I had nothing to do in my spare time and happened to be introduced to Mamie Legris, Katherine and Louis at Mary House by Father Monnet OMI. I did carpentry work and painting while helping to refurbish that old Mary House building all that summer and autumn of 1954, until a RCAF TMQ was made available for me and I could bring my wife to Whitehorse. Mamie and Katherine, BTW, are both in their 90s and living at their Mother House in Combermere ON.

As you can see, Sherron, it doesn't take much for me to get wound up and talking about the best six or seven years of my life - living in Whitehorse 1954-61.

After I retired from the RCAF in the late 60s I went to work for Canadian Utilities Ltd (CUL), the electric utility in NW Alberta - it also owned YECL as you probably know. When CUL bought YECL and Canadian Coachways we got Gordon Cameron, an old friend, as part of the deal - he did liven our company, and Edmonton, up a bit.

Regards,

Earle Smith [t16ru672*telusplanet.net](mailto:t16ru672@telusplanet.net) Grande Prairie AB

Yes the White Pass is running from Carcross to Skagway and Skagway to Carcross. They apparently have both steam engines, 73 and 69, operating this year. I have been asked to do some Train Agenting (Tour Guide) this summer so am going to Whitehorse this Thursday and will be on the train from Carcross to Bennett and return from July 18 until Aug 1. I had planned on having a visit with Mom and WP suggested that I might as well

be on the train while I was up. May have to wait until our annual trek to Kelowna to have our visit.

Ken Jones k29j32@shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

Yes, the train is definitely running Skagway to Carcross, not sure about engine nos, but I am sure Ken has answered that one by now!

Millie Jones mjones@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW ? ?

Hi Sherron,

A bit behind in my reading of the MocTel as I have been away. I just read the "Where are they now?" article by George Bliss in MocTel 255. He asks the following:

[Donna & Ken Milne - Don and Penny Sippel's daughter live in Whse](#)

[Cindy - Don and Penny Sippel's daughter](#)

[Paul Sippel - Don and Penny Sippel's son](#)

Since the above are the children of my cousins Don and Penny Sippel, perhaps I can fill in a bit of information on them.

Donna & Ken Milne are still living in Whitehorse, actually in a sub-division just North of Porter Creek. Donna works for the Yukon Government in the Wildlife Management Section of the Fish and Wildlife Branch as an administrator and Ken is working for the City of Whitehorse as a City By-Law Constable. Donna and Ken have two boys, Jordon and Colin.

Cindy Sippel is married to Jim Hallows who is in the US Air Force and for the last almost three years they have been stationed in Germany at Spangdahlem Air Force Base. Prior to that they were at North Pole, Alaska for a time. They have now been reassigned to Washington, DC and will move there this Fall. While in Germany, Jim was providing support services to the troop in Iraq but was not in Iraq but another base in a neighbouring country.

Paul Sippel is married and is living in Whitehorse. He is the local distributor for Grimm's Meats (deli type meats). Paul and Katherine have two girls, Willow and Abbigail.

Just to round out the picture, Don and Penny are retired and are currently living out at Marsh Lake. They completely rebuilt their cabin that they had at the lake into a very nice

comfortable home with all the conveniences. Don had some difficulty with his heart but with a pace maker is now doing quite well. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary last summer. Unfortunately, about the same time as they held the celebration, the water in the lake rose to a very high level and so they had to evacuate from their home and were not able to return to it until just before Christmas. My Aunt Martha Collins (Penny's mom) was living in a small home on the same property until last Winter when she moved into Whitehorse to a senior's residence. She will be 92 this September.

Hope this fills in some of the holes on where the Sippels are and what they are doing.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

THOUGHTS FROM THE MOCTEL READERS

Might be time to cut back to monthly issues, and see what happens. It is frustrating for you, and your pleas are going unnoticed. If everyone complains, at least they are speaking up to say something.

