

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 345<sup>th</sup> Edition – October 30<sup>th</sup>, 2011**

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



Partridge in a tree in the Frizzell's yard in Whitehorse.  
Photo courtesy Don Frizzell [frizzell\\*northwestel.net](mailto:frizzell*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

### **CAMP LIFE II: THE CAMP**

By Aksel Porsild [yukoner1\\*shaw.ca](mailto:yukoner1*shaw.ca) (In Courtenay BC)

During the construction of the Highway, the US Army, and later the civilian contractors built dozens of camps along the route to house these construction crews. Some of these “villages” were composed of substantial, well built structures, while others were intended only to be used on a short term basis and were basic, prefabricated buildings often insulated poorly or not at all. Thus it was that, after the construction crews left, the maintenance people following them moved into the better, more complete and best located camps. These were then upgraded where necessary, and more buildings built as required. By the time the DND took over maintenance duties in 1946, most of these camps were well established in their definitive locations. The others were often purchased by private individuals for “road houses” or motels.

Smaller crews and fifty mile sections were prevalent in Southern Area, where there were nine camps for five hundred miles of road, while larger crews of seven or more men with ninety to one hundred miles of road were the norm in Central Area. This Area at first had five camps,

responsible for its 425 miles; after 1955 four camps looked after a reduced area of 350 miles, when Marsh Lake was closed and Central Area lost 45 miles to Northern.

In Northern Area the sections were again fifty to sixty miles long, and initially five camps maintained 303 miles. In 1955 Stony Creek Maintenance Camp, Mile 956, moved to Whitehorse, amalgamating with Central's Marsh Lake crew and taking over most of the latter camp's previous section in Central Area. Koidern Camp, Mile 1156, had pulled up stakes five years previously and moved to Beaver Creek, 34 miles farther north. Thus, after 1955 four crews did 330 miles, for an average of 88 miles per camp. In addition, Northern Area also had one maintenance camp at Mile 75 on the Haines Road, that maintained 120 miles, first as a summer-only job, later year-round.

The camps had accommodations for up to six families in various sorts of buildings, most of which were classified by the Army as "Emergency Married Quarters" (EMQ's). They would be typically about seven to eight hundred square feet, have two bedrooms, and were heated by oil space heaters. Of course indoor plumbing was incorporated, even in those early days, and the kitchen stove burned wood; most of these later were converted to oil fuel. By and large, they were quite comfortable for a small family, even in winter. Maintenance of the buildings was the responsibility of No. 17 Works Company, RCE, and travelling tradesmen like "Stovepipe Joe", the stove mechanic, and various plumbers and electricians made regular trips up and down the Road. In Northern and Central these tradesmen were based in Whitehorse; in Southern, either Dawson Creek or Fort Nelson. Some were civilians like us on the Trail, while others were military trained technical soldiers/tradesmen. During the summer, major repairs like re-roofing, re-siding, even painting were conducted by small crews of Works carpenters, accommodated in the nearest Highway lodge, unless bunkhouses were located at the camp, as they were in Watson Lake, Destruction Bay and some other locations.

Each camp had its own electrical generating equipment and water supply system. A "power house" was built sufficiently far away from the EMQ's to minimize the sound of the large Caterpillar diesels used to drive the generators. Two identical plants were installed, and one was always ready to go on line as a standby. Water and sewage systems were also run from the power house, and electric water pumps and sewer lift pumps where necessary were used. In addition, there was an emergency, high-capacity water pump installed for fire fighting purposes, along with large reels of fire hose. These were inspected often, but seldom used; few major fires took place at any of the maintenance camps to my knowledge.

The garage of course was the main building in a maintenance camp, and some of these were quite large, built to house big construction equipment. In addition, most camps had other large-doored structures that were formerly also garages but were now used as additional storage for seasonal or little-used vehicles, machines and materials. They were unheated, and were universally referred to as cold storage buildings, usually tightly locked.

The garages varied in size, but generally it could house all the machines and vehicles year round that were in daily use. The camp office was also under the garage roof, and was the nerve centre of the Camp. Usually the Army line phone was here, and all the maintenance and where personnel time records were kept in the foreman's office. It was usually isolated by a door or two from the main workshop area, with its own space heater, allowing the foreman or mechanic to do paper work with a minimum of noise distractions.

The garages were a storage facility as well as a repair and maintenance building, especially in winter when engines and machinery had to be kept warm, even if not used every day. About seven bays, usually long enough to accommodate one grader or two smaller vehicles were the norm. One bay, normally a short one, was reserved for the camp's ambulance, since it had to be instantly available, without another vehicle parked behind it. It always had a full tank of gas and its engine was started and run every couple of days, to preclude a dead battery. Another dedicated bay

housed the camp's wrecker, usually a large enough unit to handle even the eleven ton motor graders when they broke down on the road.

