

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 342nd Edition – September 18th, 2011

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Lewes Lake – Sept 11, 2011

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

SUNDAY MORNING ON THE SEA WALL

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)

The sun is ablaze in the summer sky,
The seals and sea lions call to me,
Geese and seabirds go gliding by,
Here on the edge of the deep blue sea.
Seniors at rest on a comfy seat
Lulled by the ripple of the surf on sand,
Young couples thrill to a different beat.
Walking the sea shore hand in hand.

A robin sings from a near by tree,
A doe with its Bambi goes prancing by,
A song of contentment it seems to me,
And the awesome beauty of sea and sky.

A church bell peals from a distant spire,
Calling the faithful, but here, I'll stay,
Hearing the beauty of Nature's choir,
Heaven can not be far away.

© 2011 Gus Barrett



Reflection - Lewes Lake – Sept 11, 2011
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

The Duncans' Dawson Re-Discovery Days Tour

Submitted by Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

It had been sixty years, almost to the week, since our family left Dawson. Now we were going back to honour the memory of our parents, re-discover our roots, and see how much of the Dawson we thought we remembered still existed.

It was in the summer of 1951, that the whole Barrie Duncan family – Dr. Barrie, Norah, and five kids, ranging in age from nine down to barely a toddler – had moved ‘outside’. Dad had decided to become a pediatrician, and that meant more years of study, in both Edmonton and Toronto, before he was ready to set up his practice in Regina, home of his parents and one of his brothers, Dr. Howard Duncan.

Sixty years. Mom and Dad had returned for a visit years ago, but of the kids, only my brother Peter, (the next generation of Drs. Duncan!), had ever been back. Now, it seemed the time was right. We called it *The Duncans’ Dawson Re-Discovery Days* tour, and of course congratulated ourselves on coming up with such a very clever name!

Four of the five Duncan ‘kids’ made the trip - the youngest ‘kid’, sixty-two-year-old Bruce, now a judge in Toronto, had just had surgery so couldn’t join us – along with one Duncan great-grandson (Barb’s 18-year-old grandson, David Beeson), and two Duncan sons-in-law (Barb’s husband, Bob Beeson, and Gene’s husband, David Tarry).



The Duncans’ Dawson Discovery Days at the Dome, June 21, 2011

Left to right: David Tarry, Bob Beeson, Gene Tarry, David Beeson, Tricia Sirrs, Barb Beeson, Peter Duncan

Photo courtesy Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

We converged on Whitehorse – the hotel bar – on Father’s Day (appropriately!), Sunday, June 19. Barb, Bob and David Beeson came from Edmonton; Gene and David Tarry from Peachland, B.C., Peter Duncan from Victoria, and me (Tricia) from Vancouver.

The next day, loaded into two cars, we headed for Dawson.

First, a stop-off at the ‘marge of Lake Lebarge’ and a recitation of Robert Service’s *Cremation of Sam McGee*. Barb had brought toy boats for us all to launch from shore, and we each put a personal message in our own boat. Heaven knows, that flotilla of plastic boats will no doubt show up someday, somewhere along the Yukon River, much to someone’s puzzlement.

(P.S. If anyone finds any of these boats, please send us a note via Moc Tel; we’d like to know where they ended up!)



The flotilla of little toy boats.

Left to right: Barb (Duncan) Beeson, David Beeson, Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs,
Bob Beeson, Peter Duncan, Gene (Duncan) Tarry
Photo courtesy Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

We arrived in Dawson, at Klondike Kate’s Cabins, on June 20, the day before the Summer Solstice celebration. After a ceremonial toast, we set out to find our family home, up on the hill.

No problem. We walked right to it; on Seventh Avenue, between King and Queen Streets. But oh, it looked so small; not at all the spacious big log house that we remembered. We marvelled that our Mom had managed to keep five young kids happy and entertained in that tiny house through eight months of winter darkness, no television, no radio, no long distance phones, no NOTHING.

We knocked on the door, and the present owner was gracious enough to chat with us at length. He told us that old-timers still called it the 'doctor's house'; apparently, after we left, the doctor who took over Dad's practice moved in. Then when he left, the next doctor took up residence there.



The Duncan 'kids' in front of the old family home on Seventh Avenue.

Left to right: Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs, Gene (Duncan) Tarry, Barb (Duncan) Beeson,
Peter Duncan

Photo courtesy Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

That first evening, purely by chance, we met John Gould, just celebrating his 92nd birthday (or maybe it was his 93rd!), and who, believe it or not, remembered our family from 60 years earlier. Not only did he remember us, he put out the word that the 'Barrie Duncan kids' were in town, and suddenly, we were big news.

Being ‘big news’ was great. Everyone made us feel so welcome and ‘remembered’. On our first full day in Dawson, we went on a walking tour of the town, and were actually able to fill in some stories the National Parks tour guides had never heard before.

One of the tour guides met with Peter and I the following day and recorded our memories of growing up in Dawson during what she called the last years of isolation, i.e. before the highway and modern communications arrived. She said they had very few stories from that time period, especially as seen through the eyes of a child. So if any Moc Tel readers take this tour in the future, you may well hear stories about ‘Growing up Duncan’ in the late 1940’s Dawson.



Can anybody help identify the kids in this photo, taken about 1950?

We know Gene Duncan, (with the curly hair!), Barbie and Peter Duncan are all in the front row; Tricia Duncan is on the left and Fay Callison is third from left in the back row.

