

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 261<sup>st</sup> Edition – August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2008**

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



Little Teslin Lake

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [cheechako46@northwestel.net](mailto:cheechako46@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

### **Part III (of IV)**

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

Story and photos by Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

On April 28th we received a message from Dawson City saying the ice had officially broken up at 2:00 p.m. I walked out to the river bank and watched the chunks of ice beginning to move and declared myself officially a sourdough." About a week later flocks of ducks, geese and sandhill cranes could be seen or heard winging their way north. One evening a large number of cranes landed on a sandbar in front of the settlement. For a while before dark they kept up a noisy chatter letting us all know they were back. By day break the next morning they were all gone, probably to let another settlement further down river know they had arrived.

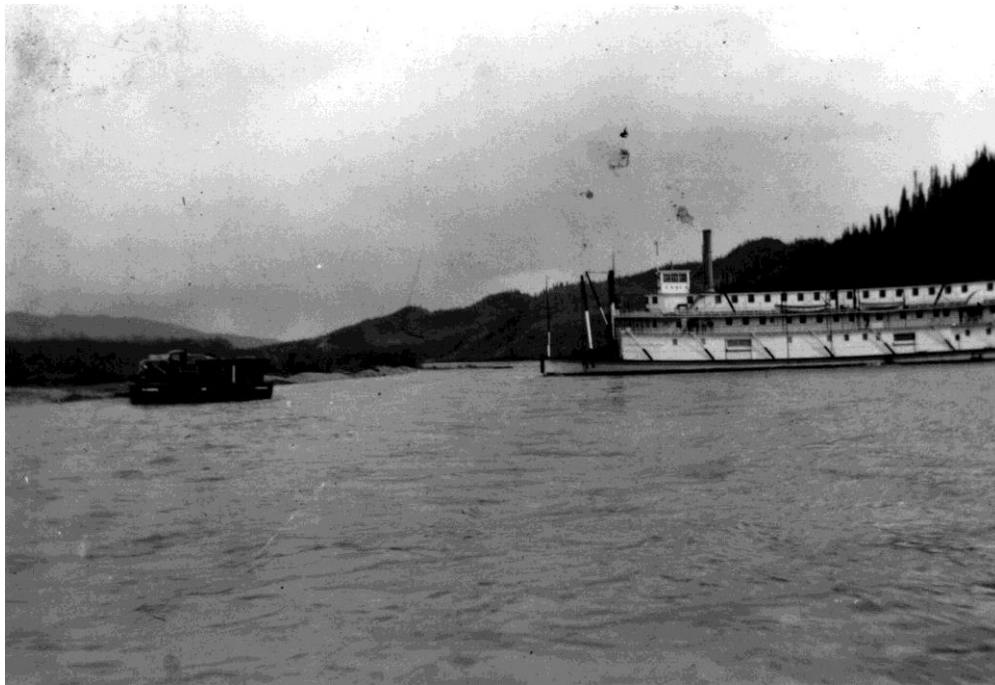
We received word from Whitehorse that the CASCA (the first boat) was due to arrive at Selkirk May 24th. We were all ready to welcome her, flag flying and all but she didn't arrive. The next morning a plane landed and an official of the B.Y.N. told us the CASCA was aground in Hell's Gate, about twelve miles up river. He asked if we could organize a work crew to go up to give a hand. A half dozen of us were rounded up and one of the larger tunnel boats was made available. When we reached the site we found the barge, which the CASCA had been pushing, had been cut loose and was partly up on shore below the canyon while the CASCA was stuck broadside across the narrow Hell's Gate like a cork in a bottle. We put to work helping the boat crew putting "deadmen" or anchors along the shore from which cables were taken to winches on the ship's forward deck. She was unable to free herself with her own winches but by that time the YUKON. had arrived and tied up a short distance above the canyon. While we were moving cables from the YUKON to the CASCA the AKSALA (Alaska spelled backwards) arrived and

we then moved her cables down from winches to winches to winches. With all steam winches working the CASCA was gradually pulled out into mid-stream.



Ione Cameron and Dale Devore with "Sheep" beside the H.B. Co. warehouse, Fort Selkirk, May, 1939. Note the old fur baler or press at left.  
Ione (Ione Christenson) is now the Yukon's senator in Ottawa.  
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

Our attention was then given to the barge. It had to be lightened by moving a quantity of its freight ashore then the barge was pulled back into the main stream and reloaded. We had worked almost non stop for 36 hours on the "rescue job."



The Casca and barge aground in Hell's Gate, 12 miles above Fort Selkirk. Freed after 36 hours with help from the Yukon and Aksala. May 25-26, 1940.  
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

Although we were dead tired when we arrived back at the settlement there were now three steamboats waiting to unload. By the time the third vessel departed we just fell asleep on top of some bales of sugar there in the warehouse.

First class mail had been received fairly regular during the winter months up until the spring when the planes were unable to land on skis on our airstrip for lack of snow or on floats on the river because of ice breaking up. The three ships unloaded all the mail that had been accumulating at Whitehorse, including our Christmas parcels. However it was days before I was able to find time to open any of them.



Stanley and Douglas Johnson, Mary Baum and a "skin boat," made with four moosehides over ribs. Fort Selkirk.

Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

During the past year the H.B.Co. had taken over a small business at Stewart River and thus began operating their third Post in the Yukon. At the end of June I received word to proceed to Stewart River to help with the arrival of their freight. I thought it was only a temporary posting so packed a few items of clothing and personal gear and caught the next boat heading down river.

The Stewart River settlement was located on an island near the mouth of the Stewart River about 110 miles north of Fort Selkirk and about 85 miles south of Dawson City. It had only a small population of white trappers and prospectors as well as an additional

group of summer dock workers. Stewart was a transfer point for freight heading up the Stewart River to Mayo and silver ore being shipped out from the Mayo mine.

As it turned out I remained at Stewart for the next five months and had to send for the rest of my belongings. I never did get back to Selkirk and regretted not having the chance to say a proper good-bye to all the good friends- I got to know.



H.B. Co. store and post office at Stewart River, 1939. Note Model-T Ford truck.  
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

The Company had just built a new dwelling which was quite an improvement over the log cabin at Selkirk. A new store was being built to replace the small log building which had been the store, post office and living quarters. The new store would not be completed until the fall and I was asked to stay on to help with the move into the new building.

