

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 409th Edition – July 12, 2015

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



Flowers planted, ready for the party.

Photo courtesy Roger McCrindle, Betty Sutton's brother-in-law BettySutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

First Truck Over The Highway

Two young American soldiers made northern history back in **September of 1942**. Driving a Dodge half-ton weapons carrier, they left Dawson Creek and headed northwest into the history books.

Corporal Ottawa Gronke was from Chicago Illinois. Private Robert Bowe hailed from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Both were young soldiers working on construction of the Alaska Highway. On September 22nd, 1942, the pair left Mile 0 at Dawson Creek, bound for Whitehorse.

When they arrived in Whitehorse on September 27, they left behind them 1,030 of the most gruelling highway miles in the world. Hairpin turns, treacherous mud, and almost impossible grades made every mile an exciting adventure experience.

Proudly, their Dodge weapons carrier bore a sign saying " first truck, Dawson Creek to Whitehorse. Driving time 71 hours". Surprisingly, they had only one mechanical problem, a flat tire about 40 miles out of Whitehorse.

On November 18th, 1942, it was announced that Gronke and Bowe would drive the first truck of the first convoy from Whitehorse to Fairbanks. On the morning of November 20th, at Soldiers Summit, officials from Canada and the U.S. joined hands across a red, white and blue ribbon to officially cut the ribbon and open the highway.

Gronke and Bowe were in their little weapons carrier followed by a small caravan of heavy-duty trucks. They rolled forward at the drop of the ribbon with the first load of freight for Fairbanks, arriving in the Alaska town in 32 elapsed driving hours. Gronke and Bowe were the first to travel the entire length of the Alaska Highway.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



The first in a line of army trucks at White River that composed the first convoy to travel from Whitehorse to Fairbanks. Date: November 20, 1942. Yukon Archives. R.A. Carter fonds, #1501.



Army truck bogged down in the mud ruts along the temporary road with a cable on it to winch it out. Date: 1942. Yukon Archives. R.A. Cartter fonds, #1510.

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -



Photo by Whitehorse Star

Saan Store situated at Ogilvie and 2nd avenue ablaze in -42 degree temperatures.

The fire department received the call at 12:31 p.m. Firefighters were on the scene at 12:33. Within 2 1/2 hours, just about everything was on the ground. No injuries were reported. This is the first fire of the year.

Fire Breaks Out at Saan Store

What appears to be a major fire broke out at the Saan clothing store at the corner of Second Avenue and Ogilvie Street at about 12:30 this afternoon.

By **Whitehorse Star** on **January 2, 1991**

What appears to be a major fire broke out at the Saan clothing store at the corner of Second Avenue and Ogilvie Street at about 12:30 this afternoon.

Many of the city's firefighters were called to battle the blaze, which appeared to be concentrated in the rear loading dock, office and staff cafeteria areas. Flames were shooting out from those areas of the structure, and smoke billowed from it, mixing with the thick shroud of ice fog.

The RCMP and city public works crews were erecting traffic barricades at press time, as firefighters began a long afternoon's work in -42 degree temperatures fighting the city's first major blaze of the New Year.

Several motorists pulled over in their vehicles to watch the activity, with only three pedestrians braving the frigid weather to have a look.

Whitehorse Star, January 3, 1991

SAAN STORE WILL BE REBUILT

by Chuck Tobin
Star Reporter

The Saan Stores Ltd. Whitehorse outlet will "definitely" be replaced, store manager Jim Tait vowed this morning.

"Just exactly when, they (the Winnipeg head office) are not saying," he said in an interview. "They are possibly going to be looking for a temporary location ... they are discussing it right at this moment."

The city's fire chief, meanwhile, believes a sprinkler system would have saved the building, had it been equipped with one.

Tait watched his clothing store burn to the ground in -43 degree temperatures Wednesday afternoon, just over four years after its November, 1986 grand opening. Despair was evident in his eyes.

"It looks like the whole thing is gone," he said as he looked through the large display window along Second Avenue that firefighters were knocking out to battle the blaze.

Pockets of flames throughout the floor area of the store were barely visible through the smoke and steam. But for the most part, the floor area was clear, except for the merchandise. Racks of clothes closest to the front windows were just then starting to catch fire, the "Sale" sign still quite visible.

"I've had it," said Tait, having seen enough.

"I have to go call the head office." He walked a short distance, returned, a blank stare on his face, had another look, and then left.

There were no injuries in the fire, and the store was cleared well before flames were visible inside, Tait said.

Damage estimates were not available. But the blaze has left six full-time and five part-time employees without work.

The cause is still undetermined. But Whitehorse fire chief Brian Monahan said this morning, "We suspect it is electrical based on information from the manager of the store. "... We still have guys down there today cooling off hot spots. We want to try and get in there today, through the mountain of ice, to do some kind of investigation."

The fire department received the call at 12:31 p.m. Firefighters were on the scene at 12:33.

Not more than an hour later, the north wall, the one closest to the Chevron service station, collapsed. Most of the ceiling had come down by then, and the floor area was turned into a witches' broom of insulation, electrical cables and charred framing as the walls began to lean more and more outward.

And within 2 1/2 hours, just about everything was on the ground.

Monahan said he does not have a damage toll. But \$300,000 would be a "wild guess" at the cost of the building, which was wood-frame construction with concrete blocks on the outside.

The building was without a sprinkler system. Monahan believes that had it been equipped with one, the fire would not have destroyed the store. (Because of the building's size and type of occupancy, a sprinkler system was not required he explained.)

"As far as we know, it started in the attic, in a concealed space between the ceiling and the roof and that is all open ... and that is what made it spread so fast."

The chief said he was the first firefighter inside the building. When he arrived, although he could not see the fire, he could clearly hear it. By then, it was a quarter to halfway down the store, well into the sales area.