Bev Buckway balc@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Just a note to commiserate with you. Good for you for giving everyone an ultimatum. It seems so unfair but, in my experience over the years, it always seems to be that way. Many people cheer you on but they don't want to or can't do the work themselves and they are reluctant to pay somebody else for their efforts. It's one thing if people find the payment difficult to make but then they should send you an email and request a bit of a time extension or at least discuss it with you. However, too many people seem to not value or appreciate your time like they would their own. What a shame. It really ticks me off! I hope your comments wake everyone up! If not, do what you say you are going to do. I would start by cutting them off the mailing list and if that doesn't work, or there is not enough people left to make it worthwhile for you, then shut the MocTel down. Maybe then people would appreciate what they have lost. I would hate to see that happen because it is a wonderful communication that you have set up for all us Yukoners, (or 'ex' as the case may be), but don't let anyone take advantage of you any longer. There are a lot of us who are in your corner, I'm sure! I wish you the very best of luck and I hope you get a big pile of cheques really soon.

Warm regards,

Trevor Bennett trevbennett@shaw.ca (On Pender Island)

Every week that I open the MocTel, it feels like opening a letter of great value, for it is always a joy to read. The innumerable hours that you put in daily to bring it to us are worthy of recompense. The amount you are asking for, \$20.00 per year is fair and feasible. It equals five lattes and tip at Starbucks, and the pleasure lasts much longer than the coffee.

I wonder if formalizing a date to renew subscriptions would remind readers that payment is due. For example, you could tell us at the end of the four August newsletters that September is the month to renew. The deadline is a date you have chosen, such as September 18, 2008, and I sincerely hope our response will equal the pleasure of receiving this unique newsletter that keeps us in touch with one another.

Hugs,
Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

I think we need to get a note into the message that says send on to a friend that says, if you send on to a friend, please tell them that says there is a membership of 20 dollars per year if you want to get the news and emails. I'm sure that we are behind too! So if everyone knew January is the time to send 20 dollars regardless of when you join. You do an awesome job and I hope you have hooked up with a genealogy place so all data will be saved on an archives for future generations.

Alistair & MaryEllen McGregor mmac1952@telus.net (In Vernon)

Keep up the good work, Sherron.

I just learned how to email funds from your article so I suggest including this method of payment once or twice again so folks like me get with the program.

Hope you can find articles about the First Nations peoples in the YT to write about. I loved Edith Jose and stories from or about aboriginal life in the north. I realize that you do not write the stories, for the most part, and certainly enjoy the photos and other articles that you have chosen thus far.

God Bless.

Wayne Lee WHLEE@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)

INTERNET BANKING – TRANSFERING FUNDS by e-mail

There is an electronic way to transfer funds so I just went online to my own bank to see what the instructions are.

I entered my code to my account – clicked on PAYMENTS & TRANSFERS

Under a header Interac Email Money Transfer

I clicked on SEND MONEY

This information came from TD Canada Trust.



A fast and easy way to send money: Email Money Transfer

With our convenient Email Money Transfer service and EasyWeb Internet banking, you can send money directly from your personal bank account to anyone with an email address and a personal bank account at a Canadian financial institution.

Email Money Transfers are:

- Easy** All you need to know is the email address of the person you're sending money to. And because this service is available through EasyWeb, there's no need for stamps or envelopes.
- Fast** An email message tells the recipient that the money is ready. If the recipient collects the money through online banking with a participating financial institution¹, the transfer takes place instantly.
- Secure** The transfer takes place with the same level of security and confidentiality as every EasyWeb banking transaction.

Imagine what you can do!

- Send money to friends and family
- Help out your cash-strapped kids at school
- Chip in for a group event or gift
- Transfer money between your accounts held at other financial institutions
- Pay an individual for items purchased at an online auction

Send money today!

To *send* an Email Money Transfer, the fee² is \$1.50. To *receive* and deposit an Email Money Transfer using TD Canada Trust EasyWeb, it's free³.

¹ Participating financial institutions include TD Canada Trust, BMO Bank of Montreal, CIBC and Scotiabank.

Then you would have to enter my name and e-mail address sherronjones@shaw.ca and continue to fill out the information required.

I have received a couple of payments from MocTel readers this way and I receive an e-mail with a link and a separate e-mail from them with the code word they have given for me to retrieve the payment from the bank. Then I click on the link and choose the option for my bank and then account information and fill in the code word they have sent. This seems to be a much easier way for those who are already doing online banking.

– Sherron

BUILDING OF THE WHITEHORSE DAM

This article written by Al Lister, I wonder if it is the Al Lister who use to own 'Listers Motor Sports' in the 70's, which was located near the 'Bay' Store on 3rd Avenue. He was married to Colleen, I have been trying to locate him but have been unsuccessful. Interesting website, link is below.

