

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 371st Edition – March 31st, 2013

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Boreal Owl

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hpj50@me.com (In Carcross)

The photo was taken this past Monday morning [March 18, 2013] when the temperature was -34C. It was taken near Whitehorse in the Spruce Hill subdivision (about 20kms south of Whitehorse BUT yes still in city limits!). If you do use it, perhaps add a thanks to Jan Forde for bringing this guy to my attention.

Heather

Hi Sherron,

Don't know if you knew Brian Daniels or not. He was manager or the Canada Manpower office during the 50`s and 60`s. Heard from his daughter yesterday that he had died.

His Obit should be in the Victoria Times tomorrow so will look it up and forward it on to you.

Attached is short tribute to him that you might want to put in the MocTel along with the poem.

Gus

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD FRIEND

(Brian C. Daniels)

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

I've told some tales of the lonely trails
We trod in the North in days gone by.
We were a pair when we were there,
Were the Limy Kid and I.
We hunted and fished, much as we wished,
Through endless summer light,
And our laughter rung as lewd songs were sung
'Round the campfire late at night.

But that was fifty years ago,
In the careless days of our youth,
And we've long since strayed our different ways,
To what fortunes our fates have brought.
But the friendship stayed though our paths have strayed,
And we've often met o'er a glass,
And we've talked of this, while we've reminisced,
'bout the fun we've had in the past.

We have roared with glee at the memories,
Of Dawson or Watson Lake,
And the giant fish that we "barely missed"
Or the moose that we didn't take.
But today I heard those dreadful words,
So soft and sadly said,
That our friendship had been severed,
My dear old friend is dead.

Farewell old buddy, hold a good fishin' Hole
Until we meet again at Trails End.

© 2013 Gus Barrett.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Yukon Horse

Most of us love horses, and why not. They have worked for and played with us for centuries. They are generally friendly and sometimes downright loyal, and in the Yukon, they have a history that may pre-date man.

Horses originated in North America about fifty million years ago. They were then the size of a terrier. Through time, they increased in size, and grew larger teeth with better grinding surfaces.

In the north, scientists call the early ancestors of today's horse, the Yukon horse. It lived on grasslands of Eastern Beringia, areas of the Yukon that remain unglaciated. The Yukon horse was one of the commonest Ice Age animals. Indeed, horses evolved in North America and spread out to the Old World via the Bering Land Bridge. Yukon horses probably arose in Beringia two hundred thousand years ago.

We know what the Yukon horse looks like, partly because of an exceptional carcass found in 1993 by placer miners at Last Chance Creek near Dawson City. Backhoe work had exposed the foreleg and a large part of the hide in a mining trench. Archaeologists collected tail hairs and a small portion of the lower intestine.

It had died about twenty thousand years ago. The horse, about four feet tall, had lived in a parkland environment. While one of the best specimens, there have been many other partial carcasses found over the years. Many excellent specimens were found near Fairbanks, Alaska and the Dawson City area.

Fossils have been found as far north and east as Baillie Islands, Northwest Territories, and as far south as Ketzka River and Scottie Creek in the Yukon.

Yukon horses seem to have died out about twelve thousand years ago in Eastern Beringia, maybe because of quick climatic change about the time of the last glaciation. It is also possible that human hunting hastened its demise.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

CLIFFORD J. ROGERS

Built by Canadian Vickers Ltd, Montreal, for British Yukon Ocean Services Ltd the Clifford J. Rogers was delivered in 1955. Designed to trade between Vancouver and the Yukon Territory she would carry general cargo northbound and palletised lead and zinc concentrates along with containers of asbestos ore southbound. On the basis that she was designed to carry 168 containers, stowed two abreast and three high in the hatch squares, she is sometimes touted as the first deep sea container ship.

She was powered by two British Mirrlees 4-cycle engines geared to a single screw. Seen arriving at Tauranga. In 1969 she was renamed Lampsis and in 1972 Drosia. On 11 December 1975, while en route Jamacia to New York with sugar, she sank 90 miles east of Cape Hatteras with the loss of eight crew.



Clifford J. Rogers

Photographer: Title: [CLIFFORD J. ROGERS](#)
Captured: IMO: 5076054
Location: Tauranga, New Zealand
Category: [General cargo ships built 1950-1959 \(Over 3000gt\)](#)

INFORMATION ABOUT PETE HULEY AND ELMER GAUNDREAU/GAUNDROUE

A Message from Kathy Gates:

With respect to **Pete Huley**;

To the best of my recollection there is material in the Yukon Archives in the 'Otto Nordling Fonds' concerning Pete Huley. I am fairly confident in saying it was Otto Nordling who championed Huley and the alleged usurping of the Huley "image" by Charlie Chaplin. I also cannot pin a date to this, but I am sure either original or copies of material Nordling gathered on Pete Huley might be in the Dawson Museum archives.....at least there was a file dating back to the late 1970's to early 80's when I was working there.....so perhaps they can help you out as well.

So my suggestion is for someone who can assist you by going up to the Archives and going through the Nordling material as well as any other collection that relates to Huley. If all else fails, get back to me and I will do a search there for you.

As for **Elmer Gaundreau**.....my suggestion is to contact Ione Christiansen here in Whitehorse. Margretta Gaundreau was her Aunt. I am aware that Ione has family material so may in fact have a

photo of Elmer. I did check my own photo collection but cannot locate any with Elmer in them...just Margretta whom I worked for my first summer in Dawson. Elmer was a long-time Fire Chief in Dawson City so there may be photos of him in the City Fire Dept. records...or again, at the Dawson Museum. The Museum Archives have extremely helpful staff.

Hope that helps your subscribers track down information. Oh, and perhaps information on both men might be forthcoming via Ed and Star Jones via their enormous collection of material on Yukoners lives and obits.....it is a very vital source for my own research and the two of them are also extremely helpful. They lived in Dawson in the 1960's so may even have a photo...but not sure of that one.

Cheers

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

A Message from Kathy Gates:

Well, Looked up Elmer Gaundreau name and the Dawson Museum photo website has the following 4 images....click on this and it will take you to the photos and you can enlarge and place an order....or the person making the enquiries can do that...the one of the YOOP is a pretty clear image of what he looked like close-up.

<http://www.dawsonmuseum.ca/photoarchives/?action=gosearch&q=Gaundreau>

Cheers

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Grand Lodge of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, January 8, 1970

Portrait of the Grand Lodge of the Yukon Order of Pioneers. Written in pen on the back is L to R
Back Row: John Gould; Father Bobillier; Bud Cyr; Bill Drury (? Bob Armstrong has been
scratched out) [It is Bill Drury]; L to R Front: Mike Comadina, Frank Lidstone, Elmer Gaundroue,
G.I. Cameron

Photographer: Gould, John

A Message from Ed and Star Jones:

Hello, Sherron. Thank you for a wonderful edition of the Moccasin Telegraph.
We may have a photo of our friend Elmer Gaundroue, and will send you a copy if we find it.

Regarding Peter Huley, here is the bit of information we have:

1. Had been a pearl diver, and a farmer
2. Actor in Hollywood, employed by Douglas Fairbanks Production Co.
3. Cook at YCGC camp
4. Inventor
5. Brother, John Huley, "restaurant man"
6. Died Vancouver, February 21, 1973

7. Ashes interred in St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery
8. Stone grave marker (we will send you a photo)
9. Marker also in Yukon Order of Pioneers Dome Road Cemetery

Sources: Dawson News March 17, 1927; Klondike Korner February 15, 1973, July 5, 1973;

Ed and Star Jones edandstar@gmail.com
7 Casa del Oro Court
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87508-8718

A Message from Ed and Star Jones:

Sherron,

A photo of Peter Huley's grave marker in Dawson's St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery will be in the mail to you soon.

Since we wrote yesterday, we have found a little more information on him:

1. FORMER DAWSON MAN NOW A STAR IN THE MOVIES

"Dawsonites will remember Peter Huley, the ever-smiling and hardworking man with the raven black hair and the Charlie Chaplin shuffle, who made his home in Dawson for several years. During the time that Pete resided in and around Dawson he made many friends with his obliging ways, and unique sincerity, but behind that friendship there was always that prevailing sentiment that Pete should someday enter the field of silent celluloid.

That is exactly what has happened. Pete left Dawson in 1923 after working at everything from pearl diving to the running of a big farm half way between Dawson and Ogilvie Bridge. Those who have observed the big warm storage dugout located on his farm can easily realize that Pete was not a man of any small resolve, for, single handed, he constructed that mammoth pit during the course of a solitary summer.

And now that same firm resolve to accomplish something has carried the former Dawsonite to the heights of fame in the moving picture world. Today Pete is holding down a steady contract with the Douglas Fairbanks Producing Company, and is earning as much as \$20 per day. He works in comedies and comedy-dramas, and from the hit that Pete is making in this profession, it looks as though he were already on the high road to fortune along with many of the other high-salaried comedians of the films.

When Pete left here he went direct to Hollywood, whereupon he began his climb to screen celebrity. For many wearisome months he hung around the studios, turning his hand to whatever kind of work coming his way, whether it was scene shifting or packing movie cameras.

Finally came the day when Pete got his first 'hit,' and now he is able to 'sit pretty' and merely await the approval of the comedy-loving public.

From all appearances, Pete is much stouter than he was when he left here, his upper lip is adorned with a well-groomed hirsute adornment of the Charlie Chaplin variety, while his nifty clothes, soot toned Fedora, and catchy multi-colored tie of many stripes immediately proclaim him as the proud possessor of successful screen characteristics.

