

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 411th Edition – August 23, 2015

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



Five Finger Rapids

Photo from Facebook post noted as Yukon Travel:

During the 1898 Klondike Gold Rush, thousands of prospectors navigated homemade boats from Bennett Lake to Dawson City.

Five Finger Rapids was a major obstacle and more than a few stampededers ended up in the water after choosing the wrong channel.

Thanks to Margit Justin for submitting this photo.

Masonic Gavels Made of Mammoth Tusks

At the Masonic meeting held on Thursday evening when the district deputy grand master, R. C. Elkington, made an official visitation of Yukon lodge, No. 79, a set of gavels and gavel blocks was used that are to be presented to the Masonic grand lodge of New Zealand. The articles are finely wrought from mammoth tusks found in the Yukon and are beautiful and valuable implements.

J. Brown, a member of a lodge of Masons in New Zealand, has had the gavels and blocks made for the presentation. They will be sent from Dawson to London, where small gold plates will be inlaid in each gavel, with the words, worshipful master, senior warden, or junior warden, on the gavel to be used by the several officers. From London the gavels will be sent to Premier Barton, who will present them to the grand lodge at its next session.

The ivory tusks from which the implements were made were obtained from Mr. Brown's claim on Lovett gulch.

Yukon lodge is one of the most northerly lodges of Masonry in the world. The lodges in New Zealand are the most southerly in the world. The small pieces of ivory will have traveled a considerable distance when they finally reach their destination.

My Yukon research often has me reading my way from cover to cover, through editions of the old Dawson newspapers that are on microfilm at the Yukon Archives. A few years ago, I was reading the issue for October 3rd 1903, in a more obscure Dawson City

newspaper called *The Dawson Record*, and came across this article above, on page 3. I thought this might make for a good story for my husband's weekly History Hunter column so made a copy for future reference.

To my surprise, mention of these same gavels in a recent article about Sherron Jones and the MocTel in the *Yukon News*, had me climbing back on board the "Intrigue Train". I turned to the Internet and soon found my way to the New Zealand Grand Masonic Lodge webpage.

Emails back and forth from an extremely helpful Duane Williams, Educational Assistant for the Freemasons of New Zealand and Keith Knox, the honorary Librarian of the NZ. Grand Lodge, unravelled the story. Between them, I was provided with background on the donation as well as the Klondike gold miner who was so generous to his Masonic brethren. Here is an edited version of a Lecture given on April 23rd 1932 to the Grand Lodge in NZ:

THE IVORY GAVELS OF GRAND LODGE.

R.W. Bro. Col. Geo. Barclay, P.D.G.M., Grand Secretary

Bro. Browne was initiated in Lodge Otaki, No. 72, on the 9th August, 1895. Some eighteen months after his initiation Bro. Browne was attracted by the gold lure to the far north of the Alaskan Territory. In a letter written to the "N. Z. Craftsman " on 3rd April, 1905, from Trail Gulch, Bonanza Creek, Bro. Browne sets out the reasons which actuated him in deciding to make this valuable presentation. The letter was as follows:-

"It may interest some of your readers to know how I came to present the Grand Lodge of New Zealand with a set of Gavels made from the mammoth tusk. The history is brief and points the value of Freemasonry, and is as follows : In the year 1897 news arrived in New Zealand of the great gold strike made in the Klondyke, and, amongst many others, I at once started on the long stampede to this wonderful country. When I landed in Victoria, British Columbia, it was August, and I learned with regret that it was considered practically useless to try to get into the Klondyke at that season of the year, for the hard winter being close at hand, would effectually prevent anyone using the Yukon river as a means of transportation. I decided, therefore, to defer my journey until the early spring of 1898. In the city of Victoria I received a truly Masonic welcome from the brethren resident there. I received nothing but the kindest and best treatment, which I deeply appreciated at the time, and do not forget to-day. I was then a young Mason, and to see the beautiful teachings learnt in my mother Lodge (Otaki) so practically exemplified in my own case, decided me that I could not do too much for such a fraternity, and out of this grew the idea which resulted in my presenting to Grand Lodge the set of Gavels. "

There was, however, another incident of a somewhat romantic nature which Bro. Browne stated had strengthened considerably his desire to express in some tangible form his appreciation of Freemasonry. This story has not been previously published, but was set out in a letter written by Bro. Browne to the late M.W. Bro. Malcolm Niccol, the then Grand Secretary, and was to the following effect:

Believing that winter had almost terminated, Bro. Browne and his comrades in their eagerness to reach their objective, set out on their long journey to the frozen north. They had not, however, proceeded far when they were met by a recurrence of winter storms; their progress was hindered, and their food supplies began to get low. Struggling forward they found themselves one day in the vicinity of a small Indian camp or settlement, simply a few wig-wams grouped together, and they decided to apply there for shelter and succour. The Indians, however, turned them away, saying that the long winter had almost exhausted their own food supplies, and that they had barely enough left to keep their own people. The party was about to resume its journey when it was addressed by a man who afterwards turned out to be an Englishman, and who bade them wait while he consulted further with the Indians. Returning, he informed the party that the natives had consented to their remaining, and would do what they could and share their food supplies with them. They remained in the camp until the stormy weather had passed, and when about to resume their journey, the man who had interceded on their behalf said to Bro. Browne in explanation of his action, that he had not always been the renegade that he now appeared, that at one time he had occupied a respectable position in the world and had moved in decent society, and that when he saw the emblem which he (Bro. Browne) wore upon his watch chain he at once recognised it and realised that he had a duty to perform. Bro. Browne stated afterwards that there was a sentiment here revealed which appealed to him immensely and quickened his regard for the Craft and his desire to show his appreciation of it.



Gavels and strike plates in their presentation box.

