

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 384th Edition – December 29th, 2013

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Our view has been spectacular today as we've been putting up decorations... the light has been lovely all day..!! (Dec 15, 2013)

Betty Sutton Bettrysutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)

A Pioneer's Love of the Yukon

By Andrew Baird 1871 -

Gently nestling near the Pole,
With charms hypnotic you control,
I love you with my very sole,
Dear Yukon.

Enchanting is your land and sky,
Your fiery sentinels on high,
Your golden valley beautify,
My Yukon.

Should God see fit to recreate,

Where would he find a fashion plate,
That could be more appropriate
Than Yukon

Vancouver Island Yukoners' 2013 Christmas Lunch Party

By Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)

There was a slightly smaller number of attendees this year, compared to previous years, when 35 friends, having various Yukon connections, gathered at the ABC Country Restaurant in North Nanaimo for their annual Christmas lunch party on December, 12, 2013. However, a wonderful time of friendship, chatter, laughter, and reminiscing, along with delicious food and a very enjoyable musical voice presentation by Liam McParland, grandson of Ted and Trudy North was enjoyed by all those present.

Liam McParland, whose voice (in this writer's opinion) continues to mature each year, serenaded us in delightful mellow tones, with two Italian pieces and a number of familiar Christmas songs. Liam is a Grade 11 student and the great-great grandson of the famous Yukon musher, Percy DeWolfe Sr. He is also the great-grand-nephew of Percy DeWolfe Jr, who unfortunately was unable to join with us this year. Percy, who is in his 98th year, was definitely missed by the group. In the past, he had been a regular attender at our Christmas gatherings over the years. All your friends say hello and wish you well, Percy!!

As in the past, we were favoured by a contingent who came over from the Mainland to share in the festivities and their presence was very much appreciated. Harriett Butterworth and Sharon Redmond again served as our gracious hosts and we cannot thank them enough for taking on the responsibility for arranging our Christmas gathering. THANK YOU Harriett and Sharon for all you do to bring us together! And thank you to each one who attended!

At the end of our time together, those with a tag on their chair bottoms got to take home the lovely poinsettia table decorations. A very nice added touch, again, by our gracious hosts!

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Safe New Year.

All photos in this article are courtesy Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (in Parksville)



Left - F to B: Harriett Butterworth, Julie Trueman, Carol Pearce,
 Sharon Redmond, Valerie Duckworth
 Right – F to B: Molly Rogers-Browne, Gwen McFadyen, Fay Ash,
 Ralph & Janice Beaumont



Left – F to B: Bev Mason-Wood, Lowell & Lyn Bleiler, Gerald St Jean, Betty St Jean
 Right – F to B: Harry Miller, Aileen (Miller) Dobronay, Warren & Jean Rongve



Left – F to B: Ron & Evelyn Smyth, Colleen & Ron Butler, Gus & Blanche Barrett
Right – F to B: Jack & Doreen Hildebrand, Fred Horn & Joyce Yardley, Elva Standish



Left – F to B: Bill & Niki Buchan, Harvey Burian
Right – F to B: Liam McParland, Ted & Trudy North

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Yukon Meteorite

Fragments of a meteor, that stunned viewers when it exploded in a giant fireball over the Yukon in January of 2000, could help explain the formation of solar system and life on Earth.

A tall order for the Tagish meteorite. It's the space rock that streaked across the early morning Yukon sky producing sonic booms, sizzling sounds, green flashes, a foul odor and a huge explosion.

As many as seventy people were watching as the meteor started its historic descent. The rock, about the size of a small truck before entering the atmosphere, triggered Defense satellites into recording its fiery explosion and landing on the Taku Arm of Tagish Lake.

Captured on film an hour before sunrise, the space rock exploded with the force of nearly one quarter the blast power of the Hiroshima atom bomb. That's pretty powerful stuff for the brightest fireball in years.

The black, porous rock fragments look like used charcoal briquettes, but they are actually examples of carbonaceous chondrite, a rare meteorite type that holds the basic ingredients from which life arose.

The Tagish meteor is in rare company. Only about two percent of meteorites that reach the Earth are carbonaceous chondrites. And to find one in good condition is special since they deteriorate when they enter the atmosphere or during weathering on the ground.

Fortunately for the scientific community, one week after the event, on January 25th, Jim Brook found the first meteorite fragments while driving home on the frozen surface of the Taku Arm.

Just as darkness was setting in, he spotted some small, black rocks several hundred meters from the shore.

He covered his fingers, picked up the pieces and put them in plastic bags. In a few hours of searching, Brook found seventeen meteorites weighing almost one kilogram. Five were the size of small oranges, and twelve the size of walnuts.

What Brook had found was a relic from the early solar system.

Research teams analyzing the Tagish specimen say it came from a D-type asteroid, possibly a piece of asteroid 368 Haidae, that roams the cold, outer region of the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter.

Space geologists believe the pristine pieces of the space rock make it the most important meteorite found in more than thirty years. In fact, a NASA spokesman said that no one had ever recovered a meteor and kept it so pure. It may never happen again.



