

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 260<sup>th</sup> Edition – July 27<sup>th</sup>, 2008**

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



Virginia Falls – South Nahanni



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

### **Part II (of IV)**

### **FUR TRADE DAYS IN THE YUKON**

Story and photos by Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

I spent many of my evenings trying to learn the local "Stick" or "Wood Indian" language. They would get quite a laugh at my attempts in trying to converse with them but at the same time encouraged me to keep trying. They nicknamed me "Black Bear" because I had dark hair on my arms which they noticed as I usually worked with my sleeves rolled up. They teased me that I didn't need to buy winter underwear as I grew my own! Copper Joe, one of the native elders told me the Indian people always kept their shirt collar open and never caught a cold but white men always kept their neck closed up tight and always had "much cough."



“Copper Joe” at Fort Selkirk, 1939.  
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)



The Wilkinsons ready to leave with Lanken and Larsen, the “Moose Creek boys,” for McMillan River, August, 1939. This is a typical “tunnel” boat,” a style of houseboat used by Yukon trappers.  
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

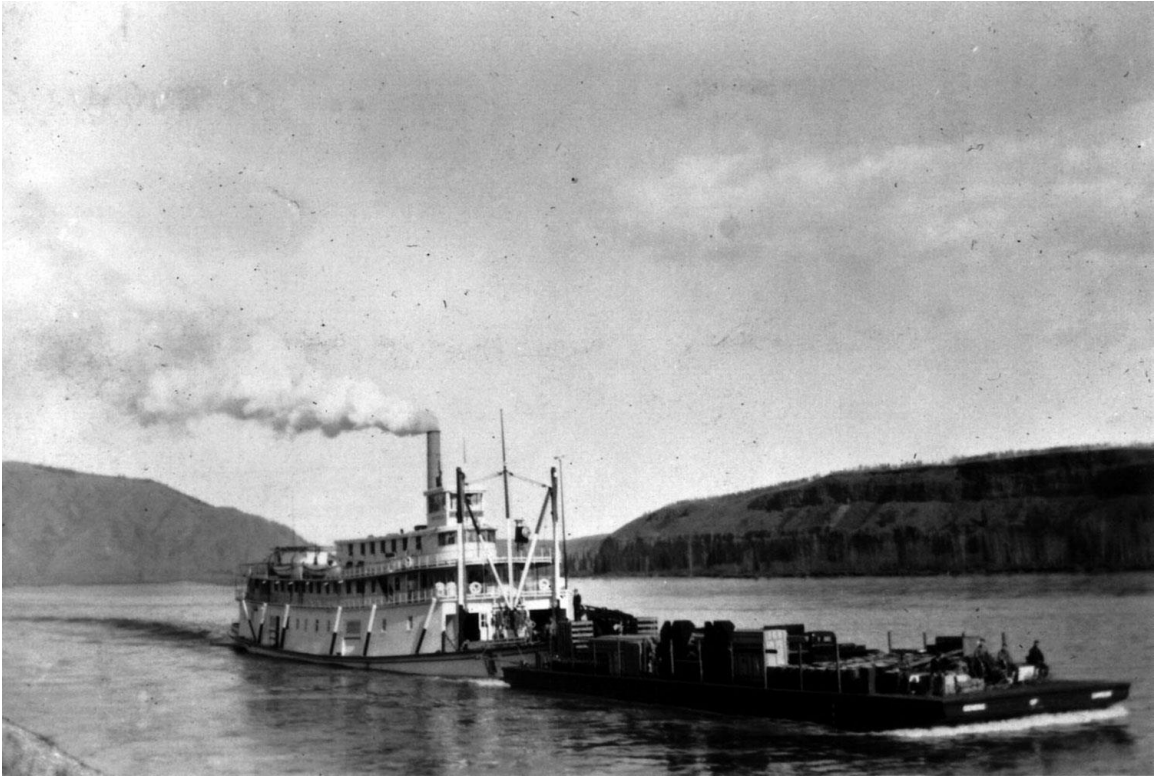
As spring approached we became increasingly busy as trappers began arriving with their fur catches. The native trappers usually arrived back first by dog team while there was still snow on the ground. After the ice in the rivers went out the white trappers arrived in their long "tunnel boats" from up the Pelly River and its tributaries. By mid-April and into May the population of the settlement began to mushroom. There was a kind of festive air in the community. The sun was getting stronger and daylight becoming longer. Knots of people would be seen here and there discussing their past winter's activities and inquiring after happenings in the "outside world." There was a monthly mail service by dog team from Minto, (25 miles south) during the winter but after the snow melted that service was suspended. Other than via the telegraph line we might get some news from "Cam" Cameron, the RCMP constable who operated a small short wave radio. Later on we installed a radio on which we could pick up Fairbanks, Alaska and also London, England from which we first heard the buildup to the start of W.W.II.

A few of the trappers occasionally met on the front porch of the store to exchange a story or two. When I had a chance I would sometimes listen in to some of their yarns. They were fascinating! Some of the old timers were natural story tellers. Some of them stretched the truth a little but it only added to the story. In one such tale the narrator told of a trip coming down the Pelly in the Spring. His boat was powered by an old Model T engine. When he ran out of gas he poured some kerosene into the fuel tank. The old motor coughed and spluttered and fired and he continued on until he ran out of kerosene. He then poured a bucket of river water into the fuel tank. The old motor coughed and spluttered and then died. He said, "I guess that river water was just too cold!" In late May word was received over the telegraph line that the first steamer had left Whitehorse heading down river. This caused a stir of excitement throughout the settlement as many were looking forward to their first mail of the year, some of which would be Christmas parcels and the latest mail order catalogues. Also, there would probably be a shipment of fresh fruit and vegetables: a treat everyone enjoyed after using canned or dried items all winter.