The beauty of it all is that Pete is one of the first Dawsonites to claim success as a screen star, and it is hoped that he continues to climb in the realm of the envied artist of moviedom. Peter Huley is the brother of John Huley, the well-known Dawson restaurant man."

Source: Dawson Weekly News March 17, 1927

2. PETE HULEY, COMEDIAN, FEATURED AT EMPRESS THEATRE, FAIRBANKS

"John Huley of Bear Creek has received a newspaper clipping from Fairbanks, Alaska, with the Empress Theatre 'adv' having in its headlines his Brother Pete's name, he now being a Hollywood comedian. His single reel picture is featured as a special attraction, and is entitled, 'Night Man at the Model Cafe,' and is introduced as Fairbanks' own movie star. But we know better. He's Dawson's own comedian. Pete goes under the name of 'Hollywood.'"

Source: Dawson News June 21, 1932

3. "Pete Huley, well known Last Chance placer miner, paid a short visit to town last week.

Pete claims that his only company at his cabin this winter is a pet crow, which sticks around his place all the time. Pete's brother, John is working for Ralph 'Sox' Troberg who is mining on the Scouse ground on Last Chance this winter. Pete figured on returning to Last Chance after a couple of days in town. He said he might be in for Christmas if the weather is not too cold. Otherwise he planned on having his Christmas dinner at home."

Source: Dawson Weekly News December 22, 1949

4. "Klondike Pete Huley is in Toronto this week appearing in the Pierre Burton Show. Now living in Vancouver, pushing sales of his Rake-Hoe invention, Pete was head Bull cook at the YCGC Bear Creek Camp years ago when Pierre was working his way through college. They should have lots to talk about."

Source: Whitehorse Star November 1968

5. "From Otto Nordling in Vancouver comes word that Pete Huley was given the Red Carpet treatment in Toronto followed by a private party as guest of honor after his half hour T.V. interview with Pierre. Champagne flowed freely and Pierre and Pete had their first real reunion since they worked for the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation in Dawson years ago. Pete was

Bull Cook at Bear Creek, and Pierre a point doctor on Dominion Creek, thawing the frozen gold bearing gravels in preparation for the gold dredge. Pierre was working his way through college."

Source: Klondike Korner March 25, 1971

6. **"Residents of the Yukon were saddened to hear of the death of Klondike Pete Huley in Vancouver at the age of 80. Pete spent 50 years in the Yukon after arriving in Dawson City in 1916. His career spanned many different occupations, including movie actor (known as Little Charlie Chaplin of the Yukon), gardener, gold miner, prospector, writer and inventor."**

Source: Klondike Korner February 15, 1973

We hope this will be helpful.

Ed and Star Jones edandstar@gmail.com
7 Casa del Oro Court
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87508-8718

PETE HULEY

Attached are 3 photos I took of Pete Huley during the 1970 Discovery Day Parade in Dawson. Cheers, Tim Kinvig maro729@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Pete Huley aka Charlie Chaplin during 1970 Discovery Day Parade in Dawson.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig maro729@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Pete Huley aka Charlie Chaplin during 1970 Discovery Day Parade in Dawson.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig [maro729*northwestel.net](mailto:maro729@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Pete Huley aka Charlie Chaplin during 1970 Discovery Day Parade in Dawson.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig maro729@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



In Loving Memory of
Peter Huley 1892 – 1973
Photo courtesy Ed & Star Jones edandstar@gmail.com (In New Mexico)

A Message from Maribeth Mainer:

On Feb. 26, descendants of Joseph and Bessie Gaundroue gathered in Surrey to swap information and pictures related to our shared family tree. We had been corresponding by email for months, grandchildren of 3 of their children: Blanche, Gladys and Elmer. Our gathering included two of Blanche's grandchildren, one of Elmer's granddaughters and a great granddaughter and one of Gladys' granddaughters. They came from Jasper, Salmon Arm, Victoria, Vancouver and Burnaby. Oh! The stories we had to share!

Elmer's granddaughter, Margaret, is Robert Gaundroue's daughter. She, like me, had gleaned information on Elmer and the Ballentines from *Gold and Galena*. She has been in touch with her aunt Ione Christensen so that angle is well covered.

It was the connections between the siblings and the Yukon that mystified the others. That piece I was able to supply. My grandfather, Johnny Hoggan, met my grandmother, Gladys Gaundroue, by chance in a Vancouver ice cream parlour when he was "outside" for the winter. Later, John and Gladys would be best man and matron of honour at Blanche and Leslie Jones' wedding. At times, Johnny would deliver coal for Watkins-Winram, with his brother in law Leslie. I have a picture of Johnny Hoggan and Elmer Gaundroue on a boat that suggests that they went North together, probably the year that Gladys stayed "outside" to deliver my mother, Peggy.

Then there are the pictures from the 40's to 60's. Gladys' son Frank in Vancouver with his aunt Lottie (Gaundroue) Clarke, because he stayed with her while he did some of his high school. Pictures of the 3 (then) surviving sisters, taken when Gladys was "outside" during those long furloughs that came every three years. Three of Blanche's children as godparents to Gladys' granddaughter, Dawn, in Vancouver.

Sadly, death, age and distance gradually broke down the close connections between the families. We have started to fix that!

Maribeth Mainer mainerm1@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

PHOTOS OF ELMER GAUNDROUE

Here are 4 pictures from an old photo album - I am pretty sure this is Elmer; Sylvia and Jim Cook lived above the fire hall at the same time the Gaundroue's did and I remember always being there. Hope the pictures are clear enough; one is of him carving the turkey, then he is teaching me (Barb Cook) to share my ice cream with his dog, sitting on the couch with one of my brothers (I think it's David - one of the twins), Elmer, my dad - Jim Cook, the dog and me.

Barb Cook cookhart2001@yahoo.ca (In Calgary)



Elmer Gaundroue carving the turkey – 1960.
Photo courtesy Barb Cook cookhart2001@yahoo.ca (In Calgary)



Elmer Gaundroue sharing ice cream with the dog. Barb Cook learning from the experience.
Photo courtesy Barb Cook cookhart2001@yahoo.ca (In Calgary)



Elmer Gaundroue with **twin** David ? Cook.
Photo courtesy Barb Cook [cookhart2001*yahoo.ca](mailto:cookhart2001@yahoo.ca) (In Calgary)



Elmer Gaundroue and Jim Cook look on while Barb Cook and the dog enjoy each other.
Photo courtesy Barb Cook cookhart2001@yahoo.ca (In Calgary)

EXCISE STAMPS AND LIQUOR RATIONS ???

Hi Sherron,

I have a couple of questions that I have pondered about for some time but have not been able to find answers too. I am hoping you will let me ask your readers.

Anyway first, it seems I remember excise stamps on cheques; 2-3 stamps. This would have been sometime between the fall of 1942 – summer of 1944. As my parents banked with the Bank of Montreal in Dawson at the time it would have been that bank's cheques that I would have seen them on. It seems I also saw a cheque written on a piece of brown paper bag with these stamps on it. I had heard later back then that the cheque was honored by the bank. I have looked for cheques with these stamps on them in museums and other touristy places for the past few years with no luck. Does anyone remember if excise stamps were used on cheques back then?

My second question has to do with whether or not there was liquor rationing in the Yukon during the Second World War. I think I can remember going with my mother to the old, old liquor store that was located between 5th and 6th on Queen St. The manager of the liquor store I believe was Phil Hickey (Ed Hickey's brother?). I understood my mother would use her ration to buy the odd bottle for a couple of old-timers, friends of ours, who lived on Barker Creek. At least she would do this when she knew of someone going up the river that far.

Not long ago I saw a story and an old picture (1940s) in one of the Whitehorse newspapers about lineups at the local liquor store. Not much was known about the subject but there was suggestion regarding need for more research and the possibility of the reason for the lineup being army pay-day. I am wondering if it may have been ration-day that caused the lineup instead.

Any way my second question is does anyone know if liquor was rationed in the Yukon during the Second World War?

Thanks

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Hello Alan

I have placed your message in the next editions of the MocTel. Thanks for the questions Alan – it always makes for an interesting exchange.

For those I have sent a copy of this message, please read Alan's message below.

I do recall Joyce Yardley and someone else recalling the lineups at the liquor store in Whitehorse. I will cc her here to this message and see if she is able to help us. Wish I could remember who said they lived next door or in the same building - with a bedroom upstairs. It may have been Dan Vars so will send a copy of this to him. Fred Aylwin's folks moved upstairs from the T&D store just before the army came to town – Fred may know. Can't think off hand - who was in the banking business that far back. Will cc Gillian in case her ex banker hubby Edward happens to know. Please share the replies with me – Sherron – for the MocTel.
Sherron

I don't know about the excise stamps but yes liquor was rationed in the Yukon during the war and the line ups were on rationing days and they were lined up from around the corner of Steele St and 2nd Ave down 2nd to Wood St and sometimes beyond. In the winter they lit bonfires and moved from fire to fire to keep warm.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

**GILLIAN CAMPBELL RETURNED TO WHITEHORSE FOR
RENDEVOUS 2013**



Gillian in Whitehorse for Rendezvous 2013 – Commissioner Doug Phillips
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Ione Christensen and Gillian Campbell in her Queen of Hearts costume.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Another costume change and Gillian Campbell is ready to entertain in the tent.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Gillian with Mary Mickey and Education Minister Scott Kent
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Vancouver's Social News Scene

Still with talented super stars, our very own Klondike Kate aka Gillian Campbell and her husband, Edward, entertained once again in late February at the annual Sourdough Rendezvous in Whitehorse where they performed 14 shows in four days. Standing ovations galore! They love Klondike Kate and her entire show so much so that they're already booked for next year as it is the Rendezvous' 50th anniversary.