An old Model-T Ford truck, used mostly for moving freight from the dock came with the property. It took two people to get it started! One went to the rear and placed a pole over a log of wood to lift the back wheels off the ground. The other was at the front to crank and get the motor running. He then got in behind the wheel and when ready signalled for the rear wheels to be lowered. The old truck took off with a jolt and a spray of dirt. I appreciated having the use of that old truck which made it much easier hauling freight than on my back! There was an old pack horse, belonging to one of the prospectors, which was allowed to roam at large. When the truck balked at starting I hitched the horse up to pull the truck while I steered!

Many of the old prospectors were as much characters and story tellers as the trappers up at Selkirk. One such chap told a yarn concerning a large nugget he had discovered in one corner of his claim. Before digging it out he decided to check the boundary line and to his dismay found that two thirds of the nugget lay over on another miner's claim. "Well," he said, "being honest like I am I couldn't rightly take that whole nugget, so I carefully

lopped off my share and covered it over again. I ain't goin' to tell old Joe where it is; no, he's goin' to have to find it for himself!"

The prospectors usually traded with gold dust and flakes which they often carried in leather pokes" or pouches and sometimes in small pill bottles. One day a prospector came into the store quite upset with himself. He had carried in his trouser pocket a bottle of dust and the cork had come loose. While walking from his camp he absent mindedly threw what he thought was dirt from the corners of his pocket out onto the trail. By the time he realized his mistake he had thrown away about half an ounce of gold!

The Post Manager at Stewart, "Paddy" Houston and his wife had a baby daughter and part of my household chores was assisting with the daily laundry. This meant the filling and emptying of laundry tubs for the daily quota of diapers and hanging same out on a fairly long clothes line. The latter I tried to do as inconspicuously as possible so as not to be noticed by others in the community. I got the impression I was not only serving as an apprentice to the Company but to a baby! It was explained to me that it was good training for me, when I might have own!

By late October we had finally moved into the new store and the old log store became another warehouse. It was great having the extra working room. The last steamboat had long since gone south and the days were getting noticeably shorter and colder and we were cut off from the outside world. There was no landing strip for an aircraft at Stewart and no mail service until after freeze up when a monthly dog team service from Dawson would begin.

One morning a trapper came in to report caribou being seen over on the mainland. Later in the day we walked down to the river and saw several herds stretched out along the far shore. Some were swimming towards the lower end of our island, using it as a stepping stone on their way across the wide Yukon River. During the night it snowed and the next morning we saw hundreds of tracks passing right through the settlement. After they noticed our activity they moved back down to the lower end and continued their migration. On the third morning caribou were still heading across the river but this time they were walking as the river had frozen over during the night. Some of us went out on the ice to shoot a few older bulls as a meat supply for the village dogs. While migrating their meat wasn't suitable for table use. If not too badly marked the hides were kept for leather. Some people also kept the organs: heart, liver & tongue.

After freeze up we ran a wire across the ice to connect us to the telegraph line on the far shore. Shortly after we received word the first dog team had left with mail for us. The next day I received word from District Office to proceed to Whitehorse to help out there over Christmas. The ice had frozen too rough to permit an aircraft to land anywhere nearby so I would have to travel to Dawson with the mail courier. I quickly gathered some of my gear together and scribbled off another change of address to family and friends.

The mail team arrived late in the afternoon with about 300 pounds of mail that had been held for us in Dawson. I quickly glanced through my mail and stuffed it in with my gear to read later on at Dawson.

Five-thirty came early the next morning and after a quick breakfast I went out to help the mail courier, Walter DeLynn, get the sleigh packed and the dogs in harness. After we had loaded the outgoing mail, some freight, our grub plus more food for the dogs, there was only room for one bag of my belongings plus my sleeping bag. The rest of my stuff would be shipped to Whitehorse whenever transportation was available. I hoped it wouldn't be too long.

We got away at 7 a.m. It was 38 below and still dark. The dogs soon picked up their trail from the previous day and started off at a good pace. Walter usually travelled with six dogs in harness plus one spare running free. Every two or three hours he would change over a dog in harness with the spare to help keep the team fresh. We would be on the trail ten to twelve hours a day for the next three days. Occasionally we would have to go up on the river bank to travel around rough stretches of ice. We took turns with one of us breaking trail for the team while the other guided the heavy sled through the rough bush sections along the banks. It was often necessary to do the same on the river to get around areas where the ice had piled up during the freeze up period. It was strenuous enough work for me keeping the sled from tipping and must have been tiresome for Walter travelling alone. The only time we rode on the runners between the handlebars was to apply the foot brake, a piece of bent strap iron with teeth cut in the end to drag on the ice, packed snow or when going down hill to prevent the sled overriding the dogs. About mid-day we stopped for a quick lunch break and to give the dogs a rest. Back on the trail we travelled until well after dark until we heard the sounds of dogs barking up ahead. It was where an elderly retired rancher lived but we could see no light from his cabin up on the bank. After banging on the door and getting no answer we went around to a side window and shone a flashlight inside. We could see the old gent lying on the floor in a pool of frozen blood from what was apparently a self-inflicted rifle shot. There was nothing we could do there except go around the back to check his dogs. We opened up his meat cache and took out some carcasses of meat which we placed near each dog. We would report it all to the RCMP when we reached Dawson.

