

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 410<sup>th</sup> Edition – August 2, 2015**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



White centered Delphinium

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton [BettySutt@gmail.com](mailto:BettySutt@gmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

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

Story submitted by grandson Gordon Bartsch [Gordchimo.me.com](http://Gordchimo.me.com)

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

Next morning, we came over in rowboats and found a location for a shop in which to handle our meat, and were ready for business in short time. When this bunch of steers was disposed, Charley Dumbolton wanted to return for more stock, and I took over the business and opened a branch shop at Grand Forks, about fifteen miles from Dawson in the heart of the mining district, on Eldorado Creek. There was quite a supply of cattle coming in, a number of work oxen among them. Most drovers had no knowledge of the butcher business so were glad to sell their stock to us. We were the clearing-house for these small outfits. However, when the cattle from off the Dalton Trail began to arrive, the town was swamped with meat.

It was now getting on to late fall and freezing temperatures. Some of the bigger outfits slaughtered their cattle up-river at Pelly River, and brought the meat to Dawson City on

rafts and boats they had built while slaughtering the cattle and waiting for their meat to freeze. The arrival of at least fifteen hundred carcasses of beef added to the already overloaded market, and made a bedlam of the meat market in Dawson.

Billie Henry, who brought a bunch of P. Burns cattle over the Dalton Trail, was one of the lucky ones able to dispose of his beef before the slump came. All available space was now filled with beef and everyone was supplied with enough meat for some time. I then disposed of my meat market, and made ready to come out on the last boat before freeze-up. Before leaving, I had made a deal with a friend of mine, a mine owner by the name of Floyd Wilson, to go into partnership in bringing in a shipment of beef cattle, and some sheep if possible, Mr. Wilson was to send a young man who was working for him, Bill Acheson by name, out over the ice to help me bring in the stock in the spring.

I arrived in Seattle about the middle of October, and went to look up my friends the Carsten Bros., Thomas, Ernest and Julius, who were in the wholesale meat business there. They were young German fellows about my own age. I found them very much interested in what I told them of my experiences in the Klondike, and they proposed to go into partnership with me. I told them of my arrangements with Mr. Wilson before leaving Dawson and they, after considering it, suggested that we let him in on a shipment to he made in the spring, as we had already arranged, but to make it much larger. I communicated this to Mr. Wilson, and told him if he found the plan satisfactory, to have Mr. Acheson come out and bring what money he wished, to invest in the shipment. He came out in March, 1903, but with only a thousand dollars to invest. However, after meeting him and introducing him to the Carsten Bros., we decided to pay him a salary, as well as a share of the profits to be made on the shipment. He became my right-hand man and trusted friend for many years to follow.

I cannot refrain from telling of my most unpleasant stay in that hell-hole, Skagway, for seven months. Soon after my arrival there in August 1897, the notorious Soapy Smith gang arrived, and started to arrange their system of robbing the plundering the transients coming in as well as going out. These hoodlums and Soapy, their leader (a notorious criminal from Cripple Creek, Colorado), put up a large building for headquarters, which they named Jeff's Place. I think it was the first saloon and gambling house put up in the town. Soapy's henchmen then got busy rounding up likely prospects and bringing them to headquarters (Jeff's Place), to be fleeced of their money. They had many devices and tricks for doing so.

About that time, there were many Klondikers coming out from the Dawson country. Most of them had gold dust on them.

The newcomers disembarking from the boats were most anxious to meet these men, who were leaving the place they themselves were headed for. So the Soapy gang dressed up to look like real miners, even to carrying small eased of brass filings on their shoulders (to look as if they might be carrying gold), and went to meet the incoming boats. They would pretend to go on board to seek passage for the outside. On the way back to town, these shell game sharks would mix with the miners coming out from Dawson and steer them to

their headquarters in town, where they would proceed to rob them in one way or another. However, one morning their plans backfired. They had just set up their equipment for the shell game on the road, when the foreman of a big pack train came riding up, and asked them to move the outfit farther off the trail, as the pack horses were coming along heavily loaded and had to have room on the trail to get by. The crooks refused to move, so the foreman took the lasso from his saddle, swung a loop over their table and made off with it, reducing it to kindling wood. That ended the shell game. The publicity resulting from this occurrence was more than the cowardly gamblers could take.

When I was in Myers' meat market one morning, I saw a wagon pulled up on a vacant lot next to the shop, unloading slabs and some lumber. Two men with hammers and saws started to put up a one-room building. By noon it was all set up and ready for business. Everyone was wondering what was going to happen. Finally, a big round table was brought into the building and sat up in the middle of the bare floor. A clock like face was drawn on top in black chalk, with numbers from one to twenty-four. A long pointer placed in the middle of this dial had some mechanical device under the table for spinning it. At one end sat the operator. Now everything was ready to start the game. A bunch of the Soapy boosters put down five dollar bills on the numbers. The operator then spun the pointer over the dial. The numbers on which it stopped would win double the amount put down. Much winning was done by the gangsters! The suckers looking on now entered the game. If the spindle of the clock did not hit your number, you could stay in the game by doubling the amount you had placed on your number. When the sucker had his all up, the operator would take it in. One cowboy, the head of a pack train, came into the room with two forty-five Colts strapped to his side, put down his five dollars and waited for results. The spindle did not hit his number, and he kept on putting up until he had spent his last dollar. The spindle again swung and missed his number. The operator was now reaching to take in his money, when the cowboy took out one gun, put his other hand on the money, put it in his pocket, brought out the other forty-five, and let go with both guns. He shot down the clumsy roof, shot down the table, and calmly walked out of the smoke-filled shack, or what was left of it. Some few days afterwards this same cowboy came riding down the muddy street, and noticed a big crowd gathered around a slot machine in the middle of the road, operated by a Soapy gangster. He took out his lariat, swung it over the machine and operator, spurred up his horse and away down the muddy street he went, dredging both through the mud. After two blocks he got off his horse, took off the rope, and went his way.

Some of the many on lookers helped to untangle the operator from the machine and got him back to headquarters. I don't think he ever attempted this stunt again.

One evening after the chores were done, I started up town with two friends of mine to look in at the Clancy saloon and dance hall, where heavy gambling was going on. While watching the great mass of people, I noticed my friend Mike Mahoney, better known as Klondike Mike, the Hercules of the White and Chilkoot Passes. He was the most powerful young man I have ever known. He was not liked by the Soapy gangsters, and they stayed out of his way. However, that night he walked into Clancy Hall all by himself and headed for a faro table at the end of the hall. He was standing there watching the

game, when one of the Clancy bouncers spotted him and came over to advise him to move on, as he was not wanted there. Mike made no move to go and soon this same fellow came over, reinforced by three or four other gangsters, to evict him by force. They no more than put their hands on him when he started to swing his powerful arms and he knocked them to the floor like ten pins in a bowling alley. Then, before any of them got back on their feet, Mike calmly walked out through the big crowd, chatting with friends, as though nothing had happened. He finally worked his way into the Klondike, started mining, and made good. Sold his claim, and went on to the Fairbanks country, where again he met with great success in mining and, after making a good-sized fortune, came out and started a big trucking and coal and wood business in Ottawa where, I understand, he died some years ago. He was one of the best—known characters ever in the Klondike. He had many friends and admirers and I am proud to have been one of them.

The Soapy Smith gang were now operating unmolested, for they had full control over town affairs, with about two—thirds of the population on their side. Something now happened to throw a great scare into the masters of this hoodlum gang. One afternoon, a large boat landed at Moore's dock with a big detachment of Mounted Police. They had a full camping outfit and an enormous lot of equipment, as well as many fine saddle horses. I cannot recollect how many there were in this detachment; it was comprised of at least seventy to a hundred of the most stalwart young men, all of them six feet and over. They were selected from all detachments in Western Canada. Most of them were English, Scottish or Irish, with some French Canadians and a few English-speaking Canadians. They were all dressed in the usual Mounted Police uniform: red tunics, dark trousers with yellow stripes, high-topped boots and wide, stiff brimmed Stetson hats.

I cannot find words to describe the admiration this splendid body of men had created among the mess of strange people in this wild and lawless town at Skagway, most of whom had never even heard of the Mounted Police. They were highly respected by everybody but the ring leaders of the Soapy Smith gang, and Soapy himself. The Mounties camp was a great attraction and everybody watched with admiration their moving of the large outfit, over the White Pass to the border line of their own country, the Yukon. The boundary line was only twenty miles from Skagway, at what was called the Log Cabin, where they established the first Customs and Post Office and collected duty on the goods coming into Canada from outside. This office was later moved to Lake Bennett, and another large post was established at Lake Tagish. At least twenty-five of the Mounted Police were left in charge there. It was the largest detachment between the boundary line and Dawson City. They established stations all along the Yukon and all over the Klondike, where they kept law and order, and were highly respected by the great majority of the population.

I had made many friends among the Mounties in my six years of coming in contact with them in various ways, and my admiration for them is still a most pleasant memory. After the Mounties departed from Skagway, the gangsters resumed their activities in full force, but being away from Skagway, the scene of their operations, we, in Dawson City, did not hear of many of the doings, until one day the climax came to the operations of the soapy

gang. The wires between Skagway and Dawson were kept busy telling us what had happened.

The story of the young man (Stewart) coming out from Dawson, and being robbed of three thousand dollars' worth of gold dust by the Soapy Smith gang, has been told and written about a good many times. However, this led up to the killing of a dear friend of mine, Frank Reid, who had shot Soapy dead before he himself dropped from a bullet fired by Soapy. He lived for nine days after. On my way out from Dawson in October, I visited my friend's grave, and also had a maddening look at Soapy's, some hundred feet from my friend's. The hoodlums now being all cleared out of Skagway, the town was a quiet and respectable place.