The first sign of the steamer was from the dogs.

They could pick up the vibrations from the paddle wheel some distance up river and started howling in unison. The children then began running to the boat landing calling out, "Steamboat, steamboat." Gradually the rest of the population would take their places along the river bank. We would close the store, run the flag up the pole and open the warehouse above the landing. Then, right on cue, with a long blast from its whistle, the steamboat appeared 'round the bend about a mile up river.

The ship, while pushing a barge loaded with freight, slowly nosed into the landing with its paddle wheel rotating slowly. The gang planks were swung out into place and the deckhands began pushing their loaded carts of freight ashore. It was almost pandemonium as everyone pitched in to help sort and carry the freight into different piles. Mail sacks were hastily carried up to the small post office. Visitors and others who had gone Outside for the winter were welcomed. If a crate of fresh fruit showed up, it was quickly taken over to a corner and opened so that some of the more anxious could get their first taste of the season.



The Aksala (Alaska in reverse), first boat of season arriving H.B. Co. dock, Fort Selkirk, May, 1939.

Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

After the ship left we continued moving freight into the store or into the larger warehouse to make room for the next load of freight that would be following. That evening Bob Ward, the missionary, put on a wiener roast for the village to celebrate the occasion. The second boat wasn't far behind as we were awakened by its whistle about 3.00 a.m. Although it was almost a month before the longest day of the year there was sufficient light to see to unload the four tons of freight and 21 more bags of mail. Most of the bags contained Christmas parcels. After five months we finally got to open them!

Before the day was over a third steamer arrived in the evening with a few more tons of assorted freight. This meant we were working almost round the clock moving cargo off the landing to make room for the next load. With the lengthening days it was hard to keep track of the time. We just worked until we were tired, laid down for an hour or two and went back at it again. Two days later a fourth steamer arrived to unload a further 15 tons of freight. In the midst of all this two more trappers arrived with more than \$5,000 worth of furs to sell. Most of the Company's Yukon furs were shipped directly to the fur auctions in London, England because of their fine quality. Many of the white trappers figured they had to have a minimum of \$1,500. for their winter's catch to make it worthwhile.

We had a fur baler set up in the large warehouse where we made up bales weighing over a hundred pounds. The coarser pelts such as beaver, wolf or otter were laid down first followed by the finer skins like fox, Iynx, mink & marten with squirrels & weasels in the

centre, then reverse the layers back to the coarser furs. They were all enclosed in heavy sacking material and pressed down into a compact bale with screw jacks. The bales were sewn along the seams with a special baling stitch then tied with specially coloured rope for H.B.Co. identification with metal seals fastened over all knots. More than a dozen such bales would be made and cleared through the RCMP and royalties paid to the Yukon Government and then shipped to Montreal.

Mail arrived once or twice a week but except for a quick scan of our personal letters the mail just piled up until things quieted down later on in the summer. On the 21st of June I wanted to see for myself the midnight sun and sat up until after midnight reading some newspapers from home. The darkest time was around eleven but I was still able to read the papers quite easily, then the sun began to appear on the other side of a large hill down stream to the north.

The CASCA usually carried most of the passengers including a few tourists. While the vessel was unloading cargo, the tourists went ashore to take photos and explore the village. They were usually disappointed in entering our "fur trading post" not to find furs laying about on the counters or hanging from the ceiling and none for sale. I recall writing home about the tourists having to pay a considerable amount of money to visit the Yukon while I was being paid to live there. I enjoyed the work and the life and was not too concerned about what pay I received.



Tri-motor Stinson, US mail carrier, enroute to Nome, Alaska (Hans Mirow). Grounded by snow, ice, fog, September 15-19, 1939.

Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

During that busy summer I reached my 21st birthday without even realizing it for some days. I was now eligible to vote and later on in the year we had a federal election. The day after I had cast my first ballot I was approached by one of the locals who said, "So you're a Liberal, eh?"

I was somewhat taken aback as I thought the voting was by secret ballot. However, he went on to explain that everybody around there voted Conservative except Frenchie who always voted Liberal, "but this year there were two Liberal votes and you're the only newcomer." So much for my first voter.

The river was the main connection between Whitehorse and Dawson City and just about any time one looked out there was some type of vessel drifting by on the seven knot current. It might be a 100-cord raft of firewood for Dawson with three or four men manning large sweeps fore and aft to keep the raft in the middle of the channel. Then one might see some drifters heading to the next sandbar to try their luck at panning. When the ice floated down river it sometimes churned up the river bottom and deposited small amounts of gold dust on the sandbars.

There were plenty of mosquitoes. One old timer told us a story of a chap rowing a boat across the river when he heard a loud buzzing sound. He looked up to see two mosquitoes carrying a young deer. Then he heard one say to the other, "Let's drop this, here comes the big guys after us!"

Numerous wood cutters received contracts from the B.Y.N.Co. to re-stock the landings with cord wood for the steamboat boilers. The fleet burned hundreds of cords each season. We usually contracted for a hundred-cord raft in sixteen-foot lengths for our own use. Some natives were hired to haul the firewood out of the river to the store. A four foot Swede saw or bow saw was used to cut the wood into the required stove or furnace lengths. With mid winter sunrises around 10:00 a.m. I was able to write home to say I was out sawing wood at least an hour before sunrise!

Early in the fall we were busy "grubbing up" the trappers who were leaving for their trap lines. Those with tunnel boats, (propeller in a tunnel to prevent hitting snags or shallow bottoms) usually left first to reach their winter cabins before freeze up. Those with dog teams were able to wait until after two or three snowfalls. Steamboats began tying up for the night due to darkness by mid September and one by one each vessel completed its last run for the season. It wasn't unusual for the last steamer to make its return trip to Whitehorse in the midst of a heavy snowfall. Then the village settled down to a more or less quiet winter.