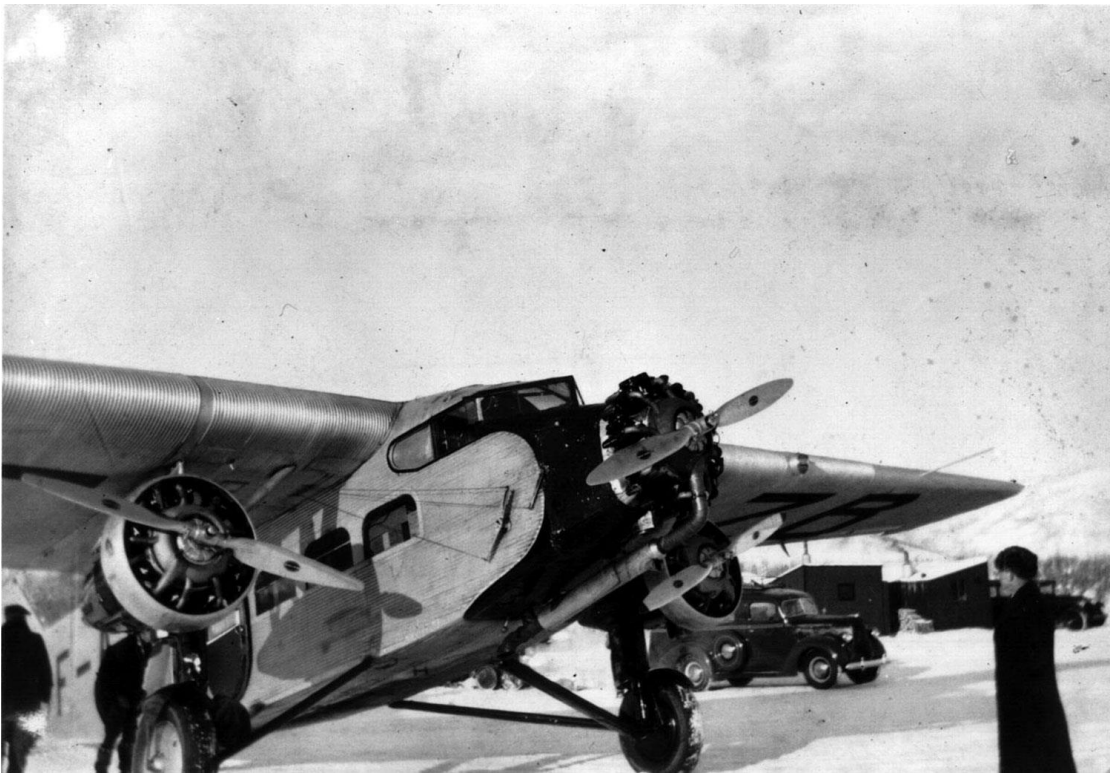
We continued on to a woodchopper's empty cabin which we reached about 8 p.m., after about 36 miles and 13 hours of travel. While Walter started unhitching the dogs, I went in to get a fire started in the small airtight heater. Then we moved our grub box and sleeping bags inside and got supper started. Walter fed the dogs dried salmon which was stored in the forward part of the sled. Following our meal we crawled into our sleeping bags and fell asleep on the spot!

As on the previous day, we were out on the trail by about 7 a.m. We took turns driving the team and breaking trail when needed. It was still early in the freeze up period and stretches of Walter's trail from his trip up river a few days before had disappeared with ice still cracking and settling as the water level continued to subside. Water sometimes ran up on top of the ice. If we couldn't get around it we were forced to detour up through

the bush. On one occasion where the bank was steep we had to drive through a flooded area. Walter and I had to get on the sleigh while the team pulled us through the hundred feet or more of slush on top of the ice. At the other side we stopped to wipe the dogs' feet dry to prevent possible freezing or cutting on the rough stretches of ice.

After about 30 miles of travel for the day and less than 20 miles to Dawson we came to an empty telegraph cabin where we made camp for the night.

Day three found us off to a good start but we soon encountered a head wind developing. As the cold wind increased we were forced to walk with our heads down and much of our face covered. It slowed us down considerably. When we reached Dawson late in the afternoon the temperature was 38 below with the wind about 15 m.p.h.



Tri-motor Ford at Dawson airfield, February, 1940.  
Photo courtesy Jim Kirk (On Denman Island)

After putting the mail off at the Post Office I checked in at the Westminster Hotel while Walter delivered the freight items and took the dogs back to their stable on the outskirts of town. We had arranged to meet at the RCMP barracks where we reported the death of the elderly rancher. They were not surprised to hear it as they knew he was in poor health and they had tried earlier in the fall to persuade him to move into Dawson for the winter. Back at the hotel I went into the barber shop for a hair cut and shave to remove the three days' growth of beard. The latter turned out to be a mistake. After having my face exposed to the freezing north wind all day my face was like a piece of raw meat. It felt fine at the time of the shave with the hot cloths and lather and the after shave cream but a while later, after I washed up before supper, all fury broke loose. I had one sore face!

A couple of days later the flight to Whitehorse brought home to me the amount of time required to travel a distance by dog team before the advent of the bush plane. It had taken us three days to travel 85 miles and when we flew out of Dawson we covered more than 300 miles in less than two and a half hours!

To be continued . . . .

## **NEW YORK TO NOME**

As I scan the albums, I come across pictures that raise more questions than answers. There is one that would appear to be a simple picture of 3 men, 2 planes and some dogs. However, it turns out to be a postcard.

What is the significance of a "New York to Nome" flight; when did this happen; and how did these Dawson men end up on a postcard with the planes?

I know who Fred Kilbride and Frank Osborn are but not the third person.

I have scanned the back of the card as well as the picture. My grandfather's spelling was unique - what looks like Dr. Havlin is actually DeHavilland.

Thanks for your help in preserving our history.

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



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

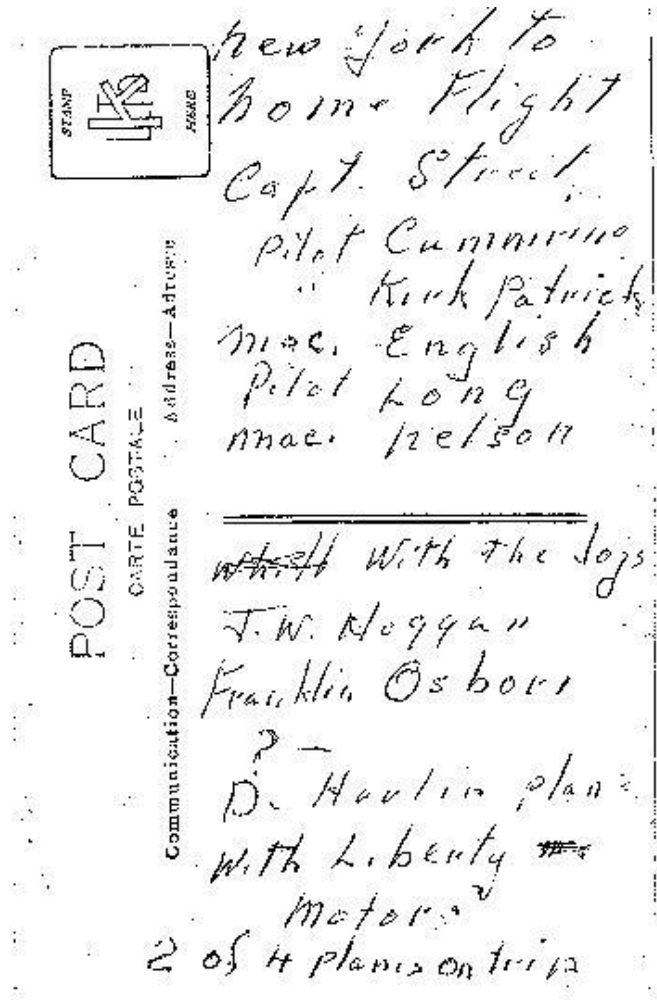


Image courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

*How interesting, makes me think they traveled with blank photo paper which doubled as these Post cards and sold photos along the way.*