Regards,
Alistair McGregor mmac1952@telus.net (In Vernon)

<http://www.yukonenergy.ca/community/multimedia/dam/>

REMEMBERING THE HARBOTTLE GIRLS

Hi Sherron.... It was so nice to see the pictures of Donna and Diane Harbottle at the Okanagan Picnic.
When Norm and their dad Bud started the flying service we were all so broke !! Grandma Harbottle rented us a little house, next door to Bud and Thelma, for \$5 a month. Donna and Diane were two pretty little blonde girls. Diane was just a little older than our daughter, Gail and they played together. One day Diane came crying "baby stuck." Sure enough baby was stuck her tongue frozen to the metal water barrel. This did not bother Thelma being an old hand at this she pored warm water on the inside of the barrel and baby was free!

We have so many warm memories of the family and those two little girls.

Jean Hartnell jvhart@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford BC)

RCMP Techs in Whitehorse, 1958 to 1986 - Update

This is in regard to an article in Issue 256 where the author, I believe to be Ken Jones, wrote about *RCMP Techs in Whitehorse, 1958 to 1986.*

You asked if anyone had any further information on the subject to advise you. Well, here goes.

Joe Wlasitz took over from Glen Marshall in September, 1962, and left the Yukon in the Summer of 1966, the exact month is uncertain.

We were good friends with both he and later, his wife Eleonore, for as long as my family and I were in the Yukon. We moved to the N.W.T. in November, 1965.

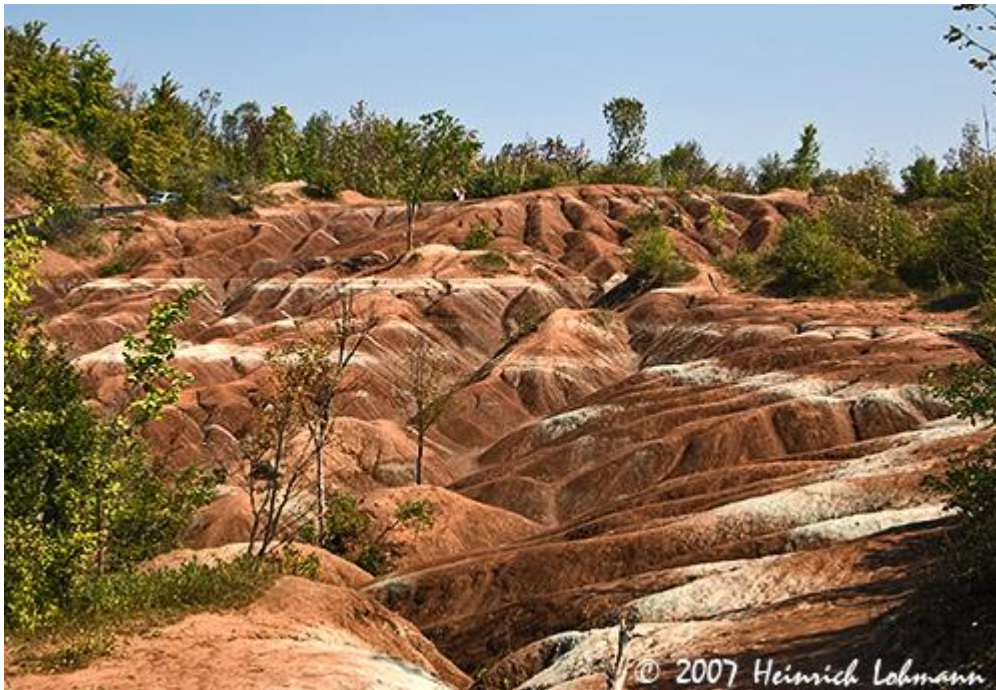
We last saw the Wlasitz in the Klondike Rib and Salmon Restaurant in Whitehorse in June, 2007. Eleonore saw what look like a good meal going by - which looked so delicious she followed it with her eyes when she remarked to Joe, "Isn't that Joe and Terry Roenspies over there?" What a surprise.

I was in Kamloops, their city, last week and verified the information about Joe's sojourn in Whitehorse.