Tait explained he first noticed the fire after a couple of electrical breakers had blown, and he went to the back area of the store to call an electrical company. He said he heard the fire "crackling" in the ceiling, opened the rear door, and saw the smoke billowing from the roof.

He said the store was immediately cleared of the six employees and 15 or so customers, and the fire department was called.

Tait doesn't have an explanation for why the fire alarm did not go off. He suspects the fire having started above the ceiling might have something to do with it.

CHRIS BARTSCH'S EXPERIENCES - HIS FIRST TRIP INTO THE KLONDIKE - AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

Story submitted by grandson Gordon Bartsch

Part 3 of 4 (Preparing to leave Dawson in fall of 1898)

There were many, like myself, who wanted to come out before navigation closed, and so a number of us, about twenty, want to see Cowboy McConnel, who had operated a small boat called "Willie Irwin", all that summer between Dawson and White Horse. Mack, as we called him, was not impressed with the idea of making another trip. However, he consented if we agreed to make up a passenger list of seventy (there being only room for fifty), and also agreed to cut and put aboard all firewood required on the trip, pay two hundred dollars fare, a dollar fifty for every meal supplied on the way, and generally help with all work to be done in case of our getting stuck on a sand-bar, meeting ice jams, or any other mishaps we might encounter. We selected seventy out of at least two hundred wishing to make the trip.

McConnel, Captain and owner of the vessel, was an old cowboy from Montana. He wore a big Stetson hat when up in the pilot house. He had married just a few days before we roasted him out of his honeymoon abode. His bride was a Miss Bailey who had come from New York and had made her way over White Pass with her own dog team, as far down as Lake Laberge. I had met her on the trail several times. She was in camp at the lake where we had had to salt down our beef in the spring. She was a fine character, and was up there to write for a popular paper in the East. She later wrote a book entitled "Doings in the Klondike".

Now, Mack being on his honeymoon with his lovely bride, he needed some competent help to run the affairs of the boat. I was selected by him as his first mate. My duty was to

superintend the loading of the wood on board the boat and cutting it the right length for the boiler. I had among the crew such noted characters as Swift Water Bill, Colonel of the Canadian Army stationed at Fort Selkirk at that time, and many prominent miners, one by the name of Manly, and his wife, the only woman passenger on board besides the bride.

Swift Water was the notorious gambler who bought the last case of frozen eggs in Dawson for a dollar apiece to keep his girl, Diamond Tooth Gertie, who had jilted him for another notorious gambler called Goldie, from getting any more eggs for her breakfast.

The first day out of Dawson, it started to snow and began getting colder, and several of the passengers got "cold feet" and wanted to return; but the captain and most of the others wanted to go on. And go on we did.

We were twenty days on our trip to White Horse, under the most trying conditions. Floating ice and sand-bars to get over took sometimes many hours. Cutting firewood took much of our time as well. Some days we would make only a few miles, and we always tied up at night. We reached Fort Selkirk, only eighty miles from Dawson, in six days.

There we took on extra supplies, such as beef, from men who were delayed in floating their meat down to Dawson. We also laid in a supply of beans and bacon and dried fruits. We secured several planks to take with us, which came in handy to reinforce the boat's bottom as well as her sides, which were being badly worn by the floating ice, which was getting thicker every day.

To get under way in the morning, we had to break the ice from around the boat and push our way out into the channel. Sometimes this was through a lane as much as several hundred feet in length.

One morning, about ten o'clock, we arrived at Cassiar bar, just about out of wood. After we had trimmed the logs, they had to be carried to the boat on our shoulders. We worked in teams of two men to a log. My partner was a husky young Englishman, by the name of Walker. We were the last to pick up our log. It was a big one and had lots of bark on it. I took up one end and shouldered it into a comfortable position, and, in jostling it round, some bark fell off at my feet, but later I was to learn that it was not all bark which fell and hit the calf of my leg. I had a big pocket-book in the hip pocket of my Mackinaw pants. In it I had a three thousand dollar draft on a bank in Seattle, eight hundred dollars in cash, and a few other valuables. In stooping to pick up the log, the pocket-book must have slipped to the ground, unnoticed.

After getting aboard and dumping our heavy load, we immediately started to pull out into the current again. We made about ten miles that afternoon before putting into a small sheltered cove for the night.

After supper, my partner and I lay down on our bunks, which were about four feet wide, with a pole dividing them into separate bunks. We lay there with all our clothes on,

watching a crap game gains on right in front of our bunks on the floor. This was kept up until midnight and we could not find a chance to undress as we did other nights. When the game at last broke up, Walter and I got up to fix our beds and undress as usual. I reached for my pocket-book to put it under my pillow, but, to my dismay, it could not be found in any of my pockets. After a whispered conversation with my friend, Walter, we decided that it must have been my pocket-book that had hit the calf of my leg in dropping to the ground, down at Cassiar Bar, some ten miles back.

I went to the captain's cabin in the back of the boat, knocked, and told him I had to see him on a matter of great concern to me. He jumped up and opened the door, and asked me to step in. As I told him and his bride my trouble, I found them most sympathetic, but we could not think of dropping down-stream with the boat to look for my pocket-book. The captain knew the other passengers would be up in arms if we were to turn back, after all the trouble we had had in making these ten miles that day.

After prolonged thought, he said, "Get your pardner to go with you, take a lantern, and go down along the shore until you get to the bar where you think you lost your purse. And in the morning, before anyone gets up, if you are not back, I'll drop the boat down to pick you up, regardless of what happens. I will not leave you stranded."

Walter and I then started on our return journey. It was snowing very hard and we found the going pretty rough. We were compelled to go over the hills, covered with burned timber and underbrush, and through swampy places. Arriving at the bar, we found the spot where we had picked up our last log and, to our great delight, there was my pocket-book, lying just where it had fallen. We started back at once and, as we came in sight of the boat, we saw Mack, our captain, getting ready to pull in the gangplank and drop down the river to meet us. We shouted at him, and he saw us and dropped the plank for us to come aboard. He informed us there were only a few of the men, such as the engineer and one or two others, who knew what he had been about to do. The news soon leaked out, though, and everyone was glad that we had recovered the purse.