Photo copyright and published with permission of Masonic Grand Lodge of New Zealand

The Gavels and Stands are made from the bones of the mastodon mounted with gold taken from Bro. Browne's claim which was near Dawson City. On one or two occasions Bro. Browne wrote to the effect that the completion of his gift was being delayed owing to the difficulty of procuring the gold for the mountings.

This can be readily understood—the difficulty lay in the rarity of the nuggets of the required shape and size to make the gold bands for the Grand Master's Gavel and striking block. There are 400 nuggets used on the latter, while on the head of the Gavel there are 219 of a smaller size, and 55 (smaller still) on the handle, or a total of 674 altogether. The ivory was extracted from the frozen ground on the bank of one of the creeks, and was all carved and finished by a firm of jewellers in Dawson City. Each sounding or striking block is really a slice from the tusk of a mastodon. The mastodon is said to have greatly resembled, but was larger than, the elephant, some species having a pair of lower as well as upper tusks. The remains of this mammal have been found in different parts of the world, and it is said by scientists to have become extinct more than 80,000 years ago, so that the creature of whose bones you now see a very small portion before you, may possibly have roamed the forests of North America 100,000 years ago. The gold in the mountings would, at present day value, be worth more than £150, while it is, of course, impossible to estimate the value of the ivory.

When Bro. Browne sent his gift to New Zealand he had to make special arrangements with the Post Master General of Canada to ensure its safe transit to the Dominion:

The beautiful lines on the Grand Master's Gavel, "*Let us work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work,*" were suggested to Bro. Browne by Bro. Fred Webber of Washington, D.C., the Secretary- General of the Supreme Council 33° for the Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A., and Inspector-General for the State of Kentucky.

There is another interesting incident in connection with these Gavels. When they were completed, Bro. Browne conceived the idea of having them used Masonically in the land of their construction prior to forwarding to New Zealand, and as a meeting of some importance was being held at Dawson City in connection with a visit paid by R.W. Bro. Elkington, District Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, to the most northerly Lodge of Freemasons in the world, arrangements were made for their use on that occasion. It is stated that at the meeting Bro. Browne advanced to the East and, in a few brief words, asked the presiding brother to use them at that meeting, after which they would be forwarded to their destination, which was the most southerly Jurisdiction of the world. The request was gladly complied with, and the incident caused much interest and enthusiasm locally.

Browne's claim was a rich one, and he and those associated with him had been looking forward to accumulating a competence. At that period, however, a number of large and wealthy syndicates were formed, and they proceeded to acquire claims throughout the diggings. Unfortunately, Bro. Browne's party had neglected some technicality in connection with the ground which they believed to have at their disposal, and one of these syndicates swooped down upon it and took possession. It had the law on its side

and the poor miners found that any appeal which they made was quite ineffective. Bro. Browne was so much affected by this change of fortune that he lost his mental balance, and for a time had to be cared for by the State. He afterwards returned to New Zealand, but shattered in health. He demitted from Lodge Otaki, No. 72, in 1915, and joined Lodge Whangarei, No. 102, having taken up his residence in the north. He died on the 22nd of September, 1919, aged fifty-seven years, and it is pleasing to know that Grand Lodge was able to extend a helping hand and assist him in his last years.

It is twenty-seven years since this presentation was made to Grand Lodge, and a new generation of Freemasons has arisen, to the majority of whom the existence, much less the history of these beautiful Gavels, is quite unknown. I hope that the somewhat romantic story in connection with their presentation which I have been able to tell you to-night may have aroused some interest amongst the brethren present.



Brother Fred. J. Brown ~ Ivory Gavels donor

So there you have it. I have not yet been able to locate Brown/Browne's mining claims in the old records, and no mention of his legal issues with the big Gold Syndicates that pushed out the individual miner in the early days. However, intriguingly enough, I was just reading an unpublished manuscript from Gold Rush days and the author of that story had met a New Zealander in the Klondike goldfields when his food supplies were running low. The New Zealander was called Brown also, and he was a Mason! He was able to secure sufficient supplies from a fellow Mason operating a store in the goldfields. Could it be one and the same generous-spirited donor of the Mammoth Ivory gavels? I doubt if I can absolutely connect the two men but it does indicate the generosity of Freemasonry around the world.

I am told that the gavels are used at the New Zealand Masonic Grand Installations when a new Grand Master is installed and his Officers invested. The rest of the time they are locked away because of their great value both monetary, historical and intrinsic.



The Gavels with left to right: The New Zealand Masons Jeweller, the NZ Grand Master MW Brother John Litton and the Canadian High Commissioner to New Zealand, Caroline Chrétien.

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***Author note:** Most readers will be aware that the Klondike is in Yukon-Canada and not Alaska as indicated in the Lecture from 1932, and Brown suggests the Ivory in question was from a Mammoth not a Mastodon. Also unsure if his surname is spelled as Brown or Browne.....!*

Kathy Jones-Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -



Photo by Whitehorse Star

Ted Harrison

They slept in the Art Gallery to bid on a prized Harrison
For what may have been Ted Harrison's last art show in his hometown, a dozen people slept in the new Yukon Gallery Tuesday night to be assured first dibs on the 20 Harrison paintings up for sale.

By **Whitehorse Star** on **April 26, 1990**

"He is a prominent artist, and I do not know how many more times his originals are going to be going on sale here," said Jennifer DeHart, one of the dozen who overnighted in the gallery.

"His paintings are on sale in New York and Toronto, and it was very nice of him to put them on sale here because he could probably get twice as much down there..." DeHart said gallery owner Daniel St. Jean was a good host, permitting the 12 people to sleep inside the gallery and not on the street, which is typical in southern centres.

Aside from the 20 pieces being sold, what was also the grand opening of the new Yukon Gallery location on Second Avenue featured three fundraising measures.

One of the pieces sold, the three top sellers went for \$8,600. They were bought, said St. Jean, by local art collector John Reid, Keith Byram for his Pelly Construction company - for whom DeHart stood in line - and a third party who wished to remain anonymous.