Back home in Burnaby, they barely had time to thaw their tootsies before they were again flying north to the cold climes of Dawson City in the Yukon. They were invited to entertain at the "Over the Trek" which is a group of more than 200 snow-mobilers who ride their machines from Alaska to Dawson City every year. Gillian and Edward and her trio of musicians, Bill Costin, Ron Thompson, Richard Campbell and the Sarah Moore Dancers, entertained the hardy snow mobilers in Diamond Tooth Gertie's, the oldest gambling casino in Canada!



Dawson City with Gillian Campbell (Klondike Kate) and her husband Edward

The delightful witty and talented performer and her best buddy, costume designer par excellence, Ray Buchanan, who's been designing her stage gowns since 1967, had huddled over sketches for dazzling new outfits which resulted in the creation of dozens more gorgeous gowns as well as a sexy Marlene Dietrich-style vamp gown in svelte black. Gillian is an amazing icon for B.C.'s struggling arts scene – and a lovely, gracious and upbeat personality to boot.

Trek over the Top of the World (Hiway) From Tok Alaska to Dawson. This is the 20th year they have come over on the 1st and 2nd weekends in March.



Left to right: Marg (Hadley) VanDusen, Palma Berger, Joyce Caley, Myrna (Hadley) Butterworth and Edward Thompson. Seated: Gordon and Brenda Caley.

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Edward Thompson, Brenda and Gordon Caley with Gillian in Dawson 2013
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Gillian Campbell with host Mark Mather, her band and dancers, and the Yukon snowshoe dancers.

Back Row: Pianist- Bill Costin, Drums- Richard Campbell, Gillian Campbell, Mark Mathers, Bass/Banjo - Ron (Smiley) Thompson, and Snowshoe Shuffler Calamity Sam (Hadley). Middle Row: Sarah Moore Dancers in fringe dresses, Left to Right Shawna Parry, Sarah Moore, Leah Litwack, Lisa Goebel. Front Row from Left to Right: the rest of the Snowshoe Shufflers, Gold Claim Lorraine (Heynen), Tricky Vicky (Stallabross), Blackjack Jane (Haydock), Gold Dust Darlene (Morgan), Aurora Lauriealis (McCroory) and Lake Lebarge Marj (Eschak).

Photo courtesy Alice Thompson aliceindawsoncity@gmail.com (In Dawson)

GILLIANS ALWAYS DELIGHTED TO BE IN DAWSON

Story by Alice Thompson

“I feel like I have never been away. Everybody is so nice, they make me feel at home”- Gillian Campbell

(This interview was done for the Klondike Sun, and was published in the March 20, 2013 issue. This blog version has some extra quotes plus I have the benefit of being able to run extra photos in color and put in the video clips-Alice.)

Gillian positively glows with excitement when talking about Dawson City in her interview with me. She is a very easy person to interview, because the words and enthusiasm just flow from her:

“I have the best musicians, I have Bill Costin from Dawson, we have Ron Thompson on bass, they are brilliant, and my son of course, Richard Campbell, on the drums.”

“I feel like I have never been away. Everybody is so nice; they make me feel at home, like we belong there. Mark and June Mather take such good care of us, all the wonderful meals for us, and the cookies were exceptional. Lovely meals June did for us. Oh Dear, We forgot to thank the Downtown Hotel, also KVA.”

I quickly resigned myself and no longer tried to direct the interview, just concentrated on catching her comments, delivered at a rapid but coherent pace.

“The Snowshoe Shufflers were great ladies, great ladies... they helped with our show and with the audience.. they aren't part of my show but we feel like they are family too...Debbie Winston she used to be part owner of the Frantic Follies in Whitehorse. She said would you like to use my Can Can skirts (for the show). She is in Dawson City and we went over for tea and picked up the skirts and Debbie pickled them up and steamed them, and the girls looked fantastic. Debbie's skirts were longer, more frills and vibrant colours.”

“We have the Sarah Moore Dancers out of Vancouver; I have worked with Sarah Moore for years and her Dancers. Sarah is a perfectionist, and her dancers are such ladies, and always a pleasure working with them.

My new black costume that my friend Ray Buchanan made, we call it the Marlene Dietrich Dress, as someone said, it's stunning. It was made for this trip up to Dawson.. he said ‘you have to have a new gown for Dawson City and the Sourdough Rendezvous’.”

“When I was Klondike Kate in Edmonton, they said ‘Ask Ray to make you a cotton dress’. Because I did 135 shows in 10 days. And Ray said ‘Cotton, did you say cotton? You aren't on there for comfort, you are there to look good’ so he used the usual sequins and brocade and taffeta. But he did make one that I could sit down in, like a tulle fabric with a big rose hat as well. And he spends hours and hours beading these costumes.”

“He is 83 years of age and he won't make dresses for anybody else but me. And he makes the necklaces, the earrings, the hats, he bejewelled the shoes and makes purses for me, everything to match. Edward is the wind beneath my wings, Ray and Edward are the wind beneath my wings, I couldn't do it (the travelling and the shows without Edward with me. And my son Richard is so faithful; he comes with me on every gig. He is newly married to a wonderful girl, Dana, and she is perfect, a perfect wife for him. My other son Jason lives in Santa Barbara and he has identical twin girls 7 years old, and a 13 year old. And the twins are the spitting image of me.”

“The KVA and Mark & June Mather invited us up. The first time he invited us up was 2005 for the International Dog Sled Mushers... the last time before was during the Gaslight Follies in the 1980's, Peter Jenkins he called us up and we did the International Gold Show with Daryl Steininger in the 1980's.

The KVA has had us up multiple times since 2005, the last time was 2 years ago. So we were thrilled to bits to come up this time, always, to come up to Dawson City.”

Both Gillian and Edward agreed that Dawson is very special to them, as it is the City that they met. I had seen the warmth between them when I ran into Gillian at the Wild & Wooly, where I took some portraits of them for the interview. Of course I had to hear the story of how they met...

This was back in 1967 when Edward worked as the Dawson Manager of the local Bank of Montreal.



Gillian Campbell

Photo courtesy Alice Thompson aliceindawsoncity@gmail.com (In Dawson)

Gillian began: “I arrived on the plane with my 2 small sons, they were still in nappies.”

Edward quickly interjected... “And I told Vic Peters, he was the manager of the Commerce, we went out in his pickup truck to pick up the luggage, and the 4 showgirls were coming off the plane, and Gillian came off with those 2 babies, and then I said to Vic.. I said to Vic I said 'I think she will be the best of the works'. ”

“She was married at the time and very proper, but we kept running in to each other“

Gillian continued: “We were like ships that passed in the night. When I was at the PNE working with Bobby Hales and Edward would be in the audience and I would wave and say hi. I was driving down Hasting street on September 27 1986 and I saw him so I stopped the car and went out and gave him a big hug, and he said 'why not have dinner with me' I wasn't thinking of romance, but I felt so comfortable with him, it was like coming home.”

Edward said “It was exciting to sort of get back together again...She asked me what bank I worked at and I said I own and train race horses.”

Gillian ended up walking the horses, and picking up manure.

“Good for the waistline” Gillian interjected. “We started going out once a week, and I would buy him Fish and Chips, we were buddies.”

Edward concluded “I always felt very comfortable with Gillian”

GEORGE R. CLARKE STORY

In the Home Sweet Home picture reference was made to the transportation implements (good description, I could think of no other) in the foreground. I am thinking these were not used for personal transportation. They would be next to impossible to maneuver, propel, or control while riding. I think he would have used something he made; something about two boards wide, long enough to kneel on and having four small wheels.

Regarding the transportation implements I think, and I am only speculating, that these were used summer and winter to pull full-length wood off the hillside. Note that these are a single bunk and a single set of wheels. He would need the wood to drag some so it wouldn't run over him in steep places.

A thing about many of these old-timers, they didn't require a lot in terms of material things or finery on the other hand they possessed an abundance of ingenuity.

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

PUBLIC NURSE VISITS GEORGE R. CLARKE ON BONANZA CREEK

Hi Don [Frizzell]

I have just returned from a holiday in Mexico, and have been reading about your search for information on George Clarke. I knew him well during my stay as a Public health Nurse in Dawson City from 1961-1963. I visited George at his cabin several times during my stay as he was

among the old fellows I used to check on, like the Brady brothers and Harry Leamon etc. I know he was considered cantankerous, but he was always friendly with me, and I felt he was glad to see me. He bent my ear on each visit talking about his early days in the Yukon, but he never talked to me about a family. His cabin was really a dugout, and even I had to duck to get inside - in fact I had a tough time trying to find it when I paid the first visit. Gus has mentioned his fierce independence, as have several others who knew him. He was not feeling well on one of my trips and I tried to talk him into coming back to Dawson with me, but his response was that he wasn't going there to die just yet. I know he was still crawling around Dawson on his inner tires when I left in the summer of 1963, so I believe the date of his death in 1965 is correct.

It certainly made an interesting read, and brought back many memories of my trips along the creeks visiting the old timers.