Garages were normally heated by large oil-fired furnaces, centrally installed in the building without ducting; doors to parts bins and offices, if not individually heated, were left open in order that heat could circulate. The building was in most cases not well insulated and were most inefficient to keep warm in winter; drafts around the large doors were icy blasts, and the floors were never warm in spite of these forced air furnaces going full blast in cold weather.

The garages were well-equipped, with both acetylene/oxygen and electric welding equipment, air powered lubricators and the like, and had at least one full length pit for under-vehicle inspection and servicing, but no hoists. A full set of tools for all the heavy equipment was supplied, in addition to the mechanics' personal, often extensive full tool boxes. One mechanic was included in a maintenance camp's complement, but some were better craftsmen than others, since a tradesman's ticket was not required in those days for employment by the Army. When a foreman got a particularly good one, though, he did all he could to keep him. It always made the job go better and quicker if the equipment maintenance was at a high level, without calling in Area's master mechanic or RCEME (the Army's main workshop) personnel from Whitehorse or Muskwa. A camp mechanic was most in demand if he were one who was adept in both improvising and scrounging; making something work from scrap materials was a trait to be prized, and some of our people--and not just the mechanics--did this extremely well. Foremen, too, were often good at scrounging parts, either from other camps, or from abandoned vehicles and camps, of which there were many during the first few years of DND's tenure.

By the very nature of our isolated camps, much maintenance work on our quarters and other buildings was done by ourselves. This was especially true in the case of emergencies, like thawing water or even fuel oil lines to the EMQ's. This latter problem was common when the temperatures dropped to extremely low levels; even winter grade Diesel fuel, which we used for our space heaters and garage furnaces, was prone to gelling or even freezing in minus 50 or 60 degree weather. Emergency measures comprised of temporarily hooking the space heaters or furnaces to small portable fuel tanks, placed indoors near the heating unit. Water was usually kept from freezing by the practice of keeping a couple of faucets running at all times in each house. This would keep the water moving in all the distribution lines and preclude freezing, even in the coldest weather.

There were times, though, when one or another of us forgot to leave a tap running, or not running fast enough, and we would have no water for our morning wash or coffee. This emergency was handled by bringing the portable arc welding unit, which was gasoline driven, to the building, hooking the electrodes to the water line on each side of the frozen section (usually between two EMQ's) and running it at high amperage for an hour or so. This typically did the trick, by heating the steel pipe, and the utility was restored. Fuel lines, which were usually buried in the ground, were harder to thaw, because it was too dangerous to use the welder on oil pipes, but these typically froze where they entered the ground or emerged from it. They could then be heated with hot water; if under a building more commonly with a gas driven Herman-Nelson space heater which was capable of emitting a large quantity of hot, dry air. Every camp had at least two of these units, used for a variety of cold-weather tasks, not the least important one being that of thawing frozen vehicles to start them.

Other maintenance chores necessarily done on our quarters were unclogging drains, repairing broken windows and the like; we always had spare glass, flooring lino and other routine

maintenance items in our warehouses. All of us, but especially the camp mechanic had to be jack-of-all trades to live effectively at these camps, and if a man wasn't one when he came to a camp, he quickly became adept at household repair and maintenance of necessity. When only seven to twelve families (including the CN Telecommunications repeater station and line crews) lived together in one small area, we all had to help each other, especially in winter, when outside assistance was not immediately available. Thus, if we had electrical problems that needed quick temporary repairs that none of us were competent to do, often a CNT man, most of whom were trained in electrics and electronics, would be able to help out. Similarly, one of our people often would help out with, say, a mechanical repair on one of the repeater station's generators or the linemen's truck. It often was a mutual aid society that really worked well. Only on a few occasions did any friction between the two communities occur, and it usually didn't last too long; indeed from time to time friction between people within their own group happened, but one quickly learned that animosities could not prevail for long, since we all were more or less interdependent.

Other considerations related to this isolated life style involved the logistics of not having a corner store near, indeed any store of any kind. Some camps, however, had a lodge/gas station in the vicinity, and these were sometimes helpful if some item of food was urgently needed. But such camps as Brooks Brook, Sikanni Chief, Prophet River and Destruction Bay were devoid of any commercial outlet, and one had to get a car started (sometimes not an easy task in winter, since most camps didn't have enough electrical generating capacity to allow car block heater plug-ins) and drive miles to where one was located. Groceries were bought about once a month by driving to the nearest large centre like Whitehorse, Watson Lake or Fort Nelson, while clothing, furniture and dry goods were normally supplied via catalogue shopping at Eaton's or Simpsons-Sears. There was in addition, once a week grocery runs from Edmonton or Dawson Creek, operated by one of the large trucking companies, where one could order any item of groceries, but only in bulk. Thus, we ordered bread, canned milk, frozen fresh milk and the like by the case from the driver, who would take the orders to local suppliers in Dawson Creek or Fort St. John. The following week, on the same day, the truck would arrive in camp and everyone would crowd around and pick up their order; it was billed by the driver and paid on delivery. This system worked quite well, and it ensured more or less fresh stuff regularly.