In the fall of '39 the B.Y.N.Co. inaugurated a weekly mail service with one of their smaller ski equipped aircraft. Although it was limited to only first class mail we welcomed it even though we would have to wait until late spring for our Christmas parcels.

Christmas in the white part of town was quite an occasion. The women folk arranged to have Christmas dinner each evening at a different house. Each kept something saved for their turn such as a green vegetable or other treat. Between Christmas and New Year's we had five different Christmas dinners . . . especially enjoyed by the children and the bachelors! Menus varied from chicken to duck to turkey to goose. In the opinion of this bachelor the ladies really did themselves proud!



RCMP "Cam" Cameron with Alex Coward heading out on winter patrol. Behind them is the H.B. Co. log warehouse, living quarters and store, Fort Selkirk, February, 1940.

Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

After I had been in the Yukon a year I remarked to one of the old timers that I could consider myself now as a sourdough." However, he wasn't so sure as he remarked, "No, I don't think so. You cheated when you arrived during the winter. The book says: "When you've seen the winter come and have seen the spring ice go, you can drop the name Cheechako and become a sourdough." So you've got to wait til the next spring ice goes." Then he laughed and added, "Well anyway, you've spent a year here and I hope you liked it." I assured him I had.

During January, temperatures remained between 40 and 60 below and for a few days it was minus 68 F. At that temperature I discovered the kerosene in a lamp out in the back porch had turned to slush! A couple of times in the early spring "Chinook" winds from the south raised temperatures as much as 60 degrees in 24 hours or less. It was an experience to go out of doors and feel the warmer air, even though it may still be below freezing.

Along with canned and dried food we used smoked salmon that had been caught in the fall, dried and hung out in the warehouse alongside slabs of salt pork. Otherwise moose meat was a fairly staple item. One trapper used to bring us in a piece of moose meat from time to time and we remarked to him once on the good quality of his meat. He replied, "Well, I tell ye, I always go up and feel their ribs to see if they're good enough to shoot." That winter we began buying good quality squirrel skins for 25 cents each. I had just purchased a bundle of squirrel from a young native boy while a local white trapper was standing by. From the proceeds the young lad picked out some grocery items and after he had left the trapper inquired if the boy had purchased the items with the squirrels. When I told him he had he was quite surprised and said, "Well, I guess I'll hang onto my squirrel skins from now on. I gave that young chap those squirrels; I've been giving him squirrels all winter." He thought they were only worth a nickel a piece.

To be continued . . . .

## **COMING SOON – ‘the rest of the story’ – WE HOPE !**

Thanks for the reminder, I have had good intentions, and will send support today.

I think that what you are doing is far beyond a news gatherer (if that is a word). I think that everyday people are reading a lot of things that only pertain to day events and people are getting paid big money for gathering this kind of news, all the while you and the people that contribute to the MocTel are helping us to relive many fond memories and not so fond because that's life, but it is all our history. Thank you very much for all the effort that you put out and don't give up keep on doing it.

I have my speakeasy program working in my computer and it looks like it is about 99% accurate.

So I plan to get some articles to you they were part of my experience in the Yukon. It is exactly 50 years ago this month that I set foot in the Yukon to look at a hunting territory located in northern B.C. from Atlin all the way west to the Alsek River and west of the Haines Road. I had no idea what I was in for or where it would take me during the next 50 years.

On my trip to the Yukon I saw forest fires all away from southern Alberta through central B.C. many places along the Alaska Highway and especially the big fire west of Whitehorse. The fire at Whitehorse was so big and intense that I could not drive the Alaska Highway to get to the Haines Road. So I rented a plane and after three attempts to get over the smoke or around the smoke I finally got over the mountains to have a quick look at the hunting area. I was impressed with what I saw and headed back to Whitehorse and then down to Fernie B.C. and southern Alberta to load up the equipment I needed as well as two guides, and within two weeks we were back to Whitehorse to set up for the fall hunting season.

I will close for now and soon, ‘you will get the rest of the story !’

Again thank Sherron for all your labor of love and for all those who've told bits and pieces of their story as well as for those who will continue to share their thoughts and experiences, chilling and thrilling, sad and humorous that's what the MocTel is all about.

Dave Harder [d2harder@dccnet.com](mailto:d2harder@dccnet.com) (In Delta BC)

## **JIM KIRK STORY ENJOYED – AND PEOPLE REMEMBERED**

Good Morning Dear Lady

Wow!!! what a great edition once again. I really enjoyed the article by Jim Kirk.

I am so glad to hear that people are stepping up to the plate, and forwarding you some

much deserved rewards.

The subject was brought up about the stories of the First /Nation people of the Yukon.....If I could get my dad to cooperate, he would have some fantastic stories.

He worked with many of them, and knew so many of them. I grew up with the Smiths, Johnsons, Porters, Sheldons, McLeods, Smiths, all of Teslin. Then the Blairs, Thompsons, Peters, and, Johns of Beaver Creek.

My stories are nothing in comparison to the ones he could share, as they were a very important part of the teams for the survey crews, and the North, period. They knew the terrain better than most, and regardless of what came around, as long as there was no "firewater", you could not ask for anyone better to have by your side.

It reminds me of a story that is sort of related to the poem of the Alaska Highway, that just about every highway lodge, hotel, cafe, motel sold in their gift shops.

### **The Alaska Highway**

Winding in and winding out  
Fills my mind with serious doubt  
As to the lout that built this route  
Was going to hell or coming out.