Marny Ryder meryd*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

I just returned from the Okanagan as well. Our original lead on the story came from one of our Masonic members in England who ran across the story and sent a copy of it. The part that really amazed us was that this guy was not in the history books as he was a bit of a legend. However, once I started to search around, we got a lot of details and Sherron put it all together for an interesting story. Thank you so much for your comments. I will forward them to Sherron for her file on the story. Do you have any other Dawson characters you want to talk about. Harry Leamon I knew had a tunnel at his mine and I was in to the back end of it long after he left. That's all I knew about him. The Brady Brothers I heard about from the man and wife that owned the New Westminster in the early 80's and there was a painting on the bar wall of one of them, maybe both. If you think you would have some interesting things to tell us, feel free. Everyone seems to enjoy these types of stories.

Thanks again.

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

THOUGHTS ON HISTORY AND A BIT ABOUT PETE HULEY

Hi Sherron

I have just realized that Moctel is really a great way of writing Yukon history. I never clued in before on the value of utilizing multi sources of information combined with a public process.

There are old records that are helpful but these mostly only fix dates and places and provide linkages with respect to people and happenings.

A lot of other Yukon history is researched and written by individuals thus there is an increased possibility of history being slanted by biases and flavoured with feelings. It is also often written with focus on someone or a few who the writer believes was/were prominent or is/are deserving of prominence.

I for one now believe that information from many sources developed publicly as through Moctel would ensure less biases, less flavoured content and would more accurately portray the way things

were back then. History really is about the average person, people of all walks of life. For example, 'the George Russell Clarkes' out there are every bit as much participants and contributors in the real history of the Yukon as anyone else. After all they were the ones who dug the gold from the creeks. If the latter isn't convincing all one needs to do is consider one simple question. How would those few prominent people portrayed in Yukon history have even eaten or survived long enough to see a season through, if it wasn't for the average pioneer or the first people.

It's really too bad that Moctel wasn't around back in the 70s. There were still many men and women of an older generation around who personally knew or knew of many of the original gold seekers, the homesteaders, the teamsters, the river pilots, the entrepreneurs, the professionals and all other followers. Also they knew several remittance men who arrived not necessarily by choice but found their place and decided to stay. And of course these people of an older generation could have told of their own stories which now make up a later stage of our history.

In the 70s I thought about this. Not so much in terms of accuracy and process as above but more in terms of volume; in terms of capturing the complete picture before so much was lost. I approached two different individuals who I knew of as writers of Yukon history. I laid out an argument as in the paragraph above and added I could provide them with a list of people who were knowledgeable and a long list of stamperders, followers and more who they could start asking about if they were interested. I would venture a guess that quite a lot of information could have been gathered on upwards of two hundred people, all up in years. Unfortunately both individuals I talked too were preoccupied with their own pursuits. I wish I had tried harder to create an interest.

Anyway we can still put some history together so here goes on what little I know about Pete Huley.

I think everyone in Dawson during the 40s knew Pete Huley as a real stand-in for Charley Chaplin. Also, he would show up as Charley Chaplin whenever a steamboat would arrive carrying some of the few tourists that came to Dawson in those days. Other than that I think he must have bartended or done something like that because I can't remember him doing any other work. Couldn't confirm this though as I could only speculate on what went on behind those closed doors.

What I remember most about Pete Huley was he never missed participating in the parade on the 17th of August. He had a made-up horse that he walked or kind of trotted along in. There were stocking legs dangling down each side where his legs would have been if he was on a real horse. Everything was black with some white so to match his attire.

I would guess every kid in town kept their eye on him as after the parade arrived at Minto Park he always gave out boxes of Cracker Jacks, you know the kind with the prize inside. This was a fairly generous annual gesture. Cracker Jacks were 10-15 cents a box; an amount hard to come by for a kid back then. And imagine how many kids would gather around with out-stretched hands, sometimes twice if they could get in the second time without being noticed.

I could never figure out how he got the Cracker Jacks to the park or how or where he disappeared too once his thing was done.

Pete had a brother named John. They lived together in a place beside the old, old Liquor Store, the one that was located on Queen Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. John was the opposite of Pete, not showy at all. I don't know what he did during the summer but I know John was caretaker at the

Curling Club in winter at least when I was old enough to curl as a student. He looked after the ice, kept the fire going, cleaned, managed the pool tables and sold beer, cigarettes and such.

Not a lot but all I have in memory. I never heard anything regarding Pete acting as stand-in while in Dawson. The way to that answer may be had by seeing if his arrival in the Yukon date can be found along with possibly being able to trace dates of any trips he may have made to the 'outside'.

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

LET ALAN'S MESSAGE ABOVE BE WHAT CAUSES YOU TO JOT DOWN WHAT MEMORIES YOU DO HAVE OF AN OLDTIMER

Just pick a name of an oldtimer and start with your own memories and ask others to add their memories. Writing about any one person may seem too much for you, but when combined with the memories of others it could end up being worthwhile. – Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Yuma)

Sent along the messages about Huley and Gaundroue to Alan McDiarmid which were received to this point in time. The intention was to give Alan an opportunity to comment further. – Sherron

MORE THOUGHTS FOR MOCTEL

I would like to let you know that much of the content in moctel interests me. I hope you don't mind me using the abbreviated name. As I pretty much always lived in the Yukon and still do, any of the content that is current-Yukon in nature holds little interest for me. But I am sure all former Yukoners appreciate it. On the other hand anything about the old days really interests me and I like to connect and share memories with others. Also I like the idea of a lot of Yukoners contributing to documenting history in this manner.

I would like to give you one example to think about. A number of years back Madeleine Wakefield wrote about the Arcade Café. It was a real descriptive story and in particular she mentioned the screen door. When I read that I thought, "what about that screen door". That little bit of information triggered a flood of memory. I recalled a lot about how the café looked inside and about many happenings while I was there. I also recalled a lot about the owner **Harry Gleaves** (spelling?). He is a character that someone should write about. I particularly recalled the screen door I remember it took a lot of practice each time there till I learned to catch it with my leg on the way out so it would not slam.

It would be good to encourage everyone out there to write a little about what they remember if they will, regardless if they think they have writing skills or not. As you can glean from my example above it does not take a very much to trigger a lot of memory in others. Also if people recall stuff along the same lines we gain confidence that our memory is not playing tricks on us.

I have done a couple of things that maybe I shouldn't have. Just a day or so ago I sent a bit of information on Elmer Gaundreau directly to Maribeth Mainer. It wasn't much but mostly I thought I could help a bit in suggesting where she could maybe get more. I have done the same with Stan Barker and Rivers North in the past. I now think if the request comes through Moctel, any feedback should go back through you. I will forward a copy of what I sent to Maribeth Mainer. She did write back with thanks and said she would copy the Gaundreau group.

You have a good start on Elmer Gaundreau and Pete Huley. I will be watching to see if there are others who remember his participation in the 17th parades and his appearances as Charley Chapin on the docks. I have just a couple of comments on what you have and will add some interpretation of terms used in case you haven't heard them before.

- The bit I remember about Pete Huley aligns okay with what you have because what I submitted comes from the 40s and what you already had is based mostly around the 20s. My thinking and suggestion that Pete may have worked as a bartender likely comes from stories by others of encounters with him at bars. If he worked at Bear Creek that would account for why I didn't remember seeing him working around town.
- The little write-ups on him from the Dawson Weekly News and one from the Whitehorse Star reads like Archie Gillespie's work. Archie had a recognizable flare to dramatize in his writing.
- I remember my Dad talking about the rake-hoe Pete had invented but it never caught on.

Terms and their meaning:

- "warm storage dugout" would likely be a root cellar. There were several in Dawson around the 40s also one at Bear Creek. These were about 16-18' wide and from street to ally long.
- "pearl diver" was a dish washer (in a restaurant/camp/hospital/other)
- "head Bull cook" or just "bull cook" was a cook's helper; the kitchen chore person (brings in the wood, scrubs the floors, peels potatoes, washes dishes, etc.)
- "point doctor" drives point with a light sledge hammer/taps the point down as the frozen ground thaws with cold water. In earlier times steam was used.
- the term "silent celluloid" used in the information on Pete Huley brought a story to mind that was counter-productive to preserving history:

We Made Glue Out of History

We were all into building model aeroplanes back then. There was an abundance of reels of old film around the skating rink. They were under the sawdust on the floor, they were in an open storage area on the interior balcony and outside in a hole at the south-west corner there were boxes full. We found out a mixture of celluloid and acetone made excellent fast-drying glue. It seems we never had money for glue. We were able to buy acetone from a local store reasonably cheap if we brought our own small bottle as it only came in large bottles. A bit of acetone on a cloth would wipe that black stuff right off and you were left with nice clear celluloid. All that was left to do was add cut-up strips of the stuff to a small jar of acetone, till you had the right thickness. I can remember wiping Charley Chaplin's, or maybe Pete Huley's face right off the celluloid. Also skies full of tri-planes, streets full of jalopies and other silent movie stuff vanished from history in this way. It's pay-back time now. I have to contribute what I can to history.