Meat, for those families who had not gotten a moose or other animal to last the winter, or who chose not to, also was purchased from Fort St John or Dawson Creek. To get the best price, one had to buy a whole quarter or even a half carcass. It would then be cut to order and wrapped in one-or-two-meal sizes in freezer paper before being shipped, solidly frozen. Often two families would share a half carcass, getting a slightly better price for the increased volume. Since the camps all had large walk-in community freezers and coolers, keeping was not a problem for either meat or most other foods.

In the early years, BYN Company of Whitehorse ran a bi-weekly bus service from Dawson Creek to Whitehorse, and handled the mail, while in Northern Area, O'Hara Bus Lines, an Alaskan firm, handled this chore. But COD's and other special delivery items were taken to the nearest Post Office for distribution. Later, trucking firms ran dedicated mail runs twice a week in both directions, making it much easier and quicker to communicate by this means. The repeater stations were designated as mail handlers at each camp where no other mail outlet was established, and COD's were paid there as well.

Our wives, after a few winter months, would become quite good at estimating the weekly or monthly food supply, and it was seldom that anyone ran seriously out of any particular commodity. One could always borrow from a neighbour in any case, and we usually did, several times a month. But most of them demanded a break from isolation once a month or so, and we would do a trip to Town. Here we splurged by buying fresh produce like lettuce, tomatoes and the like, which we couldn't keep for long at camp, and which the food truck didn't supply. We always did a visit to the bar while the women shopped or visited the beauty parlour or the doctor. Often, two couples would double up and take one car, saving a bit of wear, tear and gas, but in very cold weather, especially if there were small children travelling as well, two or more vehicles convoyed for safety. We would then always phone ahead on our return trip, which was usually during the dark hours, so that if we were overdue, someone would be sent to look for us. Mainly we saved these "town" trips for when the temperatures were more benign, but there were times that this was not possible, for medical reasons or baby problems. Other activities, not easily done from our maintenance camps were such things as car licences, insurance work, and banking chores. In fact all the things that we take for granted in our modern society, living in or near towns or cities, were non-existent in our camps and often we had to drive long distances to do basic chores like renewing our car insurance, even drawing some cash money from a bank. Most camps didn't even have telephones at individual homes, and if a phone call was necessary it had to be made from the repeater station, and was a cumbersome process at best with little or no privacy. These stations were not equipped to handle casual phone activities; they existed solely to maintain and propagate the signals using the CN owned lines, and the US military line. The latter was a NORAD defence network and could not be interrupted without costly consequences. The Army line was a private network, and, while there was a phone in the foreman's house, it was not possible to patch a call though to public lines from the repeater stations, except in very unusual, emergency circumstances.

Television was unheard of, of course, and even radio reception was spotty and unreliable. Stations would only come in at night, and usually that only with long bi-pole wire antennas; in winter the Aurora would raise havoc with most transmissions causing endless static noise in even the strongest signals. West coast stations had the best chance of being received: AM facilities in Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. Freak conditions often got us places like Sacramento, Spokane, and Omaha, Nebraska. CBC we could often get, but usually only from CBK in Saskatchewan, but later CBC installed low power repeaters in or near some of the camps, and this helped. Most of us had hi-fi systems though, and we would trade and play each others' 33 1/3 and 45 rpm records all winter. Some people belonged to record clubs, which in the mid-fifties were in their infancy, and this made for more variety, and more trading.

Each maintenance camp had a recreation hall, of a size to hold perhaps fifty people at a party, and we used them well. In winter, depending on the individual camp, cribbage, bridge or whist nights were held once a week, and often a party (usually a beer fest with dancing) of some kind about once a month or so. We had a sort of community club organized and the club would possess a record player and sound system suitable for the size of the hall. There would be a fund which would buy a supply of liquor or beer, then sell it at the function. In the early days no licence or permit was required; later a "banquet licence" was necessary and could be obtained from any RCMP officer. Some of these parties became real blasts, and invitees from other camps or from neighbouring lodges or restaurants often attended. In summer these parties became less frequent, and were usually only held in connection with a ball tournament or fishing derby. In winter parties were mandatory during the annual camp's curling bonspiel, and some of these parties became legendary.

## **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](mailto:marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

### **Yukon Flying Squirrel**

My Dad used to say that this or that would happen when pigs fly. Pigs can't fly, I'd tell him. "It's just an old expression," he would say, frowning at my naiveté.