Author Unknown.

(Legend has it that a soldier left it written on a napkin at a restaurant in a highway lodge. Do not know which lodge, but I know that it was one of the first poems I learned.)

The logical story was that the survey crews were trying to make the highway a challenge for the kamikaze pilots from Japan, as they were bombing the highways where ever they could. As there were three different routes discussed, the one that was finally settled on, linked the airports that were already established.

But the "FUN" story was that Johnny Johns, would get the "Brass" drunk the night before, and then lead them from fishing hole to fishing hole....because as all of you know that have lived in the Yukon, and have travelled the Alaska Highway, it was pretty crooked at one time....Now you know what the "REAL" story was....We can blame Johnny Johns....LOL

I would like to welcome Pam Bolton to our "family". She and I went to school in Whitehorse in the mid 1970s. Welcome, Pam.

Anyway, best get my day started, so I will close for now. Thanks again for all you do.

Sandy Campbell [northernlyght\\*shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght*shaw.ca) In Langley

I'd like to add a comment to the following item from Issue 259:

### **RCMP Techs in Whitehorse , 1958 to 1986 - Update**

Before Glen Marshall took up his role as RCMP Comm Tech in Whitehorse, Cst. Neal Peterson was acting Comm Tech. Because of my tech association with some of the members I got to meet Neal, helped him on his way to his Amateur Radio Licence - and he later moved up in the Telecoms Branch.

Neal and his wife Cathy were good friends of my wife and I; Neal and I later were both transferred to NS, he with the RCMP, I with the RCAF and we had many good visits together.

I had a wonderful reunion visit with Cathy and Neal last year during one of my Ottawa trips for Radio Amateurs of Canada. Will be back there again in September and hope to visit with Glen Marshall at that time.

Regards.

Earle Smith - VE6NM [t16ru672\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:t16ru672@telusplanet.net) Grande Prairie AB

### **REMEMBERING RCMP MEMBERS**

Good to hear from you. Just finished looking at some of the pictures taken on my recent trip - the usual touristy ones many of us seem to take even if we've been over the same road many times before.

Ken and Joe undoubtedly would have known some of the other RCMP members we knew up there, i.e., Ed Ard, Earl Milan, George Ambrose, etc. In the mid 60s I was transferred to the RCAF Pinetree Radar Station at Saskatoon Mtn west of Grande Prairie. Several of the young RCMP members used to board at our Grande Prairie home and our large backyard ended up as the de facto barbecue and party place for many RCMP members. We were having a big corn boil in our backyard one late summer evening in the mid 60s when I strolled Ambrose, now a Sgt. He later moved to Peace River with his family, retired, and opened a Men's Wear store, later added another in High Prairie. Unfortunately he is now deceased.

Cathy Peterson was a nurse at the Whitehorse hospital and her best friend, Lorraine Rust, later married Cst. Lynn Julyan, the Mountie who was a well known dog musher in the Yukon. They later transferred Peace River where Lynn was the senior Staff Sgt. We enjoyed visits back and forth with them.

Over my RCAF career in the Yukon and NW Alberta I often bumped into members I had met earlier or were related to. In my rangytang days on a farm outside Springhill NS in the mid-40s I had occasion to be the recipient of a heart to heart discussion with the Springhill Detachment NCO by the name of Steinhauer. The next time I met him he was Inspector Steinhauer, i/c of the Whitehorse RCMP and his memory was every bit as good

as mine! If one takes a look at the picture of Gov. Gen. Massey opening the new Robert Campbell bridge in Whitehorse at URL (*photo pasted below – Sherron*) < [http://www.houengroup.com/yukonHistory/facts\\_year/1950s.aspx?year50=1956](http://www.houengroup.com/yukonHistory/facts_year/1950s.aspx?year50=1956) > you'll see the Inspector, Mayor Gordon Armstrong, MP Aubrey Simmons, etc. at that ceremony. If I didn't know better I'd have sworn I took the picture shown on that URL. Harry and Gwen Boyle were also friends of ours during our years up there.

Regards.

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

P.S. As I mentioned before, one shouldn't dredge up old memories of our wonderful days in Whitehorse - I do get wound up!



The Governor General officially opened the Riverdale Bridge. L to R: Aubrey Simmons, M.P., Mayor Gordon Armstrong, Vincent Massey, Commissioner Fred Collins. Inspector Steinhauer (left) in background.

Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen [marg@hougens.com](http://marg.hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

Insp. Steinhauer is apparently looking at the RCAF photographer who was, I think, probably changing his camera film (can't remember the photographer's name, now). Believe the boiler might be an incinerator; don't know what was under the tarp - possibly construction materials. At the time the construction area was a bit of a mess as I recall.

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

## VANCOUVER ISLAND YUKONERS PICNIC

Would it be possible to have a request put in the next MocTel?

I would like to see if there are a couple of people that would like a ride to the Vancouver Island Yukoner's Picnic. Karen Shaw and I would like to go, but with the price of gas

and the ferry, it is stretching our resources.

Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca) (In Langley)

## ROSS TAYLOR'S PHOTOS IN MOCTEL 259



Ross Taylor's picture of the Palace Grand is more famous than just for the Palace Grand, the building on the river bank is the Great Northern office, the trailer on the corner I've forgot who owned it. The red two storey was the old Pioneer Hall before it burnt, the pink 3 storey was the Bonanza Hotel which also burnt, it also had other names before my time in Dawson. And the building to the east of the Palace Grand was the Y.C.G.C. office & Dawson Power office. I hope this is of some interest.