There were other unscrupulous individuals in Skagway, besides the Soapy gang, trying to fleece the struggling humanity working their way up the White Pass Trail.

A politician from Minneapolis, whose son was in Skagway, was the originator of the scheme. He got his father to appropriate from the U.S. Government a permit to make improvements on a small stretch of trail, which was hard to get over, and to collect toll. The work was started under the supervision of this young man, and we were informed that it was the government that was doing the work. Some improvement was made by blowing out a few rocks. This was soon completed and then, to our surprise, we were told that there we were toll gates being erected at each end of this strip of road, and toll had to be paid on everything going through. There was great confusion and people were ready to rebel.

We had a big outfit, all ready to start up the trail the next morning, as well as other pack trains, many with packs on their backs. We were in the lead of the long procession and, as we approached the big gate in the road, a large, husky man came out of a small tent some fifty feet from the gate and informed us that he was there to collect toll, and pointed to a notice on the gate, which was indicated to be an order from the U.S. Government for the right to do so. There were three of us, all armed with double-bitted axes, and we told him to open the gate or we would chop it down. He refused, and down came the gate, and everybody went through without any interference until we came to the next gate, at the end of this strip of road, and there we had to go through the same performance.

On our return trip we found no guards at the broken down gates and there was no further attempt to collect toll; the promoters had disappeared and nothing more was heard of this affair.

I was married in Hood River, Oregon, on November the eighth, 1899, to Miss Grace Graham, after seven years of courtship, and, after two weeks' honeymoon in California, we came to Seattle to make preparations for the early spring shipments. My bride, being a stenographer, was requested to start a diary and keep accounts, which she did. This ends my story, and Mrs. Bartsch will now take over and relate our joint experiences in the Klondike for the next three years, doing business as Bartsch & Company, wholesale Butchers, Carsten Bros. being the Company.

The End.

## YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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



Marg and Rolf donated a bust of Sam Steele during the 100th anniversary of the Mounties in the Yukon.



### Canadians in the Klondike Samuel Benfield Steele (1849-1919)

There is a street in Whitehorse and a mountain in the St. Elias Range named for him. I suppose that's the least that could be done to honour someone who dedicated a significant chapter of his illustrious life to ensuring that law, order and good government thrived during the height of the gold rush, where otherwise there may have been none.

Samuel Benfield Steele was born near Orillia, Ontario on January 5, 1849. He joined the newly formed Canadian Militia in 1866 during the Fenian troubles in western Canada and was a private during the Red River Expedition of 1870. In 1873, Steele enlisted as a Sergeant Major in the North West Mounted Police, becoming one of the first to join the newly created force. His initial command as a Mountie was at Ft. Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan in 1879, during construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It was no easy task to maintain law and order here. In 1885, as disenchanting workers gathered in the town of Beavermouth to examine grievances against the CPR, Sam Steele, Winchester rifle in one hand and the Riot Act in the other, told the rebellious men that if he saw more than a dozen gathered together he would open fire on them. Figuring Steele to be a man of his word, the crowd dispersed.

Later that same year, he became a NWMP Superintendent. On February 3rd, 1898, Superintendent Steele was on board an old ship called the Thistle, sailing up the Inside Passage to Skagway. He was under direct orders from Clifford Sifton, the powerful Minister of the Canadian Interior, to establish a border post on top of the most inhospitable land in the Canadian dominion, the Chilkoot Pass.

When he arrived, Skagway had at least two things going against it. First, the thermometer registered -30F with a bitter coastal wind, and second, gangs of lawless men led by Soapy Smith were making the place what Sam Steele called "a hell on earth".

Steele's first job, as commander of the Mounties on the gold rush trail, was to prevent the same lawlessness from occurring in the Klondike. His second, and more important job, was to convince Americans, either by verbal argument or by Gatling gun, that the country beyond the height of land at the Chilkoot was Canadian territory.

In the appalling weather conditions of mid-February, he and a small contingent of men climbed the pass on February 25th. In a raging blizzard, the Mounties hoisted the Canadian flag and declared themselves open for business. That business was to ensure everyone entering Canadian territory carried a thousand pounds of supplies, paid duties on stuff taken across the border and remitted royalties on any gold taken out of the Klondike.

The Mounties would also ensure that the turmoil men and women encountered on the American side of the border would not happen in Canada. It was a defining moment in Yukon history and essentially ensured that Dawson and the gold fields would be as peaceful as possible under the onslaught of tens of thousands of foreign - mostly American - gold seekers.

Steele's first headquarters in the Yukon was at Lake Bennett. Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids were the most treacherous obstacles for the thousands of ill-equipped stampedes drifting down the Yukon River to Dawson. By June of 1898, a huge boat bottleneck had developed just above the rapids at Canyon City. Far too many boats had

been wrecked and at least five people had drowned. The only surprise for Steele was the small number of deaths.

"Why more casualties have not occurred is a mystery to me", he wrote years later in his memoirs. In June, Steele issued an order that only skilled river pilots were permitted to take the boats through. The boats had to be registered and numbered at the Tagish Post and were required to report to the Mountie checkpoint at Canyon City, just above Miles Canyon. Those who tried to avoid the twenty-five dollar fee, charged by licensed river pilots, would have their outfits seized.

In the later summer of 1898, Steele moved his headquarters to Dawson City, where he was shocked to find "deposits of unimaginable kinds of filth". The town was a cesspool, an open sewer waiting to explode in the misery of disease and death. Typhoid raged and by the end of 1898, almost one hundred people would die, far more deaths than were caused by the austere land, the raging rapids and the icy blast of winter.

As well as heading up law enforcement, Steele assumed another duty when he named himself chairman of the Klondike Board of Health. His first order was to bartenders. "Make sure all the water served in drinks is boiled", he wrote.

He also constructed a substantial jail beside the Mounted Police barracks and ensured that the large building was kept warm all winter through the labour of convicts. Judge Sam Steele may not have been classed as a "hanging judge", but poor souls who appeared before his court were fined a significant sum before sentences to spend their days in the bush cutting wood, sawing it in the compound and piling it in neat cords. No Klondike crook escaped in the woodpile under Steele's command.

When the Yukon Field Force arrived to bolster the small contingent of Mounties, Steele immediately placed a number of the newcomers "under cover" since they were not known to the local criminals. He also put them on guard duty. There was a lot to guard since gold was flowing into the two local banks faster than booze was flowing out of the saloons. Steele's strategy was to make life very unattractive to gangsters who tried to relieve honest miners of their pokes. It worked so well that the hardened crooks usually left for greener pastures. Those who did not soon learned first-hand what it meant to receive a "blue ticket". Anyone issued a blue ticket by the Mounties was compelled to leave the Territories, never to return.

Sam Steele's memories of the early days in the Klondike tell a tale of governance "by the seats of the pants". "...my working hours were at least nineteen. I retired to rest about 2 am or later, rose at six, was out of doors at seven, walked five miles up the Klondike on the ice and back over the mountain, visited every institution under me each day, sat on boards and committees until midnight, attended to the routine of the Yukon command without an adjutant, saw every prisoner daily, and was in the town station at midnight to see how things were going." It's a good thing that the word "overtime" had not been in vogue during Steele's tenure as the boss of just about everything during the first year of the gold rush.

But it couldn't last forever, and Steele moved on as things calmed down in Dawson and the newly appointed Commissioner, William Ogilvie, was less inclined to give him free rein. It was not, however, the kind of departure the proud Mountie had hoped for. Steele, Conservative, had become embroiled in a series of messy controversies involving Liberal-appointed officials in Dawson. The man ultimately in charge of everything, and Sam Steele's boss, was Liberal Minister of the Interior, Clifford Sifton.

Sifton heeded the calls for the removal of Sam Steele. All three Dawson newspapers came to his defense and urged the government to reconsider. It was not to be. When the man now called "the Lion of the Frontier" left the Yukon, thousands of Dawson citizens lined the wharves to bid him farewell. He was presented with a purse of gold nuggets, in appreciation for his services, by Big Alex McDonald. The speech by the Nova Scotia - born, Klondike gold millionaire was succinct: "Here Sam - here's a poke. Poke for you. Goodbye." Big Alex McDonald, the Klondike King, was a man of few words.

In October, 1899 Sam Steele signed up to join the Canadians sent to the South African War, and was given command of Lord Strathcona's Horse, a mounted regiment. The unit saw plenty of action in the brutal guerrilla war and Steele won favourable attention from the British high command. After returning to Canada early in 1901, Steele went back to South Africa that same year to command a division of the South African Constabulary, a position held until 1906.

By 1907 he was back in Canada, but he was ill-prepared for the quiet life. The old warhorse was commanding Canada's military district No. 10 in Winnipeg in 1914 when World War I broke out. Steele signed on for active duty though he was sixty-four years old. He was given the rank of Major-General and put in charge of training all Canadian land forces from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. He served in Europe but again became involved in a bitter, political struggle over who should command the Canadian forces overseas.

He was now on the 'outs' with the Canadian government and he was overlooked for the British Empire's highest honour in 1918. Canada did not include him on a short list of names for knighthood. Instead, it was the British Home Forces Command that put his name forward.

Sir Sam Steele wasn't a knight for long however. Shortly after receiving his title, he became another victim of a silent killer. The Spanish flu, which was devastating London, snuffed the life from a man who seemed larger than life itself.

The Lion of the Frontier, who could easily have died during the blizzards of a Chilkoot winter, succumbed instead in a small house in Putney, England in 1919. The troop ships returning from the First World War had no space for a corpse so it took six months before his body was returned to his old home in Winnipeg.

Strangely, the body of Sam Steele arrived in the middle of the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919. Riots were raging along Main Street but, the following day; there was a lull in the ongoing violence when the largest funeral procession Western Canada had ever seen made its way through the city streets.