Photo courtesy Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

We went to the Museum to donate some old photos which had been found in a desk used at one time by another of Dad’s brothers, Dr. Allan Duncan, who practised in Dawson from the mid-1930’s until Dad arrived after WWII.

Allan, who delivered many of the so-called ‘Duncan babies’, worked out of an office that had belonged to a professional photographer in the early gold rush days. Apparently the photographer simply forgot some of his ‘snaps’, and they languished for years in the bottom of that desk. One of the photos, showing the original St. Mary’s Church, is the only image ever found of that now-vanished place of worship.

In the Museum archives, we discovered a photo we’d never seen before of Mom and young Peter, which Executive Director, Laura Mann, very kindly copied for all five of us.

We were so impressed with the quality of Dawson's restoration. We were impressed, too, with the knowledge, courtesy and friendliness of the staff and volunteers of the National Parks, the Museum, and other places of interest, all of whom went out of their way to make us feel welcome.

Our 60-year-old connections were still there: we even bought some gold nugget necklaces made by a designer with links to Dick Diment, who had the jewellery store in Dawson when we lived there. Even after Dick and his wife, Maggie, moved to Victoria, they remained lifelong friends of our parents. Peter Duncan and Maggie had a very special connection: they both celebrated their birthdays on October 8.

The post I crashed into while tobogganing on the A.C. Trail (aka King Street) is still there, and still scratched. I convinced myself that the scratches visible today were the result of my accident more than half a century ago, and nobody had ever gotten around to patching it up.

I was proud to see the industrial park named after bush pilot Pat Callison, a true northern hero and father of Fay, my childhood BFF (Best Friend Forever). Fay and I re-connected three years ago, thanks to the Moc Tel, and now see each other frequently for lunch in downtown Vancouver.

Yes, it felt great to go back. The sun shone, most of the time, around the clock, in fact. The 24-hour northern midnight sun was something we still vaguely remembered, and now, will never forget. And there weren't even any mosquitoes or black flies to put a damper on things.

Thank you, Dawson, for welcoming us back.

CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY ??

Our daughter Kris visited Whitehorse this week and came back with this old photo. Can any MocTel readers identify any of these folk?

The picture seems to have been taken in front of a White Pass Railway snowplow somewhere and looks like it could have been taken sometime in the 1940's or 1950's.

We're just curious to know who they might be.

Ted and Trudy North ttnorth@telus.net (In Nanaimo)



Can you identify any of these young people ?
Looks like it might be a school trip to Skagway ??

The Canol Road

By Aksel Porslid yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

Much has been written about the Canol pipeline and the accompanying service road that was built during World War II. It was constructed in just a few short months as a war emergency project and known officially as the Canol Project, the name Canol derived from Canadian + Oil. Its purpose was to counter the Japanese invasion of the Aleutian Islands by a military presence in and near Alaska, and to provide fuel for the lend-lease war planes being ferried via the Northwest Staging Route to Soviet Russia.

The pipeline carried crude oil from a lone oil well on an island in the Mackenzie River at Norman Wells, to a hastily constructed refinery in Whitehorse. From the refinery a smaller diameter, unburied pipeline carried aviation fuel to the airports along the Staging Route. These strips were at first somewhat primitive, especially the more northern ones, being just gravel runways carved out of the wilderness. Existing ones at Grande Prairie, Fort St John, Watson Lake and Whitehorse were already operational, if

basic; Alaska had, with good foresight built airports at Northway and Fairbanks prior to the war. But construction of supplementary or emergency strips were quickly hacked out of virgin forested muskeg at intermediate locations such as Smith River, Teslin, Aishihik and Snag. These were located as close to the Highway as possible; any reasonably flat area of a mile or so was bulldozed, holes filled in with rock or gravel fill, then surfaced with a road-quality gravel topping. Fueling, equipment maintenance, machines and quarters for the staff plus overnighing aircrew were installed as well, and some 8800 aircraft were ferried to the Soviet Union using these facilities.

The Canol line was mostly six inch steel pipe, laid on top of the ground, and ten pump stations along the route kept the pressure up on its journey to the refinery. The road was just a route alongside the pipeline to allow pipe laying and trucks hauling supplies as well as the pipe itself. It was a rudimentary road at best and mostly followed stream drainages, or wherever the route seemed easiest. Since it was always recognized that the entire project was an emergency measure, and costs were written off as soon as they were incurred, no attempt was made to build either pipeline or road with any semblance of permanency. In any event, the line only pumped for eight months or so, then was totally abandoned. Prior to its completion, as a stopgap, a four inch line had been built from tidewater at Skagway to Whitehorse, thence to the Staging Route airfields at Watson Lake and Northway, as the fuel was needed before the Canol line or the refinery was completed. Refined aviation fuel, vehicle gas and diesel fuel were transferred from ocean tankers to this pipeline, and a large tank farm was built at Whitehorse.

Abandonment of the Canol, in the Spring of 1945 was virtually complete: the camps, pump stations, and all plant that was in place was left behind. Mess halls were left with their tables set and food in the pots. Equipment and trucks were abandoned where they sat, often with engines running, doors and windows open. Caterpillar tractors, stuck in muskeg, were left to rust. Parts warehouses left open to the elements contained hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of spare parts, tools and in some cases, entire vehicle components such as engines and transmissions. The road of course was simply allowed to go back to nature, and in fact some of it was little more than a bulldozer track through the bush at best!