Jim Brooks

This 1965 photo is of Jim Brooks as a boy at his mothers home located at the entrance of Graham Inlet, south of the Tagish Lake.

The meteor was old...very old...four and a half billion years in fact. The fragments offer a glimpse into the original composition of the solar system before the planets formed.

As they studied pieces, NASA scientists say the find was so significant for them, it was the next best thing to sending a collection mission to an asteroid.

A major scientific research mission in the spring of 2000, recovered two hundred additional specimens weighing between five and ten kilograms.

In the years since its explosive landing on the scientific scene, the Tagish Lake meteor has become world famous as the most pristine, the largest tracked by satellites, the most fragile, and one of the oldest.

Because it is so primitive, scientists studying the space visitor say it's a little like being given a picture of the solar system as a baby, and being able to understand what it was like when it was young!

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

The following links take you to some of the legacy of Yukon History left behind by the late Les McLaughlin with Hank Karr singing along in a couple, whereas Les's voice tells the story in others.

Hank Karr sings 'WHITE PASS YUKON RAIL'

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OOKbyueLfwI>

The Last Voyage of the SS Keno (1960)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wOLX8L3olRk>

Paddlewheelers on the Yukon River

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KpTtFngqePI>

Hank Karr sings Paddlewheeler

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vwvMuTxdAFs>

Extract from:

**A Collection of Yukon River Indian Legends
Compliments of White Pass & Yukon Route**

An Indian Marriage in the Early Days of the Yukon Territory

Courtship and marriage in the early days of the Yukon Territory were very different institutions from the present ideas of the young braves and squaws who do most of their courting in the moving picture shows, and demand the services of a clergyman at their wedding. From the standpoint of legality, the Canadian Government has always recognized the Indian marriage as

perfectly binding. However, it is a question whether married life was any happier before the advent of the white man or not.

When the young brave of the early days saw the girl of his choice, he didn't go to call upon her. He didn't even speak to her. For the peace of mind of his neighbors it would have been better if he had. But, perched on a log or a stump outside her wigwam, he would sing a doleful love song hour after hour. To the unaccustomed ear the tune sounded like a cross between the wail of a husky and an asthmatic wheeze. There was only one verse, a literal translation being:

I am pitiful.
You come to me.
If you do come to me,
It will be very good.

After hours of this, if he was not shot at in the meantime, he left for his own wigwam. If the girl accepted his suit, she placed a pair of finely-worked moccasins on the stump or log where he had been crooning. When he spied them, he would pick them up and take them to his wigwam. That signified their engagement, provided there were no parental objections. The parents not only had the final say in the matter, but they made all arrangements for the wedding.

Even after the engagement was sealed, the young brave did not speak to his fiancé, nor did she ever address him. Whenever they met, she would cover her face with her hands or with a piece of moose hide.

When the parents had set the date for the marriage, they moved their wigwams side by side. Preparations were made for a feast of caribou and tea. At weddings after the coming of the first white men tobacco also was served, as smoking was indulged in by young and old.

As the hour approached for the ceremony, the bridegroom and his parents entered one of the wigwams, and sat down at one side of the fire which was built in the center. The bride and her parents then entered, followed by all her relatives, and they sat on the opposite side. Meat was eaten, not a word being spoken. Afterwards tea was given to each one present. Then pipes were lighted, and everybody smoked in silence.

In due time the father of the groom arose and gave a long talk, extolling the virtues of his boy. As a hunter and trapper, he could not be excelled. He was as handsome as Adonis and he had the grace of Apollo. His bravery was unquestioned. Surely the bride was fortunate to have secured such a husband. When he had finished, the bride's father arose and gave a glowing account of his daughter. No girl in all the world was half as beautiful. In the art of tanning hides, she had no superior; and in fashioning garments she was without doubt the last word. The groom had made no mistake in choosing her.

Meanwhile the bride had been sitting with her hair plaited in braids and thrown over her face. After the speeches were finished, the groom reached forward and grasping the braids, hauled her across the fire to his side. If during the preliminaries, however, she suddenly changed her mind about marrying him, a struggle ensued, during which her parents beat his hands with sticks, and the match was off. If she raised no objection, she allowed herself to be hauled across the fire, and she sat down beside the groom.

His parents then threw a blanket over the couple.

Inspector Dempster's report of the search for the RNWMP Lost Patrol As taken from Andrew Baird's book – My 60 years in the Yukon

Typed in and shared by Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Dempster's orders were received from Supt Snyder, Commanding RNWMP Yukon as follows: "You are to leave tomorrow morning for a patrol over the Fort MacPherson Trail, to locate the whereabouts of Inspector Fitzgerald's party. Indians from MacPherson reported him on New Years day at Mountain Creek. Fair traveling from Mountain Creek about twenty days to Dawson. I understand that at Hart River divide, no matter what route he took, he would have to cross this divide. I think it would be advisable to make for this point and take up his trail from there. I cannot give you any specific instructions, you will have to be guided by circumstances and your own judgment, bearing in mind that nothing is to stand in your way until you have got in touch with this party."