Rioters, who hours earlier had pelted the Mounties with rocks and bottles, stood heads bowed, caps in hand and watched as Mounted Police officers in full uniform followed behind a rider less black horse with Sam Steele's boots reversed in the stirrups. Not a single voice was raised in anger. At his funeral, as in his colourful career, Sam Steele was bringing order to the Canadian West.

Note: Mount Steele, located in Kluane National Park, is Canada's fifth highest mountain at 16,664 feet above sea level. Steele Street in downtown Whitehorse is also named for the famous Mountie.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Found this link on Facebook thanks to Harvey Burian.

<http://yukon-news.com/letters-opinions/taylor-house-dedicated-to-its-new-role/>

Sherron gained permission and a second photo from Writer Michael Gates, a MocTel reader:

*Michael*

*Plan to share your story in the next MocTel. Hope that works for you.*

*Sherron*

Sherron - sure, that's fine.

Cheers, Michael

A while back, an employee of the Yukon Government had contacted me/MocTel about finding an old photo of the Taylor house. I put them on the trail of the Taylor family who still reside in Whitehorse. Now we see the reason why there was interest. – Sherron Jones

## **Taylor House dedicated to its new role**

**History Hunter** Michael Gates Friday July 10, 2015

*Mike Thomas/Yukon News*



**On Monday, Whitehorse's Taylor House was officially inaugurated as the office of Yukon's commissioner.**

More than 100 people, including six former commissioners, attended the ceremony this past Monday, dedicating the Taylor House to its new role as office of the commissioner of the Yukon.

The featured guest was His Excellency, Governor-General David Johnston, who is in town for a conference of provincial and territorial vice-regal representatives. Johnston was joined on the dais by Commissioner Doug Phillips and Yukon Premier Darrell Pasloski.

For those unfamiliar with the Taylor House, it is the imposing two-storey log building enclosed by a fence and lawn across from the Gold Rush Inn, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Main Street. Taylor House was constructed in 1937 by Bill and Aline Taylor when Whitehorse was a sleepy little town of only a few hundred, and Fifth Avenue was at the outer limits of the community.

Bill Taylor was the son of Isaac Taylor, a founding partner of the mercantile business known as Taylor and Drury, or T&D. The logs were procured locally and the inspiration for the design and the distinctive gambrel roof selected by Mrs. Taylor came from illustrations in magazines. Fixtures, materials and furnishings were all purchased from the family business.

Daughter Marilyn Taylor and son Vincent, who both attended the dedication ceremony, grew up in this house just as the community was transforming. By 1968, the home had been engulfed by the hustle and bustle of an expanding downtown core, so Bill and Aline Taylor relocated to Riverdale. Their new home never seemed the same as the “old house” on Main Street.



**Commissioner Doug Phillips and members of the Taylor family at the dedication of the Taylor House on July 6<sup>th</sup>, 2015.**

L to R: Lea Halliday, Kieran Halliday, Commissioner Doug Phillips, Ewan Halliday, Marilyn Taylor (Halliday), Keith Halliday, Pascale Halliday, Vincent Taylor.

Photo courtesy Michael Gates [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

The building was purchased by the Yukon Chamber of Mines, which operated from there for nearly 30 years. According to Brent Slobodin, a former president of the Yukon Historical and Museums Association (YHMA), the chamber decided to sell the building in the late 1990s. YHMA was concerned that the building, one of the rapidly vanishing assemblages of structures that predate the Second World War, would be demolished. The association became involved in a campaign to save it.

Many officials in the community saw it as a waste of effort to save such a building, said Slobodin. Having failed through other avenues, YHMA eventually approached Dave

Keenan, then minister of tourism, who saw its potential. Dave Sloan, then minister of government services, had the building examined for structural soundness - and it passed the test.

The purchase of the building raised the hackles of the opposition, who expressed concern that the purchase had set a bad precedent. How, the government was asked, would they be able to say no to anyone else who comes forward with very similar heritage houses for sale?

Also, they asked, what use would be found for this building? They found a use - and a tenant - for the building, which was occupied for 14 years by the Yukon Heritage Resources Board, until the board was evicted last year.

In his speech, Phillips told the audience that when he was appointed by Prime Minister Stephen Harper, he was asked by Harper where his office was located. Phillips explained that it was rented corner office space in a senior citizens complex, with street parking. The prime minister seemed puzzled by this. That got Phillips thinking, and he started looking around for more suitable accommodation for the territory's vice-regal representative.

He zeroed in on the Taylor House. Renovations occurred during the past winter, and the commissioner recently moved in. In his address to the attending crowd, Governor-General Johnston described the building as one of a kind. Just as his official residences in Ottawa and Quebec say "Canada" (a quick investigation revealed that Rideau Hall is nearly seven times the size of the prime minister's residence), said Johnston, the Taylor House says "Yukon."

Phillips noted that a member of the Taylor family has purchased the former commissioner's residence in Riverdale, while the commissioner now occupies the former Taylor family home on Main Street.

After the speeches were complete, Johnston, Phillips and Pasloski moved to the front entrance of the building for a ribbon cutting ceremony, a first for Phillips since being appointed to his office.

After the official functions were completed, the building was opened to the public for tours.

According to Marilyn Taylor, the building looks on the outside much as it did when she lived there, but the interior has been modified beyond recognition. She has fond memories of living here; her parents were very family oriented.

Taylor and her brother Vincent, accompanied by various family members, inspected the building from bottom to top. For them, the house was filled with memories. The basement, they remembered, was set aside as a special place for them to play as children.

A large fireplace (there was another on the main floor) added warmth to the space. It is still there today, though no longer functional.

When the Taylors lived here, there was a ping pong table and a record player in the basement. Vince remembers shooting hockey pucks at the subterranean cement wall. One year, their mother even arranged for ballroom and square dancing lessons. And friends were always welcome.

Marilyn Taylor remembers that when they weren't inside, they were over at a rink in the mounted police parade square that was kept snow-free in the winter, scaling the clay cliffs to visit the airport, or skiing across the river to take advantage of "bowls" in the sand hills behind where the hospital stands today. Brother Vincent was involved in hockey. Mostly, they created their own entertainment.

Upstairs, things have changed dramatically. Brother and sister were able to identify where their respective bedrooms were located by the position of the windows. Marilyn pointed to where her desk once stood. Vincent, the younger of the two, remembers how his older sister would frighten him by telling scary stories, or turning off the lights when he was coming up the stairs.

Talking of his dreams for the new building, Phillips revealed plans for numerous events to take place in and around Taylor House. He added that it was great that the building has been preserved as it is and where it is. Moving into this restored historic building is the best thing that has happened to the office of the commissioner since it was relocated from Dawson City, he said. I think that the community will agree that preserving this old building was the right thing to do.

Michael Gates is a Yukon historian and sometimes adventurer based in Whitehorse. His three books on Yukon history are available in Yukon stores. You can contact him at [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net)

## **MocTel 409**

What wonderful stories. Thanks Sherron. Life today seems so simple compared with the folk in these events. So pleased we can share them through MOC TEL.

Bill Dawson [yhuree@sympatico.ca](mailto:yhuree@sympatico.ca) (In Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno; 1956-1964) Burlington, ON

## **MocTel 409**

Submitted by Joann Robertson (The Yukon: Life Between the Gold Rush and the Alaska Highway)

**Glen Campbell's My First Summer in the Yukon** brought back memories of the survey crews working off the Alaska Highway in 1949 and 1950. I think the first crew was working on the BC Yukon border. The next year the crew was working on the Canol Road.

We were living at Brooks Brook (Mile 830) where my Dad, Curly Stevenson, was camp foreman. My parents were always very hospitable and we never knew who Dad might bring home for a meal or a coffee. So the fact that some of the Canol Road surveyors became regular visitors in 1950 was to be expected. Unfortunately I don't remember the names of most of them but there was Slim and Bernie, who were, I think, in the Canadian Army. The cook was Willa Basset, the only woman. They were great company and always welcome.

Before the first Survey Crew came horses showed up in Brooks. I think they belonged to Johnny Johns and had been turned out to forage for the winter. I was fearless and immediately found one who would allow me to mount it. As I recall it had a halter so I had something to hang onto. I had always ridden bare back so no saddle, no problem. I don't think those were the survey horses. But when the Survey Crew came with their horses I was more than ready to do more riding. Naturally I was much more interested in the wranglers who had control of the horses than the surveyors. And they were younger; I was 14 or 15. I do remember their names. They were Lyle Westergard, Don Sheridan and Don Basset. They were farm boys from the Dawson Creek area.

My sister, who is a year younger and not horse crazy, and I were invited to 'help' move the horses up the Highway to the camp which was near the Law's Silver Dollar Lodge. This was my first experience riding with a saddle, so I felt like a real cow girl. At one point my horse took off faster than I was prepared for and Lyle came to my rescue, snatching the reins close to the bit to stop my horse. Very romantic, just like in a Western movie! We had lunch in the cook tent with the crew. There were mosquitos everywhere, even in the food.

The next year, the Canol Road crew wrangler was Don Sheridan\* whom I never got to know very well. I do remember that he was a good looking guy and how upset we all were to hear that he had drowned while crossing a river with the horses. Many years later I met his brother at Johnsons Crossing after Ellen Porsild Davignon sold it. I suppose he told me his name and we made the connection that he was Don's brother. (This meeting is mentioned in my book).

Don Sheridan was replaced by Don Basset, Willa's brother. During a visit to our house I was invited to visit the survey camp on the Canol for a couple of days, staying with Willa in her tent. That was my first camping experience.