The road was sealed off, with a locked gate and watchman at the south end where it joined the Alaska Highway at Johnson's Crossing, some eighty miles southeast of Whitehorse. No one was allowed to travel the road, except Natives who were indigenous to the area and who lived and trapped near its right of way. It was not turned over to Canada as the Alaska Highway until 1946, but remained the property of the U.S. Army. In fact the 2 inch pipeline along the Alaska Highway was used for a few more years after the war to supply Whitehorse and the airports to the north, but the line was then supplied from Skagway and later Haines, where tankers from California unloaded into tank farms.

In 1947, the oil boom was on in the developing nations in the Middle East, particularly Saudi Arabia, and American expertise, equipment and pipe were in demand for production of oil in that area. Aramco, the American-Saudi oil company formed to produce this oil needed pipe, and someone thought of the five hundred-plus miles of Canol line that had been used only a few months, then left to rust in the Yukon's wilderness.

The Foster-Davidson Pipe Corporation bought the pipe and equipment for a rumoured one million dollars, and undertook to salvage the pipe and to ship it to the Persian Gulf. Several contractors from the local area were engaged and, during the winter of 1947-48 most the pipe from the Canol Project was

cut up and hauled to the railhead at Carcross. It was then shipped by narrow gauge railway (The White Pass and Yukon) to Skagway, and loaded on ships sailing to Saudi Arabia. The project took almost a year, and the last of the pipe didn't leave the area until the fall of 1948. A lot of heavy equipment was also shipped: power shovels, bulldozers, scrapers and other machinery. In addition, during this same period, the refinery at Whitehorse was also dismantled and trucked to Edmonton, where it was reassembled by Imperial Oil, and is still operating.

After the pipe and most of the equipment was gone, several other companies bid on what was left, and during the period 1949-52 much of what was left in terms of machinery, vehicles and buildings were removed and trucked to various locations, for sale as used parts or whatever. Many local people acquired trucks this way, and fifteen years later one could still see those Army-pattern trucks doing general hauling around Whitehorse. The road was finally turned over to the Yukon Territorial Government, and they lost little time in rebuilding it into a passable (if summer-only) road as far as Ross River, 145 miles from the junction at Johnson's Crossing.

This served to open up the country for hunting, fishing and mineral prospecting. As a direct result of this, the Anvil silver-lead-zinc mine and the accompanying Town of Faro was established in the sixties. The road had since been repaired and relocated where necessary and is now a good all weather route to Faro, although the mine is now closed. The Town of Ross River benefited as well, since the only route to that fur trading centre, prior to the Canol Project was by river boat up the Pelly River.

The rest of the Canol, from Ross River to Norman Wells was also contracted to salvage, and virtually all the pipe and equipment went out by truck to the Mackenzie River, barged to Hay River and thence by rail to Edmonton and beyond. The road itself was mostly impassable by 1948 and dozers had to accompany all trucks hauling out from the north end. At that, much was still left behind, and I saw, thirty years later, trucks and road building machinery sitting in lines at an old pump station in the Dodo Canyon, not thirty miles from the Mackenzie River. A large warehouse at Camp Canol on the west bank of the River that I visited in 1972 contained shelf after shelf of obsolete bearings, gears, oil seals, pins and assorted vehicle parts, all in perfect condition, since the dry arctic air doesn't rust steel very quickly. In addition, large parts such as Studebaker and GMC truck frames were stacked outside, the olive drab paint still intact, and presumably the steel in the frames as good as the day it left the mills.

I flew over the north end of the road in the mid-seventies and in some places it was difficult to pick out the right of way. Mostly it was overgrown with the ubiquitous aspen and black spruce. There was a telephone line along the road as well, and some of the wire could still be seen strung between sagging poles. Stream crossings of course were non-existent, having all been washed away, along with hundreds of yards of approaches on both sides of the crossings.

The country is quite beautiful in the Mackenzie Mountains, not high by Rockies standards, but above six thousand feet in most places; since the timber line at this latitude is in the region of four thousand feet, much of the area is treeless except in the valleys. Further southwest, the road and line crosses the MacMillan range and area, headwaters of the Pelly system. The region abounds in wildlife of course; it was, and is one of the most remote places in the Yukon. There is still no land access to most of the area traversing north of Ross River, except for the crumbling road and pipe route. It's used by hardy backpackers now, but there are still difficult stream crossings for them, since there are not even the vestiges of bridges or culverts. It remains a forgotten route through some of the wildest country in

Canada, a region of grizzly bears, moose and caribou, forgotten by most and waiting for the tourist invasion which is sure to come, once a better access is accomplished.



Squirrel

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

Ground Squirrels

Spring has sprung, the grass has riz, I wonder where the ground squirrel is? Well, by mid-April or early May, these indicators of Yukon spring will be everywhere - along the roadsides, standing straight up watching and talking. Most people call them gophers and that's OK, but they really are squirrels.

You'll be happy to see them too, because they have been well hidden in their burrows under the deep snow since mid-September. Ground squirrels live all over the Yukon, from southern meadows to the Arctic coastal plain and from sea level to above 2000 meters - or 6000 feet. They like ground that has sandy soil because it makes digging easy and quickly drains spring flood waters and the heavy summer rain.

The ground squirrel is built for life close to the land, with stubby legs and powerful claws which makes them natural diggers. These digs or burrows are their colonies, where the dominant male controls the territory.