Brian Kates [brimart@telus.net](mailto:brimart@telus.net) (In Edmonton AB)

## SKID PLATES AND TAIL GATES

I was on patrol up the Dempster Highway in October of 1974 with Special Constable Bill Hensley and we were fourteen miles north of Ogilvie River where the YTG Department of Highways had a camp. As I came over a slight rise and settled into the next dip, the skid plate\* struck the road. At that same moment I looked into the rearview mirror and saw a fist-sized rock tumbling through the air behind me. At once the oil light on the

dash illuminated and I shut the engine off and coasted to a stop. On looking under the car, we could see oil running from an eight inch gash in the oil pan. As the car now sat on the inside of a right hand curve I started it and moved it to the outside of the curve where it would be more visible to any traffic and set up reflectors fifty yards either side of it. It was late afternoon and we hadn't met any other vehicles in sometime. The radio system we had then was not much use when more than 15 miles out of any of the towns. Of course, I tried the radio, but nothing. Well, if it's fourteen miles we better get walking. It wasn't long before it was dark and snowing. Snowing quite heavily so the wolf prints we saw during the occasional use of our flashlights were very, very fresh. Yes, best to place our revolvers in our coat pockets just in case. We had walked about four miles when we heard a vehicle coming from the north. It was a crew-cab pick-up truck with six men in it and they did stop. We got in and headed south. During the remaining ten miles we were told they saw the police car on the side of the road and were curious as to what happened. About a half-mile before they saw Bill and I, they saw our footprints in the snow and figured they would be seeing us before too long. They had a short discussion as to whether or not they would stop. We said we were glad they stopped as the truck would be easy to identify later with twelve bullet holes in the tailgate. We all had a good chuckle over that. They did continue with a concern of four people in the front and four in the rear and whether the truck was overloaded. We assured them they were among friends and not to give it another thought. They left us at the Department of Highways camp at Ogilvie River and departed with a big thank you from us.

The YTG cook fed us and we spoke to the foreman of the camp. I asked to have the vehicle towed in and have it repaired so we could be on our way. By now it was around 8 PM and I was told that wouldn't be a problem but it would be on overtime for the workers. I said that would be okay and away we went. I got the car towed into their shop, the oil pan was brazed up, oil was added and away we went to Dawson by about 11 that night. The next day we went over the Top of the World Highway to Little Gold Creek and I think we were the last vehicle over that road that year. I know I was pushing snow with the front bumper. That police car never needed any further repair to the oil pan and was traded in the next spring. I suspect the repair bill got to the desk of Ches Champion who was in charge of the Department of Highways and stopped there. I know it never did come through to my office. Everyone with the YTG was great to work with, even the grader operator who got a ticket, but that will wait until the next issue.

\*This design of skid plate was a cost saving measure by someone new, with the authority, but little knowledge, of what the roads were really like. After this, the highway patrol cars, there were two, went back to a skid plate that ran from the front bumper to the back of the transmission pan. There were cut-outs so the engine oil and filter and tranny fluid could be changed as required. The shock absorbers were protected from rocks by used radiator hose and the leading edge of the gas tank was protected by a mud flap that hung down in front of it. An oil pan was never damaged after the retrofit.

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

## LADY FRANKLIN POINT – VICTORIA ISLAND

The first five pictures were taken on a May 1957 day that I was working on the base rather than accompanying the flight, I walked down to the native village and took some photos. This was at DEW line site 14 which is at Lady Franklin Point at the southwestern tip of Victoria Island.



A native standing by a komatik, these are the dog sleds the northern natives use for travel and hauling loads.

They would not be practical south of the tree line as they are so large.

Photo courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon BC)



With the lengthening days of April - May, the men go out on the sea ice hunting seals.

These unfortunate specimens are slated for the cook pot.

Photo courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon BC)



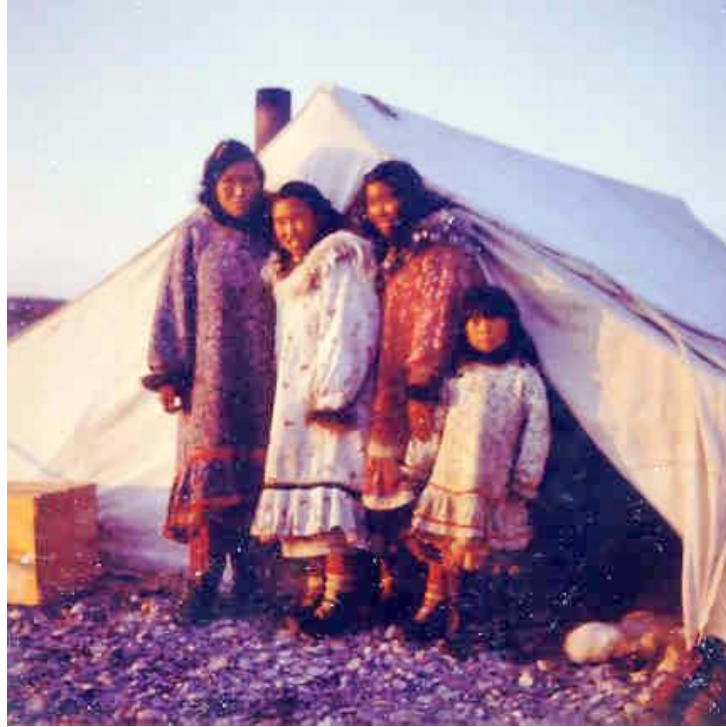
These recently returned waterfowl were shot for food by a native. They don't discriminate much, ducks and loons were taken. I didn't see any geese in the bag but expect they would be taken as well.