We were many more days on the river, fighting ice and sand-bars and, our food supply running low, many of the passengers got ill-tempered and quarrelsome. As Mack had enough of us on his side, he was not in danger of mutiny, and we landed in white Horse without loss of life, but most awfully dirty and dishevelled. We had our chance to shave and have a good wash. Some of us were even lousy and nearly all in bad temper.

We got to Skagway in time to catch the steamer "Farlow" to Seattle, and had a rough voyage going through Queen Charlotte Sound. Although we had had a bath in Skagway, we were still a pretty rough-looking bunch. Walter, a friend of ours (a Mr. Hanson, a native of Sweden) and I happened to go into a place called "The Butter Grill". We thought, on account of the entrance being from off the street, that it would be just the right place for roughnecks like us. As we entered, however, we found out we were wrong. It was the swankiest place in town. We were ushered to a place especially for just such individuals as we were and there we were unattended and unnoticed for some time. Waiters in tails passed us by, giving us only a dirty look, as much as to say, "You fellows

are in the wrong place. Get out". We were about to do so, just as another waiter passed our hideout. Our friend, Mr. Hanson, hollered at him; and, as he stopped, holding a heavily loaded tray over his shoulder, he said wearily, "we have no time to waste on you fellows, we have a forty-dollar dinner party to look after". Hanson let out a holler: "To hell with your forty—dollar dinner party, bring us a hundred dollars worth of ham and eggs!" The waiter returned and gave us more attention, and took our order for Porterhouse steaks with all the trimmings, and a large bottle of champagne.

We then went upstairs and registered for three good rooms. Next morning, we started for a barber's shop and a haberdasher's, and made the transfer into respectable citizens.

I left for Portland the next evening, and travelled up the Columbia to Hood River, to see my girl, Grace Graham, to whom I later became engaged.

After spending a week there, I went to Eugene and Pleasant Hill to visit my sister, Betty, and my brothers, Caspar and Jack. I stayed there for two weeks and then started back to Dawson. I picked up a dog—team in Seattle, and two big, husky young Russians to go along with me. I had planned to take a load of butter, for which I know there was a great demand, into Dawson.

On arriving in Skagway, I was told by a man who came out from Atlin, of a new mining camp that had sprung up on the British Columbia side, some eighty miles from Lake Bennett, so I decided to investigate. I sold the butter that I had intended to take over the ice to Dawson, took my dog-team and the two men, and set out for Atlin. We made two trips in two days. I found things very disappointing and, after staying about four days, I took my dogs and again started for Dawson. I left John and Alec there, as they had found work with a mining outfit which was just beginning to work on a claim they had staked. I travelled light and made good time over the lakes and down Fifty-mile River.

I ran into Charley Dumbolton at the foot of Lake Laberge, whom I knew from the fall before, when I had handled some beef that he had brought in over the Dalton Trail. He was very anxious for as to go in with him and again help to dispose of his cattle. I took a working interest in his outfit, with the understanding that we start a butcher's shop in Dawson.

There was a big dory lying tied up at the Hootalinqua, at the foot of the Thirty-mile River, as the outfit which built this boat lacked the money to buy the machinery and wanted to sell her for the price of an ordinary scow. They had intended her for a dredge to work on the river. Charley had bought her on his way out in the winter.

We drove the cattle down along the Thirty mile River to Hootalinqua and rafted the equipment down the same river. It took two good-sized rafts to take all of our outfit, and hay and grain in for the cattle, which was all hauled from Bennett over the ice.

We arrived at Hootalinqua and commenced rigging up this big ark of a boat so that we could load cattle into it. We also had to make four thirty-foot sweeps to handle the thing.

As well, we put up a mast, with a crow's-nest on top for the pilot whose business it was to watch for sand-bars in the channels. We knew we would draw much water after loading the fifty head of cattle, ten horses, and all the other cargo in this heavily-built boat, and we had to be careful not to get too close to sand-bars.

We started out one morning in the rear of a big fleet of boats and scows, which had accumulated over many days, waiting for the ice-jam to break. We were stopped by a big ice-jam in the Five Finger Rapids: the ice was all over the big rocks in the channel. We were the last of the flotilla of not less than a hundred boats to arrive and, as we came round the bend at a snail's pace, we found that all available space on both shores was taken up. There was no current, and we stayed in the great pool, awaiting developments. We did not have to wait long. With an enormous roar, the jam broke in the middle channel, and we had no choice but to go through with the rushing waters. We got through the small opening, but landed on top of a huge chunk of ice and floated on it for some distance, until finally this ice sheet struck bottom, and we slid forward into the stream of floating ice.

About two miles down from the rapids, we worked our way into an eddy. There we caught our breath and were able to watch the big flotilla coming on amongst the floating ice. Some of them had lost their oars and sweeps, and were getting badly churned up. We heard many screams from occupants of scows and boats, and we learned later that at least two small boats and their crews had perished. Our big scow had come through without any serious damage. The cattle had had a bad shaking-up, many had lost their footing and fallen down, and we had a hard time getting them up onto their feet again. After a rest, we floated down-river to find a place to land and unload the cattle, to feed and water them.

Next day, towards evening, we again ran into a blockade but, as it was getting late, everyone tied up for the night. We were camped some distance behind the flotilla. We built a big fire and the cattle all stayed close by and bedded down until feeding time in the morning. We got up at three and found that the water had gone down, which was a signal to move on again as the ice-jam had broken once more. After a hurried breakfast and loading of cattle, we cast the big scow loose. Going round a short bend in the river, our attention was called to a scow a short distance ahead which seemed stranded off-shore. Someone raised an awful yell for help, and we lowered a small rowboat we had, and started towards the stranded scow, with tow-rope and a lasso. We ran ahead of our scow and, when we were within throwing distance, we threw the lasso, and their men pulled in the tow-line rope which we had made fast to our own vessel, which then took up the slack, and the stranded scow came off the bar and slid into the stream. It happened to be a theatrical troupe's ship which had been in the flotilla when leaving Lake Laberge.