Source: National Geographic

A colony's burrow may have fifty entrances and a maze of tunnels that are used year after year. In winter, arctic ground squirrels go into deep hibernation and their body temperature falls to near 0°C.

They are the only mammals known to allow their body temperatures to drop below freezing. By super cooling in hibernation, they save lots of energy needed for the long winter snooze and early spring romps when food is scarce.

In the spring mating season, encounters between males gets downright nasty and can turn into a boundary brawl. The fighters roll around in a ball and sometimes can be hurt quite badly. The winner earns the right to mate with the females residing in their hard-won space. Females come out one to two weeks after males do, and are ready to mate within a few days.

The young are tiny, but grow up fast. At twenty days, their eyes are open. Soon after, the young squirrels make their outside debut.

Female Arctic ground squirrels produce a single litter of five to ten young each year. To protect their offspring, mothers move them to different burrows and forcefully defend them from marauding

predators, including strange squirrels. A Yukon study proved that male intruders from other colonies sometimes kill the young.

If a coyote comes by, the ground squirrel exhibits its native name by chattering "sik-sik-sik".

They often sit on rocks or brush piles, always on the lookout. So keep an eye out for them, and take some time to enjoy their antics. They are a hoot to watch as one of the Yukon's natural summer treasures.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Quite pleased to see the article and picture of the Carnegie Library. To further the story of this historic building we undertook a complete renovation of the building about 10 years ago as the permafrost under it was melting and the building was sagging and the metal on the walls was buckling. We jacked up the building and slid it out on to the street where it sat for a couple of weeks while the ground beneath where it stood was excavated to a depth of 12 feet until good solid gravel was encountered. This was then backfilled with white channel gravel, the building slid back onto its original position and placed on blocking.

The inside of the building which was metal was all sand blasted and repainted. New windows were installed; roof leaks repaired, the old furnace removed and new monitor's placed. The metal from the outside was removed, wiring was replaced and insulation installed, then the metal replaced and painted. New front steps were built and a handy cap ramp was added.

I am attaching an up to date picture of the finished product as well as the "Carnegie Story" that was in the 100th Anniversary book.

Tom Mickey tmickey*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Gregory Tetrault

Dawson in 1902 was a modern city. It had advanced beyond the adolescent stage of log cabins and canvas which many gold rush towns never left. It had running water, three hospitals, three churches, a Salvation Army barracks, six newspapers, electric lights, and a telephone and telegraph system. Its sewage system, innovative even by today's standards, was heated with steam to prevent freezing.

This metropolis of the north had been staked out by Joe Ladue, one of the first to hear of the gold strike in 1896. He correctly believed that a town that did business where the Klondike and Yukon rivers joined had an easier means of acquiring gold than digging in a frozen creek bed. A muskeg flat, one

mile long, one-quarter mile wide and only ten feet above the Yukon River, was an odd place to build but it was close to the gold fields. Ladue named the town after George M. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, who explored the region in 1887. By 1902 Joe Ladue was dead of tuberculosis and Dawson was developing.



The town had a future; its inhabitants said so. They believed it was equal to any city on the outside. At the peak of its activity in 1898 in fact, Dawson was the largest Canadian city west of Winnipeg; its fluctuating population reached an estimated 28,000.

To supply its library needs, Dawson had the Free Library supported by public subscription with a little help from City Council, and the Standard Library Restaurant & Hotel, which provided more than reading materials. In the *Daily Klondike Nugget*, the Standard Library advertised 'Books, Board, Beds, Bath and Bar'. It had over ten thousand volumes, served more than fifteen hundred meals per day and supplied beds for a hundred men. Books could be taken home for three cents a day or one dollar a month. But the growing importance and sophistication of the city and territory required a more formal library. Dawson's need coincided with Andrew Carnegie's plan to establish free libraries.

Andrew Carnegie had achieved much notoriety because of his philanthropy which extended far beyond the building of the libraries with which his name became synonymous. He was well known to Dawson

City newspapers and, as a natural consequence, the First Library Board approached Carnegie for a donation.

Carnegie was born in Scotland in 1835 and moved as a boy to the United States with his parents. Here, with good business sense, he built up the Carnegie Steel Corporation until 1901 when he sold it to J. P. Morgan for \$500,000,000. He considered the best kind of assistance was that which helped others help themselves. His libraries were a manifestation of this philosophy. Of the more than \$330,000,000 Carnegie donated to various causes, more than \$56,000,000 went to the establishment of 2,509 libraries in the English-speaking world. One hundred and twenty-five were built in Canada at a total cost of \$3,556,660.

The value of a library in a town such as Dawson cannot be underestimated. Everyone was from the 'outside' as the gold-seekers called the more southern areas of Canada and the United States. Many things were happening there, and news was at a premium. The winters were long and cold and for a few months there was almost continuous darkness. Reading material and newspapers at times had more value than gold. Months-old newspapers sold for outrageous sums and were read aloud in the streets. A library in Dawson was a necessity.

Mr. A. Nicol, president of the Dawson Free Library, made the first appeal to Mr. Carnegie in April 1902. He had a distinct advantage. His uncle was a friend of Andrew Carnegie and his neighbor with a country home adjoining Skibo Castle, Carnegie's estate in Scotland. Mr. Carnegie's reply came through his private secretary, James Bertram. In his usual short manner Mr. Bertram stated:

Dear Sir: Yours of April 18 received. Mr. Carnegie's will has been to give about \$15,000 for a population such as yours, but as it is more expensive to build in the Yukon, Mr. Carnegie will give \$25,000 to erect a free library building. If the council pledges maintenance of library at a cost of not less than \$2500 a year and provides suitable site for the building.