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

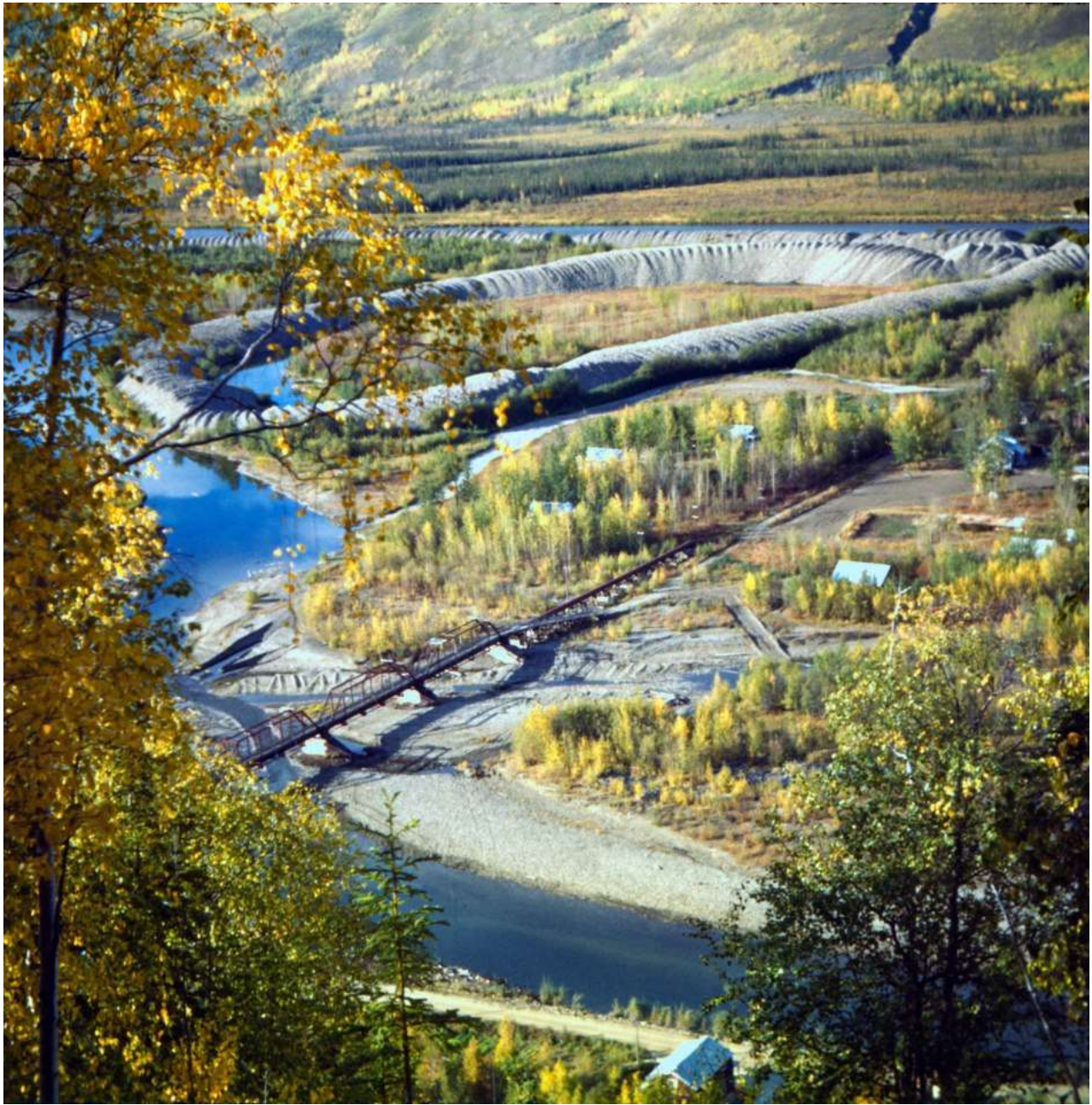
BEAR CREEK PHOTOS Courtesy George Millen



Bear Creek May 1940.

The bridge you see is actually the pipeline carrying water from 12 mile Ditch had a deck on top of the pipe so you could drive on it. There are still two spans that are preserved.

Photo courtesy George Millen george_millen@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake)



Bear Creek Water Pipeline Bridge.
Photo courtesy George Millen george_millen@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake)



YCGC Gold Room at Bear Creek

Photo courtesy George Millen george_millen@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake)



Harry Coell and John King

Photo courtesy George Millen george_millen@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake)



Harry Coell – 50 pound bricks
Photo courtesy George Millen george_millen@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake)

Fifty years later, a dramatic tale of a plane crash and two unlikely survivors

BY MARTY KLINKENBERG, EDMONTON JOURNAL MARCH 24, 2013 Source: edmontonjournal.com

Permission to use this story in the MocTel received from Marty Klinkenberg March 26, 2013. Suggestion to attempt permission and use story from Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse).

Bob Hill was in Whitehorse to report on a minerals conference half a century ago when he got wind of the greatest news story of his career.

Forty-nine days after their small plane had crashed into a remote mountainside in northeastern British Columbia, a man and woman had been found clinging to life.

Given up for lost, Helen Klaben and Ralph Flores had endured bitterly cold temperatures without survival gear, drinking melted snow, with little more than toothpaste to eat.



The wreckage of Ralph Flores' single-engine plane, found by his family in the forest near the B.C.-Yukon border in the fall of 1998.

“Nobody could believe they were still alive,” says Hill, 81, a scrapbook brimming with newspaper clippings at his fingertips.

Late in the day on March 24, 1963, a bush pilot delivering supplies to an outfitters' wilderness camp spotted Flores as he walked beside a creek bed in a search for help. Flores, who had lost 51 pounds since his single-engine plane barrelled nose-first into waist-deep snow, waved a coffee tin to attract the pilot's attention.

News of the shocking discovery spread quickly in Whitehorse, roughly 480 kilometres from the crash site near the Yukon-British Columbia border.

With darkness approaching, the pilot turned back to the nearest airport at Watson Lake, Yukon, making plans to retrieve the survivors the following morning.

Hill was the Edmonton Journal's roving northern correspondent at the time. Carrying his portable Olivetti typewriter and two cameras, one black and white and one that produced colour transparencies, he set out to find a ride to Watson Lake, 425 kilometres to the southwest along the Alaska Highway.

There were no buses or truckers to hitch with, so he hired a taxi — only to ditch the disappointed driver after receiving a last-minute invitation to ride along with a newsman from the CBC.

Following an all-night drive on the icy highway, Hill arrived at Watson Lake early the next morning and was on the tarmac that afternoon when the haggard survivors arrived.

His dramatic photographs were published by newspapers and magazines across Canada and the United States.

“They were really quite a strange-looking pair,” Hill recalls 50 years later, seated on the couch in his condominium in Edmonton, scrapbook clutched in his hands. “He had 50 days’ of beard growth and got off the plane with his belt tightened around his waist.

“She looked like a young socialite — with cardigans wrapped around her feet.”

“The ordeal is over. Ralph Flores, 41, and Helen Klaben, 21, are resting today in Whitehorse General Hospital, 300 miles from a nightmare world of cold, hunger and pain that was their home for 50 horrendous days.”

From Bob Hill’s story in the Edmonton Journal on March 26, 1963



**Helen Klaben being carried across the tarmac at the Watson Lake Airport.
[(carried out by pilot) Chuck Hamilton, co-owner of B.C.-Yukon Air Services Ltd]**

An electrician who had been working in Fairbanks, Alaska, Ralph Flores was between jobs in the winter of 1963 when he decided to fly his vintage 1941 Howard airplane to San Bruno, Calif., to visit his wife and six children.

Several days before his departure, Flores placed an ad on a local radio station seeking a passenger to accompany him on the four to five day trip.

Helen Klaben, a blue-eyed sprite from Brooklyn on a protracted journey around the world, responded. Having moved across the continent six months earlier, Klaben had bluffed her way into a position as a draftsman with the federal bureau of land management, plotting mineral rights and the right-of-way for the Alaska pipeline. Poised for a new adventure, she agreed to pay Flores \$70 to fly her to San Francisco, where she planned to set sail for Hong Kong.

Climbing aboard Flores' plane on Feb. 1; the two set out from Fairbanks with plans to follow the Alaska Highway through the Yukon and British Columbia.

After an uneventful 800-kilometre leg to Whitehorse, they were waylaid by a winter storm for two days, and it was -35 C and still snowing when they took off for Fort St. John, B.C., at 11:15 a.m. on Feb. 4.

"This doesn't faze me," Flores said at the airport, where other pilots cautioned him. "We are used to this in Alaska."

A pilot for 10 years who had flown in the Arctic before, Flores expected to complete the 1,185-kilometre trip in about 3-1/2 hours.

Flying in fog and snow, he lost track of the highway and was unable to navigate by instruments, and was 130 kilometres off course when his right wing clipped the top of a tall spruce at 3:30 p.m. The plane plunged to the ground 850 metres up a 1,200-metre mountain. The impact knocked both pilot and passenger unconscious.

When Klaben came to a half-hour later it was -42 C. Her left arm was broken and her right foot was crushed and trapped in the wreckage. Her screams awakened Flores, who had five broken ribs, a fractured jaw, a broken facial bone and blood pouring from his face.

Clambering through the shattered front window, the pilot made his way around to Klaben's door and helped free her from the crumpled aircraft.

Within an hour of the crash, as word went out that the pair had failed to reach their destination, the Royal Canadian Air Force's search and rescue squadron in Edmonton was dispatched to find them.

For four weeks and three days, Flores and Klaben stayed with the downed plane, huddling together for warmth and sleeping in its broken fuselage, bundled in extra sweaters and slacks from her baggage.

For the first four days they lived on four tins of sardines, two tins of tuna, two tins of fruit salad and a box of crackers. After that, there was no food left.