*This is what I found online. – Sherron*

Partial extract from this website -

[http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi\\_m0NXL/is\\_4\\_16/ai\\_97737379](http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0NXL/is_4_16/ai_97737379)

## **The DeHavilland DH-4: workhorse of the Army Air Service**

**Airmen consider the DeHavilland DH-4 the workhorse of the US Army Air Service both during and following World War I. . . . .**

The Air Service used the DH-4 primarily for day bombing, observation, and artillery spotting. **The first American-built DH-4 arrived in France in May 1918**, and the

135th Aero Squadron flew it in combat for the first time in early August of that year. Aircrews criticized the **DH-4's design, dubbing it the "flying coffin"** because of the 254-liter (67-gallon) main fuel tank that separated the pilot and observer compartments. This feature not only made communication between the crew members difficult, but also proved hazardous if the aircraft went down. Although actual mishap figures indicated that the aircraft was no more susceptible to a fiery crash than any of its contemporaries, the nickname stuck with the DH-4 throughout the interwar years.

The DH-4 continued in military service for many years after the war, serving in the 1920s at McCook Field, Ohio, as a flying test bed for turbosuperchargers, propellers, landing lights, engines, radiators, and armament, in addition to routing flying operations with tactical units. **The DM4 made a number of notable flights, such as the astounding trip from New York to Nome, Alaska, in 1920;** Jimmy Doolittle's record-breaking transcontinental flight in 1922; and the first successful air-to-air refueling in 1923. The US Army Air Service--later the Army Air Corps--operated these aircraft until 1932.

## **Weight Problem**

Around about 1975 I stopped in for one of my many visits at the weigh scales in Whitehorse when a tandem axle Kenworth dump truck came in loaded with gravel. The numbers are a little fuzzy but I think his gross weight was around the 58,000 pound mark. I checked his registration and found he was licensed for 18,000 pounds. The driver of the truck was also the owner and he had arrived in Whitehorse from Quebec not long before this event and had gone into private business. I asked him how it was that he was only licensed for 18,000 pounds as that's about what the truck weighed empty. There was a bit of a language barrier but what he seems to have understood when he went to license the truck at the Motor Vehicle Branch, was that the lady behind the counter asked him what the truck weighed. In reality she probably asked him what weight he wanted to license to.

Now that 40,000 pound difference was going to cost him well over a thousand dollars in an overweight ticket. As there seemed to be an honest misunderstanding between the weight of the truck empty (tare weight) and the weight of the truck loaded (gross weight), I called Dave Brackenbury the Deputy Registrar of Motor Vehicles. I explained the situation and suggested that once the load was dumped, the owner of the truck would then go to the Motor Vehicle Branch and license up to the maximum allowable weight for that truck of 54,000 pounds. I issued an overweight ticket for the difference between 54,000 and 58,000 pounds which worked out to about \$140.00 or roughly one-tenth of the original fine. This was satisfactory to everyone especially the owner of the truck.

There were several occasions when I was able to deal directly with Dave Brackenbury on similar situations and he was always receptive to having things concluded fairly. I cannot imagine being able to call up any official in the motor vehicle branches down south and sorting things out the way it was done in the Yukon.

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

## **RAT RIVER CONNECTION - Old Crow Y.T. to Le Pierre House Y.T**

The following material is extracted from the RCMP Veterans Association Newsletter, Vancouver --- submitted by Pat King [patkingis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:patkingis@shaw.ca) (In Penticton)

**“Scarlet and Gold, June 7, 2008** - Royal Canadian Mounted Police Veterans Association, Vancouver

I was stationed at Old Crow Detachment, Yukon District, Yukon Territories from 1968 to 1970. It was an aboriginal community with both Indian and Metis people. While I was there the population was 200 and it was the only settlement in the detachment area. It is 544 miles north east of Whitehorse and is close to Fort Yukon, Alaska. Both communities are on the Porcupine River.

One day I looked in an old storage box and came upon a Patrol Report from 1932. It is an operational report of a patrol pursuing Albert Johnson by #10521, Constable. S.W. May.

Recently I took a copy of this report to Friday Lunch at the Legion in Ladner. After speaking with the guys I decided to submit it for inclusion in our newsletter. [**Scarlet and Gold, June 7, 2008** - Royal Canadian Mounted Police Veterans Association, Vancouver].

Regards, Dan Wheeler, Ladner, B.C. May 14, 2008

### **Patrol Report: Old Crow Y.T. to Le Pierre House Y.T. and return March 11, 1932**

Acting on instructions received from N.C.O. in charge of Old Crow Detachment Y.T. I left in company with Spl. Cst. Moses with two dog teams carrying dog feed and rations and camp equipment for one month, part of the dog feed was cached at Le Pierre House in the summer of 1931. We left old Crow Detachment January 27, 1932.

Arriving at Le Pierre House Mr. Frank Jackson, trader, informed me that fur is not very plentiful and that there has been large herds of caribou around Eagle River, Y.T. Beaver are reported to be plentiful. Jackson was shown the Explosives Act in regard to small arms ammunition and understands the working of it. On February 4th Peter Moses arrived at Le Pierre House with instructions for us to form a posse and proceed to Rat River, Northwest Territories and join Insp. Eames' posse hunting for Albert Johnson. There are ten families of Peer River Indians hunting caribou in this district and making dry meat for the spring ridding in the Northwest Territories. These Indians also report that beaver are plentiful in the Yukon but do not know if they will stay for beaver trapping in the Yukon or return to the Mackenzie Delta for muskrating there.