As Mr. Bertram stated, the city had to guarantee the upkeep of the library, calculated to be ten percent of the gift - in this case \$2,500. He further required that the building be fireproof. The sum provided would be paid in \$5,000 instalments at various stages of construction.

The City Council voted to accept Mr. Carnegie's gift on 1 January 1903. Their acceptance was conditional on the money required for maintenance being made available. The problem was that the city charter prevented a permanent arrangement such as this. City Clerk Smith, in any case, sent a letter of acceptance to Carnegie by the next mail. An offer of something for nothing in Dawson where everything cost a fortune was hard to refuse. Then again few cities refused Carnegie.

In March 1903, the Council decided that the lot for the new building be no less than 100 feet square. With this space, they reasoned, a landscape gardener could attempt to beautify the surroundings - a strange desire, for this mud flat was occasionally flooded out in the spring. More important, the City Council removed the block to total acceptance of the gift by passing a by-law numbered 45, granting the Carnegie Library \$2,500 annually for maintenance costs.

The offer by Mr. Carnegie was not received congenially by everyone. In an editorial in the *Klondike Nugget*, on 12 August 1903, it was said that \$25,000 was too great a sum for construction and \$2,500 was too little for upkeep. The editorial continued 'If half the amount which Mr. Carnegie offers can be made available for the purpose of books and other necessities the library would be a veritable godsend.' Some people believed that Carnegie's gift was not as much a gift as was originally thought. Carnegie himself considered his support of the Dawson City Library to be one of his better investments. In another article he was, as usual, accused of building another monument to himself.

Bids for the lot were opened on the last day of March 1903. The Council decided that no lots would be considered north of King Street or south of Harper, as a central location was desired. The offer of the Ladue Company - a 100-foot square located on the south-west corner of Fourth Avenue and Queen Street - was accepted. The offer was originally for \$3,100 but was reduced to \$2,650 at the request of City Council. It was hoped that the Territorial Council would reimburse the town for the price of the lot.

Plans were invited from all the architects of the city. This competition would ensure a 'high class in the style of the building.' A wooden structure was required, as the brick available in Dawson at the time was of poor quality. This decision was fortunate for brick buildings had a tendency to crack. The entire town was located on permafrost, the surface of which was black mud in summer and frozen rock-hard soil in winter. The constant freezing and thawing did much damage, even though foundations went well below the level of summer thaw.

An example of this damage was the Stanley and Warden brick warehouse located on Second Avenue south of King Street. In April 1903 it was decided to tear down the building even though it was almost new. Large cracks appeared and collapse seemed imminent. A wood frame building was to be erected in its place.

Three plans were submitted, all of two-story buildings. G. C. Killam designed a stone building which was described in the *Yukon Sun* as an 'architectural dream'. W. J. Chance submitted a plan, as did Robert Montcrieff whose plan was favored. Chance, Alderman La Lande, and the Mayor, who wanted to postpone the decision, protested this choice. Alderman Murphy wanted to vote right away to ensure time to order and receive construction material before the winter cut off shipments from the outside. In a vote, five out of six aldermen chose Montcrieff's plan. The Library Board also accepted the design without change.

Montcrieff's plan showed a two-story building completely clad in metal inside and out. On Thursday 27 August 1903, tenders for the construction of the library were opened. All were too high but the bid of Montcrieff, who was also a contractor, was accepted. His bid was \$26,500 and he was asked to lower it to enable Carnegie's donation to cover the entire expense of construction. The final statement showed \$625 was paid to Montcrieff as winner of the competition; \$625 paid to Montcrieff as building supervisor and, as it turned out, \$23,157 for the building. The remainder of the money was to buy furnishings.

In 1897 Montcrieff arrived in Dawson from Winnipeg. He was responsible for the design of St. Andrew's Church and the Bank of Commerce, both located in Dawson. The bank was clad with pressed metal as the Carnegie Library was to be.

Moncrieff reduced the cost by substituting fir for oak finish in some rooms, using a single instead of a double floor for the second story, replacing plate glass with double-strength glass, including fewer shelves and desks and by using paint with a wax instead of a lead or oil base. He also saved money by digging the foundation five feet deep instead of ten.

Work commenced quickly. The trench for the foundation was burned and chopped down into the permanently frozen muskeg. In summer the thaw line was scarcely eighteen inches below the surface. Local lumber was used for the main frame of the building while finished lumber and the metal cladding was to be shipped in from outside. When the construction had proceeded as far as possible with the material in Dawson, work on the building, now four bare walls and a roof, stopped.

The finishing material had arrived in Whitehorse in the autumn of 1903, but it had been side-tracked to make room for perishable goods. Dawson was supplied almost totally from the outside. Food definitely had priority over library materials. Supplies for nine months (the time separating the last shipments on the Yukon River in the autumn and the first in the spring) had to be stored in the Dawson warehouses. One winter had been spent in near-starvation; another was not wanted.

The route taken by goods destined for Dawson usually began in San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver. Ships carried the cargo to Skagway where it was transferred to the White Pass & Yukon Railway. The 110 mile narrow gauge track ended in Whitehorse where the goods were again carried by water. A 450-mile journey on the Yukon River finally led to Dawson. Another route was via St. Michael at the mouth of the Yukon on the Bering Sea; and up the Yukon River for 1,700 miles to Dawson.