But squirrels can. Really? Yep, some can, and today we'll explore the lifestyle of a tiny creature whom you will seldom see. Just like flying pigs.

On the limb of a tall spruce tree in the dense Yukon forest, a tiny rodent - not much bigger than a mouse - prepares for a 50-metre journey through the air to a landing spot on another chosen tree. As it leaps into space, its four limbs spread wide, with loose fur-covered skin stretched out to create a parachute, the Northern Flying Squirrel glides along, twisting and turning through the trees.

The squirrel steers by adjusting the tightness of the skin flap and position of its front legs. The tail acts as a stabilizer, like the tail of a kite.

As the long journey nears its finale, the squirrel swoops up at the last moment, reducing its speed with air brakes - like a just-landed 737 - and settles gently on the branch.

It turns out this miracle of squirrel flying is not really flying. Instead, the Yukon Flying Squirrel is an accomplished glider. The tiny mammal is common in Yukon forests, but because it's a nocturnal owl, few Yukoners have ever seen one.

Because biologists have not studied the flying squirrel much in the Yukon, its distribution is not well known. Still, they say there are plenty of them around.

You've all seen red squirrels. Well, the flying guy is about half that size, weighing in at about 100 grams, the size of a big chocolate bar. Brown-grey fur on the top of its body contrasts sharply with the pale, cream-coloured underparts.

The loose skin that runs from the wrist to ankle means the little guy is not very agile on the ground, but a thing of beauty in the air. With the help of its flattened tail, the flying squirrel can bank and turn in mid-glide. The large bright eyes help give the flying squirrel a unique appearance.

Like all squirrels, the young are born in a tree in spring. Sometimes a mother will glide while holding one of the young in her mouth.

Unlike red squirrels, flying squirrels are very sociable. As many as twenty flying squirrels have been found sleeping in a single communal winter nest.

So you ask, how can I see this tiny creature that only comes out at night. Well, usually you don't, but some observers have reported seeing flying squirrels as they land softly on a bird feeder.

I saw one in the small forest above the clay cliffs many years ago. What kind of bird looks like a mouse, I later asked my Dad.

Dunno know, he said, but if you think you saw such a creature, the next thing you'll be telling me is that pigs can fly.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

### **Hugh Bradley, of the Pelly Farm, YT.**

Hugh Bradley, of the Pelly Farm, YT, received an Alumumni Honour Award from the University of Alberta on September 22, 2011.

The award states: "Hugh Bradley, BSc. (Ag) '54 is a leader and a mentor in Yukon's Agricultural community. He has farmed in the Yukon for more than 55 years, He is part of an exclusive group of Canadians who have recorded weather data, twice daily, which he has done since he's been farming."

We should also add that he and his wife Wenda have been gracious and accommodating hosts for the numerous visitors they receive each year.



Hugh and other award winners.

Photo courtesy John Stelfox [betty\\_stelfox\\*telus.net](mailto:betty_stelfox@telus.net) (In Vernon)



Wenda, John Stelfox Hugh, and Nola Godwin  
Photo courtesy John Stelfox [betty\\_stelfox@telus.net](mailto:betty_stelfox@telus.net) (In Vernon)

## Re Moctel 344

Re Moctel 344 - as my sister Karren says..."Wow, what a bunch of memories" were re-awakened by Stan Barker Jr's reminiscences of the Yukon Telephone Co. and the Mayo – Whitehorse operations from the early 1950's. Great stuff, Stan Jr – and some great pictures!

We first arrived in Whitehorse, enroute to Mayo, on a dreary day in early October 1954 and stayed for a day or so in the Telephone office pictured on Main Street. I think we slept somewhere upstairs and in the back of the building. We weren't told anything about a suicide having been committed there a few months earlier...which, I'm sure was just as well!

I do clearly remember meeting Whitehorse Manager Alan Hill. He was a classic British gentleman – the image of movie actor David Niven (older movie-goers will remember him) and at a later meeting he told us about some of his wartime and postwar cloak-and-dagger escapades with the British Secret Service MI-5 in Germany and Austria. The place-name of Klagenfurt, Austria sticks in my memory for no apparent reason. Apparently Mr. Hill had lived there for some time after the war. Strange how selective memory can be.

Ted North [ttnorth@telus.net](mailto:ttnorth@telus.net) (Mayo 1954-55, Dawson City 1959, Whitehorse 1960-64) (In Nanaimo)

What an interesting edition. While I lived in Grande Prairie and Dawson Creek as a youngster, I recall splitting wood, our wood kitchen stove with the warmer on top and a water compartment on the side. We had a water barrel too and the outhouse was 75 feet from the house, so you didn't dally in there very long in the winter time.