There was a bunch of dancing girls aboard and, in making camp, they always tried to isolate themselves from the others; but this time they got a little too far in the eddy and when the river receded during the night, it left them high and dry. They did appreciate our help, and tried to keep near us all the way into Dawson. These girls are all under contract to dance in Dawson dance halls. Many married before their contracts expired, others

stayed in business and made their fortune, and some became famous, "Klondike Kate" among them.

Next day, we again ran into trouble. We were floating along nicely when our pilot spotted some obstruction in the channel, about a mile ahead of us. As we neared, he informed us that he could see several scows in a row, stuck on a sand-bar. We could not stop or go back to another channel, of which there were many. We had to go on and try to pass the stranded scows, but the current was taking us right down among some that had landed about two hundred yards behind the rear scow. There were four cargo scows, heavily loaded, and their crews were busy unloading stuff and taking it some distance down the river in small boats. Our cargo consisted of big steers and, knowing that the only way to get over the bar was to lighten our boat as did the merchant fleet, we pushed out the gangplank and I led down our lead-steer into the water, which was about two feet deep. He was followed by the others when, all at once, the scow swerved round and left me standing with the steers in two feet of water. I managed to get the animals strung out for the shore. I grabbed the last one by the tail and got into deeper water and had to swim. As I could not swim, I held onto the steer's tail, and made a safe landing some half-a-mile from our scow, which had landed and tied up, and was waiting for me to come along with the steers. We loaded them at once and moved on.

We arrived in Dawson the following day, unloaded the cattle across the river from Dawson City and made camp.

To be continued.

Glen Campbell passed away recently so thought it would be appropriate to run this MocTel Special Edition about him from 2004.

Daughter Sandy Campbell's current email address is sandy.b.campbell@gmail.com (In Langley)

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – SPECIAL EDITION – June 30, 2004

My First Summer in the Yukon

By Glen Campbell

Typed and submitted by Glen's daughter Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

This story takes us back almost 54 years in time.

On May 31st, 1950, I left my hometown of Old Hazelton, British Columbia, to venture on a trip that I would never forget.



Glen Campbell with a couple of the pack horses at Lancing, Yukon June 27th, 1950

I had been hired on by the Federal Government Mapping Branch, in Ottawa, Ontario, to pack for the summer. I was to look after the pack train, which consisted of 21 horses. I was to help move the surveyor's camp from place to place. They were going to do 8 mile mapping between Mayo and the Northwest Territories border to the East. (*This is the scale of 8 miles to the inch for those of you that are not familiar with mapping lingo*)

A friend drove me into the New Hazelton to catch the train to Prince George. There I overnighted and the next morning I taxied to the airport, to depart on Canadian Pacific Airlines to Ft. St. John, Whitehorse, and then onto Mayo.

Flying was a new experience for me, and at that time, CP Airlines were using DC-3's for their northern flights. We arrived in Whitehorse Airport about 7 p.m., on June 1. The airline hangar was just a few yards from the top of the escarpment, overlooking the city below.

The road downtown was cut into the clay cliffs and the escarpment, and it was very narrow. The road led down to the end of Main Street. The taxi driver took a carload of passengers, including myself, to the Whitehorse Inn, where I stayed for the night.

Next morning we hit off for Mayo. I followed some of the passengers into the aircraft and down the aisle, when I noticed a lady sitting by herself.

"Ma'am", I said, "Do you mind if I sit with you?"

She said, "I would enjoy your company."

We introduced ourselves. The lady was Sally Harris from Mayo Landing; we enjoyed our visit all the way to Mayo on a very fine day. It was about 10 a.m. when we arrived at the Mayo Airport.

There was a cab there to take us into Mayo. It cost us a buck each. The driver was Red McDonald. If I remember correctly, he was driving for Dunc McGeechy. I went into the Silver Inn Hotel to see if Jimmy White was there. He was to be my partner for the summer, packing and looking after the pack train. While I was explaining to the bartender what I was there for, Josie Pelland and Spike Moffat happened to be in the bar.

Josie got up from her chair, and said, " I know Jimmy. Come with me, and we'll go find him."

We found Jim before too long, I don't remember where, but Mayo is not that big, so it didn't take long. The streets were dirt and the sidewalks were boards.

Jim and I went to the Northern Commercial store to get the key for the storage building where the saddles and equipment had been stored for the winter.

We had dinner at the Silver Inn Restaurant. After dinner, Jim had something he had to look after, so I went to the storage building, and started working on the halters, bridles, saddles, and a tent ready to take down to 17 Mile, Louie Brown's ranch.

The survey horses had been left at Louie Brown's place the fall before, on the south side of the Stewart River.

I was fixing some equipment when hearing someone call, "Steamboat", and then someone else in a different direction call, "Steamboat". People were walking towards the river, so I walked out to see what was taking place. Then I could hear the paddle wheeler coming up the river. That was the first steamboat of the season. That was the first ever paddle wheeler I'd ever seen.

I think that the steamboats were colourful and fantastic. Every time I think back to those days, I think of Skipper Henry Breden.

There was a large pile of Galena ore in sacks on the riverbank between the Silver Inn Hotel and the White Pass building, office and freight shed. As soon as the incoming freight was unloaded, the bull gang, started to load the sacks of ore on the barge.

I got a room at the Silver Inn. There were no locks on the doors so I shut the door and drove my hunting knife in between the door casings. The bar was noisy, so I didn't get to sleep until it closed. I woke up early, and when I opened the door to go downstairs, Dinky Mervin was standing in front of my door, fists doubled up and sparring around. He had been partying all night.