Photo courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon BC)



A mother husky and her pups. I did not see a doghouse for any of the dogs. The working dogs are secured to a long heavy chain which is anchored at the ends and the individual dogs are in turn chained just far enough apart to the heavy chain so they can't fight. The mother husky was allowed to run free.

Photo courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon BC)



These three native ladies and girl were friendly, giggling and very shy. As the winter weather moderates at this time of year, the natives mostly live in tents.  
Photo courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929\\*yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon BC)



This picture was taken on June 1st. It was a balmy day and the three fellows lounging on the big snow drift were Bill Relkov, a fellow air engineer and two dispatchers, the chap in the center was Bruce? but I blush to admit I can't remember the other fellows name. The

DC-3 in background may very well have been CF-CPY but also could have been any of several other DC-3's.

Photo courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon BC)

*Jim - Would you be kind enough to outline what Canadian Airlines was doing at this location? -- did they haul men and freight for the dew line? What was the dew line? Have heard of it and only surmise it was a series of communications sites for the early warning system that I had also heard of. Would they have been chartered trips?  
Sherron*

### **“DEW” line – DISTANT EARLY WARNING line**

The Americans funded the construction of the "Distant Early Warning" line. This was the last of three radar warning lines built across Canada during the cold war. The others were the Mid Canada line and the Pine Tree line. These were to give advance warning of a Soviet bombing attempt against the USA.

The DEW line consisted of a radar site about every 100 miles with an eye "I" site midway between these sites. These stretched from Alaska to Greenland and possibly beyond. There were two main sites located on Cape Perry and at Cambridge Bay NWT.

This construction was a major undertaking involving several contractors for building the fixed installations, living quarters, module train which housed the radar and radio facilities plus staff living quarters. Garages for vehicles and airport maintenance equipment. The airport runways and hangar. Also Power generating equipment to supply the electrical power for the station. CPA had contracts to airfreight men and supplies and literally thousands and thousands of barrels of gasoline and heating oil to the sites from Ft. Nelson, Hay River and Yellowknife. In addition, CPA held a contract to provide twice weekly scheduled passenger service from Edmonton to Site 14. Also daily passenger service west from Site 14 to Site 2 near the Alaskan Yukon border, Also east to Site 24 situated on the Bothia peninsula.

To service this contract, CPA bought eight C-46 Curtiss Commando aircraft (twin engine tail draggers) about twice the size of a DC-3. Also used were one Douglas DC-4 (four engine) aircraft plus five Douglas DC-3 aircraft.

On completion of the contract some of the C-46 were converted into passenger aircraft and used in the McKenzie district out of Edmonton.

Hope this sheds some light on the subject.

Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon)

*Jim just stopped over for a visit [July 22, 2008] to return some books and to pick up his own material which he had left; some to scan and some to read.*

*Jim gave further explanation of the ‘module train’ – which is a group of interconnected buildings with indoor hallways connecting each unit.*

*Jim also further explained that the fuel barrels were not hauled in the DC-3’s, but in the C-46’s. He also explained that the fuel which was air freighted in barrels, was used not only for transportation, but for generating the power and for heating all the buildings including the hangars.*

*Jim also had a notebook (Oct. 1956 – June 1957) that has some interesting stats that some of the aviation type may find interesting. He had noted Crosswind Limits on one page. This he explained to me is the speed if exceeded, and often was, becomes a challenge to the pilot to direct the aircraft to a safe landing. And dew line sites and airfield stats on another page. (see below)*

### ***Crosswind Limits***

*DC-3 15 @ 90 degrees*

*C-46 16 @ 90 degrees*

*CV-240 30 @ 90 degrees*

*DC-4 30 @ 90 degrees*

*DC-6 35 @ 90 degrees*

### ***(Dew line site designations, and airfield altitude and length.)***

*Site 2 Bar 2 UA (UA was the last two letters of the airfield call designation YUA)  
Alt 120 length 3500’*

*Site 4 Bar 3 UB  
Alt 13 length 3500’*

*Site 6 Bar 4 UC  
Alt 6 length 3600’*

*Site 8 Pin UE  
Alt 50 length 3800’*

*Site 10 Pin 1 UH  
Alt 45 length 5200’*

*Site 12 Pin 2 UI  
Alt 45 length 3500’*

*Site 14 Pin 3 UJ  
Alt 100 length 4500’*

*Site 16 Pin 4 UK  
Alt 20 length 4600’*

*Site 18 Cam CB (Cambridge Bay)  
Alt 90 length 5000'*

*Site 20 Cam 1 UQ  
Alt 60 length 4500'*

*Site 22 Cam 2 UR  
Alt 60 length 4500'*

*Site 24 Cam 3 US  
Alt 160 length 4500'*

*Site 26 Cam 4 UT  
Alt 315 length 2200'*

*Site 28 Cam 5 UU  
Alt 70 length 3500'*

*Material courtesy Jim Austin [jraustin929@yahoo.ca](mailto:jraustin929@yahoo.ca) (In Vernon)  
– Sherron*



Bob & Angie Jacobs, from Whitehorse.  
Visiting with Bill & Sherron Jones in Vernon, July 22, 2008.  
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi@shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon BC)

## INTERESTING LETTERS FROM MARIBETH

Sherron, I got back to the family albums today and scanned one more of the pile. I came across a couple of letters that are well worth sharing. They are from Elizabeth MacCallum, who taught my grandfather Johnny Hoggan in Dawson many years ago. His schooling was sporadic but he kept in touch with several of his old teachers throughout their lives.

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

The letters are both typed in 1983 when she was 87 years old. He was 80.