Reid ensured himself first choice by arriving at the gallery at 3 p.m. Tuesday, and then waiting 17 hours for the gallery doors to open Wednesday morning so his name would appear first on the buyers list.

St. Jean said almost \$100,000 was generated by the sale of 18 of the 20 pieces, with the most expensive work going first.

“It’s like people wanted the big ones, and when they went, they settled for smaller ones,” he said.

St. Jean is also skeptical whether Whitehorse will see another Harrison sale, noting his growing international status may prevent it.

This was the first Harrison show since 1986. The previous show was 1983. In the intervening years, Harrison has had shows in Toronto, New York City and Japan.

Harrison is also uncertain whether he’ll have another show here, but his uncertainty is tied to life, and not international status.

“I don’t think it would be the last show,” the 63-year-old artist said in an interview this afternoon. “I do not see why it should, if I am going to hang around here.”

Harrison was quite enthused about the evening. He noted the crowds here and their appreciation for his work are second to none, including New York.

Harrison was equally pleased with the gallery itself, saying it’s the best he’s seen in Canada and definitely a credit to Whitehorse.

St. Jean said the Ted Harrison original "White Hat" was auctioned off by the gallery for \$6,666, with half the profits - \$1,560 - donated to Kaushee’s Place, the women’s transition home in Whitehorse.

Three bids were received for "White Hat," which has a listed retail price of \$5,300. The winning bid came from a Montreal businessman who wishes to remain anonymous, said St. Jean. He added all of the bids received were from the Montreal region.

An additional \$1,000 was raised for Kaushee’s Place by selling 200, \$5 envelopes to the 260 people on hand for the opening. Some envelopes contained various gift certificates and others were empty, explained St. Jean.

Another Ted Harrison original, "Our Boats" was auctioned off for \$2,100, which was donated to the Society of Yukon Artists of Native Ancestry.

For more Yukon history, purchase the three editions of history totaling over 300 pages and covering 100 years of stories reported in the Whitehorse Star from 1900 up to 2000. \$3.00 per copy (shipping not included) To order e-mail: circulation@whitehorsestar.com



Ladies Dawson Anglican Church 1964

left to right: Mrs. Mary Mcleod, Mrs. Lily Baum, lady with dark glasses Mrs. Patricia Lindgren, Mrs. Magdalene Roberts, Mrs Annie Henry
back row: Mrs. Ruth Troberg, Mrs. Pretoria Butterworth behind Mrs. Henry and Joyce Caley.

MRS. GRACE BARTSCH'S FIRST TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE, **AS TOLD-IN HER OWN WORDS**

Part 1

We left Seattle from Yesler Way Dock at six thirty o'clock on the morning of April 3rd, 1900.

The fifty head of cattle and 500 sheep had been loaded on the City of Seattle and all was in readiness for a start toward he Klondike, "The Trail of '98", where nuggets of gold had been found.

I was taking two trunks with me, one filled with clothes and apparel for the trail; the other with better clothes to wear in Dawson City, where I was told people dressed very lavishly. This latter trunk was to come in when navigation opened in the spring.

This was Chris's third trip in, but my first. I was thrilled and excited. I left mother, sisters, brother and friends in Hood River, so had no one to whom to say good-bye except the woman we had been living with in Seattle. She was at the boat to wish us well.

The City of Seattle was the largest and most popular boat on this run from Seattle to Skagway. The cattle and sheep, with feed, had been loaded in the storage of the boat and many passengers, besides ourselves, were also booked for the trip.

In due time, we reached Vancouver Island and the boat stopped one hour in Victoria. All on board were delighted and many wished to take in the town. Chris could not go sightseeing with me, so a lady from the boat and I went together, I for the first time putting foot on foreign soil. It was an enterprising little city. I purchased stamps with Queen Victoria's head on them and sent a letter home. Before entering this English port, our American flag was lowered and the Union Jack, the British flag, was raised.

The hour passed quickly and we were northern bound again; passing many pretty islands and lighthouses built upon them. Nothing exciting happened during the day. There was music, laughter, dancing and friendly chats in the social hall; but the mountains, the bonny deep and the waves that rocked the boat and chased each other to the shore, were more fascinating to me.

Consequently, I was usually to be found on the deck or in our stateroom with my head projecting as far as possible out of the large window or porthole.

About three o'clock Thursday morning, we had reached Queen Charlotte Sound, the only rough water encountered on this inward passage, for we were really out at sea. The unusual rocking of the boat awakened us. Chris knew well that the animals below would be frightened and many of them sick, so he dressed hurriedly, threw our silver wolf robe over me, opened the window, and last of all gave me a drink of Bromo Seltzer and cautioned me to lie still and I would not be sea sick. With this left me to go below, to do what he could for the terrified animals, bawling as they rolled back and forth with the motion of the boat.

The sea was running high now and the boat, it seemed, would almost go over on its side, then back again. The sensation to me was as if I were in a giant swing, swinging the wrong way at the wrong time and often it seemed as if I were standing on my feet, then on my head.

In spite of Chris's kindly precautions, I was irresistibly tempted to look at what seemed to be a very angry sea, and I tried to find the floor which did not stay in one place very long, but I finally reached the window and what a sight I beheld.

It was a moonlight night; the sea was rolling high; I folded my arms over the sill and just went with the boat. The air was pure and fresh, and just before me in the sea was a conical peaked mountain silhouetted against the sky. It did not look far away, but straight

above this peak, and only a few feet away, was a full moon. It reminded me of one of the many lighthouses I had seen, only many times larger.

We were across the Sound now, and when Chris came back, he found me in this position and not sea sick.

Our arrival in Skagway was thrilling too. It was on the sixth day of April, 1900. The town had grown much since first Chris had seen it. A good wharf had been built, as well as a number of fine stores and homes. We found accommodation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a good-looking, three storey building.