Don Frizzell [frizzell@northwestel.net](mailto:frizzell@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

**OLD BUSINESS CARDS – do they bring back memories to you?** Submitted by Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@gmail.com](mailto:northernlyght@gmail.com) (In Langley BC)

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## **The Lost Patrol Remembered After 100 Years**

By Dan Davidson

August 30, 2011

The life and the memory of Inspector Francis Fitzgerald seem to have been plagued by the weather. Weather helped to take the lives of Inspector Fitzgerald, Constable Richard O'Hara Taylor, Constable George Francis Kinney and their guide, Special Constable Sam Carter, when they who set out make the trip from Fort McPherson, NWT, to Dawson City on Dec. 21, 1910. By the end of February they were long over due in Dawson and had died of starvation on the trail. Their bodies were found in late March 1911.

This disaster has gone down in RCMP annals as the Lost Patrol, the memory assisted by Dick North's book, *The Lost Patrol: The Mounties' Yukon Tragedy* (Raincoast Books, 147 pages). On August 27 members of the Force gathered in Dawson City to commemorate the 100th anniversary of these events and, once again, the weather played a role. The day itself was beautiful and the parade from the S.S. Keno to the Detachment along Front Street was a success, with lots of people turning out to see the Red Serge on the march.

The rebuilt monument, like the original patrol, was not quite finished however, the work by stonemason Jim Williams having been held up by Dawson's regular summer rains. As emcee, retired Staff Sgt Brian Gudmundson, said, "Weeks of continual moisture basically negated the ability of the stone mason to prepare and place mortar. Mr. Jim Williams has been working at this diligently whenever he has had a moment and today would probably be the best day he's had for ages."

The monument was about 80% complete, lacking a finished top and some of the inlay stonework on the cement foundation. On the positive side, this gave folks who had always wondered about this a chance to see just how such monuments, common across the country, are put together. After the singing of "O Canada", led by Tracy Nordick, the formal ceremony began with a presentation by Parks Canada interpreters Fred Osson and Gabriella Sgaga, during which the tale of the Lost Patrol was told to the crowd of about 150 gathered for the event.

The IODE's Myrna Butterworth then explained the history of the Fitzgerald Memorial Plaque, which was first made by the IODE's F. J. Fitzgerald Chapter, which was the a young ladies version of the women's club. In 1914 this group erected a Fitzgerald Memorial what was then still called the Royal Northwest Mounted Police yard. In 1950, with a vastly reduced force of rebranded RCMP here, much of that land was taken over to become the Dept. of Highways yard on Fifth Avenue, and the somewhat deteriorated memorial was relocated to a site near the Commissioner's Residence, not far from the old RNWMP barracks, where it was placed between two historic cannons.

Much of that area was damaged in the flood of 1979 and the plaque ended up outside what was then the RCMP detachment building, mounted on nothing more than a cement block. The building, in turn was replaced in 2004, and the cannons were housed in two display buildings at

the entrance to the courtyard. The Fitzgerald plaque, it was decided, needed a new home, and that has now been accomplished.

“Today,” she concluded, “we are rededicating the monument, 100 years after this disastrous bit of history.”

Sergeant Dave Wallace, the detachment commander in Dawson, told how discussions about holding a Lost Patrol memorial quickly turned to what to do about the plaque.

“Retired Auxiliary Constable Stephen Johnson was approached, and he agreed to design the monument from the historic 1915 photo and the end result is what we will unveil shortly.”

The unveiling was carried out by Wallace, Butterworth, Chief Superintendent Peter Clark and Deputy Commissioner West Peter German.

“As we can all see,” said Gudmundson [Staff Sergeant (Ret’d) Brian Gudmundson], “the monument hasn’t quite been completed. This is similar to the Fitzgerald Patrol. They didn’t complete their journey – but the unfinished cairn was not a planned event.”

Deputy Commissioner West German laid the commemorative wreath above the smaller inlaid plaque, which reads, “Re-erected in the 100th Anniversary year of the Lost Patrol, August 27, 2011.”

Chief Superintendent Clark noted that the original monument had been erected by the people of Dawson, rather than the Force itself, and that the lead in designing the replacement had also been taken by a local citizen.

“The RCMP members and families sincerely appreciate this gesture as it confirms that the community will never forget those who have lost their lives in service. The monument represents an enduring connection between the RCMP and the people of Dawson. Community support for the police, as demonstrated by ceremonies and your attendance here today, is very much appreciated. So it is with gratitude and pride that we have laid the wreath and dedicated this monument today.”

As a final note to the afternoon, Clark presented Stephen Johnson with a special certificate of recognition for his work in helping to recreate the monument.