In accordance with the above instructions, I left Dawson about 1 pm February 28, 1911. My party consisted of Constable Fyfe, Ex-Constable Turner, Charles Stewart (a half breed from MacPherson) and myself.

We had three dog teams of five dogs each, to haul our provisions etc.

We followed the usual route taken by the MacPherson Patrol, i.e. down Yukon to Twelve Mile River, up this to its head, through Seela Pass and on to Blackstone River, down this to a small tributary Cache Creek, up this creek and over the divide into the head of Michelle Creek, down this to a point where we go over a high divide and on to Hart River, crossing the River and up a tributary, Wolf Creek. A few miles below the head of this crossing over a low divide into Forest Creek and down this into Little Wind River.

Up to the last divide mentioned, we had an old Indian Trail, of early winter, but badly drifted, difficult to follow, also encountering considerable water on glaciers etc.

From this divide we had no trail.

We had, of course been keeping a sharp look out for any signs of the Fitzgerald party – old camps, or anything, but I had not really expected to pick up any signs until I reached the Wind River.

We reached Little Wind River shortly after noon of March tenth, at a point roughly fifty miles from its junction with the Big Wind River.

The Little Wind overflows, freezes, overflows all winter forming glaciers – good going when frozen, bad when flooding or not frozen strong enough to carry us. This trip we had a lot of both conditions.

About this time the weather varied from forty to sixty below.

March 12th, when about ten or twelve miles from the Big Wind River, we found the first signs of the Fitzgerald Party. This was a trail across a gravel bar, from the ice on one side of this bar to the ice on the other side – about a couple of hundred feet only.

This trail was high, indicating the snow was deep when it was made, but winds had cleared the bar of all loose snow, leaving only the hard-packed trail. Overflow had obliterated it on either side of the bar. We couldn't tell whether this was Fitzgerald's trail or that of some Indians who might have been in the vicinity earlier in the winter.

Continuing down the river we picked up two or three short stretches of trail.

I might mention that it is almost impossible to follow a trail along the Little Wind River, as overflowing water would obliterate it (some of the glaciers being about five miles long and half a mile wide).

Later the same day (March 12) we made the Big Wind River. Here we went up the Big Wind River crossing at several points, from bank to bank trying to find some sign of a trail, but failed to find one. We continued down the Big Wind River, a couple of miles and pulled into some timber on the right bank to make camp – no trail.

Taking a walk up along the bank, I found an old camp and here discovered empty butter and corned beef cans and a piece of flour sack marked RNWMP MacPherson. This was the first positive sign we found of the Fitzgerald Party, and of course right here we picked up a trail again but could have it only going down river.

We pondered the possibility of having passed them but considered it very improbable. Also considered the possibility of them having gone up the Big Wind River instead of taking the regular route up the Little wind, as in 1905-06 Fitzgerald had gone with the Patrol from Dawson that year, trying out a new route, going via Mayo to Keno, then to McQuesten Lake, Beaver River, and crossing a divide into the head of Big Wind. But we had searched up the Big Wind above the mouth of Little Wind, where it was confined in one fairly narrow channel, deep snow, and no sign of overflowing to obliterate a trail, and we had searched pretty thoroughly, but could find no indication of a trail.

On the morning of March thirteenth we decided to continue down river, following the trail when possible and a few miles below the camp we had discovered the previous day, found another old night camp. These two night camps being so close together we concluded one had been made going out and the other returning, though not necessarily so. We continued down river finding the trail at times, but were unable to follow it except for short distances.

The following day we found three night camps, all within a few miles of each other and on the fifteenth day of March, at a point where Big Wind enters Peel River, in a windswept canyon, we found about three or four hundred feet of an old trail standing up high, hard packed and on it very clearly and distinctly, the tracks of snowshoes pointing down river. The next day, in a small cabin on Mountain Creek, we found an abandoned toboggan, some dog harness and some bones, which we concluded were those of a dog. They appeared to have been boiled. This was the first positive indication that the Fitzgerald Party was for some reason, returning to MacPherson.

From this point on, being a more or less wooded country, the section known as the Big Portage, we were able to follow their trail fairly well and locate many of their night camps, sometimes finding the skins of a dog, abandoned dog harness etc. On March 20th we had crossed the Big

Portage, got down Trail River and were back on Peel River, and shortly after 6 pm had reached Colins Cabin. This is on a high knoll on the river bank, and we decided to go up and camp there.

Having had supper, I noticed some packages hung over a beam, and remarked to Stewart “I wonder what old Colin has cached up there?” Stewart said “I’ll see” and took them down and we found them to contain Fitzgerald’s dispatch bag, mail and other dunnage belonging to the party.

Well, we thought the party was hard pressed, but this was only about fifty miles from the Fort and surely they had made it all right. Still, we wondered why Fitzgerald had not sent someone to pick it up. There was a lot of money in the packages. Maybe he was going to make another start after resting up for a while. We felt somewhat uneasy.

The next morning we continued down river and found another camp and dog harness left there. Across what is known as Seven Mile Portage, on a little lake, we found an abandoned tent and stove.