The sheep and cattle were unloaded, fed, and taken care of. They had stood the trip well and were in fine shape. They were unloaded, counted and exactly five hundred sheep billed to go over the Pass.

The town was filled with people of all descriptions and as much alive with men and women going into Dawson, and many coming out loaded with gold. Some were Cheechakoes, newcomers like myself for example, going in for the first time to find their fortune. Others were Sourdoughs, old-timers, in which category I put Chris as this was his third trip in. He was here in Skagway last year when the Soapy Smith gang was operating. The town was still talking about it but Soapy was not in evidence for he came to the end of his bad career the year before.

Chris was very busy getting men to sign up to go with us and making arrangements for the sheep and cattle to be shipped next morning. While scouting around town he met a fellow who owned an Angora goat. He had it staked in his backyard. He was a section hand. The deal was made; the goat was bought for twenty dollars and put with the flock of sheep. When the time came for loading the sheep in the cars, the agent claiming to be an old stockman, was on hand to check them in the cars. On showing him the receipt from the steamboat company, a payment of freight on five hundred sheep from Seattle to Skagway, he solemnly advised Chris that he was taking no pursuer's count on sheep or any other livestock, and that was his reason for being there.

"Well all right " said Chris, " you can count all you like, I know there are five hundred sheep there and I will not take the time to count them."

Chris helped with the loading, and after the last sheep was aboard, he was confronted with the tally sheet showing five hundred and one sheep having been counted and loaded. Chris told him that there were only five hundred sheep, and he was willing to bet him any amount that he was right.

The agent was angry and said "All right, I'll bet you twenty dollars."

The bet was made but no money put up. They took each other's word; then came the question of proof. It was a big job to load and unload six cars of sheep, so they decided to leave them to the Customs men and the Mounted Police at Bennett.

After loading a full train of sheep, cattle and horses in the Skagway yards (thirteen cars and a caboose), we began to climb the famous Whitehorse [White] Pass on the Yukon and White Pass Railway. This railway had but recently been completed. It was getting dark when I, with my husband and twenty men, boarded the caboose, so I did not see much of the trail, made so famous by the hardships endured the previous years when there was no railway over the mountains.

We were to have left at 6 a.m., but did not get away until 9 p.m. The rotary had been sent up to clean the track of snow and we had to wait for it to return. A heavy snow storm of the day before had made this railway impassible between Skagway and Bennett.

The most beautiful scenery on the route was between these two places, but on account of the lateness of the hour I could see it only by moonlight. I had somehow dreaded this part of the trip because I had heard so much of the danger of slides at this time of the year.

The caboose was small and dark; the road was a narrow gauge and the cars were necessarily, narrow too. I nestled myself as close to the window, in the corner of the car, as I could. I was wrapped in Chris's big fur coat for the night was very cold. Chris and the men were all busy looking after the stock. I had tried to sleep but the mountains in the moonlight were very charming. The dark peaks silhouetted against the blue sky, and the rivers far below sparkled as they caught the light of the moon. I was enchanted. I was seeing the White Pass in the moonlight.

At twelve o'clock we were at the summit; the division between Alaska and Canada. Here the inspection officers entered with their usual "Open your hand baggage." we did so. Until we reached this point our train had been drawn by one engine, another was in the middle of the train and the third one was pushing. But on this natural switch-back, two were taken off and returned to Skagway, and the train was taken on to Lake Bennett with one engine, to the end of the railroad.

Chris had at first planned to drive the cattle over the Pass, as he had done before there was a railway, and had feed distributed along the way. The train had made several stops to pick up the feed.

On April 1900, at 2 a.m. we found ourselves in that queer little place called "Bennett". The buildings looked as though they had been hailed down and as they fell, so they were. There was but one street and some of the buildings faced it squarely; others cornered it and some were built with their sides to it, while others were actually astride of it. We were cold and sleepy so the first thing was to find a place in which to spend the remainder of the night. Chris took our grips and I, my large size bull's eye Kodak and the field glasses, and we went in search of a hotel up the crooked frozen street. Signs almost larger than the buildings met our eyes. At last we came to the Dawson Hotel. We entered and found ourselves in a large room. One end was the bar-room. In the other was a large heater with several old chairs clustered around it. The chairs were occupied by men who had evidently spent too much time and money at the bar; there was also a large desk in

this room, which told us it was also the office. The only entrance was through this strange office.

The clerk or the bartender, whichever he might have been, sleepily stepped out and asked us if we would have a drink, at the same time reaching for a glass. Chris promptly replied, "No thank you, we do not drink". "All we want is a bed." He proceeded to look over his register and found he had one vacant room. We followed him up a narrow, crooked, rickety flight of steps, with no light. We had to feel our way. When we reached the room, the clerk tried the door and to his dismay, found the room occupied by Jim. He seemed to be much provoked and said he could have the room ready for us in a minute, but Chris turned to me and said, "Come on, Grace, we will find another place." So down the dark narrow stairway, feeling our way, we went in search of another place. The next place we found was the Palace Grand. The name certainly indicated something superior at any rate, so in we went; this time not through the bar room. The rooms were small but clean and comfortable. We were soon warm and fast asleep. Chris had only two hours' sleep, for the cattle and the sheep had to be unloaded and counted. The men were all tired and sleepy too, so Chris had to be there. I slept until ten o'clock; dressed and went down stairs and found a very neat little dining room kept by two women. I did not see anything of Chris until noon. He had been very busy with the animals, and the sheep had been counted again here, and Chris had been told by the Customs men and the Mounties, that there were exactly five hundred and one sheep. Chris smiled and said, "I still say there are five hundred, and will now prove it;" "Do you see that little dark animal over there? Well, that is an Angora goat, not a sheep." The officers all looked foolish and sort of disgusted, but had to admit there were only five hundred sheep.