Little Dave Moses came about 1 p.m. to take Jimmy and me down to 17 Mile. We loaded our equipment and some groceries into his boat, and were on the way down river. He had an old Chevrolet motor to power his boat. On our way down, his clutch started slipping, so Dave pulled over to a sandbar.

He said, "Me fix."

He took the top off and threw a couple of handfuls of fine sand in to it. It worked fine, and we continued onto Louie's place. Dave returned to the village that same evening.

We set up our tent out in the field in front of Louie's cabin.

I woke up at 2 o'clock. It was light so I shook Jim awake. I said, "It's 2 o'clock."

"Oh, shut up," he answered back, "it's 2 in the morning. Go back to sleep."

The following day we started rounding up the survey horses. From the 4th to the 11th of June, we got the horses into the corral and put shoes on them. Lorne Ross and Gordon Mervin helped to do the wrangling and shoeing.

The following day, we trailed the horses up to Mayo, following the old stage road. When we got there, one of the riverboats was at Mayo Landing. I can't remember which one it was of the riverboats, though. The steamboat captain came across and picked us up along with the twenty-one horses, and took us to the Mayo side of the river.

Jim and I took the horses out to the north side of town. Pat Fischer was there with her little pony, to ride out with us. There we met our crew and chief of the party. Jack Walcraft and Will Brown. They set up our camp on the road to Archie Close's hay field, just beyond Albert Pelland's place. We were there for a few days.

Our horses were a problem on the airport. They liked it out there, because they could roll and dust themselves. I had to go and chase them off the airport. C.P. Air was into Mayo twice a week, and horses on the runway could cause a problem with in-coming traffic.

It was the 16th of June that we hit out for the hills, and stopped at Van Cleaves' old roadhouse site on the Duncan Creek Road. Next morning we hit off for the head of Roop Arm on Mayo Lake. We went along the north beach and shore of the lake as far as we could. There was an old burn on the north side of the lake. It was slow going because we had to pick our way over the logs and around them. At 3:30 the next morning, we arrived at the head of Roop Arm at Steve's place.

Steve Albertini was a trapper and had his cabin there. (*Not sure if I spelled the name correctly*). Steve's cabin was about 2 miles from the lake on Roop Creek. We had to wait for the plane, so we went swimming.

Jack, Will, and part of the crew came into the Roop Arm with a Fairchild aircraft about 10 in the morning. They brought groceries and some more equipment. Jim borrowed Steve's boat, and we poled the boat back up the creek with our load of food and equipment. The crew pitched our tents and made camp. There were lots of mosquitos there. All our tents had mosquito netting in the doorways. Mosquito repellent was part of our needs. A must have along with you. We were there for two days.

The chief and students started their mapping. This consisted of climbing the highest hills or mountains, building cairns on each one, and taking readings of the angles from one to the other. They were to do 8-mile mapping from this point to the Northwest Territories border to the East



Left to right Jigs Fellers, Johnny Rogers, Jim White, Archie, William Brown

Lancing, Yukon June 27th, 1950

Now you know what our crew came here for, so I will let you know all their names. The following poem was composed one evening, while we were all sitting around the campfire, everyone having ideas for its composition.

Crazy Quest *1950*

Now gather round and you shall hear
Of boys who work where men go queer;
We're all out here on a crazy quest
Just let me get it off my chest.

We've come to map the Yukon miles
Where many men have made their piles;
So you see, we're here on a survey crew
The gang consists of eight and two.

We've twenty horses and one old nag
Whose backbone has a wicked sag;
There's tents, and instruments, and lots of grub
But, not a heck of a lot more, Bub.

We started off from Mayo town
And we travelled up and down;

O'er mountains, and muskeg, and bush, and stream
With only one goal as our dream.

And that's to come home once more
From the land where few have come before;
Well, now we told you what we do
Here's the men of our crew.

Jack and Will run the show
And we're the boys that help to make it go;
Our two cooks are Jigs and Ed
They're the chaps that make the bread.

Jim and Glen pack cayuses
And in between take no excuses;
For any delays by the other four boys
That's us, the authors of all this noise.

There's Archie, and Frank, John and Jerry
We're the joes they would like to bury;
We're really useful, so we think
But, honest to God, we really stink.

We haven't taken a bath in weeks
Each sleeping bag, it really reeks;
All our beards are long, but three
Johnny, Glen, and Jerry, you see.

Don't grow that stuff
They think it is a lot of guff;
Jack is short with curly hair
And a small moustache that is always there.

Will's red hair is very short
He charms the ladies at every port;
Ed's the boy that rocks the floor
And has to bend every door.

He's 275, and six foot four
And lots of fun, and what is more;
He's a damn good cook
But, so is Jigs.

Who's tall and quiet, and funny, too

It's his first time out, but he's got a clue;
Jimmy's the one who's never talking
About when we're going, or where we are stopping.

He knows the bush likes no one does
He's one of the best that ever was;
Glen's a cowboy from North BC
Who wears chaps and spurs, you see.

He even packs a six-gun
And likes the horses every one;
Jerry is a Yukon boy
Dawson City, his pride and joy.

He's tall and fair, and quite amusin'
Though at times, he's a little confoosin';
Archie's a boy from Saskatoon
We don't like to say, but he's a goon.

He eats as much as a full-grown moose
And would take a leap at a flying goose;
Frank and Johnny are Ottawa lads;
And really, they're a pair of cads
They rhymed this poem and what a mess.

Well, you've heard it, what's your guess

They act the fools at all times, both;
When it comes to work, they're guilt of sloth
They raise the roof, and they drive men mad
To end this poem, they're darn glad.