James Eogg of Loon Lake Y.T. and Upper Bell River Y.T. has caught very little fur and reports wolves are plentiful. There has never been so many muskrat houses seen on Loon Lake as there are this year. Caribou have been passing through this part of the country in small herds most of the winter.

In conversation with men of the Police posse assisting "G" Division in the arrest of Albert Johnson, wanted for murder, the rabbits are plentiful in the Mackenzie Delta and these men talk of trapping coloured foxes in large numbers.

After the shooting of Albert Johnson the patrol continued up Eagle River Y.T. to make sure that Johnson had done no harm to two trappers of Eagle River. Johnson's trail was followed to the point that he returned down Eagle River. On February 22 the patrol left Le Pierre House to get in touch with the two trappers . After traveling up Eagle River seventy miles from the mouth and passing four of the trappers' cabins we had to return to Le Pierre House without seeing these two trappers on account of running short of dog feed. However it was ascertained that Johnson had not reached these two men and done any harm to them as we passed Johnson's trail by forty miles from where he had turned back on meeting these trapper's trail.

During the whole patrol fur signs were not very plentiful. Caribou and moose were plentiful some 125 miles east of Old Crow Y.T. The people visited by this patrol look forward to the muskrat hunt as their main means of support. There was a sharp look-out kept for poison and other violation of Yukon Game Ordinance, none were found.

Reg. no. 10521 S.W. May, Constable

*Most of us have read various accounts of the hunting down of Albert Johnson, known as the Mad Trapper of Rat River. Thanks to Vancouver Vet Dan Wheeler we can now read a patrol report of #10521, Cst. S.W. May, a member of the pursuing posse. Peter Patrol Report: Old Crow Y.T. to Le Pierre House Y.T. and return March 11, 1932*

**By Dick**

*Sidney Walter May joined the Force on November 5, 1928. He was dismissed on June 22, 1933 for marrying without permission. He then worked as a mechanic for Yukon Gold and in 1966 moved to Kamloops where he worked for Lornex Mines, again as a mechanic. He died on November 15, 1973, aged 67.*

## Patrol Diary

27-1-32 Weather 45 below. Spl. Cst Moses and Cst May out for Le Pierre House Y.T.  
7 a.m., noon fire 10:30 A.M., camp for night 2:30 P.M. No. trail. Miles 15

28-1-32 Weather 40 below. Broke camp 7:30 A.m., noon fire 1:30 p.m. and camped for night. No trail. Miles 15

29-1-32 Weather 50 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., noon fire 11:00, camped for night 3 p.m. No trail. Miles 20

30-1-32 Weather 50 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., noon fire 10:30 a.m., Arrived Salmon Cache 3 p.m. No trail. Miles 22.

31-2-32 Weather strong wind and snow. Left Salmon Cache 8 a.m., noon fire 11 a.m., made camp 2:30 p.m., No trail. Miles 15.

1-2-32 Weather 38 below. Broke camp 8 a.m., Arrived at Le Pierre House 1 p.m. Trail fair miles 15

2-2-32 Weather 38 below. Resting dogs.

3-2-32 Weather 50 below. Resting dogs.

4-2-32 Weather 35 below. Broke trail to Shoot Creek and return. Peter Moses and Stephen Moses arrived from Old Crow with dog feed and instruction to proceed to Rat River, N.W.T., Miles 16.

5-2-32 Weather 55 below. Left Le Pierre House at 6:30 a.m., made noon fire 11 a.m., camped for night Hogg's cabin Lower Bell River 3:30 p.m. Breaking trail. Miles 27

6-2-32 Weather 50 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., made noon fire 12.30 p.m., made camp at 3:30 p.m. at Hogg's upper cabin on Bell River. Broke trail. Miles 25.

7-2-32 Weather 45 below, strong winds. Broke camp 7 a.m., made noon fire 10:30 a.m., camped mouth of Bear Creek 3 p.m., Broke trail. Miles 47

8-2-32 Weather 35 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., made noon fire mouth of Barrier River 11 a.m. Arrived at Inspector Eames' camp on Barrier River 2:30 p.m. Miles 17.

9-2-32 Weather 35 below Posse trailing JOHNSON up Barrier River, Miles 32.

10-2-32 Weather strong winds, 45 below. In camp on account of weather.

11-2-32 Weather 40 below, strong winds. In camp. Peter Moses, Stephen Moses and James Hogg told to return to their residence. 11:30 p.m. Peter Alexey arrived with word of Johnson passing Le Pierre House.

12-2-32 Weather 40 below, strong winds. With Peter Alexey and Police dog team left for mouth of Rat River at 1 a.m. Reported to Inspector Eames 9 a.m. Miles 41.

13-2-32 Weather 35 below. Broke camp at 7 a.m. and accompanied by posse of 5 teams returned to Police main camp on Barrier River, arriving 3:45 p.m. Miles 41

14-2-32 Weather 41 below. Broke camp 7 a.m. and accompanied by 9 dog teams started for Le Pierre House Y.T., made noon fire 11 a.m., camped for night at Loon Lake 3:30 p.m. Miles 41

15-2-32 Weather 41 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., made fire 11 a.m., made fire again 4:30 p.m., arrived Le Pierre House 7:30 p.m., Miles 52.

16-2-32 Weather 40 below. Police posse left Le Pierre House at 8 a.m. on Johnson's trail, noon fire mouth of Eagle River 11:30 a.m., camped for night 3:30 p.m. on Eagle River. Miles 17.

February 17th Weather 50 below. Broke camp 7:30 a.m. Contact with Johnson 11:30 a.m. Johnson killed. Continued up Eagle River. Camped for night 9:30 p.m. Miles 47.

18-2-32 Weather 50 below. Broke camp 9 a.m., arrived at Le Pierre House 1 p.m.. Miles 10

19-2-32 to 26-2-32 Resting dogs at Le Pierre House. Too cold to travel

27-2-32 Weather 45 below. Left Le Pierre House 7:30 a.m., made noon fire 11:30 a.m., camped for night Bradstrom's lower cabin. Miles 52

28-2-32 Weather 35 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., made noon fire 10:30 a.m., arrived second cabin at 2 p.m. Miles 17

29-2-32 Weather 50 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., made noon fire at third cabin, made camp 7:30 p.m. Miles 28

1-3-32 Weather 30 below. Broke camp 9 a.m., arrived fourth cabin at noon, camped for night, Miles 12

2-3-32 Weather 30 below. Broke camp 6:30 a.m. for return trip; made third cabin 10:30 a.m., made tea, gained second cabin at 3 p.m., camp for night first cabin. Miles 49.