Ottawa April 4, 1983

Dear John, [Johnny Hoggan – Maribeth's grandfather]

....There are several reasons for my being so late. At age 87 I'm still working part time at the Department of External Affairs, and I cook my own supper. Besides, I like reading better than writing, and being outdoors better than being cooped up in the house. And what would I have to boast about if I didn't shovel my own walk in winter and mow my own lawn in summer? And after I've done the work outside I want to sit at the piano to get my rest, not at the desk that has my typewriter on it....

I still have the snowshoes you picked for me at Pat Penny's, and the Yukon souvenir book you gave me with my name on the front plate in your handwriting. I didn't have the snowshoes on once this winter, we had so little snow; and the souvenir book is coming apart at the seams, but that's to be expected after sixty years, and it makes the pictures seem even more valuable. It's nice to see once in a long while views of Dawson itself, or the A.C. trail or those of the trail to Moosehide or that stretch of river between the rocks and the shipyards, that you know so well.

Once in a while Dawson comes back into my life again in a practical way. It was probably in the year before you moved to Westbank that I was doing volunteer work at the civic hospital here. They had a big bazaar to raise money for a new wing and some new equipment. The price of gold had gone up, as I don't need to mention to you, and I remembered a small poke I had with some nuggets in it, and a locket with the gold I panned on Hunker, was it? - at a party the owners had for the schoolteachers, and a pin from Jeannerets's with a big nugget in the middle that my brother said reminded him of a wad of gum, and would I please throw it away? I wrapped them all up and took them to the convener of the jewelry committee and asked her if she could use them. "My, my," she said, "how generous you are!" "Not at all," I said, "I never use them. The hospital might as well have them." After the sale was over she told me they had netted a thousand dollars, and I went around feeling I owned the whole place. But you've heard better stories than that often, I'm sure.

Elizabeth MacCallum

The second is written upon hearing of John's death from cancer in June 1983.

Dear Peggy, [Peggy (Hoggan) Mainer, Maribeth's mother]

It's the 17th of August as I sit down to write this letter in answer to the one I had from you the day before yesterday.

How I wish you could have seen your father sixty-three years ago today at the celebrations in the park by the administration building! He had a deliberate way of moving at ordinary times, and when he lined up with the others for the footrace, some of his competitors - the more restlessly-moving ones - might have been expected to get to the goal first. I turned out to be a race worth watching, with moments of breathtaking suspense for bystanders who knew all the contestants well. John won, and I'll never forget the pride I felt when he joined me as all of us were moving over to where the next event was to be held. Being escorted by the victor!

He came, however, not to be congratulated but to ask me a very curious question. Would it be all right for him to dump the homework he had planned to do later in the day? -- It had never occurred to me that anybody in the Dawson area could possibly plan to do homework on the 17th, so John rejoined his companions.

The freshly-ironed white shirt open at the neck your grandmother had laid out for him to wear had of course taken a beating - but oh, Peggy, you should have seen what he looked like, fresh from the contest, the picture of health, radiating joy in his well-earned strength. It's a shame a devoted daughter like yourself can't experience the reality of what her parents were like in their mid-teens. Cameras may be encouraged to tell the truth, but even nowadays I don't think they usually can. They certainly couldn't in 1920. It's the radiance, the life, that matters; you can't put those on paper....

Dorothy and John and Franklin, with their passion for spending as much time as possible out on the trail, will always be associated in my mind with the things in the North that I love best....

Elizabeth MacCallum

*Dorothy was John's older sister; Franklin was probably John's buddy Franklin Osborne. I just loved the letters because she was such a vital active super-senior AND she had kept in touch for 63 years! - Maribeth*

## **JUST IN FROM DENNIS EVE IN ENGLAND**

The State Rooms at Buckingham Palace will be open to the public for two months from 29 July.

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/uk/7524755.stm> (from the BBC News website)

Dennis Eve [Denmeve\\*aol.com](mailto:Denmeve@aol.com) (In England)

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Orchids

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich\\*lohmann.ca](http://heinrich*lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

## OBIT

**Cottle, Olive Inez (nee Burkhard)**

**March 2, 1923 – July 9, 2008**

On July 9, 2008, Olive Inez Cottle passed away in Victoria in the presence of her family; her husband Ernie, daughters Linda, Adriana & son David. Olive was born in Dawson City to Frank & Marie Burkhard. Her father Frank owned and operated the Palace Bakery at the south end of town for many years.

She was the 7<sup>th</sup> child born of 9 to Frank & Marie. She is also survived by her sister Bernice Schill of Maple Ridge and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

There was no service by request and in lieu of flowers, donations could be considered to either the Heart and Stroke Foundation or Kidney Foundation.

**TOWNSEND, Jean Alpha** Born in Swift Current SK, Oct. 5, 1917 and passed away at Oak Bay Lodge July 17, 2008. **In 1936, Jean began her teaching career in a oneroom schoolhouse in Pioneer Grove SK. Her career continued in SK, Pacific and Smithers, BC and Dawson City, Yukon. It was here in Dawson City that she met the**

**love of her life George.** She moved to Victoria, BC where she worked on call for the Victoria School District until her retirement. The great joy in her life for 61 years was her husband George. She loved teaching, visiting the prairies at harvest time, gardening, square dancing and traveling south in their trailer. Predeceased by her parents Ivan and Etta McLeod, brother Robert and sisters Myrtle, Doris, Elizabeth and Leah. Her sister Yvonne Pohl, as well as many nieces and nephews will fondly remember her. Special thanks goes to the caring staff at Oak Bay Lodge and for the many visits by her lifelong friend Nora Oldfield. No Service by Request. 487294 Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 7/25/2008

NOTE from Vivian:

I saw this obit in the paper this morning. I notice it doesn't mention that she was predeceased by her husband George, he passed away on Sep 19, 2007. Both Jean and George were very good friends of my Aunt Olive & Uncle Ernie Cottle.