As a result of the delay in receiving the shipment of materials Joe Segbens resigned as superintendent of construction. An article in the *Daily Morning Yukon Sun*, 23 February 1904 read: 'In this connection the resignation of Joe Segbens as superintendent of construction of the library was accepted, Joe desiring to engage in a more exciting occupation, the doctors having notified him that the attack of ennui he had acquired in that position being dangerous unless taken in hand in time.'

The materials, in five hundred and eight packages, finally arrived on the sternwheelers *Columbian* and *Victorian* on 26 June 1904. M. H. Jones of the Dawson Hardware Company had traveled to Whitehorse to expedite delivery.

Work commenced once again. The electrical wiring was installed, pressed metal cladding was nailed to the wooden shell, and finally the library was complete. With the addition of the ninety-foot flagpole of Yukon Spruce, donated by the McCloskey brothers, the Carnegie Library was an imposing sight on opening day 16 August 1904.

The building had 'Carnegie Library' in gleaming gold letters across the entrance; flags of many nations flew and bunting was everywhere. Governor Congdon formally opened the building in the presence of the Yukon Council, the Library Board, City Council and prominent citizens.

The new addition to Dawson's skyline was a rectangular two-story building, thirty-five feet by fifty-eight feet. Both interior and exterior were covered with sheet-metal work, rendering the building fireproof to a great extent. The exterior had little ornamental work except that an appearance of stone work and plastered brick was obtained by a special pressing of the sheet metal and application of a buff tint. The

sheet metal, usually in 24" by 24" sheets, was nailed to the wooden shell, overlapping to allow only one edge of each sheet to be exposed. Two Grecian pillars held up a balcony above the main entrance.

The use of natural light was a prominent feature of the building. All possible space on all sides were occupied by windows.

The front entrance on Queen Street had large double doors entering a roomy corridor. The main reading room, librarian's counter, book stacks, smoking and librarian's rooms were on the main floor. The stairs led from the front hall to the lecture room, woman's reading room and the director's assembly room on the second floor.

The basement contained men's lavatories and the heating apparatus, a Holburn hot-air furnace. It had a secure foundation of metal, brick and concrete - an important consideration, for an improperly supported furnace would melt its way into the permafrost and away from the building. The furnace had a design capacity of 70,000 cubic feet of air at an outside temperature of -35 degrees. To help keep the heat in, sixteen wagonloads of sawdust costing \$80 had been used for insulation.

The interior had much frieze and cornice work, with intricate designs pressed into the metal with which it was clad. A four-foot wainscoting on top of a twelve-inch oiled-wood base skirted the walls of the lower floor. All floors were stained, natural wood. In the main reading room two pillars nine inches in diameter supported the main reading table. Quite possibly the choice of interior colors, various shades of green and terracotta, was made by the Anderson Brothers, a team of interior decorators who arrived in Dawson in 1897.

Mr. Sparling, the librarian, was in charge of more than six thousand volumes, fifty-four hundred of which were borrowed from the Free Library. In addition thirty-two magazines were subscribed to regularly. Among the books offered at the library were: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Potato Patch*, *The Tar Heel Baron*, *Diary of a Goose Girl* and Jack London's *Daughter of the Snows*.

The Dawson City Council wanted an impressive building and Montcrieff's design gave them this, while considering the particular building problems of the city. Dawson was plagued with fires and the new library was fireproof to some degree. A masonry building, although probably more impressive, would not have endured long due to the seasonal heaving of the permafrost. The pressed metal panels gave the appearance of masonry but did not have its excessive weight. The fact that the Carnegie Library and the Bank of Commerce (built three years previously by Montcrieff) are still standing and in good condition attest to the particular suitability of this building material in this situation.

Unfortunately the building of this library resulted in the closing of another. The Standard Library Restaurant & Hotel closed its doors and put its contents up for auction on 17 February 1904.

On 16 December 1920 a fire damaged the main floor and contents of the Carnegie Library. Andy Hart, the caretaker, was injured and died shortly afterwards.

It was financially impossible for Dawson to repair and continue the upkeep of the library. Its population in 1920 was less than 1,000 people. Dawson had been dying since 1899 when the Gold Rush ended. Eventually the building was sold, for \$400, to the Masons for use as a lodge. The books were transferred and library service was continued from rooms in the public school.

RIVER IN ATLIN AREA DRIED UP ???

Here is a question sent to us by an old friend who used to live in Whitehorse etc. etc. Do you by any chance know what lake they are referring to? I never in a million thoughts expected any of our northern lakes to dry up in my lifetime.

Cheers and thanks in advance for any information you might have.

I have a question about a river at Atlin. Someone told me about a friend who does hiking and had been to Atlin to a particular lake some years ago. Anyway, this friend went there this year or last and said the lake had dried up??? Have you heard of this and if so what was the name of the lake.

Marion Lyle elyle*shaw.ca (In Kelowna) (Sept 7 2022)

Losing glaciers, but not sleep ... yet

Friday September 9, 2011

By Genesee Keevil- article was online at: <http://yukon-news.com/news/24759/>



Llewellyn Glacier, bottom left, has receded enough to cause the east lake level to drop about 15 metres, drying up a major river outlet. Photo courtesy Brad and Diana Thayer

One of the largest rivers flowing into Atlin Lake has run dry.

“That river has been there for hundreds of years,” said longtime Atlin summer resident Brad Thayer.