3-3-32 Weather 50 below. Broke camp 7 a.m., made tea 10:30 a.m., arrived Le Pierre House 3 p.m.. Miles 52

4-3-32 Weather 56 below. Rested dogs.

5-3-32 Weather 20 below. Left Le Pierre House 7 a.m., noon fire 10:30 a.m., arrived Salmon Cache 2:30 p.m., Miles 28

6-3-32 Weather 20 below. Left Salmon Cache 7 a.m., noon fire 11:30 a.m., camp for night Driftwood 3 p.m. Miles 28.

7-3-32 Weather 10 below. Left Driftwood 7 a.m., noon fire 11 a.m., camped for night Fish Lake 1:30 p.m., Miles 14

8-3-32 Weather 15 below. Left Fish Lake 8 a.m., noon fire 11 a.m., arrived Detachment 5 p.m. Miles 10

Days occupied: 42, Miles traveled: 817

## **REPLY TO - WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?**

A few issues back you had a list of names of prior Yukoner's who people wanted to locate and on this list was Dave and Ruth Brackenbury. Dave and Ruth are my uncle and aunt and they lived in Whitehorse from the late 60's or early 70's until about 1978 or 1979 when they moved to Prince George. Dave was the Deputy Register of Motor Vehicle and Driver Examiner with the Yukon Government and Ruth worked for the Territorial Lands Branch. Dave and Ruth now live on an acreage in Sherwood Park, Alberta. Their oldest daughter, Oralee, married Jay Whitfield (presently General Manager of the Westmark Hotel in Beaver Creek). She works for NorthwesTel and they live in Whitehorse.

Stan Marinoske [smarinoske@klondiker.com](mailto:smarinoske@klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)



Terminal 2 or B Hangar Fire resulted from Roof Repair - July 1993  
Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)

My son Rob Austin took this picture. I've just called him in Whitehorse and he is researching to give the exact year. He was teaching in Tuktoyaktuk at that time but was in Whitehorse visiting. He had driven to the airport to talk to someone at the TNTA hangar, hangar "C", and when he arrived the fire had just started on hangar "B" (gasoline being used to dilute roofing tar by a roofing company had accidentally ignited). He ran into "C" hangar to advise them of the fire then went back to his vehicle and started shooting pictures.

Jim Austin June 9 2008-07-24

Son Rob, donated his hangar fire negatives to the insurance company so I believe he wouldn't mind your use of the photos but I'll check this evening - he teaches high school English and won't be available during the day.

I've been in touch with # 1 son Rob and he says feel free to use the hangar fire pictures. I'm going to forward the last Moc Tel to him so he knows what to expect from your work.

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



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Rob Austin (In Whitehorse)

## **MARY HOUSE – MAMIE LEGRIS**

Enjoyed, as I always do, the latest issue of Moccasin Telegraph.

I believe I had earlier told you about meeting Mamie Legris and others at the Mary House in Whitehorse when I was transferred there with the RCAF in 1954. For over 50 years now Mamie and I have remained in touch following her retirement from Mary House and retiring to Madonna House in Combermere ON.

Following my recent holiday trip back to the North and visiting the Mary House and staff I sent off a note to Mamie in Combermere telling her how much I enjoyed seeing her one time home again in Whitehorse. A reply came this week.

Mamie celebrated her 92nd birthday back in April and, in spite of her arthritis, tells me she works four mornings a week in the residence kitchen at Madonna House and manages very well to still write notes. Like all of us who have similar good memories Mamie cherishes her good memories of her 17 years in Whitehorse and would love to go back.

Should any of your readers remember Mamie Legris and would like to drop her a line she can be contacted at:

Mamie Legris  
Madonna House  
2888 Dafoe road RR #2  
Combermere ON K0J 1L0

I'm off to NS this week for a family reunion with my nine brothers and sisters; six of us boys and one brother in law served in the RCAF at one time or another - it'll be some party!

Regards.

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

## **HAPPY MEMORIES**

THANK YOU FOR ALL THE WONDERFUL STORIES AND PHOTOS... SO MUCH BRINGS BACK MANY HAPPY MEMORIES.....WE ARE ALL SO FORTUNATE THAT YOU GATHER ALL THIS INFORMATION FOR US ALL TO SHARE.....BLESS YOU...HUGGIES GILLIAN

Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)



**Niagara Falls in February.**

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



**A view of Niagara Falls most of us have never seen.**

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



Waiting for dinner !  
Quite amazing to see a four legged animal sit like this.



Still waiting for dinner !  
He has obviously seen this method of getting food work for his neighbours.

### **Twin Baby Moose and Sprinkler**

Even if it's just for a short while, these twin baby moose, accompanied by their mother, are playing and enjoying life around a sprinkler.

This video is cute and worth watching:

<http://www.maniacworld.com/twin-baby-moose-in-sprinkler.html>

## BONANZA HOTEL FIRE



Bonanza Hotel Fire

Photo courtesy John & Peter Gould [hattiegulch@yahoo.ca](mailto:hattiegulch@yahoo.ca) (In Dawson)

Here is a picture my dad took of the Bonanza Hotel Fire, amazingly the Palace Grand and the Old Post Office didn't go up in flames as well. My friends( Raymond and Bruce Caley, Rick Gillespie, Duane Taylor.) and I used to play in the old post office before it was rebuilt. It was boarded up but we managed to find a way in. Lots of fun checking it all out. And my dad used to look after the Palace Grand so I got to go with him and check out back stage and the furnace room. Upstairs was always a little spooky especially the 3rd floor.

Peter Gould [hattiegulch@yahoo.ca](mailto:hattiegulch@yahoo.ca) (In Dawson)

## BRITAIN'S GOT TALENT - FARYL SMITH – 12 year old

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X9xSzq844PI&feature=related>



Kluane – Twin Otter

The largest ice fields outside Antarctica ....

It's taken in the mid-'80s but it's the centre of the Park so would guess any changes would be more [snow and ice]. Doug

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

## **GETTING THE YUKON OUT OF THE BOY**

In 1958, the first year I was in the Yukon, I worked with MacIsaac Construction driving a 1944 ten ton Mack truck when working on the Whitehorse dam. Two other guys (Lorne and Nelson Harper) had their own trucks and the three of us hauled most of the fill, sand etc to build the East end of the dam.