Back on the Peel River again, now following a well-defined trail, we found a toboggan in the middle of the river. Examining this we found that all the babiche groundlashing and bridle from the head of the toboggan had been cut off, not chewed off, and looking around we noticed a small rag tied to a willow on the bank of the river.

We went over to it and through a fringe of willows, into the timber, here we found a camp and two men, dead. They lay side by side with eiderdown robes under and over them. Upon examination, I found one of them to be Constable Kinney, whom I knew. The other later proved to be Constable Taylor, the latter had evidently committed suicide. The top of his head had been blown off and a 30-30 rifle was still grasped in his hand.

Equipment found here consisted of: a frying pan, a camp kettle, tin with some matches, an axe with a broken handle (very blunt), a sack containing Inspector Fitzgerald’s diary, sox, moccasins, etc.

At the foot of their bed they had a fire. The kettle was half full of moose skin, cut up into small pieces – probably part of a moose skin “wrapper” and probably boiled for food but could not be eaten.

On the toboggan, out on the river, we found two sets of dog harness so presumed they had killed their last dogs after reaching this point.

There was nothing we could find here to indicate what had become of the others, Inspector Fitzgerald and Sam Carter.

Needless to say, this discovery was a great shock to us. This point was only about thirty five miles from the Fort and safety.

After completing our examination we concluded that Kinney and Taylor had become unable to travel any further, that they had killed their last two dogs for food, and that Fitzgerald and Carter had gone on in a desperate endeavour to reach the Fort. We felt certain that they had failed to do so, and somewhere between this point and the fort, we would find them too, dead.

We continued down river, having great difficulty following the trail, not being able to see it but “feeling” for it, continually losing it, crossing back and finding it again. Slow going – night and camped.

March 22nd – Broke camp and continued on our way. Had been traveling about an hour down the Peel River, and were right near the bank at the head of an island about twenty five miles from the Fort. We had lost the trail, and while searching for it, found a snowshoe buried under the snow. We climbed the bank which was quite high, found old tracks, followed them around a clump of bush and found there the bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and Sam Carter.

The body of the former lay on the spot where the fire had been, two half blankets wrapped around him. Sam Carter’s body lay a short distance away. He had evidently died first, and was lying on his back, hands crossed on his breast and face covered with a handkerchief.

The only equipment found here was a very blunt axe with a broken handle.

The bodies of all these men were in a very emaciated condition. The flesh was much discoloured, being a kind of reddish black, and skin peeling off. The feet, especially those of Fitzgerald and Kinney were swollen to almost twice their natural size.

The last entry in Fitzgerald’s diary was made on February 5th at a camp on Trail River and I judged that he had traveled about forty or forty five miles from there to the point where we had found Kinney and Taylor and it may have taken them six or seven days to cover that distance.

Fitzgerald, in the last two entries in his diary, recorded the weather at 52 and 48 below with strong S.E. wind.

For his patrol to Dawson, Inspector Fitzgerald engaged Sam Carter as guide. Carter was an ex-member of the Force and had been transferred from Dawson to Herschel some five years previously and had traveled over the patrol that year, had subsequently taken his discharge from the force and lived at Herschel Island.

Before leaving Fort MacPherson, Fitzgerald knew that he would overtake a party of Indians from the fort; on Trail River and had planned to engage one of them to guide his party across the Big Portage. This he did, engaging Esau, whom he paid off after getting to Mountain Creek. Esau returned to join his Indian party.

(The Big Portage is approximately eighty miles across, leaving the Peel River at Trail River on the north end and getting back on the Peel River again at Mountain Creek on the south end.)

The Fitzgerald Party continued up the Peel, Big Wind and Little Wind Rivers but was unable to locate Forest Creek which is the point where on our regular route, we leave the Little Wind. They spent five days searching for this creek, going up one creek after another, each time finding out that they were wrong. Thinking they had gone too far up Little Wind, they back tracked some miles and tried other creeks with the same result.

On January 17th, Fitzgerald says, in his diary “Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide. There are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter’s word that he knew the way from Little Wind. We have now only ten pounds of flour, eight pounds of bacon and some dried

fish. My last hope is gone and the only thing I can do is return and kill some of our dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians”.

They started on their return journey on January 18th. Fitzgerald’s diary covers 19 days of their return journey and on ten of those 19 days the temperature varied between 45 and 64 below, though not all in one spell.

I quote a couple of entries from the diary:

“Sunday, January 29th – 51 below. Left camp 745 am. Nooned an hour. Camped at 315 pm. Going heavy. Old trail filled in. All hands feeling sick. Supposed to be from eating dogs liver. 14 miles”

“Tuesday, January 31st – (quote in part) 45 below. 62 below in pm. Left camp at 715 am. Nooned an hour. Camped at 415. Skin peeling off our faces and parts of body and lips all swollen and split. I suppose this is caused by feeding on dog meat. Everybody feeling the cold very much for want of food”.