Amen



*Left to right:
Glen Campbell, Frank DeWitt, Jack Wallcroft,
Ed Bennington, Jerry Somerton
Fay Lake, Yukon September 4th, 1950*

From here our outfit moved in a northeastern direction and stopped over night at the Stewart River, about fifteen miles up-stream from Lancing on the second day. The next day we moved our camp from the west side of the river to the eastside. That took most of the day. We had a round rubber inflatable boat to take everything across the river with. Two people were to paddle and one had to steer the boat. I was picked to do the steering.

Well, I must say it was a new experience. We went around in circles for a while until I found out how to do it, then all went well. It was hard work, but we were used to hard work. We moved down river to Lancing the next day.

There was a flat clearing, a meadow about six acres, where the village used to be. The empty trading post building was still standing there. We stayed there a day. It was a nice sunny day, so I dried out all the pack and saddle blankets. The horse's backs will get sore if the blankets are wet or dirty.



Pack horses beside Fido Creek, Yukon August 4th, 1950

From here we travelled east again on "nigger heads". *(Please do not be offended by this term. This is the term used for the grass mounds that are left after a swamp dries up. They are formed from the grasses growing up in the bottom of swampy lakes, and as they dry out, they form a hard center. You are then able to actually walk right on top of them, though for animals, they end up walking in between them. Sometimes they are dry in between, and other times you can sink up to your waist in muck.)* It was slow going. It took two days to get down to Swan Lake. We arrived there on July 1st. We then worked out of Swan Lake until the 23rd of July.

The survey boys built two cloth signal monuments. A signal is a tripod built with poles, about 10 to 12 feet high, with red and white cloth stretched on it and placed a red flag on top of it. The idea of the bright cloth is so it can be seen from the mountaintops. It can be seen through the surveyor's transit to take a reading, like angles and degrees.

Will Brown and his crew were using a small helicopter and they were building cairns on the mountaintops. Jack Walcraft and his crew were climbing from our camp and doing the triangle readings with their transit. In doing that, they can get the height of the hills and mountains, and the depth of the valleys, etc. They were to draw in the contour lines back in the office in Ottawa, Ontario, on their return. They climbed three mountains while we were camped at Swan Lake.

While we were at Swan Lake, the crew enjoyed some fishing and swimming, also playing card games in the evening.

The surveyors were having trouble for a few days in getting their angle readings through the transit. There was a forest fire up on the Peel River. The smoke was the problem.



Pat Callison's plane at Fay Lake unloading groceries and mail for the survey crew September 4th, 1950

Pat Callison brought in groceries. We had a 2-way radio so we could contact Mayo. It was not very good reception at times.

We left Swan Lake on the 23rd of July, heading east and north, and then south in a zigzag fashion to get to the mountains that they wanted to use. We crossed the Hess River three times. We stayed over one day at Nidderly Lake and Fairweather Lake. A number of times, we had packhorses down in the muskeg and needed to help to get them out.

After Fairweather Lake, we camped at an unnamed lake for a few days. Pat Callison came in again with groceries and mail. Frank cut the lower part of his leg, with an axe.

Jack gave him a good stiff drink of whiskey, and sutured the wound. I had hurt my left knee. So Jack sent us back to Mayo with Pat to get checked out at the hospital. We returned the next morning. Jim went to Mayo with us, and did not return to camp. While we were at the camp, Pat came back, and picked up some of us to go with him.

A flyer from Whitehorse Flying Service, misjudged the distance on a small lake, and put his Beaver aircraft up in the buck brush. He was dropping off a prospector at this small lake. We cut some poles and put them under the floats of the airplane. Then we turned the plane around with a Spanish windlass. It works like a winch. With the plane headed towards the lake, the pilot flew his plane back into the lake. The pilot's name if I remember correctly was, George Milne. Pat named the lake that we were camped at, after his daughter, Fay.



George Milne's plane up in the buck brush about August 10th, 1950

When we left Fay Lake, our party travelled south and east to the MacMillian River, and camped for the night. Next day we travelled along the east bank and slope of the valley going north. Jack was leading the party, and I was bringing up the rear with the pack train, when suddenly I heard Jack let out a rather loud shout. I wondered for a few seconds what had happened. He had just stepped out of the bush and "nigger heads" onto the Canol Road. That was about 2 p.m. in the afternoon.

Trailing down the road to Sheldon Lake was like heaven, after what we had been through. The survey boys had a couple more mountains to do, so we were there for a couple of days. Our plane came and picked up the crew and our equipment. Ed, the cook, and I stayed with the horses. A trucker came to haul the horses back to Mayo the same day. Ed and I left Sheldon Lake on Oct 1st, with the horses. The trucker, which I don't remember his name, took us as far as Ross River Trading Post, just north of the Pelly River. Taylor and Drury had the trading post there, at that time. We crossed the Pelly River to the south, on the ferry, and unloaded the horses. Something happened to his truck, that he could not take us any further. Said he'd be back in a day or two. He went back to Whitehorse, and we never saw him again. Ed and I camped in an old abandoned

shack at the foot-bridge that was across the Pelly River. We were there until October 11th, until Mr. Carmichael from Whitehorse came to pick us up.



Pack train crossing the MacMillian River September 23rd, 1950

We got as far as the summit above Johnson's Crossing and ran into eight inches of fresh snow. He spun out on the last hill, going up the summit. He was unable to continue up the hill. Afraid of tipping over, we jumped the horses out of the truck. We trailed the horses down to J.C. I looked after the horses, while Mr. Carmichael and Ed got a truck from the highway maintenance camp to pull his truck out.

I think trucking the horses down the Canol Road was the worst ever experience that I'd had in my lifetime. The road was terrible. It had very steep hills, sharp curves, and holes in it. The Territorial Government has done a lot to it over the years. It is much better in later years.

Ed and I stayed in Whitehorse one day.