The following year (1959), I worked with Polar Construction operating a Euclid carryall, this was the first year the Dempster was started. I worked for MacIsaac Construction on the Dempster the following year (1960). These were the two years that work was done

on the Dempster and then there was no work completed until a number of years later. In 59 and 60 we called the Dempster the Flat Creek Road. In both years I was the youngest heavy equipment operator on the crew.

At that time I worked the summer months and then returned to University in Eastern Canada each fall. In the summers following 1960 I worked on contracts on the Klondike highway with both MacIsaac Construction and General Enterprises Ltd. After MacIsaac sold his equipment to Enterprises in 1961 I worked with Enterprises each summer until the fall of 1963 when I returned to University. It was the last year that I worked in the Yukon. During that last summer we were widening and upgrading the existing road between Mayo and Stewart crossing. Archie Bruce was our superintendent.

The bridge was installed over the Stewart in 1960 but we were still building the approaches in the spring of 1960 before we moved the Euclid buggies up to the Dempster. We were held there for a couple of weeks while they built a bridge over the Klondike River on the so called Flat Creek road. They were still using the ferry to cross the Stewart River at that time.

I worked with both the Braga boys Joe and Willie on the Dempster and Klondike highway jobs. I have not had any contact with Willie since the early 60s but had the opportunity to talk to Joe the last time I was in Dawson City. We usually return to the Yukon and of course Dawson City every four to five years. "You can get the boy out of the Yukon but it is tough to get the Yukon out of the boy,"

I certainly owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to the Yukon and all of the employers who made it possible for me to pay for my education. I will never forget the many great guys that I worked with and the people I met while in the Yukon.

Boyde

WHITE, Boyde & Kathryn [BandKArizona@aol.com](mailto:BandKArizona@aol.com) (In Yukon in 1950's & 6-'s) Charlottetown, PEI & Mesa AZ

## **LOBSTER, COD CHEEKS and TONGUES**

Just back from a couple of weeks in Newfoundland, visiting with my two brothers and a multitude of other relatives.

First time we've all been together in a number of years. Great trip and really fantastic weather. Stopped over at Halifax with a brother on the way back, then borrowed his car and headed off to Sydney to visit some friends of many years standing. Thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

Pigged out on Lobster, scallops, cod cheeks, tongues and all those great eastern dishes. The tongue of the codfish. When we grew up in the depression years nothing was thrown away. They still serve them in restaurants today as a traditional dish. It may not sound to appetizing to you naive westerners, but they are absolutely scrumptious.

Now back to walking and golf, trying to lose some added poundage.

Gus and Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



Gus & Blanche, Pigging out on lobsters in Sydney.

Photos courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



“The three amigos.” Brother Gus, Nathan & Lester. No that is not a painting of Bishops Cove but it is a typical winter scene of a fishing village.

Photo courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



One shows the view of the bay from the front porch of the house where I was born and spent my early childhood, The house is still occupied by a cousin who grew up next door to me at the same time.

Photo courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



Old Schoolhouse in Tors Cove - Gus went here in 1942/43

The little blue building is a typical of the schools when we grew up there although it wouldn't have been so brightly painted in those days. I attended school there in 1942/43.

It was big compared to some of them, having two rooms, but only one teacher.  
Photo courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



The Anglican Church in Bishops Cove. It was built by volunteer labour after the old one burnt down. I was the first male child christened here in May, 1930. The village of Bishops Cove by the way dates back to the late 1500s. The picture of the church was taken at an earlier spring visit. **Note the iceberg drifting by.**

Photo courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)



Blanche and I taken at Cape Spear, the easternmost point in North America.  
Photo courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)

## ARTISTIC TALENT



**White Wine**

A glass of white wine sitting on the dining room table caught my eye, and looking closely there was the house across the street inverted, so I waited till a car went by . . .

It seems to work with any clear wine glass. Thought it was neat. Photographers could have a lot of fun with this I'd think. - Doug

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [cheechako46\\*northwestel.net](mailto:cheechako46*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## London Times Obituary of the late Mr. Common Sense

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, **Common Sense**, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as: Knowing when to come in out of the rain; why the early bird gets the worm; Life isn't always fair; and maybe it was my fault.

**Common Sense** lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing

a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

**Common Sense** lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an aspirin to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

**Common Sense** lost the will to live as the churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims. **Common Sense** took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

**Common Sense** finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

**Common Sense** was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by his 4 stepbrothers; I Know My Rights, I Want It Now, Someone Else Is To Blame, and I'm A Victim.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still remember him, pass this on. If not, join the majority and do nothing.

## **OBIT**



**Lawrence (Larry) Leith Tremblay, of Cedar, BC, and Haines Junction, Yukon, passed away on July 29, 2008, aged 79 years, in Nanaimo BC.**

Larry was born in Athabasca, Alberta, on July 5, 1929, to Waldo Arthur Tremblay and Myrtle Mae (Robertson) Tremblay. He was one of five children. In his youth and young adulthood he performed at rodeos as a bareback bronco and bull-riding cowboy with the Knight Brothers of Alberta.

He married his beloved Lois in 1952 and was subsequently hired by Parks Canada where he rose from his duties as a Park Warden in Jasper and Waterton National Parks in Alberta, to Chief Warden for Kluane National Park, Haines Junction, Yukon, in 1972. He also volunteered as a youth hockey coach, a Boy Scout Master, and was a lifetime member of the Lions Club. After his retirement in 1986, he moved to Cedar, BC, but kept his Yukon residency by spending six months of each year at his gold mine near Burwash Landing. He was exceptionally proud of his family and his career, and spoke fondly of the countless friends he made across North America throughout his life. His love of the outdoors and nature is evidenced in the many documents he wrote for Parks Canada. He also enjoyed photography, camera collecting, and was most currently working on a family history book. He will be missed for his warmth, hearty laughter, witty tales, and unprecedented coffee drinking abilities.