“It’s carved out canyons and created a huge alluvial fan.”

In early July, Thayer and his wife boated to the end of Atlin Lake and set off on one of their favourite walks - a 90-minute hike up to the Llewellyn Glacier.

Not far into the hike, they heard the usual roar of the river that runs from the glacier to Atlin Lake, and they followed the river up to its source - a moraine lake full of floating icebergs.

Less than two months later, the couple decided to do the hike one more time before the end of summer. But as they neared the river, the forest remained quiet.

“We came out of the trees, and what was normally this huge river was gone,” said Thayer.

Stunned, the couple walked across the wide, dry riverbed and made their way up to the glacier.

At the river’s source, the couple were in for a second shock.

The moraine lake had dropped more than 50 feet and its icebergs were sitting high and dry.

“We were able to walk through the icebergs on the dry lake bed,” said Thayer.

“They were dripping and melting all around us.”

Back in town, speculating with friends, the couple suspected it had to do with the glacier receding due to climate change.

After renting a plane a couple days later, their fears were confirmed.

The glacier used to stretch to a promontory of land, creating two moraine lakes with a river flowing from each.

But this summer, the glacier retreated enough to break its seal with the promontory.

As a result, all the water from the one moraine lake flowed into the other, leaving what once was the larger of the two lakes, virtually dry.

“This is just another indication of global warming,” said Thayer.

“There is no way that lake and river will ever return, unless the glacier starts growing.”

The chances of that happening are microscopic, said University of British Columbia glaciologist Garry Clarke.

Melting glaciers are not just an early warning symbol of climate change, he said.

“They are a lagging symbol.

“We are already well into it, and the glaciers are not in balance with the climate we’ve already got, or they’d be smaller.”

For the next 30 to 50 years, glaciers are going to be playing catch-up with climate change, he said.

“And there won’t be many glaciers after that.

“They’re getting really whacked by climate change.”

We are doing little to mitigate it, added Clarke.

To truly combat climate change, we’d have to cut our carbon down to a very small fraction of what we’re using today worldwide, he said.

“But I don’t see the political will to do that right now,” said Clarke.

“So we’re left with a situation we don’t like and no one very interested in taking corrective measures.”

It’s frustrating, he said.

“Because I don’t think there’s an argument about what’s happening.

“I don’t think it’s a question of climate scientists swimming in a bath of money and feeding off sending bad news to people.

“It’s really the opposite.

“We’re having a very hard time getting funding in Canada right now, especially with the economic interest in northern development and oil.”

Eventually, we’re going to run out of fossil fuels to burn, he said.

But knowing this and acting on it are two very different things.

“It takes a kind of courage to decide you’re not going to go for short-term gains,” said Clarke.

And we’re not seeing that courage right now, he said.

“It’s discouraging.”

Now, with the global economy limping around, there is even less political will to invest in renewable energy, he said.

“If the economy was doing well, then we could have said, „Let’s do something sensible, like limit carbon and convert to different fuel sources.“”

But all that costs money, he said.

“And it takes political capital too.

“We might have managed something like that 10 or 15 years ago. But I can’t see it happening now.”

Clarke doesn’t carry a lot of hope for the future.

Maybe China will set an example, because it is already investing in renewable energy, he said.

But it is also building more coal plants, he said.

Even if we stopped pumping carbon into the atmosphere today, it would take 10,000 years to back out of this, said Clarke.

Part of the problem is that the oceans act as huge carbon dioxide sinks.

“That’s why we don’t have more carbon dioxide in the atmosphere right now,” he said.

But if we start getting it out of the atmosphere, it will then start leaching back out of the oceans.

There is little hope the climate will ever return to what it is now, said Clarke.

“We will have a different climate, which will force us to have a different economy as well.

“Agriculture will have to be revised, and fisheries ... a whole bunch of things.

“We don’t quite know what it’s going to be like.

“It’s going to be very chaotic for awhile.”

We’ve been setting fire to the house after we finished paying rent, said Clarke.

“And this has to change.

“We have to get people to start paying attention and thinking on a larger scale, about future generations.”

Losing a glacial river and lake in Atlin, BC is only the tip of the iceberg, said Clarke.

Contact Genesee Keevil at
gkeevil@yukon-news.com

GREETINGS FROM MAYNE ISLAND AND SKAGWAY



Neighbours - Weldon Pinchin, Lori Staehling, Doreen Bennett – Mayne Island.
Photo courtesy Rick Staehling

Weldon Pinchin [pinchin*gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com) (In Whitehorse 1943- 195?) 250 539-5543 Mayne Island

Lori Staehling is a retired teacher-librarian who divides her time between North Vancouver and Mayne Island. Her hobbies are reading, dog training and bridge. Her retirement goal is to become the world's best grandmother.