Mrs. Carmichael took us to Mayo the next day. The new road to Mayo at the time wasn't that great neither. We stopped at Minto for a few minutes and talked to Larry Requa. He was there with Forestry. His patrol cabin was close to the new road and the creek. We continued on toward Pelly and Stewart Rivers. The road was crooked and had steep grades. At the Stewart River, there was eight inches of fresh snow, and all the way to Mayo. It was slow going. We got into Mayo at 3:30 a.m. on October 14th.

We swam the horses across the Stewart River to the south side. They would find their own way back to the range area.

Ed and I returned to Whitehorse via CP Air that same day.

Next day, Ed took off for Dawson Creek, BC, with my car, and I took CP Air to Prince George, then the bus to Hazelton.



Left is Pat Callison's Waco airplane

Right is George Milne's Beaver Airplane August 10th, 1950

408 was fantastic

Hi Sherron:

All of the Mochtels are great but this one, number 408, was fantastic. Great stories and photos, great writing.

All the best,
Sam Holloway sam*yukoner.com (Marsh Lake, Yukon)

Many of you will remember Sam from his publication the Yukoner Magazine.

Much delayed news

Vancouver Yukoners' Association has just received word that the linear probe for ultrasound has been purchased for Dawson Community Hospital and Clinic. In late 2014, our organization pledged Silent Auction proceeds towards this very costly but much needed equipment. We had not planned to hold an auction in 2015 but donors came forward, unsolicited. The subsequent proceeds enabled us to increase our pledge to \$3024, approximately one-third the cost. On hearing of the increase, Dawson's hospital

administrator, Vivian Painter, was delighted. The actual purchase was fortuitously delayed; the price had gone down.

When we started holding our silent auctions at the annual banquet, our goal was to raise our profile in Yukon. For the first few years, we focused on projects that would have our name on them. Latterly, we realize that demonstrating care for our members in Yukon has done more than all the brass plaques of past projects. (There will be no brass plaques on the linear probe!)

Maribeth Mainer, VYA Newsletter Editor vanyukoners@gmail.com (In Burnaby)

Johnson's Crossing Lodge gets new life after being closed for 2 years.

(I do not have permission to reproduce this story.)

Johnson Crossing Lodge was built by Robert Porsild in the 1940's.

Story at this link:

<http://www.yukon-news.com/business/historic-lodge-gets-new-owners-new-life/>

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic 2015

Bill and I did not attend the picnic in Summerland this year as temperature was predicted to top out at 40 degrees. Not sure what the actual temp did reach, but at least one attendee was sent to hospital for heat exhaustion.

Larry Chalmers was kind enough to send along a few photos and these comments:

Good thing you didn't come to the picnic, one person suffering from heat exhaustion was enough. We managed to stay in the shade so it wasn't too bad. Probably like it would be in Arizona !! I'll attach a few and hope I get the names straight. I think the heat kept a few people away as we only had about 27-28 showed up. I seem to have misplaced some shots, so I will have to go back to the camera and find them. Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



Diane (Bidlake) King, Bob Campbell, Pat King
(Marc Steinbach in yellow shirt in background?)
Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



Albert Kosmenko, Doug Morrison, Irene Kosmenko standing, Sach seated.
Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



Irene and Albert Kosmenko helping Doug Morrison get relief from heat exhaustion. Sach seated enjoying lunch. Kind of looks like Maureen Jones on left standing beside Sue Morrison. Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



Diane (Bidlake) King, Helen Munro
Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



L to R Albert and Irene Kosmenko, Lillian (Shandala) Sitter and Leo Brazear, Norm and Sheila Becker. Maureen and Ken Jones in background.
Photos courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



Can anyone help me with the names of the couple on the left?
Hilde Merhoff in doorway. On right - Fred Mandl and Solange Farrah



Martha Kerr and Ingrid Dick
Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)



Marc Steinbach, Winona Scheck, Ingrid Dick, ?
Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49@gmail.com (In Oliver)

Remembering the good ole days in Whitehorse

Bill and Sherron Jones' first house.



Friends and neighbours will remember the Jones' house at 59 Alesk, built in 1969 by Keith Simpson and Slim Greer, architectural drawings by Chuck McKenzie. Joe Redmond's house to the left, beyond a vacant lot. Doctor Nesta Laduc lived behind and across the alley. Denton's and Whitehorse Copper house occupied by Fred and Vina Cull across the street next to Kit and Gert Squirechuk and daughters Carol and Jean. Our 1967 Dodge Dart GT hardtop sure wasn't kept as clean as our cars today. Car was later sold to Al and Shirley Albers, Al worked for Taylor Chev and the car was for Shirley.

Photos courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Back Yard 1970 with Arctic Cat Puma snow machine (fast)

Rear of house at 59 Alsek Rd and Bill's Snowmobile, mine was an Arctic Cat Lynx. Sold them both to Larry Siminec when we left so they may still be around in Yukon. VanVugt's house on the left.



John Hutsul, Marilyn Law, ?, Sherron Jones, Chuck McKenzie, Ellen Gentleman, Maxine Smith, Joyce Milko, Gert Squirechuck, Dick Fletcher

City Hall Staff during Rendezvous 1970-72?

Left to right: John Hutsul, Marilyn Law, ?, Sherron Jones, Chuck McKenzie, Ellen Gentleman, Maxine Smith, Joyce Milko, Gert Squirechuck, Dick Fletcher.

Can anyone help with year and the missing name above?



Sporting new uniforms are members of White Pass' Slow Pitch Softball Team. Top row, left to right: Doug Seebach, Bill Jones, Dave Gilbert, Doug Sias, Rick Baker, Ross Kelly and Doug Eger. Bottom row, left to right: Bob Morris, Rick Delaney, Reg Therrien, Ron Wondga and John Brown. Missing from picture: Al Hieland, Jerry Simon, Ian Bell and Dick Masur.

OBIT



August 2, 1930 – June 17, 2015

It is with great sadness that the family of **Glen Grey Campbell** announces his passing, after a short illness.