(To be continued)

MocTel 410

The Great International Yukon Attic Search

This edition of MocTel is one of your best. I love Yukon history, especially personal accounts of the gold rush and the people who persevered while facing hardships we can only imagine today. I think people knew their lives would be hard and were prepared to put up with a lot back then. No I Phones, internet or McDonalds in those days!

In 1971 I was asked by the Yukon Government to do a study on the potential impacts of legalized gambling in Dawson City. I was fortunate enough to spend an unforgettable summer in Dawson with my family. During that time, I met some of the area's nicest people, like Art and Margie Fry who gave me an interesting background on Grand Forks. Art gave me a copy of a small booklet written by Leroy Jack McQueston which he had saved from the ashes of a fire that had destroyed the YOOP hall in Dawson. Apparently, McQueston was one of the founding members and the first

president of the Yukon Order of Pioneers. The book chronicled McQueston's experiences in the Yukon.

Although blackened and singed, the book was still readable. I sent it to the Yukon Archives recently along with a large coloured lithograph entitled "A Bird's Eye View of Dawson City 1903". Apparently, this type of lithograph was quite popular in Canada and the US at the turn of the century. They were fairly large, approximately 24" X 36", hand drawn and painted, and showed all of the commercial and residential buildings and streets located exactly as if someone had taken an aerial photograph of the town. There were even riverboats tied up in front of the Northern Commercial warehouses. Someone had told me that there was a tunnel purposely built to offload material directly from the ships to various warehouses in Dawson, but I was never able to verify this.

While I was packing up the items to ship to the Archives, I remembered an idea that Roy Minter and I had discussed in 1970. Roy was Vice President of Public Relations for the White Pass at the time and I was the manager of the newly established YTG "Yukon House" in Vancouver.

The concept we discussed was to create "The Great International Yukon Attic Search" where people all over North America and even elsewhere in the world, would be challenged and encouraged to donate to the Yukon Archives and museums any items which were in their possession which might rightly belong in the Yukon. These items might include copies of personal chronicles written by family members who participated in the Gold Rush, artwork relevant to the time, trophies, photographs, awards, aboriginal items of historical value and other memorabilia with a Yukon provenience.

The concept we discussed would hopefully provide needed materials for the newly established Yukon Archives and the Territory's museums. Although we talked about the idea of encouraging people to return any historically significant Yukon items, promoting the idea proved to be the major difficulty back then. However, there was one significant discovery we made in Vancouver during that time of a large number of glass plate negatives of the gold rush, Whitehorse and Dawson City. These plates were in wooden boxes in a forgotten cellar and ultimately donated by the owner and carefully shipped to the Yukon Archives where they remain today.

With the explosion in electronic communications today, the challenge of promotion of such an idea as an "Attic Search" would not be as difficult as it was 45 years ago.

Perhaps this is something that the Yukon Archives might take on. They could promote it from their website and even do a video for YouTube, budget permitting, showing the type of items that the archives and museums in the Yukon would want to have returned/donated. There might be various reasons why people would want to do this. In my case, the time was right. We had sold our house and Helga and I were attempting to downsize. We were thinking condo at the time; although we found this downsizing task overwhelming and, in the end, impossible.

Although I had planned to send a number of items, including the "Bird's Eye View" to the Yukon Archives over the years, it was one of those "to do's" that I had never gotten around to doing. This time the timing was right to pack up some things and "downsize" just a bit more.

I think the idea of an "Attic Search" might be more timely now than it was 45 years ago. And it might be fun to see what turns up.

I wonder if anyone would want the few original rusty iron spikes that I found along the White Pass tracks near Bennett. Or maybe that Yukon Consolidated Gold canvas bag for shipping individual gold bars might be of interest to somebody.

Hmmmm!

Best wishes

Karl Crosby fore65@shaw.ca (In Penticton)
Former Yukon Director of Tourism and Information

Another account of the state of the gavels in New Zealand:



Ivory Gavels in New Zealand

It was around 2002 that I enquired if the Grand Lodge NZ still had the gavels in their possession; I received the following reply by email.

Photo courtesy Dennis Eve denmeve@btinternet.com (In England)

“Re: Grand Lodge NZ. Gavels.

Dennis Eve

Yes we do, and the ivory is cracking, more so because they were being used at Grand Masters’ Installations than any age problems, a practise that has long since ceased.

The Grand Secretary allowed them to be displayed in a Waterfront Museum a year or so ago, where they were displayed in a lighted case with no ventilation. Result – some of the gold work on one of the blocks were damaged. Hopefully the lesson has been learnt. Don’t lend them out.”

Reply from Grand Lodge NZ.
28th July, 2002.

MocTel 410

Here is the - Story of the Sword in Dawson

Alfred Lee’s Sword

In 2001, the Masonic Lodge in Dawson turned 100 years old. We planned a re-dedication of the building and invited about 90 members from far and wide. About 400 came with wives and we had a lot of guests. At our banquet table was a couple from Ontario and the lady mentioned that she was born in Dawson, but left at a fairly young age. She was the daughter of Doctor Nunn, the local doctor of the day. She lived in a house on 7th Avenue and by description I knew which house it was and who was living in it now. I asked if they would like to see it and they said sure. I contacted the lady in the house (Virginia Mahoney) and she said it was fine. The couple from Ontario went for a visit and at that time Virginia showed them the sword that had been found while re-insulating the ceiling. It was a beautiful Preceptory (a Masonic body) ceremonial sword, wrapped in a flannel sock and all inside a leather scabbard about 3 feet long. When removed, there was her grandfather’s name – Alfred E Lee – inscribed on the blade and it was in mint condition. I believe the sword later changed hands and is now with the grand daughter in Ontario. Of course everyone was very excited at the find and I asked the lady

more about this Alfred Lee. She mentioned that he had written a diary of his walk to Dawson in 1897 and there was a copy in the Dawson Museum and another in the Yukon Archives in Whitehorse. I read about the first half of the Dawson copy and here is as much as I recall from rough notes I made at the time.