On February 3rd, he mentions “Men and dogs very thin and weak, cannot travel far. Have still about a hundred miles to go. I think we will make it all right but will have only three or four dogs left”

According to information received at Fort Macpherson, all members of the party were in excellent condition when they left the Fort on December 21st 1910. They had three teams of dogs (15), all good dogs and in good condition. Their supplies, I judge, were rather on the short side, but still, without undue delay, they could have reached Dawson but would have been on “short rations” unless they killed some game or met up with some Indians.

Incidentally, I subsequently learned that there were some Indians camped on the Hart River about the time this party would normally have reached this point. The party had a rifle and ammunition; I was informed they did not intend to do any game hunting as they had only small “trail” snowshoes and had no larger hunting shoes. They took the rifle in case they might see some game close to the trail.

On a piece of paper found in Fitzgerald’s pants pocket were written these words, written evidently with a charred piece of wood:

“All money in dispatch bag and bank, clothes etc. I leave to my dearly beloved Mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God Bless All. (signed) F.J. Fitzgerald RNWMP”

Well, those are the facts as far as we could ascertain.

The disappointment, hardships, and suffering, which must have begun soon after they turned back; trudging, trudging along, day after day, urging their exhausted dogs along badly drifted trails, with frozen feet, sick, skin peeling off, lips cracked, cold, hungry and exhausted, one can hardly imagine the suffering they endured.

How long Kinney and Taylor lived after Fitzgerald and Carter left them, we could not tell, probably several days, as we surmised they had killed two dogs there, and also had tried to eat their moccasins and moose skin “wrappers” – living in the hope of rescue, that did not come.

I believe that when Fitzgerald and Carter went into the bush where we found them, they knew it was the end of the trail for them.

Personnel of Fitzgerald's party: Inspector J.F. Fitzgerald, Constable J.F. Kinney, Constable R.O. Taylor, Spl – Constable Sam Carter, Indian Esau, Guide from Trail River to Mountain Creek.

Ferry Season is Over at Last

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

October 31, 2013

The George Black Ferry was out of the water and on its winter berth just over the river side of the dike by 2 p.m. on Wednesday (Oct. 30). There's still no ice to speak in the Yukon River as it flows by Dawson and the temperature on this day ranged between +1 and -4. There have been years when pulling the ferry without the presence of substantial ice floes has caused a bit of an uproar in the community on both sides of the river, but this doesn't seem to be one of them. If conditions don't change (and the Environment Canada website doesn't show it getting much lower than -8 over the next seven days) West Dawsonites may have to wait quite a bit longer than the usual week to ten days before attempting to walk across to town. Average temperatures for October 30 are -15 to -6.5.



Out of the water - Here, the graders that hauled the ferry out of the river are seen at rest, task completed.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Dawson Museum Raises \$13,000 in Operating Funds at its Auction

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The 36th Annual Dawson City Museum Auction wasn't quite the blowout that the 35th event was, but then last year was the museum's 50th anniversary and it would have been hard to beat.

This year's event, held on November 2, embraced a Hallowe'en theme for the evening, and a number of people came dressed for the occasion, including auctioneer Paul Robitaille, who held forth all evening in a clown's wig and a big red nose (that was sometimes a chin).

“Vannas” for the evening, busy showing off the sixty items on the auction table, were Maria Sol and the cross-dressing Andrew Roebuck.

As executive director Laura Mann noted, the evening is always more than merely an auction. With food and drink available in the gift shop on the main floor, it becomes a social event with time built in for refreshments and a break at the halfway mark.

Mann reports that over \$13,000 was raised during the course of the evening.

Bidding was brisk on items that included a voucher for screened gravel, a 20 minute heli-tour, art work of various kinds, handcrafted items, gift certificates from various shops, a family pass at the pool, jewelry, clothing, income tax preparation and a half-hour massage.

The auction took place in the courtroom on the second floor and most of the seats were full most of the time.

Archdeacon Ken Snider was Celebrated with Music and Love

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Saint Paul’s Anglican Church was packed on November 2 as the community met to celebrate the life of Kenneth Cober Snider, retired Archdeacon of the Klondike. This was most appropriate, since the one of the main reasons why the building itself still exists was that Ken refused the direction of the national Anglican Church offices to tear the 65 year old pro-cathedral down and erect a new building when he was posted here in 1967.

It celebrated its 100th anniversary in 2002. By that time, Ken had retired from the full time ministry and he and Aldene had moved into their home at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Craig Street. They were front and center in organizing a commemorative float for the Discovery Days Parade that year.

Ken was born on a farm near Toronto in 1933 and entered the Anglican Church Army (now known in Canada as Threshold Ministries) in 1954. While attending the Anglican Bible College he met Aldene Gadsby, whom he would marry four years later.

As providence would have it, both were posted to the North. He was a Church Army Captain in the Diocese of the Arctic and she was a nurse. He was moved about quite a bit, serving at DEW Line sites, but eventually they were both posted to Hay River, which is where they decided to get married. They celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary last June.