My knowledge of the Canol Road is limited as I have not been very far along it, but I do remember it as having a ‘top of the world’ feeling, not like the 60 Mile where one is on the top, but more a limitless expanse that I found very appealing.

\*I wonder if the “Sheridan Lake” mentioned by Glen Campbell was named for Don?

Joann (Stevenson) Robertson [joannr6@shaw.ca](mailto:joannr6@shaw.ca) (In Vancouver)

## **PERCY DEWOLFE**

I am planning a 100th birthday for dad. Although the official day is November 1, I am having the get together on Saturday, September 19, from 1-5 at the Rotary hall in Qualicum Beach, corner of Fern and Beach. I don't know when the next Yukoners newsletter is out, but I would appreciate it if there could be a notice. Everyone is welcome, but I would appreciate an email from those coming so I can get an idea of numbers.

Thank you  
Donna DeWolfe [donnadewolfe@hotmail.com](mailto:donnadewolfe@hotmail.com)

## **Ted Harrison**



I took an art course from Ted Harrison at the Vocational School, in the early 1970's. Didn't remember until now that I had a photo. It occurred to me when I saw this photo again, that Ted had a vote in the colour the art room was painted.

The painting I went away with was of a bowl of flowers.

Bill is going through all our old photos and scanning some. We are finding lots of memories and most of them from the early 1970's in Yukon.

Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



**CAMPBELL, Robert**

Author Tags: **1800-1850, Alcohol, Forts and Fur**

[http://www.abcbookworld.com/view\\_author.php?id=5914](http://www.abcbookworld.com/view_author.php?id=5914)

In the annals of the Hudson's Bay Company, boldness in the wilderness counted for less than accurate bookkeeping and corporate profits. A case in point is the remarkable but little-admired Yukon and New Caledonia explorer Robert Campbell.

As the son of a Perthshire sheep farmer in Scotland, Campbell was filled with enthusiasm for life in the new world by a return visit to Scotland in 1830 by his cousin, James McMillan, who had become a Chief Factor for the Hudson's Bay Company. "I heard for the first time of the Great North-West and the free and active life that awaited one there..." Campbell wrote. "I became possessed with an irresistible longing to go to that land of romance and adventure." More precisely, Campbell dreamed of making his mark as a famous explorer, to be mentioned in history books alongside Alexander Mackenzie.

With McMillan's assistance, Campbell successfully applied for a HBC position as sub-manager for a new experimental farm proposed for the Red River settlement. At age twenty-two, he took his leave from the family farm in June of 1830 and sailed with McMillan, whose furlough had expired, Chief Trader Donald Ross, as well as several

apprentice clerks and more than 30 labourers, from Stromness in Scotland for York Factory on Hudson Bay. Soon after his arrival, Campbell travelled to Kentucky where he purchased 1,475 sheep to stock the HBC's experimental farm, but diseases and various infections decimated the flock by the time Campbell reached Red River. Only 250 survived.

At Fort Garry for the winter, Campbell met another HBC veteran, Donald Finlayson, as well as George Simpson, who was also wintering at the fort. With plans for the farm abandoned, Simpson encouraged the strapping young Scot to apply for a transfer to the Mackenzie River District. "His last words to me," Campbell recorded, "were 'Now, Campbell, don't you get married, as we want you for active service.'" Rightly or wrongly, Simpson had identified the Mackenzie River District as a prime area for expansion. Campbell hoped his posting to Fort Liard in 1835 would be in keeping with his ambition to make his mark as an explorer.

Maintaining a correspondence with Simpson, Campbell volunteered to help establish a new post on Dease Lake, in what is now British Columbia, in 1837. He subsequently wintered at Fort Halkett and built a modest fort on the east shore of Dease Lake in July of 1838, five miles from its outlet. He then commenced to follow Simpson's instructions to explore on the western side of the mountains, directing his attention "to pushing the trade across the Mountains and down the Pelly River."

Acompanied by "Hoole [Houle] and 2 fine young Indians Lapie and Kitz," Campbell abandoned their spruce canoes after 20 miles of paddling on Dease Lake and soon crossed the Stikine River on a so-called "Terror Bridge" built by Aborigines. Campbell described it as "a rude ricketty [sic]structure of pine poles spliced together with withes and stretched high above a foaming torrent; the ends of the poles were loaded down with stones to prevent the bridge from collapsing. This primitive support looked so frail and unstable and the rushing waters below so formidable that it seemed well nigh impossible to cross it."

Campbell boldly or recklessly ignored the advice of local Indians and proceeded alone to meet Chief Shakes who owed much of his fearsome stature to his position as a middle-man with Russian traders at the mouth of the Stikine. Instead of being butchered, Campbell was led to the chief's tent where he was offered whiskey from the chief's cup. As Chief Shakes and his men freely imbibed, Campbell, a Presbyterian, went through the motions, and later recorded, "I was well armed, having pistols and dirk in my belt, and a double barrellled percussion gun, which was a great source of wonder to them as the only guns they were familiar with were single-barrellled flint locks."

Campbell's report of these events was probably self-inflationary, but his poise under pressure seems genuine enough. "Shakes wanted me to fire so that he might see how the gun went off," he wrote. "Fearing this was only a ruse to render my gun harmless, I took the precaution to have ball, powder & cap in my hand ready to slip in immediately after firing a shot. With every report, the whole camp yelled, clapping their hands on their mouths at the same time, & the noise was frightful."

During this meeting Campbell gained more information about the Pelly and Stikine Rivers. He also learned that John McLoughlin and James Douglas were both known to the local Aboriginals who included a charismatic female leader described by Campbell as the “Chieftainess of the Nahanies.” In his romanticized narrative, he describes how this impressive thirty-five-year-old protectress enabled his men to make their return across the Terror Bridge unmolested.

Rather than explore the Stikine to its mouth at the Pacific, Campbell returned to the new trading post at Dease Lake, having discovered that trading prospects were poor and game was not plentiful. Accordingly, he descended the Liard River in a birchbark canoe in order to gain additional trading supplies at Fort Simpson from Chief Trader Murdock McPherson, who soon proved himself to be the bane of Campbell’s career. McPherson would give Campbell only enough supplies for his return trip to Dease Lake.

Surrounded by hostile “Russian Indians” at his Dease Lake post, Campbell wrote, “Our prospects were very gloomy. ...Our efforts all winter to procure a bare living were never relaxed. We were scattered in twos and threes trying with nets & hooks for fish, & with traps, snares & guns for any living thing, bird or beast, that came in the way. Everything possible was used for food: ‘tripe de roche,’ skins, parchment, in fact anything. But much as we felt these privations, our greatest trouble was the passing & repassing of the Russian Indians, who kept us night and day in a state of alarm & uncertainty, particularly as it was impossible for us to be all together.... We were completely at their mercy. Most of us were so weak & emaciated that we could barely walk.”

The starving fur traders received a temporary reprieve in February from the Chieftainess of the Nahanies who instructed her slaves to cook a sumptuous meal for Campbell and his men. About a month later, when more of her people returned to Dease Lake, unaccompanied by her, Campbell was dismayed to discover their attitudes towards him were as hostile as the “Russian Indians” led by Chief Shakes. One of Campbell’s men died during the winter, and another two disappeared while trying to reach Fort Liard. Prior to leaving their wretched Dease Lake Post on May 8, 1839, Campbell and his men boiled the webbing of their snowshoes and the parchment from the windows for a final meal.

For surviving such terrible conditions, Campbell was promoted by Simpson to the rank of Clerk. After wintering at Fort Halkett in 1839–1840, Campbell was instructed by Simpson to explore extensively the Liard River, a major thoroughfare that gained its name from the voyageurs’ term Riviere au Liards (“River of Poplars”). The Liard proved so exceedingly dangerous for travel that Campbell dubbed it the “River of Malediction.”

Soon after, it was deemed no longer necessary for the HBC to push westward towards the Pacific because the HBC had signed a new agreement with the Russian American Company to facilitate development of coastal trade via the Pacific. Simpson therefore wrote: “I have turned my attention very particularly to the affairs of the McKenzies [sic] River generally, as there is a greater Field for the extension of trade there than in any

other part of the Country.”

In accordance with Simpson’s fanciful expectations, Campbell once more doggedly set out to prove himself worthy of fame. Accompanied by his interpreter Francis Hoole and “my faithful Indians Lapie and Kitz,” Campbell dutifully left Fort Halkett at the end of May, proceeded to Dease Lake, along the hazardous Liard River and reached “a beautiful sheet of water which, in honour of Lady Simpson, I called Frances Lake.” He named a nearby landmark, Simpson’s Tower, after his benefactor, and proceeded westward with a smaller party, on foot. He named Finlayson’s Lake after Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson. Six days after leaving Simpson’s Tower, he sighted the Pelly River, named for Sir John Henry Pelly, the HBC home governor who remained in control of London business affairs from 1822 to 1852.

As much as Campbell tried to curry favour at every turn, carving the initials H.B.C. and the date in a tree trunk, and flying the HBC ensign, he ultimately fell afoul of his own reporting. Delighted to learn about the existence of the Pelly River, Simpson wrote, “you speak so favourably of the country in the neighborhood of Frances Lake, both as regards the means of living and the prospects of trade, that we have determined on extending our operations in that quarter.”

Although Campbell and his exploration crew had not crossed paths with a single Aboriginal during their venture, he was instructed to establish a new post at Frances Lake. At the site of Simpson’s Tower, first dubbed Glenlyon House, Campbell erected little-known Fort Frances in August of 1842. This was the first HBC post built within the present-day boundaries of the Yukon.

Once more accompanied by “Houle and my 2 inseparables, Lapie and Kitz,” Campbell further explored the Pelly River and spent several years in the Yukon, with limited success and much privation. Having undergone considerable hardship in northern British Columbia and the Yukon for ten years, Campbell wrote to George Simpson in the spring of 1847, saying: “here everything about my name is become stale and constant difficulty have all but overcome my ardour.”