Glen leaves to cherish his memory, his three daughters, Sandra B. Campbell, (*Langley, BC*), Lorraine H. Losier (nee Campbell), (*Brooks, Alberta*), and Deana L. Campbell, (*Terrace, BC*), five grandchildren, four great-grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews.

Glen was predeceased by his mother, Helen Daye (nee Follis) Campbell, his father, Theodore Blair Campbell, Sr., brothers: James Leith, Theodore Blair, Jr., Robert Bruce, his sister, Ruth Winifred Murphy (nee Campbell), and his only son, Ian James Vincent.

Glen was born in Old Hazelton, BC and raised in the Kispiox Valley in Northern BC. But the North and adventure beckoned and when the opportunity arose that he could go to the Yukon, he followed his heart.

Glen would travel north to the Yukon in the spring of 1949, working for the National Survey crew of the Federal Government, as the main horse wrangler. He would return to the Valley, but the Yukon had stolen his heart. It would become his permanent home until his retirement to Vancouver Island in 1985. He lived in Alberta for a short time, before making his last move to reside in Chase, BC.

Glen never lost the love of the Yukon, and throughout his retired years, he made many trips back to the Yukon, to visit many of his life long friends and to revisit the places he had come to know and love.

From 1953 to 1957, Glen was a seasonal employee of the Yukon Forest Service, until securing a full time position in 1957, and would later move into the Ranger's position and hold this position until 1975, when he transferred to Whitehorse.

He held the Forest Ranger position in Teslin from 1966 – 1969, then moving to Beaver Creek from 1969-1975, before transferring to Whitehorse to operate and manage the The Yukon Forest Service Tree Nursery on the Tahkini River Road, until his retirement in 1985.

Working at many occupations in his younger years before having his family, Glen was never without work, and enjoyed a wide variety of occupations. With a resume that read like an adventure, some of the employment he did included stoking the steam boiler of the hospital, in Mayo, cutting cord wood for the sternwheelers, and wrangling horses for various outfits. Glen would and could take on any task and succeed, with a verve and determination to see it through to conclusion with the best results.

He was a great outdoors man, and had a great respect for nature and all her bounty. Glen used his many cowboy skills and knowledge in every aspect of his daily life. In his younger days, he was an avid participant in the various rodeos in Alaska and throughout the Yukon, and always doing very well. He never lost his enthusiasm for the rodeos, and

would very often be seen in the stands of all the nearby rodeos throughout the Yukon, BC, and Alberta. Always with his ever present cowboy hat and boots, he was a true “Country Gentleman”.

Glen enjoyed reading a variety of literature, though the literary world of Canadian politics was his forte. Glen enjoyed gardening, wood working, curling, travelling throughout Canada, taking ocean cruises, and watching our national game: hockey.

He was a Life Long Standing Member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, past member of the Yukon Chapter of the Elks, and a Life Long Member of the National Firearms Association of Canada.

The family would like to thank Dr. Bishop and all the nursing staff, as well as Respiratory Staff that took Dad into their care during his stay at the Royal Inland Hospital, in Kamloops, BC. Their compassion, respect and care went above and beyond, and very much appreciated.

There will be a Celebration of Life at the Creekside Seniors Community Hall and it is across from the Legion in Chase, followed by the burial at the Chase Cemetery on July 26, 2015 at 2 pm. All are welcome.

TRUDY NORTH (nee DeWolfe), beloved wife of Ted North died peacefully on June 26th, 2015, in the Regional General Hospital in Nanaimo, British Columbia. Trudy was born in Dawson City, Yukon in 1938 and was a **grand-daughter** of Percy DeWolfe Sr., the legendary **Iron Man of the North**.

She first met Ted at a high school curling bonspiel in Mayo in 1955. They met again in 1959 when her husband was an Announcer with CFYT, CBC Radio’s Northern Service.

They were married in the RCAF chapel in Whitehorse in September 1959.

“Where you go I will go and where you lodge I will lodge...” (Holy Bible, Book of Ruth) was often quoted and truly lived by Trudy.

The North family transferred to CFWH Whitehorse (1960), CBW Winnipeg (1963), CBK Regina (1964 & 1975), CBH Halifax (1967), CBZ Fredericton (1971), CBC Calgary (1973 & 1980), and CBX Edmonton (1988) - where Ted and Trudy semi-retired in 1991.

Both Ted and Trudy then served as Christian missionary workers in Manila, Philippines (1992-3) and Wimborne, Dorset, UK (1996-7)

Trudy was diagnosed with Chronic Heart Failure in October 2014 and was hospitalized in late May 2015 and remained in acute care until her passing.

She is survived by Ted, her husband of 56 years, sons Robert (55, Calgary, AB), Derek (53, Nanaimo, BC), Loren (52, Indian Head, SK) and daughter Kristeen (48, Nanaimo, BC).

Her journey here is ended. Her ashes will be scattered in the forest, along a favourite walking trail near the ocean on Vancouver Island.

Submitted by Ted North tntnorth*outlook.com (In Nanaimo)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live.” — J.K. Rowling

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Cranberry Sauce with Grand Marnier

Submitted by Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

1 cup Water
1 ½ cups Sugar
10 Cloves
10 Allspice
2 3” sticks Cinnamon
1 12 oz. bag Cranberries
¼ cup Grand Marnier

Combine sugar and water in a saucepan and bring to a boil over medium heat, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves.

Clean cranberries, discarding stems and soft and unripe berries.

Add cloves, allspice and cinnamon to boiling water and simmer for 5 minutes.

Add cranberries and stir gently until berries just start to pop.

Reduce heat and simmer for 3 – 5 minutes.

Remove from heat and cool.

Pour into jars and refrigerate for several days or longer.

Set aside some of the best berries to be served whole.

Remove spices and cinnamon stick and press cranberries through a fine sieve to remove all the cranberry skins.

Add Grand Marnier to the puree, pour into canning jars and refrigerate.

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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