Flores tried to snare rabbits or kill them with a slingshot fashioned out of tubing from one of the plane's tires. He had no luck. They used motor oil to make fires with dead branches, but the mountainside was so thickly forested the smoke never penetrated the canopy of trees above them.

Search planes flew overhead almost daily without seeing them.

To pass the time, they recited poetry by Robert W. Service and read The Bible and The Book of Mormon. A devout Mormon, Flores tried to convert Klaben, a brassy young Jewish woman, hounding her so thoroughly that she eventually abandoned attempts to read Thoreau's Walden Pond and Plato's Republic, which she had brought along for the ride.

After a little more than a month, Flores and Klaben moved further down the mountain in hope they would be more easily seen. That move was followed by another on March 14 — to a knoll three or four kilometres away, where Flores had constructed a lean-to out of tree boughs and canvas from the plane.

To haul their gear, he turned a piece of the wing's fabric into a makeshift toboggan.

Nine days after the search was officially called off, **Chuck Hamilton, co-owner of B.C.-Yukon Air Services Ltd.**, was on his way to deliver supplies to Skook Davidson's hunting lodge on Terminus Mountain when a plume of smoke caught his eye late in the afternoon. It was March 24.

Believing the smoke came from a campfire started by trappers, Hamilton continued with the delivery, but decided to take a closer look during his return flight to the airport at Watson Lake.

Flying overhead in his two-seat Piper Super Cub, Hamilton saw the reflection from the coffee tin Flores held in one hand, then spotted a large SOS he had stomped in the snow with an arrow pointing to a snowshoe trail up the mountainside. Following it, Hamilton found the lean-to where Klaben was staying, the source of smoke he had noticed a few hours earlier.

"I remember the shock I felt when I ran across them after all of the searching that had gone on," says Hamilton, now 81 and living in Victoria, B.C., where he has a piece of Flores' plane stored in his basement as a souvenir. "Search and rescue teams had exhausted all of their time and money looking for them.

"They were pretty much forgotten by then."

With little daylight remaining, Hamilton flew back to the wilderness lodge and asked the outfitters to set out with a dogsled team to fetch Flores. Desperate to be rescued, the pilot had left the lean-to in hope of flagging down a motorist on the Alaska Highway. He didn't realize it was 80 kilometres away.

After flying back to Watson Lake and alerting authorities that evening, Hamilton returned to the scene on the morning of March 25, landing his plane at a nearby lake and hiking five kilometres through the snow to rescue Klaben.

"I am so glad to know you," she said upon his arrival. "I'd like to kiss you, but I can't walk."

Hamilton, six-foot-two and 200 pounds, then hoisted Klaben, badly hobbled by her crushed foot and gangrene, onto his back. For three hours, he carried her, falling again and again.

“The snow was so deep my snowshoes kept getting caught underneath,” Hamilton recalls. “I worried each time I fell. I didn’t want to hurt her.”

At the same time, a separate search team found Flores, who had been rescued by the hunters and camped with them in the wilderness the night before. Both groups then met back at the hunting lodge, and after a meal of thin moose steaks and pieces of hard tack, the survivors were flown to the airport at Watson Lake.

“It was +35 degrees (Fahrenheit) the day I carried Helen Klaben out,” says Hamilton, who later appeared on the television game show *What’s My Line*. “The next day the temperature plummeted to (-) 40 below. That would have been the end of them.”

Physicians at the time said Flores, who was vomiting up stomach bile, might have had four days left to live. Klaben, they said, may have survived one more week.

“They were brought out Monday by piggyback, dog-drawn toboggan and airplane from near the mountainside spot where their single-engine plane crashed in fog and snow on Feb. 4. The San Bruno, Calif., electrical worker, and self-styled adventuress from Brooklyn have written an indelible chapter in the annals of human endurance and fortitude.”

From Bob Hill’s story on March 26, 1963



Ralph Flores' plane after the 1963 crash

Covering stories from the heart of Alberta to the Arctic Circle, Bob Hill once spent Christmas and New Year's chronicling how Inuits celebrated the holidays at Cambridge Bay.

Appointed the Journal's northern reporter in 1962, he travelled vast distances to spin spectacular yarns, from Baffin Island to the length of the Mackenzie River to Great Slave Lake — where he once became icebound for a week in June.

"I had a great time and a great opportunity to travel around the north country," says Hill. "When people asked, 'Where is Hill?' the managing editor used to point at a map of northern Canada and say, 'Somewhere up there.'"

Growing up in Moose Jaw, Hill never fancied a career as an ink-stained wretch. Before landing a position as a newspaperman, he worked the oilfields in Saskatchewan and buggered up the books of an Edmonton accounting firm.

"I couldn't even balance my own bank account," he says.

After hiring on with the Journal in 1960, he went on to become Canada's northernmost reporter, covering what the newspaper promoted as the world's largest beat.

"The publisher once credited me with doubling our circulation — from two to four — in Tuktoyaktuk," Hill says.

Later in his career, Hill served as Commonwealth correspondent for Southam Newspapers, working out of London for three and a half years. Once, he was invited to a garden party at Buckingham Palace thrown by the Queen.

"I'd covered her during a visit to City Hall in Edmonton," he deadpans. "When I went to the garden party, she acted like she didn't recognize me."

Hill concluded his career with postings at Southam bureaus in Ottawa and Quebec City, and then returned to Edmonton as associate editor of the Journal in 1972 during the Watergate scandal.

Retired long ago, he clearly remembers the day Frank Flores and Helen Klaben arrived in Watson Lake a half-century ago, bedraggled and black from smoke and grime.

The story he wrote won a National Newspaper Award — among the highest honours bestowed on a Canadian journalist — and his dramatic pictures were printed in newspapers across the land, and in the pages of Life magazine.

"I am surprised any of them turned out half decently," says Hill, who placed his film on a commercial flight from Whitehorse to Edmonton on March 25 so the pictures could be used in the newspaper the next day. "I was not a very good photographer."

The afternoon Flores and Klaben were rescued, Hill flew with them to Whitehorse on a Canadian Pacific Western flight. The airline made an unscheduled stop in Watson Lake that day so the survivors could quickly receive emergency medical care.

Aboard the plane, Klaben, who would have all of the toes amputated on her right foot in the next few days, was a jubilant chatterbox.

“Next time I go camping,” she said at one point. “I’ll take supplies.”

“When Helen Klaben was assisted onto the bed at the Watson Lake first aid station, a woman looked at Helen’s clumsy foot dressings and remarked, “The poor girl.” Replied the tousle-haired 21-year-old who talks and looks a bit like Judy Holliday: “Poor? I’m the richest girl in the world. I’m alive.”

From Bob Hill’s story on March 26, 1963



The team that found Frank Flores' crashed plane in the fall of 1998.

On the eve of the 50th anniversary of her dramatic rescue, Helen Klaben is talking about writing a sequel to the 1964 book she had published by McGraw-Hill, *Hey, I’m Alive*. Her working title five decades later: *Hey, I’m Still Alive*.

At 71, she is a grandmother now and lives in Palo Alto, Calif., and is a lifetime removed from events that cast her in the spotlight as a survivor in one of the greatest accounts of endurance in Canada’s hostile north.

In the wake of her rescue, she was featured in *Life* and *Look* magazines and *Good Housekeeping* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and her book was turned into a made-for-TV movie that starred Ed Asner as the downed pilot and Sally Struthers as his plucky young passenger.

“Has it already been 50 years?” she says, and then begins to recount her story.

She remembers realizing the plane was in trouble and fearing that it was going to crash — then waking up in freezing cold and in tremendous pain.

“Ralph was slumped over in the cockpit,” she says. “I shook him and hoped he was alive. My seatbelt held but his didn’t. He was almost impaled on the throttle. He nearly pierced his belly with it.”

It was only after they crashed, she says, that she realized Flores had not packed survival gear.

“I remember asking Ralph and him saying, ‘Well, we don’t have any. I wasn’t planning on a crash.’”

At times, as days turned into weeks, she lost faith.

“I was ready to die,” she says. “I said, ‘I can’t handle this suffering.’ I asked God why He was prolonging this. I couldn’t move because of my foot. It was swollen and gangrenous and so terribly painful.”

She drew strength from thinking about Holocaust victims.

“I looked at what happened to me from that point of view, and I think it helped me get through,” she says. “I thought of the people who died in concentration camps, and then said, ‘How bad can this be?’

“I am cold and hungry but nobody is torturing me.”

She worried about her family, knowing they must have been agonizing over her disappearance.

“Very often, people survive for somebody, and for me it was my mother,” she says. “I didn’t want to die without her knowing. I was eager to tell her I was alive.”

Arriving at Watson Lake, Klaben was stunned to be greeted by a phalanx of reporters.

She rose to the occasion — quickly tossing out one-liners and sharing details of her life.

“I have no boyfriend at home,” she said. “If I did, I wouldn’t be here.”

In the years following the crash, she met with Flores a handful of times, and remains in contact with his family. The pilot died in 1997 of heart failure.

Klaben sparred with Flores over religion and says he was not always easy to get along with. But she remains grateful to him.

“He was very paternal and protective of me, high energy and innovative, and did everything he could to try to get us rescued,” she says. “He was sort of the ideal person to crash with.”

“I have to be thankful to Ralph. He saved my life.”

“Ralph Flores became a new man here Wednesday. He was transformed with a shave (his first in 51 days), a haircut, dental work, and new clothes. He was no longer the bedraggled, bushy-faced survivor of a wilderness plane crash who had to be assisted into White Horse General Hospital on Monday. Instead he was a well-groomed electrical mechanic worrying about the new scars on his face and patiently waiting the arrival of his wife from far-off San Bruno, Calif.”