In 1957 Ken was posted to Inuvik for the first time, and then in 1961 was sent to Colonsay, Saskatchewan. During his years in that province he studied for his ordination as a priest and in 1967 was called, along with Aldene and their four children, to the Yukon and Dawson City, where Ken was to service the congregations at St. Paul’s and Clinton Creek, about 100 km away. They would remain there until 1978, by which time Ken had been appointed a Canon of the Diocese of Yukon.

Aside from saving the church building in Dawson, the Sniders also arranged to acquire the former Anglican Rectory, Stringer House, and restored it to use as the home for the resident priest, which it is to this day. Ken was active coaching hockey and taking teams to Clinton Creek for tournaments. He was involved in the group that launched Diamond Tooth Gerties as part of the Klondike Visitors Association. The Sniders were also instrumental in getting Kindergarten started at the school in Dawson.

1978 saw them transferred to Whitehorse, where Ken served as the Dean of Christ Church Cathedral for four years. In 1982 they were on the move again, posted to Inuvik. During his six years there Ken gained the Inuit name “Okalisuk” and the Gwich'in name, “Idiginjii” both of which referred to his talkative nature. By this time there were six Snider children.

After his second stint in the Diocese of the Arctic, Ken came back to the Yukon. He was to have been posted to Elsa in 1988, with the title Archdeacon of the Klondike, serving Elsa, Mayo and Pelly Crossing. The mine and the company town of Elsa closed down, and so the Sniders relocated to Mayo, and Ken's duties were expanded to include Carmacks.

The Dawson connection remained. Sons Peter and John had purchased the Craig St. house, the former Ferry Hotel and Saloon, as a base for their lawn mowing service some years earlier. They were too young at the time and Sniders had to underwrite the \$100 loan and hold the title. Ken and Aldene, along with family and friends, would spend much time over the next decade restoring the derelict former brothel, and fitting it to be their eventual retirement home.

At the same time they established the Western Arctic Visitors' Centre on Front Street opposite the Yukon's Visitor Reception Centre (as it was called then) and Aldene operated it while living in Dawson during the summer months.

In 1998 Ken retired from the ministry and the couple moved to Dawson, where they became active members of St. Paul's congregation, Ken as Honorary Assistant and Aldene heavily involved with the Thrift Store next to the Richard Martin Memorial Chapel. Ken could often be seen tending the grounds around the church during the summer, and in winter he was regularly seen shovelling snow and clearing steps at the church, the YOOP Hall (where he was chaplain) and the Legion Hall. The pair created a series of historic evening services, which they offered to the public on Saturdays in the summer months.

During the winter Ken was the master of the wood stove when St. Paul's needed to be heated up for special events. On one celebrated winter night he was off, wearing only his pajamas under his parka, to stoke the stove in the middle of the night for a service the next day. He was stopped by a newly arrived RCMP constable who didn't know him, and had to explain both his attire and his errand.

For many years, he was in charge of the Wednesday service for the elders at the Macdonald Lodge.

Aside from those duties he held the post of Coroner for a decade.

Outside of Dawson he represented Dawson City senior citizens on the Yukon Council of Aging Board and was a member of the Yukon Transportation Museum Hall of Fame selection panel.

In his free hours, he enjoyed woodworking and was well known for his wooden puzzles, especially his Nativity scenes. He loved going for coffee at the Arctic Inland Resources Lumberyard (for which Aldene supplied the cookies), golfing, moose hunting, socializing, and, as he would joke, “Trying to stay out of trouble!”



Ken and Aldene Snider at the Commissioner's Tea in July 2013.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

While Ken never sought honours, they often came his way. In 2009 he and Aldene were chosen to be Mr. and Mrs. Yukon. In 2010, Ken received *The Commissioner's Award for Public Service* in recognition of his years of volunteer work for various organizations and for making a significant contribution to his community. In 2013, he received a congratulatory note from the Commissioner on his 45th Anniversary of Ordination into the Anglican Church.

In the summer of 2011, Ken was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease and this created many difficulties for him. His movements became stiffer and he suffered from the slowing and slurring of speech that often accompanies this illness. He was determined to live his life to the fullest that he was able, but was frustrated by this handicap. While he eventually had to stop driving, within days he could be seen wheeling around town on one of those handicap scooters, and some friends made him a trailer on which to tow the lawnmower.

Just before his 80th birthday last July, Ken was diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer. He was determined that he would die at home, and his friends and family made this possible for him as his life slowly wound down during the fall.

Ken planned the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, though he had not been able to be at the church for a few weeks prior to that. He viewed it at home in bed via a Facetime transmission from

an iPhone to and iPad. The church was packed for the service, which many attended to honour a special friend.



Commissioner Doug Phillips presents a special Certificate of Recognition to Archdeacon Ken Snider, 2013.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

On the morning of his death on October 29, Grace Snider posted, “My precious Dad, Kenneth Cober Snider, has crossed over. He died peacefully in his sleep early this morning, around 6:30 AM. I felt the rustle, a feeling akin to the fluttering of a butterfly's wings, in my heart near the time that my Dad's spirit was taking flight. I now imagine him reunited with his voice, his mobility and with many, many loved ones. The coffee pot is on and many conversations are brewing. Where there is Dad, there is conversation and laughter and I can almost hear it!”