Discouraged, Campbell offered his resignation. George Simpson declined it, notifying Campbell’s superior that his “exertions in the cause of Discovery” in the Yukon and northern New Caledonia were “beyond all praise.” But after Campbell’s 630-mile journey to Fort Simpson in the summer of 1847 to procure trade goods, he was once more stymied by the stinginess of Murdock McPherson, the Mackenzie District commander. “I have done all, but gone upon my knees to Mr. McPherson,” he wrote to George Simpson. But no letter after the fact could provide him with adequate provisions for Pelly Banks, Frances Lake and a new post he hoped to erect on the Yukon River.

Cough-ridden and possibly asthmatic, Campbell nonetheless subjected himself to a daily regimen of outdoor baths. “As the season advanced,” he wrote, “our cook would knock at my door to tell me the hole was made in the ice ready for me. I would then run down with a blanket round me, dip into the hole, out again, & back to the house, my hair frozen stiff

before I got there.”

Campbell commenced building Fort Selkirk at the forks of the Pelly and Lewes Rivers on June 1, 1848, gaining a reputation as a healer among the Indians soon thereafter by applying some medications to an Aboriginal man’s leg. Much to Campbell’s surprise, his patient recovered. A visit from the Chilkats of the Tlingit First Nation also buoyed Campbell’s spirits as he imagined the potential for more trade along one of North America’s largest rivers, but McPherson’s reluctance once again to support adequately Campbell’s initiative proved his undoing. Although Alexander Hunter Murray had established Fort Yukon at the forks of the Yukon and Porcupine Rivers in June of 1847, George Simpson did not realize the need to supply these new Yukon posts directly from York Factory, rather than from Murdoch McPherson’s regional headquarters on the West Coast.

Ultimately, Campbell failed to achieve fame as the foremost explorer of the Yukon because Simpson firmly believed that exploration strictly for the sake of gaining geographical knowledge was an insufficient motive for adventure and expense. When Campbell was mired at Frances Lake for several years, Simpson had advised him directly: “You seem to have been anxious to have proceeded down to the sea; that, however I think at present unnecessary, & would be impolitic, as it would bring us into competition with our Russian neighbours, with whom we are desirous of maintaining a good understanding.” Campbell didn’t receive his instructions from Simpson to “explore the Pelly downwards as far as I might deem advisable” until April of 1851. On this journey Campbell proved his conjectures were correct, that the Pelly and the Youcon Rivers were connected as one.

Campbell returned to Fort Selkirk in high spirits but his enthusiasm was not shared by Chief Trader James Anderson, newly appointed as director of the Mackenzie District in 1851. “I have a much higher opinion of Campbell’s Zeal and Enterprise,” wrote Anderson, “than of his judgement.” Anderson decided the Frances Lake Fort established by Campbell was unnecessary and he was dismayed by Campbell’s bookkeeping (“very chary of information”) and his lack of profits. Campbell’s reputation suffered an even more serious blow in 1852 when Chilkat Indians ransacked Fort Selkirk when Campbell was in charge. After 27 “demons” arrived on August 20, 1852, the fort’s few occupants were overwhelmed the following day and expelled into the wilderness. “We were without a blanket amongst the party,” Campbell commented, “and none of the men but myself had even a capot; nothing but their trousers, and in their shirt sleeves, with but two guns and a few shots of powder amongst us. The roaring and yelling of these painted fiends, smashing everything that came their way—and firing—beggars description.”

Campbell and his men reached the camp of a friendly Wood Indian chief the next day, but by the time they returned to Fort Selkirk on the evening of August 23rd, the Chilkats “to our inexpressible vexation” had vanished. “Not a grain of powder or rag of clothing was left,” Campbell wrote. “Cassettes, dressing cases, writing desks, kegs and musical instruments were smashed into a thousand atoms and the house and store strewed with the wreck, a sight to madden a saint.”

When reports of this serious incident were prepared for HBC administrators Colville and Simpson, James Anderson privately advised, “It strikes me there was a want of due caution on our part.” He criticized “poor Campbell” for his imprudent optimism in the face of poor results at both Frances Lake and Fort Selkirk. “It is my opinion that his sanguine disposition has caused him to estimate the prospects of Selkirk far too favorably—his views have been so long and intensely directed to one absorbing object that they have become distorted and he can no longer see things in their true colours.”

To defend himself adequately, Campbell decided in November to trudge, dog sled and paddle three thousand miles across Canada from the Mackenzie River to Lachine, near Montreal, to speak with Simpson at his winter headquarters. He achieved his purpose at the end of March, 1853, whereupon Simpson discounted Campbell’s request for reprisals against the Chilkat perpetrators. Instead Simpson slyly reassured Campbell that nobody would assume any cowardice on his part and that he should take a well-earned furlough in Scotland, given his relative proximity to Europe.

Campbell passed a year in Scotland, during which time he became engaged to Miss Ellenora Stirling. He returned to Norway House in June of 1854, at which time Simpson reaffirmed his decision not to re-establish Fort Selkirk. Although Campbell would remain in the employ of the HBC for another 18 years, he would never achieve the renown he had craved. The four outposts he helped to generate — Dease Lake, Frances Lake, Pelly Banks and Fort Selkirk — were all abandoned. Only Fort Yukon, with which he had not been involved, would endure.

Campbell took charge of Fort Liard in 1854 and became Chief Trader for the Athabasca District in 1856, stationed at Fort Chipewyan. He married Ellenora Stirling at Norway House in 1859, became a Chief Factor in 1867, but was eventually dismissed because he disregarded company directives about trading routes for the transport of furs. He acquired a ranch in the wooded area of Riding Mountain, near Strathclair, Manitoba, in 1872, where he worked and edited his journals that were still unpublished when he died in 1894.

George Dawson named a minor tributary of the Pelly River after Robert Campbell in 1887, and the Yukon Territorial Council named a highway in his honour, but for the most part Robert Campbell’s exploits are seldom cited. Although he named most of the principal rivers of the Yukon, leading pioneering efforts in northern British Columbia in the process, the opinions of faraway administrators obscured his considerable achievements. During Campbell’s era, other significant Yukon explorers were Samuel Black, John McLeod and Murdoch McPherson.

Campbell recorded his adventures in journals that were published more than a century later as *Two Journals of Robert Campbell: 1808–1853* (1958). The first of these covers 1808–1851 and has been published from a copy of the original; the second covers the period 1850–1853 and was based on a rewritten account by Campbell after his original journal was destroyed by fire. Campbell’s journals for his stints at Pelly Banks (1845–1847) and Fort Selkirk in the Yukon are available at the Public Archives of Canada.

“Company correspondence,” according to historian Ken Coates, “suggests Campbell overestimated his importance, was at best a marginal trader and was not widely admired by his peers.” But Clifford Wilson, a long-time editor of the Hudson Bay Company’s magazine *The Beaver*, who also served as the assistant director of the National Museum of Canada, has written a biography, *Campbell of the Yukon*, to suggest that Campbell’s extensive explorations are worthy of respect and even admiration.

[Robert Campbell is not to be confused with Robert A. Campbell who has written books about society and alcohol.]

**BOOKS:**

Campbell, Robert. *Two Journals of Robert Campbell (Chief Factor: Hudson's Bay Company), 1808-1853* (Seattle: Shorey Books, 1958). Edited by John W. Todd.

**ALSO:**

Wilson, Clifford. *Campbell of the Yukon* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1970).

The following story was done after Myles Dolphin requested a telephone interview after I had asked to use one of his stories in the previous MocTel. Myles refused to let me see the article before going to press citing the process would be too cumbersome and that could I imagine if they had to get permission from government before running articles about them. Hence you may see a couple of errors. Kathy Gates was kind enough to contact Myles and have one error corrected before this online copy became available. He had referred to Masons as Stonemasons.

The reference to Yukon River was not mine, as Henry Breaden had supplied the MocTel with steamboat log details recorded on the Stewart River where he worked.

The switch over from volunteering to be a repository of email addresses for Yukoners came within the first few days not over time. Actually I have told the story many times, it was an email from Warren Rongve who detailed the years, grades and schools he and his wife had taught in Yukon that prompted me to think that would be of interest to some of those joining the list and started asking if I could pass along similar messages and so this new effort needed a name; Moccasin Telegraph came to mind. – Sherron

### **Moccasin Telegraph keeps former Yukoners in the loop**

Myles Dolphin Wednesday July 8, 2015

For almost 60 years, Bill Dawson wondered about the woman who likely saved his life the night he arrested a drunk outside the old Regina Hotel.

As a former RCMP officer in Whitehorse during the 1950s, the young Dawson had been called to the bar in the middle of the night to pick up the troublemaker.

Sophie Armitage, who ran the business at the time with her husband Ernie, shouted that the man had a rock in his hand as Dawson was loading him into his car.

Years later, Dawson - now living in Burlington, Ont. - was scrolling through an issue of the Moccasin Telegraph when he came across a picture of an annual Yukoners' reunion in Summerland, B.C. and recognized [the name Sophie] Armitage, who now lives in Kelowna.

The pair was able to reconnect through e-mail, said Moccasin Telegraph publisher Sherron Jones, who has published the electronic newsletter from her home in Vernon, B.C. since February 2003.

According to the Virtual Museum of Metis History and Culture it was a joke among the Metis that they would hear rumours through the 'moccasin telegraph,' an accurate metaphor since they wore moccasins and news travelled by foot.

Jones is a former Yukoner herself, having followed her husband to Whitehorse in the late 1960s, where they lived until 1983.

Starting out as a cashier at city hall, she eventually became the director of finance.