RCMP March – Thirteen members marched from the S.S. Keno, along Front Street, to the Dawson Detachment.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Deputy Commissioner West German lays the commemorative wreath at the cairn.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Chief Superintendent Peter Clark presents a certificate of appreciation to Stephen Johnson, who coordinated the work on the monument. Retired Auxiliary Constable Johnson's sweatshirt has an RCMP logo on the front.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **Regimental Ball Marks the Anniversary of the Lost Patrol**

By Dan Davidson

September 3, 2011

The Palace Grand Theatre was awash in Red Serge on the evening of August 27 as about 50 members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police gathered, with a number of special guests, for a Regimental Ball to mark the 100th anniversary of the Lost Patrol.

Deputy Commissioner Peter German remarked on the splendor of this Regimental Ball, with its abundance of Red Serge, set amongst the historic buildings of Dawson City. German said he had first become aware of the Lost Patrol in his native Halifax, where a monument to Inspector Fitzgerald can be found.

While Fitzgerald's career was a tribute to the traditions of the Force, German said that he had made the fatal error of not having a native guide with him on that last patrol, and this underlined for the RCMP the importance of working with and within the communities in which they serve.

The traditions of the Force continue to this day, he said, and Sam Steele, James Walsh and the others in the annals of the Force's history "would be extremely proud, not only of this community, and how the buildings have been maintained. They would be thrilled to see this Regimental Ball ... by the camaraderie and sense of community. It's amazing that they continue in some of the same buildings in which they created those traditions."

Sgt. Dave Wallace, Dawson detachment commander and host of the ball, rose to greet the visitors and thank the members of the community who were assisting in paying tribute to the Lost Patrol. Wallace noted that this event was the final one in a series that had begun in Fort McPherson back in December 2010. In March, 2011, there was a Regimental Funeral to commemorate the discovery of the bodies of the four members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police (Inspector Fitzgerald, Constable Richard O'Hara Taylor, Constable George Francis Kinney and their guide, Special Constable Sam Carter who had perished 100 years earlier from cold and starvation.

Wallace noted that the event here would not have been a success without the participation of the caterers from the Downtown Hotel, the members of the Klondyke Centennial Society and all of those connected to the Dawson detachment, members and auxiliary members and civilian staff.

Mayor Peter Jenkins brought greetings from the City of Dawson, praising the RCMP for making such a wise choice of where to hold their celebration.

"Members, you have much to be proud of. You are part of the most recognized police force in the world. Not only the most recognized, probably the best."

Following the mayor's speech, emcee Staff Sergeant (Ret'd) Brian Gudmundson presented him with a memento, one of the oversized adhesive parking tickets that Dawson's bylaw officers used to slap on the front windshields of illegally parked vehicles.

**Home-town girl Brenda Butterworth-Carr**, now working out of Ottawa as the Chief Superintendent in charge of the National Community and Aboriginal Policing Services, noted that her return to Dawson, where she was brought up and later served a term as a constable, was auspicious.

"I left here at 19 years old as a Special Constable and I've returned as a Chief Superintendent 21 years later."

She introduced TH elder Kris Janus, who welcomed the gathering to the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in's traditional territory.

Chief Superintendent Peter Clark, Commanding Officer of M Division, who was the last speaker at the podium, began by saying that all of the previous speakers had left him very little to talk about.

"It's all been said, and said extremely well. The support of the community, the turnout here tonight of the members, spouses and friends of the families, really is historic and something ... I hope you

will remember for the rest of your lives. This is truly a fabulous venue and it is a most worthwhile event, something which demonstrates the strength and the bond between the Force and the larger family of the community which we work closely with here.”

The Lost Patrol portion of the evening’s program was led by Brian Gudmundson, who has been involved with the legend of the Lost Patrol for many years, including during his years of service in both Fort McPherson and Dawson City. With the assistance of several other members and retired members, he presented a detailed history of various events that have dealt with the Lost Patrol over the last several decades beginning with a historic account, then a personal account written by a relative of one of the patrol members and carrying on through several reenactments that have taken place over the decades.



Palace Grand Theater became the Banquet Hall.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Chief Superintendent Brenda Butterworth-Carr [Dawson home town girl] is currently in charge of the National Community and Aboriginal Policing Services, and is based in Ottawa.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



MP Ryan Leef, Dep. Com. Peter German, Hon. Marion Horne, Chief Superintendent Peter Clark, Joline Clark, Chief Super. Wade Blake, Dianne Blake, Sgt. Dave Wallace, Rachelle Wallace.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **YUKON BUTTERWORTH'S**

*I was curious to know if Brenda was related to Myrna Butterworth, so asked. – Sherron*

Brenda is the daughter of John and Corina Butterworth of Whitehorse; Granddaughter of Jack and Pretoria Butterworth of Dawson city.

Brenda is my great niece by Marriage. Her dad is Les 'nephew. The family is very proud of her accomplishment in the RCMP.

Brenda was born and raised in Dawson, over the years the Jack Butterworth family left and most of the kids moved to Whitehorse, Jack and Pretoria are both passed on. I and my daughter Lorraine are the only Butterworths now living in Dawson.