From Bob Hill’s story on March 28, 1963



Frank Flores stands in front of the recovered fuselage of the plane his father crashed in 1963

Bob Cameron was 17 and taking flying lessons when he saw Frank Flores’ plane parked in a hangar at the Whitehorse Airport, a day before the pilot left on his ill-fated trip. Thirty-five years after the crash, he helped the Flores family find the wreckage a few kilometres from Airplane Lake in the Rocky Mountain Trench.

Working for **Trans North Helicopters**, Cameron and members of the Flores family and pilot Chris Guichon, who was later killed in a crash of his own, flew grids over the forest in northern B.C. before barely glimpsing the plane through the thick trees at the end of their second day of searching.

After camping overnight in the helicopter high atop a cliff, the group set out on foot the following morning and found the crash site late that day.

“It was a very emotional moment,” says Cameron, who recently had a book published about the history of aviation in the Yukon. “It was a miracle they had survived the impact. The nose of the plane was driven into the ground like a spear.”

Cameron still remembers hearing the news bulletin on the radio the night it was announced that Flores and Klaben had been found, 49 days after the crash.

“I was home babysitting my younger brother, and when my parents got home late that night I rushed to the door to tell them,” Cameron says. My dad said, ‘Don’t be ridiculous.’

“None of us thought there was any way anyone could have survived. It had been minus 40 and below for weeks.

“Fifty years later, I am still astounded.”

Frank Flores has pieces of his father’s broken fuselage and the 450-horsepower engine from his plane in a hangar beside his home in Ozark, Missouri. A pilot for American Airlines, he is slowly and painstakingly restoring the aircraft.

A year after their father died, Frank and his brother, Ralph Jr., and sister, Lisa, hired a helicopter and flew grids over the forest until they spotted the downed plane, still sitting on the mountainside where it had crashed in 1963.

“It was an odd feeling I wasn’t prepared for,” says Frank Flores, who was five years old when his father was lost in the wilderness.

His father’s tool box was still there, and so too were the empty tins of sardines and tuna fish the survivors ate in the immediate days following the crash. So was the can of motor oil his father had used to melt snow to create drinking water. High in a tree, they found an SOS sign Ralph Flores had tied there 35 years earlier.

“My dad was a very quiet man,” Frank Flores says. “We would work on airplanes together side by side, and every once in a while he would come up with a story about what happened up there.

“You could work with him and he wouldn’t say but a few sentences the entire day.”

Frank Flores says his family never lost hope that Ralph was alive, and wrote a letter to John F. Kennedy begging for help after the search was initially called off. It was briefly extended with help from the president, who later wrote the family — “It’s nice to know miracles happen” — after the rescue.

Back home, Ralph Flores resumed working as an electrician and eventually ran his own gas station. Years later, he was designated a hero by Congress at the suggestion of Tom Lantos, a senator from California.

“Growing up as kids, my brothers and I would complain to him sometimes that we were hungry,” Frank Flores says. “He’d say, ‘You know, it’s amazing how much longer you can sustain yourself than you think.’”

As he laid in the hospital a month before he died, Ralph Flores thought back to the crash and turned to his wife, Teresa.

“He told her, ‘Don’t ever forget Helen,’ ” Frank Flores says.

Standing on the mountainside in 1998, looking at his father’s ruined plane, Frank Flores decided to take it home with him.

He had pieces of the fuselage and engine hauled out by helicopter and dropped beside the Alaska Highway near Liard River, approximately 120 kilometres away. He then hired a trucking company to bring the wreckage to Edmonton, where he picked it up himself in a rental truck and carted it all the way back to Missouri, where he works on it in his spare time.

His dream is to restore it to running condition, and then complete his father’s last flight from Whitehorse to Fort St. John.

“It’s on my bucket list,” he says. “I told my wife I will spend my last dime doing it.”

Mklinkenberg@edmontonjournal.com

FAWN FRITZEN

On March 16, 2013 Bryan and I went to a concert held at the Yukon Arts Centre. We were unfamiliar with the artist, Fawn Fritzen, Jazz extraordinaire. I must admit I am a Country & Western music fan as well as a connoisseur of oldies music so neither of us was sure what to expect.

The seating at the Arts Centre was intimate; we sat at small round tables right on the stage that held a sold out crowd of 137. Fawn's first melody made me sit up straight and listen intently. Soft, soothing and, yes, intimate. She treated us to some titles that are on her debut CD and some that will be on the next one. Not all the songs are Jazz related.

Fawn's mother is from Taiwan and when Fawn sang a Chinese song, I truly don't think there was a dry eye from the crowd. You didn't have to understand the language to appreciate the beauty of the song. I must admit I have never felt emotional at any concert but this one did it to me.

Fawn has graciously donated a copy of her debut CD to the Vancouver's Yukoners Reunion silent auction along with a beautiful poster. I must say, the Yukon is graced with a talent in Fawn Fritzen.

I asked Fawn to write a little something to introduce former and current Yukoners to her music as well as a few photos. Sherron, could you please place this in the next MocTel?

Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

BEDROOM VOICE - by Fawn Fritzen

What do you think of when you hear the words “bedroom voice”? That’s the name of Fawn Fritzen’s debut album, and it all started out as a bit of a joke.

In 2011, Fawn was working with musical director Daniel Janke and guitarist Paul Lucas to record the jazz standard *Cry Me a River*. On their first take, Fawn ended the song with a big, belty finish. Daniel wanted her to try something different. “It’s very intimate, just your voice and the guitar,” he said. “Why don’t you try something softer? Try using your bedroom voice.”

The idea worked. As they worked on other songs, Daniel brought up the phrase again, until one evening Fawn joked, “Next year, we should record a whole album of songs like this and call it ‘Bedroom Voice’!” So they did.

Bedroom Voice was released on March 16 at a sold-out concert at the Yukon Arts Centre. The 11 tracks on the album include jazz standards (like *Cry Me a River* and *Black Coffee*), originals written by Fawn, and even a cover of Leonard Cohen’s *If It Be Your Will*.

There is a lot of variety in the musical soundscape, too. The songs include piano, prepared piano, upright bass, electric bass, drums, guitar, guiro, tambourine, trumpet, and marimba.

The album was recorded entirely at Daniel’s Mary Lake studio, a high-ceilinged “cabin” built out of recycled materials from the bowling alley in the old Whitehorse Inn. The album features local musicians such as Dave Haddock (electric bass), Andrea McColeman (marimba), Ken Searcy (drums / percussion). Daniel Janke also played piano and upright bass.

“Scheduling was the trickiest part of the project,” says Fawn. “Daniel has a lot of different projects on the go and also travels quite a bit. My husband also travels a lot for his work, and we have two young girls aged four and seven, so someone has to be around to be the parent. Plus the players on the album are all busy working musicians, too.”

With 4,000 Facebook fans from all corners of the world, Fawn’s CD has already started travelling. So far, copies of the *Bedroom Voice* have made their way to Ontario, British Columbia, North Carolina North Dakota, France, Germany, and Japan, among others.



Bedroom Voice CDs can be purchased at Fawn’s website www.fawnfritzen.com and is also available for digital download at CD Baby and iTunes.



Andrea McColeman adds marimba tracks to album.
Photo courtesy Fawn Fritzen



Fawn's daughters visit the recording studio.
Photo courtesy Fawn Fritzen

Yukoners Celebrate

You are invited to join in the festivities of the 85th Annual Reunion of Yukoners by donating to the Silent Auction. Proceeds from our fundraiser support Yukon initiatives like scholarships and community projects. Think about participating in the auction through a donation such as artworks, gift certificates, gift baskets, nugget jewellery - to name but a few. All donations are greatly appreciated.

Contact Maureen at moebuchholz@shaw.ca or 604-538-1193 with your contribution. Let's make April 13 a night to remember.

“DAWSON CITY, BLAST FROM THE PAST”

Just discovered a Facebook page you can join. Thank you Blanche Barrett for telling me about it. Just go into your facebook page and search for this name “Dawson City, Blast from the Past”.

Haven't entirely figured it out yet, but looks like it is hosted by Wanda Roe and anyone is invited up add their comments to the photos that have been uploaded. I believe you are invited to add your old photos too.

Just came to this one and thought I would show you it as an example.



Klondike Highway near Asbestos bluff 1953.
John Gould photo.

Peter Gould I bet it took more then 5hrs to get to Whitehorse
January 2 at 5:58pm ·

Judy Kelly OMG, what a difference now!! Had to carry more than chains and a tow rope on this venture!!!
January 2 at 6:53pm

Mark Smith Even in 1968 my first trip to Dawson from Whitehorse, it took us 14 hours by Land Rover with hubs locked all the way.
January 4 at 7:53am ·

OBITS



Michael Warville

January 1, 1944 – February 4, 2013

“Zha Cho

Michael Warville, affectionately known to his friends as “Big Mike,” was born on New Years Day, January 1st, 1944. Michael was the eldest child of Arthur and Martha Warville. Michael’s first nation name was Zha Cho, given to him by his great-grandmother, Ellen Wood.

Zha Cho, in Tron’dek Hwech’in, means “Big as the Sky.” To the many people he helped in his lifetime, this name describes Michael’s generous heart and nature. He spent his early childhood in the Stewart and Slow Bar area. Michael returned to Dawson to attend public school. He spent one year there at the hostel, until the rest of his family moved back to Dawson.