Sad to see these old-timers leaving us. Jean has not been well for some time.

Vivian Stuart

p.s. Names are the same - but not to be confused with George & Isabelle Townsend.

*Had a note from Yvonne Bridcut, **Stan Bridcut** passed away Feb 14, 2008. I am guessing in Watson Lake. Have asked Yvonne for an obituary. – Sherron*

**DOUGHERTY John Harden** August 7, 1932 - July 19, 2008 John grew up in Northern Ireland and immigrated to Canada in 1954. He eventually made his way to Vancouver where he found work at a dairy farm. He then moved to Kamloops where he worked in the power plant at Tranquille Hospital. It was there that he met a nurse, Angela, who would become his wife. They moved to Whitehorse in the late 1950's where John worked in the hospital power plant and there they welcomed their first child, Sarah. He continued to study toward his first class steam engineering ticket and the family moved next to Ocean Falls. Their son, Richard, was born here. While in Ocean Falls he earned his first class steam engineering ticket and was very proud of the fact that, at that time, he was the youngest first class steam engineer in B.C. In 1964 the Dougherty family moved to Prince George. In 1967 their third child, Lisa, was born and John was well on his way in his career with Canfor. He began as Assistant Chief Engineer, then became Chief Engineer and finally, General Manager of Prince George and Intercon Pulp Mills. He retired in 1990 and spent time improving and enjoying his favourite place: the Pineview family farm....Published The Province on 7/23/2008

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Thank you for removing me from the list! I am now back

Online and ready for the MocTel again.

I will be sending a cheque soon to keep up to date.

Thanks again! Deb Marlow [dmarlow\\*pgonline.com](mailto:dmarlow*pgonline.com) (In Prince George)

We have just received the last issue of Moccasin Telegraph from our friends the McGeachy's and Ingrid Dick and would love to subscribe. Gordie was locked in the computer room for a couple of hours reminiscing over the good old times! We forwarded a copy to his sister Charlotte, she also was so excited to get it. Must compliment you on the excellent job that is done.

Judy Westberg [gj.iceberg\\*yahoo.ca](mailto:gj.iceberg*yahoo.ca) (At Marsh Lake)

I was thrilled to get a copy of the MocTel sent to me today by my brother Gordy Westberg (they live at Marsh Lake)...there were so many pictures and stories that brought back memories of growing up in Dawson City.

I would love to be put on your email list to receive this publication - let me know what the fees are.

We moved to Red Deer Alberta in 1975 from Whitehorse and have lived here since but still go back for a visit as often as we can. This August we are looking forward to taking in the Yukoner's picnic on the Island.

Charlotte Hughes (Fleury) email: [cwhughes\\*telus.net](mailto:cwhughes*telus.net) Red Deer AB

I moved to Red Deer with my two children, Sandi and Glenn in 1975; met and married my sole mate Wayne in 1977, he had two boys, Tim and Terry so we blended our families and had a very interesting few years with a twelve year old, two ten year olds and a 7 year old.....we now have 9 grandkids., Wayne was in surveying and I worked a number of years as secretary at Red Deer College; then in 1990 we started an underground utility locating company which we sold last year and now are enjoying full time retirement.

Char

I was wondering if you could add Dewey (Duane) Hankins to your Moccasin Telegraph ?? [hankinsduane\\*hotmail.com](mailto:hankinsduane*hotmail.com) (In Calgary)

Dan Hyman (*my neighbour in Yuma who is a good friend of 'Dewey's'. I am now waiting for a bit of a bio from 'Dewey'. I understand he is Chuck & Madeleine Hankins son. – Sherron*)

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Can you please remove my name from the list.

Thank you

NJOOTLI, Gary [garry.njootli@gov.yk.ca](mailto:garry.njootli@gov.yk.ca) (In Whitehorse)

Please remove me off your mailing list. I appreciated the great effort you put into each publication.

Thank you.... Liz Trout

TROUT, Liz [liz@andreawaines.com](mailto:liz@andreawaines.com) (Mile 1118, 1972 – 2005) North Vancouver

Please remove me from your list. [trtylr@shaw.ca](mailto:trtylr@shaw.ca)

Thanks, Tom Taylor

TAYLOR, Tom & Rita [trtylr@shaw.ca](mailto:trtylr@shaw.ca) (In Whitehorse 1971 – 81) Saskatoon

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*In the hopes of reaching the moon men fail to see the flowers that blossom at their feet.*  
*Albert Schweitzer*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

### Easy Pumpkin Crunch Pie

¾ cup milk

1 small pkg. vanilla instant pudding

2/3 cup chocolate chips

¾ cup chopped almonds

½ cup pumpkin

3 ½ cups whipped cream or thawed cool-whip

¾ teaspoon pumpkin pie spice

1 baked 10" pie crust or use cookie or graham cracker crust

Put milk into mixing bowl, add pudding mix.

Beat until well blended. Let stand for a few minutes.

Blend in pumpkin, spice, almonds, chips and 2 cups of whipped topping.

Spoon into cooked crust. Chill for 3 to 4 hours.  
Garnish with remaining whipped cream and chocolate curls.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Vancouver Island Picnic at St Mary's Hall, Nanoose BC, August 16<sup>th</sup>.  
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](mailto:harriette3@shaw.ca) OR

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

**KLONDIKE KATE** – Gillian Campbell  
2:20 to 3:30 p.m. on Saturday Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> in Victoria at the BC 150 years Festival  
Celebration Venue is the Thrifty Foods – Best of BC Stage – at Ship Point Lot at Wharf  
and Government Streets.

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

### **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

c/o Sherron Jones  
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