Regards to you, Sherron,

Joe Roenspies kelly-roen*rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Ontario-Cheltenham Badlands
Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmanna.ca (In Airdrie AB)

OBIT

POWELL -Brian William Powell, age 59, passed away suddenly Tuesday, July 8th, 2008, at Royal University Hospital after a brief illness surrounded by his wife Myra and daughters Erin and LauraLee. He was predeceased by his mother Margaret and father Bill Powell of Kingston, Ontario. Brian is survived by his family Myra, Erin and LauraLee of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He is also lovingly remembered by his sisters Judy and Susan and their families of Toronto, Ontario, and his numerous nieces and nephews, and extended family members across the country. Brian was born on June 26, 1949 in the Yukon, and grew up on armed forces bases across Canada. cont'd
Published in the Saskatoon StarPhoenix from 7/12/2008

NEW ADDITIONS

Thanks so much for running the item on our reunion!

I would also like to be added to the mailing list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph.

I will send a money order early next week.

Pam Bolton nee Van Tassell

Lived in Elsa and Whitehorse 1963 to 1982

Address pabolton@shaw.ca Red Deer, Alberta

Could you add me to your e-mail list for the Newsletter.

Remember my father Karl Bressmer.

This is my e-mail bressmer@telus.net

Thank you Roland Bressmer (Karl)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

<ethel@telusplanet.net>: host 192.168.200.2[192.168.200.2] said: 550 Invalid recipient: <ethel@telusplanet.net> (in reply to RCPT TO command)

LAING, Mary (ANDISON) ethel@telusplanet.net (In Mayo 1937 – 1980) Calgary

[Joined in 2005](#)

I am one of the guilty parties. I subscribed some time ago, thinking I might see something that had interest for me. But there was very little. Of course, that's not your fault. It's mine. I was only in the Yukon for a short time at Watson Lake, Teslin, and Whitehorse.

So in fairness to those who really get some use, I must ask that you remove me from your list.

Thanks very much.

Sorry to have been a burden. I know you put a lot of work into the Moc Tel.

Sincerely,

Jim Scott

SCOTT, Jim & Frona jrhscott@shaw.ca (In Watson Lake, Teslin, Carmacks & Whitehorse 1960's RCMP) Brentwood Bay, BC

[Joined 2005 or prior](#)

Please remove me from the mailing list.

Thanks.

Rodney Garson

GARSON, Rodney

rodgarson@yahoo.ca

(In Whitehorse 1990-

1999) Winnipeg

[Paid 2007](#)

Please delete my name from your list of subscribers as Daryl Gallan & I have parted company. He can contact you if things should change for him.

Thanks a lot, Connie Gulliver

GALLAN, Daryl concon_69@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse) Sechelt

[Joined in 2005 or prior](#)

Hi Sherron

You can remove me from you list, most of the time I don't read the MocTel. And I don't want to waste your time, Thanks

Barb Allen

ALLEN, James & Barb (WARVILLE) ballen@cafn.ca (Barb born in Dawson now in Haines Junction)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Happiness resides not in possessions and not in gold; the feeling of happiness dwells in the soul. - Democritus

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC) and typed by Donna Clayson yukonlady*albertacom.com (In Ardrossan AB)

From - Yukon Cookbook, A selection of recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs.

BEAN SOUP

1 lb marrow beans, navy beans or lima beans
3 qts cold water
1 ham bone or a piece of ham
6 celery stalks, chopped fine
½ onion, minced
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 carrot, diced
½ bay leaf
½ cup Mountain Sorrel, chopped
¼ cup parsley, minced
3 medium potatoes, cooked and mashed
1 ½ tpsalt or to taste

Soak beans in cold water to cover overnight, drain.

Add the 3 quarts of cold water and the ham bone to the beans; simmer very slowly for 1 – 2 hours. The remaining ingredients are added during the last 30 minutes of cooking. Taste for seasoning.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Island Picnic at St Mary's Hall, Nanoose BC, August 16th.

Time is 11am-4pm

Held rain or shine. There is indoor accommodation.

Bring your own lunch. Coffee and tea provided.

For further info contact:

Harriett Butterworth: 250 751-1194

harriette3*shaw.ca OR

Sharon Redmond: 250-390-1840
[smredmond*yahoo.ca](mailto:smredmond@yahoo.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.

There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

c/o Sherron Jones
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Vernon BC V1B 1V8
250-549-2736