There were four Butterworth brothers living Dawson prior to WW2. Jack, Cecil, Roy and Les. After the War, Roy and Les and Jack started families in the Klondike. Jack and his wife set up Butterworth's Store, Roy and Les worked for YCGC, Roy and his family moved to Whitehorse where Roy worked for the North West Highways System for many years, Les stayed in the Dawson area, while Cecil and his family lived in 100 mile House area.

Les' Dad George Butterworth Sr. came to the Yukon, I believe, in the 1930's. His mother Olive stayed in B.C. After the family moved from Ontario. All four brothers were in the Yukon at one time. Cecil went back to BC and stayed there after WW11 ended.

Myrna (Hadley) Butterworth [myrnab\\*northwestel.net](http://myrnab*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **The Yukon Queen II Closes its Season**

By Dan Davidson

September 13, 2011

The buffet spread wasn't quite up to the historic standard on this year's final set of public cruises aboard the Yukon Queen II, but then the boat hasn't had to prepare full meals at the level of service it met when it was making the long run down and up the Yukon River to Eagle and back in days of yore.

It's been two seasons now that the YQII has been confined to a short tourist run, heading about an hour down river to the Twelve Mile and then chugging back upstream to Dawson. Last summer's rains washed out parts of the Taylor Highway to Eagle and caused slides in other places. Road repairs since then have made improvements, and regular vehicles make the run all the time, but Holland America's insurers were not yet convinced that the road was safe for the big buses and so they did not go there again this year.

Holland America's internal surveys continue to rate the cruise aspect of the visit to Dawson as a popular part of this route, and are determined to find ways to keep the boat in the water.

There were cheers from the passenger seats on September 2 Captain Al Bruce welcomed his passengers aboard, explaining that this was Holland America's way of saying thanks for the support the town has given the boat this season.

Opinions about the YQII are divided in Dawson. Some say it does too much damage to fish and to the riverbank. Others maintain that it is an essential element of Dawson's, and indeed the Yukon's, tourism industry. Mayor Peter Jenkins reiterated the latter position at one of the summer's Chamber of Commerce meetings.

It has been several years now since the company accepted the fact that it was doing some harm to fish and was instructed by the federal Dept. of Fisheries to apply for a special license to allow it to continue operating. Part of that process includes finding ways to make the run have less impact, and ways to mitigate whatever impact there may be.

The initial screening report of the Yukon's Socioeconomic Review Board was inclusive and the matter was bumped upstairs to the executive committee, which is where it now sits. The seasons since that happened have not been normal ones, by any stretch of the imagination, and the issues are unresolved.

The boat does leave an undeniable wake behind it, especially when it is fighting the current to come back upstream, but Bruce points to the sides of the river, where spring breakup made deep gouges in the bank several metres above where the waves from the boat's wake are washing ashore, and wonders how to compare the two actions.

Captain Al says the company has been filing reports with YESAB all season and that it is planning to continue the service into the immediate future. At this time it is in the plan to return to the Eagle-Dawson run as in the past during the 2012 season.

Bruce has travelled literally hundreds of thousands of kilometres on this river in his many years of putting the YQII through her paces.

After the safety demonstration was complete passengers were free to wander around the boat. As it was a fine day, if a bit dull, a good many made their way to the open deck on the second level, there to watch as Dawson receded slowly into the distance, as we passed the Sternwheeler graveyard off the port side, and as Moosehide approached us to starboard.

The kids were fascinated by the wheelhouse, where Captain Al sat watching his many displays and dials, adjusting course and speed, and answering the welter of questions they threw at him. If the passengers down below were wondering why the boat's horn sounded every so often, it's because that red button on the port side of the wheelhouse is the only one the captain will let the kids touch – and they love to.

Two days after this cruise the boat has gone to its winter berth in Eagle. A week later the last Holland America buses have departed and the windows of the Westmark Dawson and its annexes have been boarded up for another winter.



Captain Al Bruce seems to be a kid magnet.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Passengers find the village of Moosehide fascinating.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Dawson from the river as it is not usually seen.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## HARBOUR PUBLISHING & MOSAIC BOOKS

present a book signing for  
Remarkable Yukon Women  
Profiles by Claire Festel  
Portraits by Val Hodgson  
THURSDay, OCTOBER 27, 2011  
1:00 pm – 4:00 pm  
Mosaic Books  
411 Bernard Avenue, Kelowna

Author CLAIRE FESTEL will be joined by RUSTY REID, one of the “remarkable women” featured in the book. Both Claire and Rusty will be available to answer questions, and Rusty will play some songs from her CD, Lonesome for the Yukon. For more information, or to reserve a signed copy, please phone Mosaic Books at (250) 763-4418.