St. Paul's was even more crowded on the day of his funeral four days later. Ken and the family had planned that service as well, with lots of music, and special solos by Michael Davidson and

Joanne Snowshoe from Fort McPherson. Ken loved music. The community choir benches were packed as well.

Interment was at the Yukon Order of Pioneers Cemetery on Mary McLeod Road above the town, with a special YOOP component to the service there.

The reception feast afterwards was in another packed room at the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in Hall, where people from Dawson and many visitors from other towns enjoyed a 20-minute slideshow and spoke movingly of Ken and his impact on their lives.

In the family's eulogy, Grace and her siblings wrote, "Let us remember that Dad lived a rich and full 80 years. He spent his life serving God, doing exactly what gave his life meaning. Through his service to God, he served others; with humility and generosity, with kindness and compassion, with that dogged determination of his, with an unwavering sense of humour, and with love. Great love."

* * * *

Aksel, not sure if you have seen this.

Thought you would enjoy it if you have not.

(see link below)

Sherron Jones

THIS IS INCREDIBLE - THE WONDERS OF NATURE JUST GO UNEXPLAINED!

Reindeer crossing Arctic water.

<http://www.youtube.com/embed/6pBT8n-SNWk?list=PLEE1BBC8EDE049800>

Sherron; thanks for this item. Had not seen it before and brings back memories of tales from my Dad and Uncle Erling when they were involved with the reindeer in the Mackenzie Delta so long ago. This footage is evidently from northern Finland, and very well done.

Thanks again.

Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay)

Here's a short video on Whitehorse found on Youtube:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I0YDRDfDX8I&feature=youtube_gdata_player

I just looked up to see if that big moose that was shot by a Dawson City resident is a record and it is I am enclosing the link that says it is.

Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse)

The Canadian Press - ONLINE EDITION - December 17, 2013

Behemoth Bull Moose in Yukon blows away antler record

DAWSON CITY, Yukon - It's a whopper — a Yukon hunter has bagged a world-record-breaking behemoth of a bull moose, according to an initial measurement of its antlers in Dawson City, Yukon.

After a two-month waiting period the antlers of the almost-600 kilogram moose that Heinz Naef shot in late September were given an antler score of 263 and one-eighth points.

The rating measures length, width and size of the antlers and palms and Naef's moose was one-and-a-half points higher than the old record set in 1994.

The waiting period was required for the antlers to dry and settle.

But Naef says the delay was worthwhile, given the record-breaking outcome.

The antlers will now be taken to Nevada for official verification by the Boone and Crockett hunting club.

Belated Merry Christmas to all.

This is cool, it looks like the house is jumping.

As the story goes, the guy that owns this house lives north of Cincinnati, Ohio (Mason , Ohio). Police were constantly being called for traffic jams and accidents in the neighborhood so they asked him to shut it down during certain hours. Instead he started charging by car load to pay off duty police to be there. The guy is supposedly a real computer GEEK! So click on the link below and enjoy!

<http://www.flixxy.com/best-christmas-lights-display.htm>

OBIT

SIMPSON, Robert Edwin C.A. - Passed away on Thursday, December 12, 2013 at Carefree Lodge just two weeks shy of his 92nd birthday. Bob is survived by his beloved wife of 65 years, Elaine (nee Dixon), his children Peter, Paul (Deborah) and Karen, his grandchildren Catherine (Luke), Victoria and Patricia and his brother-in-law Edward McEvoy. **Bob served four years in the Royal Canadian Air Force in Whitehorse, Yukon.** He was the last remaining Charter Member of the Kiwanis Club of North York. Friends may call on Sunday, December 22nd from 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. and on Monday, December 23rd for one hour prior to the service at the R.S. Kane Funeral Home (6150 Yonge Street, at Goulding, south of Steeles). A Memorial Service will be held on Monday, December 23rd at 11 a.m. at the R.S. Kane Chapel. Private Urn Interment to follow at Sanctuary Park Cemetery. As an expression of sympathy, donations may be made to Carefree Lodge or to a charity of your choice. Condolences can be left at www.rskane.ca

Published in the Toronto Star from Dec. 13 to Dec. 14, 2013



JAMES "JOCK" PATERSON

MARCH 14th, 1920 - NOVEMBER 4th, 2013

On November 4th, 2013, Jock passed away peacefully at the age of 93 years. Jock is survived by his sister Margaret Newick, Vernon, B.C., his brother Gavin Paterson of Salmon Arm, B.C., several nieces and nephews, and Helen Smith (daughter-in-law), granddaughter, Brandee Smith and two great grandchildren Tyler and Kya of Edmonton, AB.

Born in Scotland, he immigrated with his family to Canada as a young lad. Jock was raised in the Salmon Arm area of B.C. **As a young adult he moved to Whitehorse, Yukon where he lived for over forty-five years. In the Yukon, he was employed in the aviation industry for several decades working for Pan American Airlines and Wein Air Alaska. He was passionate about air travel and travelled extensively. Jock was an active member of the communities where he lived and was well respected by those who knew him. He was a member of the Lions Club; he enjoyed all outdoor sports and especially enjoyed spending time at the cabin at Marsh Lake.** His enjoyment for golf, fishing, lawn bowling, and dancing continued when he moved to Kelowna in the 1982.