He is survived by his darling wife of 56 years, Lois, his children Scot (and Penny) of Victoria, BC, Wyatt (and Paulette) of Whitehorse, YT, Kristy (and Ken Roberts) of Whitehorse, YT, Terry (and Steve Pflgebraar) of Elk River, MN, and Kelli (and David Brawn) of Concord, NC. Also his cherished grandchildren: Josh (and Jenn), Adam (and Ladene), Brittany and Justin Tremblay; Rick (and Miranda) and Daniel Staley; Chris, Anna and Scot Pflgebraar; and Breana and Savannah Brawn. Also sisters Audrey Ashmead and Loyse Robinson, numerous nieces and nephews, cousins, and friends. Larry was preceded in death by his son Justin, brother Gordon Tremblay, and sister Beverly Stanley.

A celebration to honour Larry's contribution to all our lives, date to be determined, will be held in Haines Junction, Yukon. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Kids Recreation Fund at Sport Yukon, 4061 4th Ave, Whitehorse, Yukon, Y1A 1H1.

Condolences may be sent to the following email address: [LarryLtremblay@gmail.com](mailto:LarryLtremblay@gmail.com)

**Charles Victor Mills** passed peacefully on July 27, 2008 at Bastion Place, Salmon Arm. He was born on June 23, 1920 at Dawson City, Yukon to Charles and Elizabeth Mills (nee Platt). Charlie married Elsie May Cam on December 21, 1944 and he worked at Keno Hill Mines. In 1951, Charlie and Elsie moved to Kamloops, BC and he worked for Emil Anderson and Dawson Construction companies on many road projects throughout BC.

Elsie, and Charlie's only sister, Helen, predeceased Charlie in 1983, and he then retired to White Lake, BC where he enjoyed his animals and many good friends. Charlie returned to his beloved Yukon for several months every summer to prospect for gold.

Charlie is survived by daughter, Irene "Mickey" (John) Oesch; grandchildren, Les Lintick (Charlotte) and Sandy Laseur (Len); great-grandchildren Mickey, Sandy, Chance and Julie Lintick and Lane and Mitch Laseur; niece, Peggy and great-niece, Shannon Cassidy and her son, Tyler.

In lieu of flowers, donations in memory of Charlie may be made to the Canadian Cancer Society.

## **Robert (Bob) Van Wyk**

It is with profound sadness we announce the peaceful passing of our beloved Robert (Bob) Marius Van Wyk at Whitehorse Yukon on July 12, 2008.

Bob was born in Calgary Oct. 9, 1931 and moved to the Yukon as a young boy where he fell in love with the territory that would be home to him the rest of his life.

Bob was a jack of all trades from working on the River Boats to Construction, Mining, Cat Trains, Etc.

His love of flying and his Red Stinson CF-KPZ which he lovingly restored and flew gave him years of pleasure.

Bob is survived by his wife Maxine, daughters Roberta and Roxanne, many stepchildren and grand children.

You will be remembered always.

Cliff Armstrong [ss\\*still.net](http://ss*still.net) (In Cranbrook)

**BROWN Mary Agnes** February 26, 1934 - July 23, 2008 It is with deep sadness and regret that the family wishes to announce the passing of Mary Brown on July 23, 2008.

**Mary was born to Bill and May Matheson** and raised near Pritchard, B.C. **She met and married Maurice in Whitehorse, Yukon** and shortly moved to Calgary, Alberta to raise their family. There were also many good years spent on the acreage near Delacour,

Alberta. Mary was very thankful to be reunited with her son Larry who she lost contact with shortly after his birth. Mary was extremely proud of her family and loved them all very much. Mary was an avid bowler and loved to spend time in her garden. She had a great zest for life and loved a good joke. Her determination and positive attitude throughout her battle with cancer is an inspiration to all that knew her. Mary was predeceased by her husband Maurice and her brother John Matheson. She will be lovingly remembered by her sons and their families: Larry (Linda), Maria, Cody, Lucas; Glenn (Fiona), Jason, Eric; Rod (Michelle), Montana and numerous extended family.

Mary was blessed with many good friends. She will be sadly missed but never forgotten. In keeping with Mary's wishes there will be no Services and her Cremation will be held at Parklawn Crematorium, High River, Alberta. If friends and family so desire memorial tributes in Mary's honor may be made to the Tom Baker Cancer Clinic, 1331 - 29 Street N.W., Calgary, Alberta, T2N 4N2 or the Canadian Cancer Society, 215 - 12 Avenue S.E. Floor 2, Calgary, AB T2G 9Z9. The family would like to thank Dr. Latigan and staff at the Tom Baker Cancer Center for their compassionate care. To e-mail condolences to the family please visit [www.snodgrassfuneralhomes.com](http://www.snodgrassfuneralhomes.com).

Published in the Calgary Herald on 7/26/2008

Charley Mills has passed away at the age of 92. Charley spent time in Dawson and Mayo.

Blanche Barrett phoned to see if I had received an obit on Charlie Mills. [Will place an obit here if one is provided.](#)

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

[cardinal\\*northwestel.net](mailto:cardinal*northwestel.net) EBY, Ken & Lisa ERICKSON  
Ken Eby  
Cardinal Contr. Ltd  
Whitehorse YT.  
Ph 867 633-2600

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Back on the list – (removed in MocTel 259 – lost contact)

LAING, Mary (ANDISON) [mlaing2\\*shaw.ca](mailto:mlaing2*shaw.ca) (In Mayo 1937 – 1980) Calgary

I have switched my server so here is my new e mail [--mlaing2\\*shaw.ca](mailto:--mlaing2*shaw.ca)  
Mary Laing -----It used to be [ethel\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:ethel*telusplanet.net)

## **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 Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

THIS IS WONDERFUL SHERRON.. A FRIEND GAVE IT TO ME. HE IS A CHAP WHO LIKES TO COOK.

## **BANANA BREAD**

Here is my almost world famous banana bread recipe.

1 1/4 cups flour [whole wheat]  
1/4 cup butter  
1 cup brown sugar  
2 eggs  
1 tsp soda  
1/8 tsp salt  
3 mashed bananas

Cream butter, sugar and add beaten eggs. Add mashed bananas. Mix well then add, flour, soda and salt

BAKE @325 degrees for 45-55 minutes.

Do not eat all at once!

I ALSO ADD CRANBERRIES and NUTS ALSO FLAX SEED...and PUT THEM IN CUP CAKES HOLDERS. GILLIAN

## **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)

## **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 of \$20.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

c/o Sherron Jones

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