Alfred Edward Lee – nickname “Billy”

He was employed by the Edmonton Telephone Co. when he and 5 others formed a group and headed for the Klondike. They purchased a team of horses and a wagon and filled it with supplies for the trip. (The supplies lasted only 9 months – the trip took 10.) They left in August of 1897. Eventually they sold the team and wagon and bought a boat or scow with a sail and ran out of wind on Great Slave Lake. Luckily, a Hudson's Bay boat towed them all the way to the Liard River. They then went overland carrying their goods in packs and relaying the goods ahead 5 miles at a time and making up to 10 trips each to advance the 8-10 miles. The first winter found them at the Toad River, which crosses the Alaska Highway today around mile 422. From there they travelled in the snow to the Hyland River. Being short of supplies, they walked to Dease Lake Post and purchased more. The return trip would be something like 250 miles. From the Hyland River they went to Francis Lake, over the height of land and into the headwaters of the Pelly River. They built a boat and had to tow it for several miles until the water was deep enough. From here to Fort Selkirk was the easiest part of the trip to date and they landed in Dawson in mid-June of 1889. Lee said his shirt was torn, the knees were out of his pants, he had holes in both shoes and was broke with a capital "B". Their party of 6 was reduced to 3 with a couple of men drowning and one freezing to death. Along the trail they discovered a prospector by the name of Monte Velge. He had been shot so they patched him up and took him along, nursing him into good health until he could leave on his own.

Lee got a job cutting firewood, eventually got a small cabin and fixed it up hoping that his wife to be would come back to Dawson with him. He worked around the goldfields and eventually got a small stake. Leaving his cabin with a good friend to take care of, he purchased a bicycle and in March of 1900 rode it down the stage trail to Lake Bennett (600 miles he thought). The White Pass Railroad was under construction and he rode the train to Skagway, eventually reaching Edmonton where he married his sweetheart in June. His wife agreed to give life a try in Dawson. On arrival, their house had been sold by their friend and he had disappeared, so they had no place to live, and it was off to one of the hotels for a while. Lee had various jobs but eventually was employed to look after the Dawson Telegraph. Later he took full responsibility for the telegraph, the electrical company and the coal company located at Coal Creek, downstream from Dawson.

In 1907 he went outside and purchased an orchard at 4 mile point, on Okanagan Lake near Penticton, B.C. This was intended as his retirement home, but after hiring a caretaker for 3-4 years and making several improvements, he found he could no longer subsidize it and sold out for a considerable loss. I have in my notes that in 1918 he went to war with Joe Boyle, but my notes are a bit sketchy there.

In 1927 the Lees moved to Vancouver and he had a distinguished career with Dominion Bridge where he worked until he was 69. He passed away at 90 in Vancouver.

Lee's diary is a typewritten summary and can be seen in the Dawson Museum. You can't take it out, but you can sit at a table and read it. A second diary of their trip down the Pelly River containing the part where two were drowned at Houle Canyon and their boat was wrecked, has been lost over time. Lee thought it was misplaced during the move to Vancouver and who knows – maybe it will turn up someday.

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron

I'm assisting Pat Ellis (or trying to) on the booklet she is currently working on regarding squatters in Whitehorse. Would you please put in the following notice from Pat into the next MocTel?

The deadline to send your squatter's stories is August 31. If you lived in Moccasin Flats, Whiskey Flats, Sleepy Hollow, or along the escarpment I'd love to have your story for an upcoming book. You may contact SquatterStories@gmail.com. Lil Dickson please contact Pat Ellis 667-4141 regarding your story. Thank you to all that have submitted your memories. Pat Ellis

Thanks a million

Donna Clayson (In Whitehorse)



Discovery Day is alive and well and celebrated in Port Alberni, B.C.

On Sunday, Aug 16, 2015 a group of old friends and former Yukoners gathered at the Barrett's in Port Alberni for a salmon BBQ, a little libation and much, much, reminiscing.

Gathered in front of the Yukon flag are, Back Row – Carol Munroe, Dawson –(now Nanaimo), Ron Butler, Whitehorse (Parksville), Tina Barasseur, Dawson (Victoria), Sonya Nelson, Dawson (Port Alberni), Gus Barrett, Dawson, Whitehorse (Port Alberni), Stan Hegstrom, Dawson (Sidney), Blanche Barrett, Dawson, Whitehorse (Port Alberni) Front Row, Harriett Osborne, Dawson (Nanaimo), Sharon Redmond, Dawson (Nanaimo) Connie Hegstrom , Wanabe (Sidney) And a good time was had by All.

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Port Alberni)

Black's Great Nephew Donates Flask to Dawson City Museum

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

June 24, 2015

Doug Black recalls meeting his famous Great Uncle George once in the 1950s, when Doug was just a boy in Montreal. He didn't understand just why George Black was famous, but it had something to do with the Yukon.

In June, during the weekend of the Commissioner's Tea and Ball, Doug and Diane Black learned a lot more about the family history.

A few years ago the Blacks came into contact with Mike and Kathy Gates, who have been collecting material for a book Kathy is writing about George Black, and this summer the Blacks, who live in Toronto, finally got curious enough to come North, accompanied by their friends, Malcolm and Norma Campbell.

Dawson was the last big stop on their circle loop tour, and they had come here to make a donation, a flask which George Black, our former Commissioner, former Member of Parliament and one time Speaker of the House of Commons, used to carry with him.

The flask carries the initials "G.B." on the top and "George Black, Dawson, Yukon", on one side.