"We really enjoyed our time up there," Jones said, adding they had a cabin at Marsh Lake.

The MocTel, as she likes to call it, started out as a repository for e-mail addresses. Over time, Jones received more and more stories that she believed would be of interest to those on the list.

"I'd come off a period of time doing genealogy and I realized how important it was, and how exciting it would be for people in the future to find information written by their ancestors," she said.

Over 530 issues have been produced so far - 408 regular issues and 125 "special" ones that focus exclusively on one topic.

At its peak Jones had about 600 subscribers, she said, whereas it's down to about 300 now.

“A lot of the old timers have passed away, while others have just lost interest,” she said.

Published every three weeks, the content is never the same - but people always contribute stories, letters and lots of old pictures.

The June 21 edition had a picture of a Whitehorse hockey team from the 1948-49 season, complete with names.

The newsletter is read as far away as Australia, where a man who once mined in Keno currently lives.

In England, there’s someone who has contributed historical information about Dawson through his connections to local masons there.

“When he was in Dawson, he went to the museum and somehow came by information that a sword had been hidden in one of the walls, and when they were renovating it they dug it out,” Jones said.

He also sent information about how the Dawson Masonic Lodge donated a mammoth ivory gavel to a masonic fraternity in New Zealand.

Jones said she just recently received a 32-page letter from a man who flew the DC-3 weathervane plane on display near the Whitehorse airport.

He and his wife had flown the ‘Big Dipper’ route - Dawson, Mayo, Old Crow and Inuvik - named because of the flight pattern.

Someone else who worked on the riverboats along the Yukon River passed on his log notes to the MocTel, the kind of information Jones has been able to share with researchers writing books, she said.

And there are no plans to slow down just yet, despite a decrease in the amount of content she receives.

Readers keep encouraging her to go on, she said.

“As long as it (information) keeps coming in, I’ll keep sending it out,” Jones said.

She’s only been back to the Yukon twice she since left, in 1985 for her son’s wedding and in 2006 to receive a commissioner’s award from Geraldine Van Bibber. But the territory still plays a big role in her life.

“We all take a bit of the Yukon with us when we leave, and you always feel a part of the stories,” she said.

Whether it’s to the people in them, there’s a connection somehow.”

The Moccasin Telegraph is available by subscription only, for a fee of \$20-25 a year. Jones can be reached at [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) .

Contact Myles Dolphin at [myles@yukon-news.com](mailto:myles@yukon-news.com)

Correction:

An earlier version of this story mistakenly reported that stonemasons in New Zealand had donated an ivory gavel to a masonic fraternity in Dawson. In fact, it was the Dawson Masonic Lodge that donated a mammoth ivory gavel to a masonic fraternity in New Zealand. We apologize for the mistake.

## **Following up on MocTel Story.**

*When I finally found the story about the MocTel online, I sent a copy to Bill Dawson and Sophie Armitage and received these replies. - Sherron*

Thankyou Sherron for the article much appreciated. Sophie Armitage.

Well congratulations to you and MocTel. Great to see the story getting wider coverage. All the best to you and Sophie, Bill.

Bill Dawson [yhuree@sympatico.ca](mailto:yhuree@sympatico.ca) (In Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno; 1956-1964) Burlington, ON

Oh my goodness, here we are in our senior years and we are making headlines. When you receive a thankyou from an R.C.M.P. Inspector, it is an honor, I thank you for that Bill. A very heart-warming story, and now I will have a little cry.....Sophie.

Sophie Armitage [sopharmy@shaw.ca](mailto:sopharmy@shaw.ca) (In Kelowna, BC)



Sherron Jones, Maxine Smith, Joyce Milko, Marilyn Law  
Geraldine (Kelly) VanBibber

#### Mayor's Tea 1970

Received a reply on this photo from Marilyn Law who *thinks* the girl I couldn't identify would be **Geraldine (Kelly) Van Bibber**. I did think she looked familiar when I originally looked at this photo. And have now *received confirmation* from Helen Munro via Gillian Campbell. Thanks to all for your help.

Photo courtesy Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

And her maiden name was obtained from Myrna:

Yes that is Geraldine, She didn't go to school with me, but she did go out with my brother Rai, her maiden name is **Kelly**, her brother is Chester Kelly who is quite a sportsman and I believe is in the Sports Hall of Fame in Whitehorse, Chester and Geraldine both were raised in Dawson

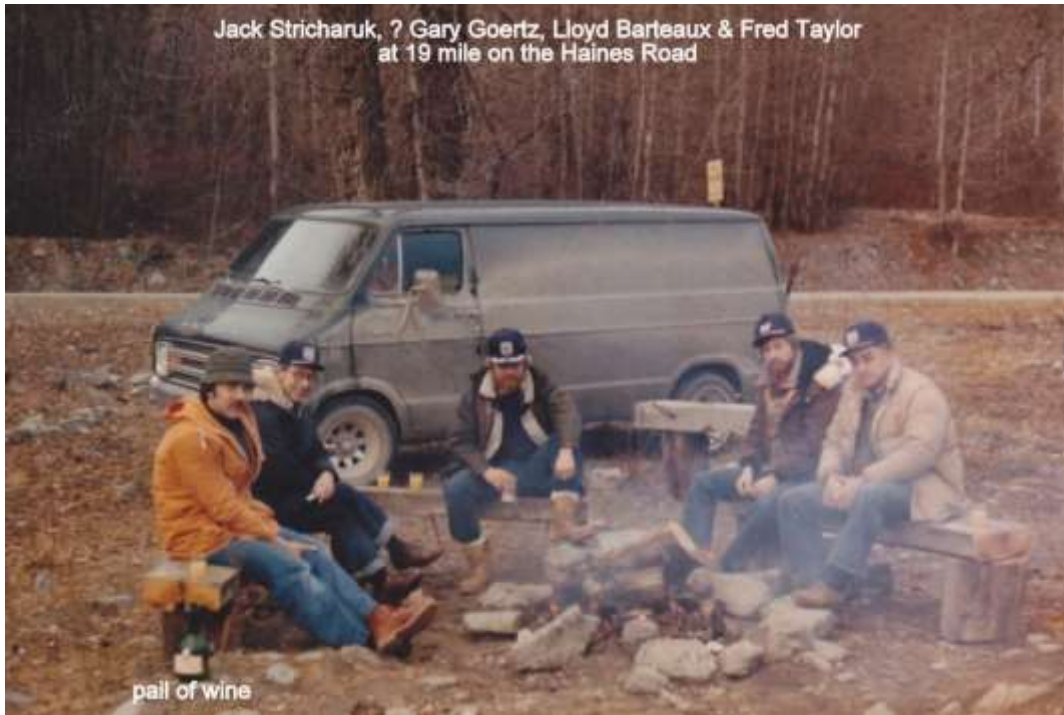
Myrna Butterworth [myrnab@northwestel.net](mailto:myrnab@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



The missing name on this photo was Rob Mason who I understand has a business in Whitehorse, again Marilyn Law came up with the name and I confirmed it with his brother and sister-in-law Ken and Sandra Mason. – Sherron



Rendezvous parade 1974, Ron McFadyen in CBC logo or what they called “Larry Logo”  
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi\\*shaw.ca](http://ve7yi*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



White Pass boys weekend in Haines, Alaska, at Mile 19, 197?  
Jack Stricharuk, ?, Gary Goertz, Lloyd Barteaux and Fred Taylor.  
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi\\*shaw.ca](http://ve7yi*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

**White Pass Drivers receive Safe Driving Awards.**  
(next page)

Included in the photos are RCMP Inspector W.J. Hunter and S/Sgt. B.A. "Art" Deer.

# Truckers Win Safe Driving Awards

Here are winners of Driver Safety Awards, photographed along with Norman Rudolph, Highway Division safety supervisor, Inspector W. J. Hunter of the RCMP, Staff Sgt. B. A. Deer of the RCMP, and Ernie

Standish, Canada Manpower Centre manager.

Top award winner was Ossie Stephens, Northline Freight, who has a safe record of 19 years.



Left to right: Jerry Balmforth, Ossie Stephens, Mrs. Bill Gorgichuk (accepted award on behalf of her husband), Paul Piwek.



Left to right: Walter Scott, George Turner, Gordon Crum, W. E. (Ernie) Standish, Manager C.M.C. and Larry Gray.



Back row, left to right: Jack Thompson, Dennis Marks, Dick Therrien and John Tupper. Front row, left to right: Norm F. Rudolph and Inspector W. J. Hunter.



Left to right: John Hampton, N. F. Rudolph, William Riggs, W. E. (Ernie) Standish, Manager C.M.C.; Bill Profeit and Bill Hac.



Left to right: Mike Olynyk and Lawrence Ulrich.



Back row, left to right: Jim Bungers, Norm F. Rudolph, Roy Anderson, Pat McColl, Jack Small, Ted Marsh, Len Calliou and O'Neil Lavose. Front row, left to right: Floyd Rombough, Inspector W. J. Hunter, S/Sgt. B. A. Deer and Basil McDonald.

June 1973

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron,

I am not sure if you and I have met, but with Yukoners it seems we all have that special connection! I heard about the Moccasin Telegraph from Phyllis (Lepage) Simpson, I hate to admit sometime around 2003, but had a few "pokkers in the fire" at the time! I have been pleasantly reminded with the recent article in the Yukon News.