Michael lived with his Uncle Arthur and Aunt Eva Anderson in Dawson City, after his family moved to Whitehorse. He developed a special bond with them, and had a great deal of respect for them. His friend, Serge Sawrenko, recalls that when he and Michael decided to quit school, Blondie (Michael’s father) told them: “If you are not going to go to school, then you are going to go to work.” He took the two young boys out to his wood camp, to make men out of both of them. It was here that Michael learned hard work, and the skill to operate a cat.

During his working years, Michael worked at Clinton Creek, Dawson, and on the Dempster Highway. He spent most of his time working on the Dempster Highway out at Ogilvie Camp. One of his adventures on the Dempster was recorded in the story written in the Reader’s Digest. According to the story, some travellers became stranded on the highway in a blizzard. Michael was one of the first members of the highway crew to rescue the family.

Michael travelled extensively between the Yukon, Northwest Territories, and Alaska. Wherever he travelled, Michael made many lifelong friends.

He loved fiddle music, and was a regular at the Fiddle Festival in Fairbanks. He never missed a Moosehide Gathering. He spent a lot of time talking and catching up with his friends at these events.

Michael made numerous trips to Eagle, Alaska. He had many cousins there, and had a special place in his heart for them. He had made several lifelong friends while visiting Eagle. In 2009, when Eagle was devastated by a flood, Michael was one of the first to respond. He had bought materials, food, and supplies, as well as collected donations, loaded up his truck and drove to Eagle to offer his assistance where needed. As mentioned earlier, his heart was as big as the sky. In the spring of 2012, Michael was diagnosed with cancer. He never complained or felt sorry for himself. He took one day at a time.

Michael is predeceased by his parents, Arthur and Martha Warville, and his younger brother Kenneth. Michael is survived by his brothers, Norman and Walter (Liz) Warville. His sisters, Arlene Warville, Catherine (David) Wedge, Martha Jean Tiwana and Barb (James) Allen, as well as many nieces, nephews and cousins.

Michael will be greatly missed by his family, and the many friends he had made throughout his life.

The family of Michael Warville would like to express our deepest gratitude and appreciation for all the love, kindness and thoughtful gestures that have been shown to us during this time of loss of our brother.

Your support, donations and work to help us will remain in our hearts forever.

May God Bless all of you!

Virginia Elizabeth (Ginny) Fournier (1917-2013)

Our beloved mother passed away in her 96th year at the Mullin Home, Kennewick WA, on March 4th. She is survived by her sister Evelyn Craig of Richmond BC, her children, Sharon (Carol) Redmond of Nanaimo BC, and Joe (Gwenne) Redmond of Sylvan Lake AB, five grandchildren, nine great grandchildren and many friends. She was predeceased by her first husband, Joe Redmond Sr., in 1959, and her second husband, Murrell Fournier, in 2010.

Mom was born April 25th, 1917, in Dawson, Yukon Territory, Canada, to pioneer parents Ernest (Chappie) Chapman and Christine Wiklund Chapman. As a young woman she worked in "Chappie's Store" and was proud to have been "Miss Yukon" in 1937. She married our father, in Dawson, Sept. 23, 1938. In the 1940's and 1950's she was active in the family businesses, the B&F Store and the Pearl Harbour Hotel. Moving to Vancouver in 1960, she worked for Super-Valu. Marrying Murrell April 28, 1962, they moved to, and have resided since, in Kennewick. Their business ventures included managing the Dolphin Apartments and owning the Arco station at Edison and Canal. The fifty years in Kennewick were happy and fulfilling, with friends and

associations, many through her church. Her great loves were for her Lord, her husbands and her family. She was a child of the Yukon and carried the Klondike and its people in her heart always.

The family thanks Dr. Hales for his many years as Mom and Murrell's doctor, friends and staff at Charbonneau Retirement Home, the Visiting Angels, and most recently, the Mullin Home for their loving care. Special thanks to the team at Hospice Chaplaincy for their spiritual and physical care. Also to Pastor Robin Hagen of First Presbyterian Church.

Donations, in lieu of flowers, to the Hospice Chaplaincy, 1480 Fowler Street, Richland WA, 99352 www.tricitieschaplaincy.org

A Celebration of Life was held at Kennewick First Presbyterian Church, 2001 West Kennewick Ave. on Thursday, March 7th, at two pm.

ELWOOD LYLE

Received a brief message from Marion –

This is just a quick line to let you know that Elwood passed away this afternoon [March 23, 2013]. No more pain. I loved him dearly.

I hope this won't be the end of all your marvelous emails. I will be moving to [assisted living] at Hawthorn Park around the end of the month. Marion

Thank you for your messages of condolence. At this time we are not sure when we will have a gathering for a Celebration of Life for Elwood but think it will be in June or July. There is so much to do at this time and the weather is not the best yet.

When plans are finalized I will let you know with the hope that you can come and bring some happy memories with you.

Thanks again. Marion

Marion Lyle elyle*shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

Brian Cyril DANIELS



DANIELS, Brian Cyril Recent resident of Smithers, B.C., died on March 25, 2013 after a brief illness. Brian was born on January 19th, 1928 in Birmingham, England. He was educated at King Charles School in Kidderminster. He served in both the British and Canadian Armies and retired as a Lieutenant. After emigrating to Canada in 1948 Brian worked at the Hudson's Bay Company in Edmonton. In 1960 he joined the Government of the Yukon Territory in Whitehorse, where he also served as an alderman for two years. In 1961 Brian began a 28-year career with the Government of Canada in the Department of Employment and Immigration. A transfer to Penticton took place in 1967 and he became an active member of the community there. He served as Chairman of both the Penticton Airport Committee and Penticton Public Library and sat for nine years as a School District #15 trustee. He belonged to several service clubs including Rotary, Kiwanis, and Probus. After retiring in 1988 he moved to Brentwood Bay on Vancouver Island where he was a member of the Glen Meadows Curling Club, the Sidney Stonewaller's Cricket Club and the Central Saanich Lawn Bowling Club. In 2011 Brian moved to Smithers, where his daughter Kate and family reside. Brian is survived by his brother Michael Daniels, son Andrew Daniels (Joy), daughters Wendy Shaw (Bill) and Kathleen (Kate) Daniels-Howard (John) and grandchildren Julie, Sylvan, Carolyn, Matthew and Genevieve. Brian requested that no service be held rather, if people so wish donations to the BC Children's Hospital in Vancouver would be appreciated. True to his love of the game and the great memories he made there, Brian's ashes will be scattered on his favourite cricket pitch in Warwickshire, England. Many thanks to the caregivers at both the Lodge at Broadmead (Saanich) and the Bulkley Valley Lodge (Smithers), Dr. Marius Scholtz and the staff at the Bulkley Valley District Hospital (Smithers). A gentleman is one who puts more into the world than he takes out. George Bernard Shaw.

Published in Victoria Times-Colonist on March 30, 2013

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I will be retiring March 28 and so my email will be changing. Emails after March 20th should be sent to dmkelly27@hotmail.com Debbie

Debbie Kelly, Office Administrator, Intergovernmental Relations
Government of Yukon, 707 - 350 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7S8
Phone: (613) 234-3206, Fax: (613) 563-9602

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Hi Sherron, I apologize for the delay in getting back to you on this email. My parents would no longer like to receive your editions of the Moccasin Telegraph. They have really enjoyed reading them but cannot read them anymore. I am just now trying to get things cleaned up for them. Thank you.

Brenda Burrell blburrell@gmail.com

BURRELL, Chuck & Norma riverrat.chuck@gmail.com (In Whitehorse since 1965)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

He who walks in another's tracks leaves no footprints.
--- Joan L. Brannon

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Simple Lemon Butter Baked Shrimp Recipe

Melt a stick of butter in a pan. Line the baking sheet with tinfoil. Slice one lemon and layer it on top of the butter. Put down fresh shrimp and sprinkle one pack of dried Italian seasoning. Put in the oven and bake at 350 for 15 minutes. Simple and delicious!

DATES TO REMEMBER



Vancouver Yukoners' Association 85th Annual Reunion



April 13, 2013

**River Rock Casino/Resort – Whistler Ballroom
8811 River Rd, Richmond BC
Free Parking in Casino Parkade**

Hotel reservations

Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718

Ask for Vancouver Yukoners' rate

Two Queen Room \$145.00 & 1 King Bed Room \$155.00
One Bedroom Suite \$179.00 & 2 Bedroom Suite \$229.00

Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet based on availability
IMPORTANT – Contact the Hotel for their current rates

**Banquet Reception: Ballroom Foyer No-Host Bar 5pm – 6pm
Welcome followed by Dinner: 6:15 pm**

Hospitality Room: Open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from noon

Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

Email: lornellis@shaw.ca

Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

**\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to
*Vancouver Yukoners' Association***

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

IN WHITEHORSE CONTACT GOODY SPARLING: 867 668-3958

Cheques only please - payable to Vancouver Yukoners Association

**We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North
and to contact them for any special discounts**

Check www.vancouver-yukoners.com for updates

Tickets are still available for the **Vancouver Yukoners' Association 85th Annual Reunion** being held April 13, 2013 at the River Rock Casino Resort in Richmond BC.

Please contact Vivian Stuart at lornellis@shaw.ca or 250 383-1349

It promises to be another fun-filled weekend and your chance to meet up with old friends.

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 your 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 - 483-5707 E 32nd Street - Yuma Arizona USA - 85365

After April 5th 2013

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