Black had a long run as an MP, interrupted by a nervous breakdown in the mid-1930s, during which time his wife, Martha, served in his stead and also ran in and won an election before her husband was able to return to politics in 1940.

He did not run in the election of 1949 and was defeated in a comeback attempt in 1953 so, by the time young Doug met him, his glory days were behind him.

The Blacks made the formal presentation of the flask to the Dawson City Museum's Acting Director, Alex Somerville, in the former legislative chambers/court room on the second floor of the museum.

Then Somerville treated them to a tour of the Lind Storage Facility, where they saw a number of other Black related artifacts: several canes, a number of silver spoons and one of the desks Black used in his days there.

Doug indicated that he had once had several engraved pocket watches that belonged to his great uncle, but they were stolen when the family's home was broken into a few years ago.

"My grandfather was George's brother," he explained. "I met George once, I think I was about ten years old at the time. He came to our house and had dinner with my mom and dad.

"George and Martha used to send their writings, their little books. My dad worked for the Montreal Star and he had some connections with publishers. They were trying to get my dad to publish their books. There were a lot of rejections in some of the papers that I did read about it. I think there were a few books that were published but a lot were rejected.

"We had all sorts of this, like, onion paper, all typed out. These were parts of the books and books that they were writing about, but you know, it didn't mean much to us then.

“My dad died in 1966, the year after George did, but I think the last time I saw him was 1956-57.”

The Blacks greatly enjoyed their trip to the territory, which took place during that splendid weather the Yukon enjoyed in May.

“We haven’t had a bad day yet,” said Doug, ‘and we left on May 20, taking the cruise up from Vancouver.”

“We just found this,” he said with reference to the flask, “and we were talking to Mike and Kathy over the last three years and planning this trip. They suggested that we donate this to the museum. So instead of mailing it we said we’d come up and do it personally.”

Black regrets not getting more information about George from his mother, who passed away four years ago. He says she knew a lot more about him.

“If I knew what I know now I would probably have put those watches in a vault.”

Michael Gates said that the Blacks also seem to have some manuscript papers that fill in some of the gaps in the copies of George Black’s incomplete memoirs that can be found in various places.

The Blacks attended both the Tea and the Ball the next day and Commissioner Phillips made sure they were introduced to the crowds at both events.



Alex Somerville shows off some of George Black’s walking sticks
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Alex Somerville shows Doug and Diane Black one of George Black's desks from the Legislature.

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



The flask with its engraved inscription.

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



The Blacks attended the Ball with their friends and the Gates. L-R from the front: Norma and Malcolm Campbell; Doug and Diane Black, Mike and Kathy Gates.

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

Millar Takes the Gold Again

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

July 5, 2015

David Millar continued his domination of the Yukon Goldpanning Championships on July 4, managing to find all 5 flakes hidden in his bucket of paydirt more quickly and more accurately than any of the other nine panners in his event class.

He admitted, though, that he wasn't certain he had found them all until his wife, Lorraine, who came second, also said she had found five flakes.

"She never misses anything," he said, indicating that five must have been the magic number.

Also finding five flakes, but just a tad more slowly, was Dianne Schroeder, so the top three panners were all from Dawson.



Diamond Tooth Gertie sings two anthems.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Millar will get to decide if he wants to take the prize money and go off to the World Championships in Navelgas, Spain, early in August.

The afternoon began with a short speech by Mayor Wayne Potoroka in which he extolled the Gold Rush legacy of the Klondike. For the substantial number of American visitors in the crowd, Potoroka recalled the early days of Dawson, when Independence Day was perhaps more popular than Canada Day (then known as Dominion Day) due to the large number of American Stampeders.

The mayor was wearing the official chain of office, laden with gold chevrons donated by members of the mining community nearly forty years ago.

“Gold, and gold mining, is part of who we are,” he said, “and one reason why our community is pursuing World heritage Status for our region.”

Potoroka went on to salute all of the competitors that day who were about to “engage in that most fundamental of gold mining traditions, shaking dirt in a pan.”

Following this, Diamond Tooth Gertie and her Girls marched out to lead the audience in two national anthems, both “The Star Spangled Banner” and “O Canada.”

Registration for the beginner’s event, called the Cheechako Open, for obvious reasons, was heavy this year, with 53 entrants, enough to force two separate contests at the venue.

In the first heat, 24 panners had to find 10 flakes, with a 3 minute penalty for each one missed. Ralph Allison of the Yukon came first with 7 flakes found. Brian Volkant, from Alberta, found 6 flakes for a second place and Jim Trenam, from Arizona, more accurate but slower, panned 7.

In the second group, 29 panners searched for 8 flakes in their buckets of dirt. It was an international group, with Scott Hylton of California finding 8 for first, followed by Roberto Gallegos Ricco of Germany with 7, and Monica Carvalko of Pennsylvania with 6.

There were also 29 panners looking for 8 flakes in the Klondike Classic. The difference in this contest is that the panners have to use a traditional Klondike style pan rather than one of the fancier competition models. Alaska's Ryan Eiden found all 8 for his first place finish. Dawson's Justin Millar was faster, but lost a flake to come in second. Tragically he saw it fall off his finger into the panning trough, from which there was no hope of recovering it. Holland's Dirk Vander Zalm found all 8 flakes, but wasn't as fast and ranked third.

The Sourdough Open had 13 panners (60 years old and over) looking for 7 flakes in their buckets. Dawson's Henry Reineck found all 7 in the fastest time. Art Sailer, also from Dawson, put 6 in the little glass vial for a second place finish. Morris George, from Whitehorse, came in third, with 5 flakes found.

There were two Youth categories – 10 and under, and 11 to 18 – with 20 in the lower age group and just 3 in the teens. The two groups were run together but judged separately. The younger group got a fair amount of help and the older one not quite so much.