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## YUKON FLOWERS



**Penstemon**

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



**Klondike Valley**

Photo courtesy Warren Gammel of Fairbanks Alaska

## OBIT

Shirley Turton passed on to me that **Oliver (Bud) Berg** had died, so I looked up the obit and this is what I found.

BERG, Oliver (Bud) October 28, 1929 - October 7, 2011 It is with much sadness that the family of Oliver Berg announce his passing on Friday, October 7, 2011 in his 82nd year. Bud is survived by his partner of many years Ingrid Dick, his two sons, Earl Berg (Cindy), Tenny Berg (Leona), and five grandchildren, Kelly, Cody, Michael, Tyler, and Brody. He is also survived by his sister Johanna Dutton (John). As well as many nieces and nephews. Bud was predeceased by his parents Gilbert and Mable Berg and his brother Ken Berg. A Memorial Service will be held at First Memorial Funeral Services (1211 Sutherland Ave., Kelowna, B.C.) on Thursday, October 13, 2011 at 3:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that memorial donations may be made directly to the Heart and Stroke Foundation or the Diabetes Foundation of Canada

Larry Chalmers [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) (In Oliver BC)

### **Basil Edward STUDER** **July 30, 1922 - October 22, 2011**

I am sending for your information, and that of your subscribers, the obituary of Basil STUDER which has appeared in both Calgary papers recently. I am sure many of your readers will remember him well.

My association with (then) **Father STUDER** was pretty well isolated to the arena in Whitehorse. We were team-mates on the Dawson and Hall hockey team for several years up until I left Whitehorse. Not only was he an exceptional hockey player, he was a tremendous man, who, as a young person, I admired and respected immensely. As a team-mate, he was always just "one of the boys" out to win at the game of hockey. He led by example and showed great leadership both on and off the ice. Because of his position in the community, and his ability to play the game, I always felt he was somewhat a marked man with opposition players. He certainly took more than his share of physical punishment, and never did he embarrass himself or the church. Whenever the opposition crossed the line, so to speak, Jack SIMPSON would, as they say today, have his back. For those of you who remember Jack SIMPSON's hockey reputation, I think this speaks volumes for how we all felt about Father STUDER, the man.

I'm sure that there are those who had a much closer relationship with him than I, but I wanted to ensure that those who knew him were made aware of his passing. He surely will be missed by those who had the privilege of knowing him. A great hockey player and a great man.

Dan Vars [dvars@shaw.ca](mailto:dvars@shaw.ca) (In Calgary)

**STUDER , Basil Edward**  
July 30, 1922 - October 22, 2011

Basil was born in Lac Pelletier, Saskatchewan on July 30, 1922, the middle child of a family of nine. He was predeceased by his parents, Helen and Anthony Studer and all of his brothers and sisters. Basil is survived by his wife, Verna, and sons Mark (Kari and three grandchildren - twins Everett and Karsen and sister Ryan, of Calgary and Todd of Dubai, UAE, also Lorelei Rogers, of Limerick, Saskatchewan, spouse of Hugh Studer who passed away in August of this year, as well as other nieces and nephews.

**Basil spent many years in the Yukon as a Missionary Oblate of Mary Immaculate.** During these years he made a documentary film called The Law of the Yukon that won awards around the world. He studied Canon Law at Urban University and travelled extensively in Europe. In 1967 Basil had a career change and following laicization from Rome he married his present wife, Verna. During his life Basil held many posts - Pastor, Lawyer, Teacher of languages, Mayor, Political junkie, family man and until he could go no more, the ultimate hockey player. His greatest attribute was his service to others and wherever he lived he left behind a string of achievements to better the community.

Our family would like to thank Dr. Oyebanji, nursing staff and those who worked and cared for Basil so well during his time at Chinook Care Center. Your many kindnesses are greatly appreciated. Cremation is in the care of Heartland Funeral Services, Olds, AB (403-507-8610). Memorial Service and interment of ashes will be held in the Spring in Calgary and later a service in Salmon Arm. In lieu of flowers donations made to the charity of one's choice.

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*You cannot multiply wealth by dividing it.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Noelle (Cyr) Misko [sourdoughyt@hotmail.com](mailto:sourdoughyt@hotmail.com) (In Edmonton)

### Cheezy Potatoes

Cubed diced potatoes  
One Onion (large) diced small  
Salt and Pepper  
1.4 cup butter or margarine  
½ - ¾ cup Cheez Whiz

Put in butter casserole dish.

Dice potatoes, add diced onions, salt and pepper to taste. Dab on butter and Cheez Whiz

Seal with foil

Bake at 375 F approx. 2 hours

Stir once in awhile during cooking.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

*Mark your calendar - Vancouver Yukoners Banquet 2012 – April 14 at the River Rock Casino.*

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

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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