At Jock's request, there will be no funeral service. Cremation has taken place and his ashes will be returned to the Yukon, the land he loved. Special appreciation goes to the dedicated Staff at the Pine Acres Lodge in Westbank, B.C. As well, a special thank you to Donna McKnight who visited

with Jock regularly and took him to medical appointments. He was predeceased by his first wife Anne and second wife Marjorie.



PATTERSON, Leaman (Pat)

October 21, 1920 - December 6, 2013

Pat was born to Francis and Elizabeth Patterson in a pioneer farm house near Alhambra, Alberta, October 21, 1920. He grew up and lived there through the 20's and 30's, experiencing the Great Depression first hand. With the coming of the Second World War, at the age of 20, Pat enlisted in the Canadian Army (Calgary Tanks; 14th Army Tank Regiment). He participated in the Dieppe Raid on August 19th, 1942, was captured and held as a prisoner of war for 3 years. Upon his return to Canada, Pat met and married his wife, Joyce in December 1945. After farming in Alhambra for a few years, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1954. **He moved his family to postings in Whitehorse, Yukon**, then Toronto, Ontario, Rivers, Manitoba, and Calgary, Alberta, before retiring from the military and settling in Campbell River in 1970. He finished his working career at MacMillan Bloedel employed there as a heavy duty mechanic. After his retirement he could be found helping out the Campbell River Legion, gardening at home or helping to repair a car or two. Pat was hardworking, loyal and always willing to lend a hand. He was very well read and kept himself remarkably up to date and informed on current events. Pat was extremely proud of his family and their accomplishments. Pat was predeceased by his wife, Joyce in 2003. He is survived by his 3 sons Jim (Linda) Hazelton BC, Dale (Bev) Victoria BC, and Grant (Eunice) Calgary AB; daughter Terri (Butch) Campbell River BC; grandchildren Geord (Amanda), Joel (Jen), Geoff (Zoe), Nick (Jen), Sarah (Noah) and Jonathan; great grandchildren Lexi and Jonah; and sister Fran Teskey of Rocky Mountain House, AB. His family would like to thank the staff on the 3rd floor of New Horizons for their kindness and compassion; the staff at Ironwood Place; and the staff at the Adult Day Care, which was such a big part of this life in his later years. In lieu of flowers please send donations to the Alzheimer's Society. A service will be held at the Campbell River Legion on Saturday, January 4th, 2014 at 1:00pm.

Published in Campbell River Courier Islander from Dec. 18 to Dec. 19, 2013

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Sherron, I talked to John's wife, he must be out of the territory. She said the klondiker address quit working so try:

johnfirth@hotmail.ca

If it doesn't work let me know.

Donna Clayson

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"A great attitude does much more than turn on the lights in our worlds; it seems to magically connect us to all sorts of serendipitous opportunities that were somehow absent before the change." Earl Nightengale

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Skillet Sausage Pasta

Servings: 4

Ingredients:

1 tablespoon olive oil
1 pound fully cooked smoked sausage in your flavor of choice
1 cup diced onion
2 cloves garlic, minced

2 cups low-sodium chicken broth
1 (14.5 oz) can diced tomatoes
8 ounces (approximately 2-1/2 cups) uncooked, dry penne pasta
1/2 teaspoon crushed red pepper, or to taste
1/2 teaspoon salt and pepper, each
1/2 cup half and half or heavy cream
1 cup Monterey Jack cheese, shredded
1/3 cup thinly sliced green onions

Add olive oil to a deep, oven-safe skillet over medium-high heat. Add sausage and onions and cook until lightly browned, about 4 or 5 minutes.

Add garlic and cook for a minute or two until fragrant.

Add broth, tomatoes, pasta, crushed red pepper, salt and pepper and stir to combine. Bring to a boil, cover skillet, and reduce heat to medium-low.

Simmer until pasta is tender, about 15 minutes.

Stir in half and half or heavy cream and simmer for another minute or two until warmed through.

Remove skillet from heat and stir in 1/2 cup cheese. Top with remaining cheese and sprinkle with green onions.

Set your oven to broil and place skillet in oven for just a couple of minutes until cheese is melted and bubbly.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Association 86th Annual Reunion

Banquet - Saturday, April 12, 2014

River Rock Casino/Resort Whistler Ballroom

8811 River Rd, Richmond BC

Free Parking in Casino Parkade

\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to Vancouver Yukoners' Association Hotel
reservations Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718

FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART: Email: lornellis@shaw.ca Address: #217 – 3255

Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4 Phone: 250-383-1349

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

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic Summerland Ornamental Gardens week after
Father's Day. (June 22) Set-up at 11AM potluck at noon. Bring your own Cutlery, Dishes and
Beverage. If anyone has a small coffee urn (15 cups or so) let us know and we will make some
coffee.

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to
receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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