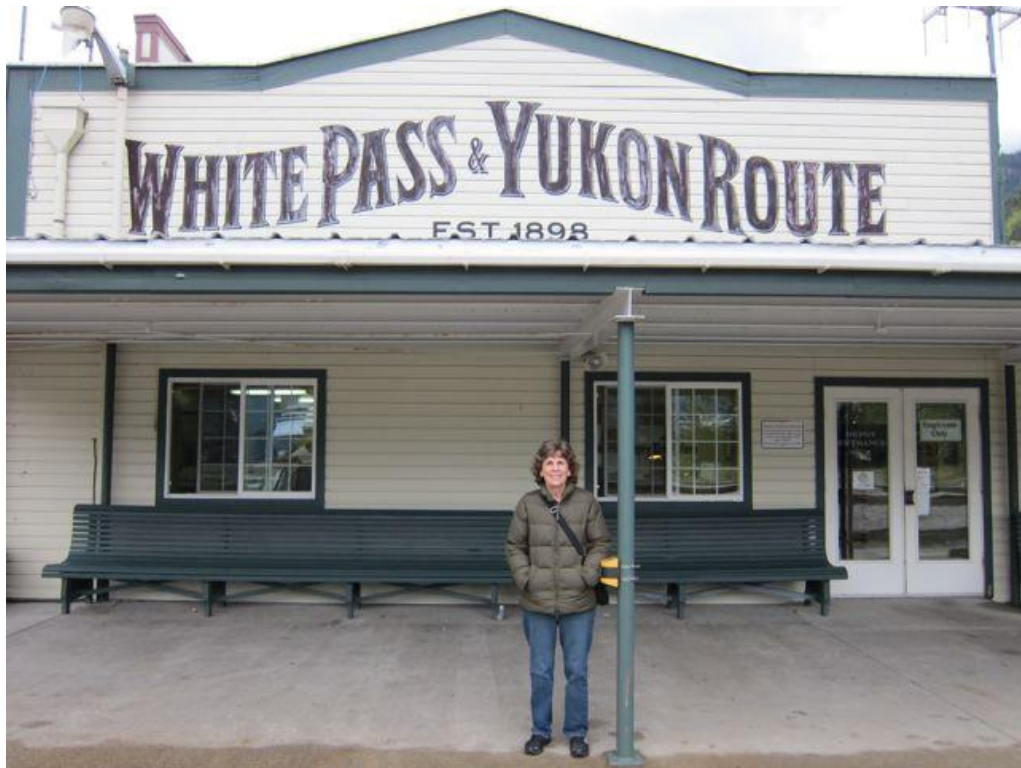
Doreen Bennett is a 5th generation Mayne Islander.

Rick Staehling is a critic, instructor and editorial consultant.

A graduate of the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles, he was the art director at Western Living, Vancouver, Equity and Alberta Views and the editor of Travel Etc. magazine. His freelance work includes the design of over 30 community newspapers for Black Press, consulting for Time Warner, Advanstar Publishing and Corbis. The film critic for CBC Radio British Columbia for 34 years he has written extensively about film for Rolling Stone, The Georgia Straight, and Vancouver magazine. He has taught communications at Capilano University, Emily Carr University of Art + Design and the University of British Columbia. His design and writing has been recognized by numerous organizations, including the National Magazine Awards, the Toronto Art Directors Awards and the Society of American Travel Writers. In 2005 he received the Western Magazine Foundation's Lifetime Achievement Award.



Rick Staehling in Skagway – Sept 2011
Photo courtesy Rick & Lori Staehling



Lori Staehling in Skagway – Sept 2011
Photo courtesy Rick & Lori Staehling

OLD BUSINESS CARDS – do they bring back memories to you? Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley BC)



HELP PLEASE

We have let our membership for Moccasin Telegraph lapse; but I have a request for you, if you don't mind putting a couple of lines in the next MocTel.

I recently saw an article in an older magazine with a picture of a Carol Sinclair sitting on a kayak. I believe this is a kayak I once owned, or if not, was one of the kayaks made by Les Allen at Johnson's Crossing.

I have been trying unsuccessfully to locate Carol to ask her about the kayak. Her address was given as Seba Beach, AB but a letter I sent there has been returned marked "moved".

I would be grateful for any help you or MocTel readers can give me in locating this person.

Thanks -- Larry Bidlake lpbidlake@gmail.com (In Brandon MB)

YUKON FLOWERS



Jacobs Ladder

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard*northwestel.net (In Carcross)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Keno City

Photo courtesy Warren Gammel of Fairbanks Alaska

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Barb Beeson

Bbeeson*shaw.ca changed to bbeeson@telus.net

Bonnie Dalziel

Bonniedalziel@gmail.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

You cannot legislate the poor into prosperity, by legislating the wealth out of prosperity.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Noelle (Cyr) Misko sourdoughyt@hotmail.com – her son Brian's recipe.

Grill Fried Chicken

- 2 - 3 lbs Chicken pieces such as legs and thighs
- 1 can Evaporated milk
- 2 cups Corn Flakes – crushed
- 3 TB House of Q House Rub
- 1 TB Salt (or seasoned Salt)
- 4 – 6 TB Melted butter
- 4 – 6 TB Honey

Rinse and dry the chicken pieces. Add them to a plastic bag or place in a bowl and add the evaporated milk; let set for an hour or more.

Meanwhile prepare your grill for indirect cooking at a medium high heat (approximately 400 F0. Crush the corn flakes, add to a clean dry bowl and add the rub and salt. Mix thoroughly and set aside. Remove each piece of chicken from the milk and roll in the corn flake mixture coating the chicken well. After all pieces are coated, drizzle the melted butter on the chicken and place them on the grill for approximately 30 – 40 minutes or until the internal temperature reaches 170 F.

Remove from the grill and drizzle with honey. Enjoy !

DATES TO REMEMBER

Mark your calendar - Vancouver Yukoners' Banquet 2012 is April 14, with banquet weekend booked for April 13-15 at the River Rock in Richmond BC.

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 of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon, BC, Canada
V1B 1V8