The Youth 10 and under panners were looking for 6 flakes in a single pan of paydirt, Calvin Chan of Yukon, found all 6 to come first. Maddox Robbins, from Dawson, came in second with 6 flakes, while Maddison Nordic, also from Dawson, found 5.

In the Youth 12 - 18 group there were also 6 flakes in the single pan. Alaska's Carson Eiden found all 6 to rank first. Alberta's Cameron Turner found 5 to place second, and Wisconsin's Melanie O'Donnel came in third with just one flake found.

The event, usually held on Canada Day, benefitted from much nicer weather by waiting three days later. Attendance didn't seem to be affected by the change, and there were a number of advantages to it.

Both the Farmers' Market and the Art Market were going on just down the street, giving the spectators something to do when there were lulls in the program. There was at least one paraglider landing during the afternoon.

The Dawson City Museum's Alex Somerville put on a very effective demonstration on how to use a rockerbox, which fit very nicely with the panning demonstration by the

Klondike Visitors Association's Paul Robitaille, who is a several time winner of the Yukon Open himself, and came in fourth this year.



Simon Mason Wood shows off the gold bar.

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

Since the weather was fine, if a bit hazy, Simon Mason Woods was able to give a demonstration of gold pouring, revealing a 20 ounce bar as the finished product.

In addition, as a fund raiser for the KVA, General Refining Company provided a BBQ lunch service on site.

OBIT



Preston Charles Roberts

Feb 11 1940 – July 1 2015

Preston coached amateur boxing for over 35 years in Yukon and Ontario. Many of them competed and titled at provincial, national & international competitions and the

Olympics. He received several awards including Boxing Ontario's Volunteer of the Year, inducted into the Canadian Amateur Boxing Hall of Fame and Boxing Ontario's Legends of Fame as a coach.

As well as Yukon Boxing and being the founder of boxing in the Yukon. Countless boxers credit him as also being a mentor, father figure and friend making a life-long impression on their lives.

Surviving larynx cancer and surgery in 2006, he was limited to only whispering but he continued coaching the sport he loved.

He fought the good fight but lost in the last round on July 1st, 2015 at Scarborough Hospital at the age of 75. He was loved greatly by his Children; Lloyd, Jenny and grandson Dylan.

He was a big brother to his sister Marlene (husband Daniel) of Laval, QC, special Dad to son Lloyd (partner Senz) of Victoria, BC and daughter Jenny of Whitehorse, YT and his grandchild Dylan. He will be missed by his nephew John (wife Joanne), Evan, Madeline and John. Dear step-father and Godfather to Graham (wife Lena) and step-father to Jamie (wife Julie) of Australia.

Preston will be remembered in Yukon CB Community by his handle "Blue Truck".

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to St Paul's or to a charity of your choice in Preston's memory.

Jenny and Lloyd will be having a celebration of life for Preston later in 2015 or early 2016 in Whitehorse, YT. If you want to be included in the official details as they are finalized Please let Jenny in Whitehorse know at jiroberts@gmail.com

POLLOCK, Dennis Larry

It is with great sadness that we announce the sudden passing of Dennis Larry Pollock at the Queensway Carleton Hospital on Friday, August 7, 2015 at the age of 67. **Born in Whitehorse, Yukon** on November 3, 1947. He was the youngest son of the late Larry and Juanita (nee Gleason) Pollock. Loving and devoted father of his daughters Mandy Akerman (Craig) and Cindy Pollock. Dear brother of Darleen Courier (Winnipeg, Manitoba); Sharron and Peter (Sylvia) Pollock. Cherished grandfather of Jessica, Aidan, Paige, Cassia, Ainsley, Everett and Savannah. Dennis will be dearly remembered by his long-time girlfriend Judy Adams including her family and fondly remembered by Lesley Donald the mother of his daughters; his nieces and nephews and his very good friends from the Prescott Hotel. Dennis' siblings nicknamed him 'Bunny'. 'Bunny', Rest in Peace. Private family funeral service at the Pinecrest Cemetery. There will be no visitation. In lieu of flowers, donations to the charity of your choice. GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

WEISE, Mary Constance Ella

July 15, 1913 - August 4, 2015 Connie passed away with family by her side, on August 4, 2015 at Mt. Tolmie Hospital. She was born in Vancouver on July 15, 1913. Connie relocated to Prince Rupert in 1918. She graduated from Victoria Normal School in 1934. **Her first teaching job was at Collymont. Her next was at Whitehorse, Yukon.** She returned to Prince Rupert in 1944. She continued to teach for a number of years. She then became vice principal for her last 20 years of teaching, before retiring to Victoria. She was a lifetime member of the Monterey Center and she enjoyed her weekly swims at Oak Bay swimming pool. Connie was predeceased by her 2 daughters, Nita and Jill; her sister, Credwyn Cripps and her brother, Richard Morgan. She is survived by her daughter, Gail Plant; brother, Herb Morgan and her niece, Bronwyn Stansfeld. She is also survived by 7 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. A special thanks to all of the loving, caring staff at Mt. Tolmie Hospital. Mom enriched all our lives and we were grateful to have her. She requested no service and cremation. Interment will take place in Prince Rupert at a later date. "We miss you dearly"

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Many of life's failures are people who did not realize how close they were to success when they gave up. - Thomas A. Edison

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From the Star Cook Book, Dawson Y.T. 1942

Baked Chopped Steak with Onions

Mix 1 ½ lbs. chopped beef with 1/3 cup undiluted evaporated milk.

Season with salt and pepper.

Shape into 2 flat round cakes.

Spread each with ½ tablespoon prepared mustard.

Peel and cut 4 medium onions into slices and separate into rings.

Arrange meat cakes in baking dish, shortcake fashion, with sliced onions between layers and on top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dot with 2 tablespoons of fat.

Bake in moderate oven for 50 minutes. Cover for at least ½ hour and baste often.

Mrs. D.M. McRea

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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