I am of the Morgan family from Whitehorse, where my siblings (Mario, Nicole and Chuck Jr.) and I were all born and where we all currently live. My father was Chuck Morgan (deceased 1998) and my mother is Denise, who still lives in Whitehorse at age 80 this August. My two children, Murdoch and Gareth, and a few of their cousins also still live in Whitehorse. Mom worked many years at Tourist Services with her best friend Queenie Leader...quite a pair!! My father may have best been recalled by hundreds of Yukoners for the very sensational move of the SS Klondike in 1966. Very close to that time period he also completed other complicated moves, operating as "Morgan's Movers" including the Kalumet Mine site down the mountain from Elsa (there are still some around who remember that very intricate move), the Catholic Church from Faro to where it resides now as the Porter Creek Church (benches intact), at least two apartment buildings downtown, the Duchess Train in Carcross, and some items to the McBride Museum. Many years later he took a few breaks from his work as a highly respected specialized diesel engine mechanic to move the MV Anna Maria from Skagway AK OVER the White Pass into Whitehorse and also Neecehah from Paddle Wheel Village to the current location at the Transportation Museum. The Neecehah move was completed with the loveable Andy Hooper. I do have quite a bit of information on these moves, including newspaper articles, photos and footage that I would love to share with you and readers in the future, if that seems reasonable to you. Depending on your interest level I can seek to provide updates on the children in my family as well.

My Uncle Allan Morgan (married Marie Fisher of the Mayo Fisher's, sister to Kip) and his family lived many years in Beaver Creek where he operated a saw mill, before moving to Kelowna BC to build custom log homes. My Uncle Julien (deceased, married Roberta (Bobbie) Parkin, deceased) worked many years in Whitehorse, starting at age 14 for his 16 year old brother Allan, who ran a courier company in Whitehorse in the 1950's. He later drove tour buses for his brother Chuck at Atlas Tours, ran the Greyhound Bus Depot before starting his own courier company, which his son Shayne now operates in Whitehorse.

I am absolutely thrilled to pay the \$25 annual subscription and would treasure the disc as well. Please send along any details you need from me.

Thank you so much for getting back to me Sherron! I am cc'ing my sister Nicole as she values Yukon history as much as I do.....she may be able to share some Yukon nuggets about her decades long fiddling history with none other than Joe Loutchan, the Fiddler on the Loose. Maybe Joe would be inclined to share some of his many volumes of Yukon

history as well (hint hint Nicole!!)

Very Sincerely!

Charlene Morgan [morganisms\\*northwestel.net](mailto:morganisms*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

### **Carburetors could also get finikity in hot weather.**

I was part of a troop being formed up at "Depot" training Division in Regina, June, 1954. The Cpl., delegating us unsquaded to fatigue duties asked, " Can any of you rabble drive a two ton truck?" Not familiar with the old axiom, "never volunteer for anything" I proved, by extending my arm. One of the few lessons learned thus far. Surprise to me that I was the only volunteer. We were about 15 chaps from all walks of life, many competent truck drivers, by virtue of growing up on farms. Granted there were three chaps from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland who had never driven any vehicles. I was delegated to the Post Garage to get the keys to the truck, take five of my troop mates out to the pile of composted horse manure about a mile away and have them spread this natural fertilizer on gardens of the Officers' quarters.

Things went well. It wasn't long before my buddies had put a good load on the truck. They all piled onto the truck and it would not start. Being the driver meant I had to walk back to the Garage to get help. Reported to the Cpl., that I had a problem. Like the winter remedy, he said; "Piss on the carburetor!" He explained that "vapor-lock" was a common problem in hot weather. He also offered a second remedy, take a pail of water out and pour it over the carburetor. I chose the second remedy. It worked well. It was the only time in thirty-two years service that I was able to give s\_\_t to Officer's of the Force. By that time I was one. . . .!

Wonder if the Constable in the winter story was one of my buddies or the chap who was in-charge of the "Depot" garage. . . . .?

Bill Dawson [yhuree\\*sympatico.ca](mailto:yhuree*sympatico.ca) (In Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno; 1956-1964) Burlington ON

Sometimes humor comes in a coarse way - but it's still funny.  
You know, people complain about the RCMP, (Royal Canadian Mounted Police),  
But you rarely hear about the positive things that they do, such as this one:

### **Frozen Carburetor Incident:**

In the fun world of the administration of justice, not all the laughs are in the courtroom. Indeed, giggles and guffaws can erupt at almost any time or place. For example, on a bitterly cold winter's day several weeks ago in Northern British Columbia, a RCMP constable on patrol came across a motorcyclist, who was swathed in protective clothing and helmet, stalled by the roadside.

"What's the matter?" asked the Policeman.

"Carburetor's frozen," was the terse reply.

"Piss on it. That'll thaw it out."

"I can't." said the biker.

"OK, watch me closely and I'll show you." The constable promptly warmed the carburetor as promised. The bike started and the rider drove off, waving.

A few days later, the detachment office received a note of thanks from the father of the motorbike rider.

It began: "On behalf of my daughter Joanne....."

## **The long road home for the Diamond Willow Lamp.**

Sherron, this may be a little confusing, but may be of interest to you and MocTel readers. If you read the obit [in this MocTel] on Bill Leverett, the email below from Scott Buchanan to Blanche and my reply back to Scott, you will see the connection. We will miss Bill, but are glad that he is no longer in pain and that he and his precious lamp are both "Safe at Home."

### **Keno City Mining Museum donation**

Date: July 29, 2015

Hello Blanche,

I had a pleasant surprise yesterday with someone dropping off a beautiful diamond willow and moose antler cabin scene lamp marked "Elsa Yukon", via you, on behalf of the donor, Bill Leverette.

I understand you are the contact to get in touch with Bill. Please let him know we are very grateful for his kind donation and I look forward to speaking with him to thank him personally. I would also welcome any information he, you or others may have on the history of the lamp. There is a local thread here that it may have been made by a gentleman who used to live in the McQuesten valley. Any storylines to follow and accompany the piece are most welcome!

slainte,  
Scott Buchanan

Manager, Keno City Mining Museum  
kenoroulette@northwestel.net  
Site 1 Box 17, Keno City  
Yukon, Y0B 1M1  
867.995.3103



**Diamond Willow Lamp – Elsa, Yukon**

Photo courtesy Gus & Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2\\*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2*shaw.ca) (In Port Alberni BC)

Hi Scott,

Blanche asked me to reply to this.

Not too much information on the lamp itself, but thought I'd give you a little on the Donor and how it got to us and eventually to you.

Bill Leverett I first met in Whitehorse in 1959 when I worked in the Post Office in Whitehorse and Bill came there as postmaster. Bills duties took him to different areas of the Yukon and he developed a special liking for the Keno, Mayo area. The Leverett's left the Yukon a few years later for Oliver, B.C. where he worked as postmaster and later retired there. We retained our friendship over the next sixty years or so, even though it was a long distance relationship as we worked and retired in different areas of the Province.

In 1970 Bill was at a garage sale and came across this diamond willow lamp. Since it was depicting the Elsa Keno area, he bought the lamp and had kept it ever since. In later years Bill was diagnosed with Parkinson's and was becoming quite disabled. He phoned me a month or so back to inform me that he expected to go into a care home soon and

wondered what he should do with the lamp. After some discussion we decided The Keno Museum would be the place for it. Since we still have many connections with the Yukon, Blanche and I promised we would help him get it there. Lo and behold, a week later Bill Leverett's son, who lives on Vancouver Island, arrived at our door with an eight cubic foot carton containing the lamp and a request from his dad to get it to Keno.

Now to get it to its final home – Blanche enlisted the assistance of Harvey Burian, long time Mayo resident who still has lots of contacts in the area. Harvey came up with the name of a lady in Whitehorse who agreed to get it to Keno if we could get it to her in Whitehorse. Another friend and long-time Dawsonite Sharon Redmond from Nanaimo was going back to Dawson for a visit and was able to find sufficient room in her vehicle for the lamp and agreed to drop it off in Whitehorse.

So that's it Scott. A little long and round-about but shows that with enough interested Yukoners involved things will get done.

One sad note - At about the time the Lamp was arriving back to its rightful home, Bill Leverett was leaving on his final journey. He passed away on 24 July, 2015.

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Port Alberni BC)

## OBIT

### **William Anthony (Bill) Leverett**



On Friday, July 24, 2015, Mr. William Anthony (Bill) Leverett of Oliver passed away peacefully at the South Okanagan General Hospital at the age of 89 years.

Bill was predeceased by his mother Gladys; father William; stepfather Stanley and brother Harold.

He will be fondly remembered by his loving family including spouse Shirley; daughter Toni (Peter King) and grandchildren Riley, Eliza and Kayla of Bowen Island, BC; son Bill (Terri) and grandchildren Caitlin and Conner of Mill Bay, BC; sister Mae Petersen of Abbotsford, BC as well as many nieces and nephews.

Bill was born July 4, 1926 in Burns Lake, BC and moved shortly thereafter to Prince Rupert, BC. He grew up there and graduated from Booth Memorial High School in 1944. He enlisted in the Canadian Army on April 30, 1945 and completed his basic training. Just prior to deployment “the enemy heard he was coming over and agreed to an armistice.”

Bill’s postal career began in October 1945 in Prince Rupert with three years as a postal clerk, followed by eight years in the Railway Mail Service as the clerk in charge. In February 1957, he transferred to Kitimat, BC as a Postal Officer 1. **In September 1960, he took over duties as a Postal Officer 2 in Whitehorse, Yukon. In 1963, he was promoted to Postmaster.** One year later, on April 1, 1964, the family moved to Oliver, BC where he became the Postmaster. He had the honour of raising the new Canadian flag at the post office in 1965. There are many work stories that could be told until he eventually retired in July 1981 – an illustrious thirty six year career.

Bill’s community service included involvement in the Search & Rescue, Cubs, Kiwanis and the Royal Canadian Legion. He was extremely proud of his part serving as President as the first Kiwanis Village was developed and built. He was actively involved in the Legion and was honoured to be awarded the Lifetime Membership in May 2010 for his dedicated and outstanding service. When Bill was asked who his heroes were he responded “my many school chums that never came home from the war.”

Bill’s hobbies included camping, fishing and First Nations art in many forms. He had a particular love of Haida Gwaii related pieces.

He was known for his radiant smile and quick wit. In June 2011, he was the “Smile of the Week” in the Oliver Chronicle. Even as his health declined, he could be seen around Oliver on his scooter, going to all the garage sales, socializing and meeting up with his friends. He always had a kind word and a smile for everybody.

His family would like to thank Dr. Peter Entwistle, the nursing staff at the South Okanagan General Hospital and John Nunes and Daryn Pottinger for their kind and compassionate care.

No formal service by his request. A private family scattering of ashes will be held at the Oliver Municipal Cemetery Scattering Garden.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation in his memory to the Royal Canadian Legion Branch #97 or the Parkinson Society of BC.

Condolences and tributes may be directed to the family by visiting [www.nunes-pottinger.com](http://www.nunes-pottinger.com)

**Margaret L. Heath (nee McLaughlin)**

The family of Margaret L. Heath is saddened to share the passing of their much loved great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, sister, aunt and friend. After a brief but hard fought illness, Mom passed away in Grande Prairie, Alberta on July 26, 2015.

Margaret was born in Grande Prairie on December 18, 1930 to Lorne and Janet McLaughlin and spent most of her childhood in Valleyview, AB. **In September 1944, the McLaughlin family moved to Whitehorse, Yukon.** Margaret loved Yukon and it was there she married her first husband, raised a family and became involved in politics. After the death of her first husband, (Robert Frigon) she married again, (George Heath-deceased). In 1978 the couple decided to move to Grande Prairie. Here, Margaret created a life for her family and again became actively involved in politics as well as serving on many committees.

Margaret was happy in Grande Prairie as she was closer to the family property at Sturgeon Lake and her large extended family. It was at the lake that Mom dearly loved to be. She couldn't wait for winter to be over and get to the lake. She loved watching the children play and visiting with her brothers/sisters, nieces/nephews and large extended family of cousins and friends.

Margaret was pre-deceased by her parents, Lorne and Janet McLaughlin, her brother's, Fred and Leslie, her daughter, Patricia Frigon, her son, Robert Frigon as well as 2 grandchildren.

Mom will be so terribly missed by her daughter, Margie (Russ), her grandchildren, Erin (Trevor), Andrew (Simone), Aslinn (Nick) and recently born great-grandson, Barrett. She will also be greatly missed by her brother, Tom; and her sisters, Irene and Jean; their families; and her large extended family and many friends. The lake will never be the same.

### **Robert Aitken**

November 22, 1925 - June 20, 2015 Robert Aitken, born in Airdrie, Scotland, passed away peacefully at Copper Ridge Place in Whitehorse, Yukon. After serving in the Canadian Air Force, he worked in the telecommunications industry, ending up as a manager at Lenkurt Electric (later Microtel) and then with the Yukon Government. He is predeceased by his first wife Rose, son Randy, daughter Cheryl, and grandson Kyle. He is survived by his second wife Madeline, daughter Kathryn, son John, five grandchildren and one great-grandchild, as well as five step-children and their families. A cremation ceremony was held in Whitehorse.

Published in Vancouver Sun and/or The Province on July 11, 2015



**Harold "Bud" Weitzel, 91**

Sauk Centre

May 15, 1924 - July 17, 2015

Harold "Bud" Weitzel, age 91 of Sauk Centre, died July 17, 2015 at 12:01 p.m. at his daughter's home, in rural Melrose, Minnesota, encircled by the love of his wife of 63 years and his six adoring daughters.

Bud was born May 15, 1924 in St. Joseph, Minnesota to Roman and Teckla (Wieber) Weitzel. He spent the first decade of his life in St. Cloud where he developed an early passion for fishing along the Mississippi River. The family moved to Melrose in 1935. Bud attended St. Boniface School and lived contentedly on the shore of the Sauk River fishing, trapping and exploring. His family grew a huge fruit and vegetable garden in which Bud picked and packed every summer morning helping his family make ends meet with the produce they sold, before he headed down the hill to the river for a swim. In his high school years, Bud worked at Schulzentsenberg's Hardware and, in summer, helped out at a resort on Big Birch Lake later joining a crew repairing railroad tracks in the Dakotas.

After high school, Bud attempted to enlist in the military three times but was turned away due to hearing problems. **In 1943, he took a train as far North as it could reach, then rode a bus up the Alaskan Highway to Whitehorse in the Yukon. He worked six days a week at a refinery, living in a quonset hut while cleaning and waiting tables in the mess hall.** In 1945, Bud began a four-year apprenticeship with Great Northern Railroad. He completed the program in three years and became a journeyman machinist at the Jackson Street Roundhouse in St. Paul, Minnesota. He lived in a rooming house and rode a streetcar to work until purchasing his first car, a 1941 Studebaker.

In 1950, Bud met Marcy Schwartz on a blind date...which both reported did not go well. Bud, always positive, decided to give it another try. A few more dates and he admitted Marcy had started to grow on him. He popped the question on April Fool's Day in Dickinson, North Dakota, while visiting friends and they were married in St. Paul's Catholic Church in Sauk Centre on June 17, 1952.

Great Northern, along with passenger trains across the country, began to downsize with the efficiency of passenger jets. In 1958, Bud moved his family to Sauk Centre where he and Marcy bought a bulk-oil business. Weitzel Oil Company delivered to homes, farms, gas stations and trains stopping at the Sauk Centre Depot. In 1971, they added to the business with the purchase of a gas and service station on Main Street. Life was busy and full. Bud worked hard, played (when time allowed) and always held his family as his highest priority.

In 1976, Bud and Marcy sold the gas station property but Bud continued to run the bulk business from home until 1989 when they sold it, too, and Bud officially retired. He remained active in the church as a eucharistic minister for 20 years, as a Conservation Club member and on occasion helped out a local plumbing business. It was Bud's time to enjoy more hunting and fishing, to delve into new hobbies including winemaking and beekeeping, and he became an official member of the prestigious "Old Fart's Coffee Club" at the Ding Dong Cafe. For many years, right up through this past winter, Bud and

Marcy faithfully fed the "non-snowbird" ducks below the dam every other day no matter how bitterly cold. The ducks learned the sound of their car and the call of Bud's voice ("Here duckie, duckie, duckie...") and came gliding in to land at their feet for lunch provided by the Conservation Club.

Bud estimates he shot 50-55 deer with bow and arrow through the years. In 1980, he downed a prize-winning, eight-point buck weighing 230 pounds (field dressed) earning him a place in the Minnesota Deer Classic record book. Through his captivating storytelling, he could recount every minute detail, drawing you in, making you feel as though you were experiencing his adventures right along with him.

Bud's twinkling blue eyes and easy, warm smile were a window into his luminous soul. He was kind and good and true, authentic and pure in heart. To know him was to love him. He came by his nickname honestly... "Buddy Honey."

Bud will be profoundly missed by his wife, Marcelene "Marcy" Weitzel of Sauk Centre; children, Susan (Robert) Hoffman of Sauk Centre, Ruth Weitzel (Richard Peifer) of Melrose, Janet Weitzel of Maple Grove, Gail (Rick) Freitag of Alexandria, Carla (Roger) O'Hotto of Sartell and Ginnie (Michael) Steichen of Baxter; 15 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren with the 13th due December 25, 2015; sister, Jean (Weitzel) Stimart of St. Anthony. He was preceded in death by his parents; brothers, Walter Weitzel and Ralph Weitzel.

Visitation will be from 4:00 to 8:00 p.m. Friday, July 24, at the Patton-Schad Funeral Home in Sauk Centre.

A Memorial Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 11 a.m. on Saturday, July 25, at St. Paul's Catholic Church in Sauk Centre with Rev. Andrew Marthaler officiating assisted by Deacon Robert Reitsma. Urn bearer will be Bud's eldest daughter, Susan Hoffman.

The family is deeply grateful for the outpouring of love, prayers and support during Bud's struggle with aortic stenosis/heart failure. In lieu of flowers, memorials are preferred to the Sauk Centre Conservation Club and Holy Family School where his wife and girls attended grade school in addition to many of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



## **COULTER, Ida "Edie" Lenore**

Passed away peacefully at Vancouver General Hospital on July 13, 2015. She was born in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory to Ida and Warren Workman on December 3, 1943. Ida grew up in Canada's north and fondly remembered playing outdoors in the cold, and the beauty of wild roses in the Spring. Ida enjoyed a wide range of passions, from theoretical physics to poetry, from cats to science fiction. She will be missed by her daughter Angela Van Volkenburg (Wayne), grandchildren Kevala and Jake, cousin Sydney Mason, and special friend Mannie Amendolagine. A private Celebration of Life will be held in Fort St. John, BC.

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*In order to succeed, we must first believe that we can. - Nikos Kazantzakis*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

From The Star Cook Book – Dawson Y.T. 1942

### **Marmalade** (good)

6 grapefruit  
8 oranges  
4 lemons

Slice fruit and stand 36 hours in 4 quarts water. Boil 2 hours. Measure fruit, and to every quart of fruit add 3 lbs. of sugar. Boil quickly 20 minutes.

Mrs. E. J. Ballentine

### **Marmalade**

1 grapefruit or 2 oranges  
1 lemon  
2 cups water  
3 cups sugar

Soak grapefruit or oranges (whichever is used) overnight, and in morning, drain. Add the lemon, rind and juice. Then 2 cups water. Boil 1 hour or until clear. Then add sugar and boil  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour. Before boiling fruit skins put through food chopper.

Mrs. Gloslie

## **SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect. There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Sherron Jones  
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive  
Coldstream BC V1B 1V8