

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 418<sup>th</sup> Edition – January 31, 2016**

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



**Boreal Owl**

Photo courtesy Heather Jones [hjones\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hjones*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

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

**Part 8**

I was not afraid and I mustered all my strength and courage as I watched the three go bounding down the hill which we had so recently climbed. The sheep were still resting quietly, so I sat on the point of the bluff most of the afternoon with the field glasses, gazing on that lake of ice and slush, and many an uncanny sight I saw, All at once there seemed to be many outfits in sight, struggling against almost certain calamity of some sort. The ice by now was too weak to bear the smallest kind of an outfit and team after

team I saw go through until my eyes were tired and my heart was sick. The faithful horses would be trudging along with their loads when suddenly they would be through into the water. I could see them struggle, trying to get a foothold, but each time the hollow, pencilled ice would crash into the water and the poor animals were helpless. If they could not be disconnected from their loads, loads and all would soon disappear.

Many outfits carried choke ropes, merely a rope with a slip knot in the end, and if this could be slipped around the neck and the horse choked until his body floated, he could be dragged out and saved in this way; but by evening, the lake was dotted with cargoes of crated eggs, butter, canned milk and other canned goods; flour, bacon and even poultry. The horse power was gone and in many cases the sleighs too were under the ice and there was no way of transporting them further. Perhaps some of it could be removed; it all depended upon the weather and how soon the ice went out. But from all appearances, it would find its way to the bottom of the lake.

On man ! What a venturesome creature you are. What will you not do for the dollar, or is it the lure of the unknown which calls you on and on, and makes you take such speculating risks? What has called me here, to sit alone on this mountain and witness such tragedies as these? Is it the love of adventure or the love of love? Both, I conclude. In all this excitement, I did not forget to watch the steps of Chris, who, too, was taking tremendous risks all for the love of ..... .

In about five hours from the time they left me, they appeared again at the foot of the hill and shouted and motioned for me to come down. Chris tried to make me understand something, but I could not hear what it was he wanted, and the poor man had to make the trip up for the water pail or bucket which we had had our lunch in the day before. Our only utensil --- I felt like a criminal. Sorry as I felt for the poor unfortunate ones who had lost their outfits, I was overjoyed to learn that it was not ours that had gone through the ice, and as they were nowhere in sight we felt that they must be taking greater precautions and were safe.

This had been a fishing outfit. They had lost their horses but not their sleds and grub, so they divided it with Chris and he had some flour, some white fish taken that day from beneath, the ice, so it was absolutely fresh, not that that made much difference for I think we would have eaten it anyway, and some bacon he had bought from them. He also had a frying pan. We were not long in building a fire and soon the air was deliciously filled with the odors of fried bacon and white fish. Having no plates, I washed the tops of the

brown sunburned rocks made smooth as satin with the winds and water, and placed the bacon and white fish upon them when fried. Then, I used the frying pan to bake the flapjacks that Chris had stirred up in the bucket. The recipe for these flapjacks was very, very simple for we just mixed the flour with water, and a little salt, and fried them crispy and thin. We ate, but for two days we had done without food and the keenest of our appetites seemed gone for the time. Bill and Red ascended the hill again, and as there was still a number of hours of daylight, they tried to drive the sheep around the point of the hill where we had noticed from the lake that the country seemed lower, but they found it impossible. They reached the bedding place of the last twenty-four hours again about ten o'clock, and remained with the sheep. Chris and I cut some spruce boughs and made a comfortable bed on the gravel shore. We were tired and considerably exhausted after an eventful and exciting day, so we went to sleep without rocking.

**May Tenth, 1900.** As usual we were up and stirring with the first light. The night had been much cooler and the ice was all tightened up so that we knew, unless the boys had lost out the day before, that they would be coming any minute. Then, too, we had to make an early attempt to travel again on the ice, though none of us were at all anxious to try it again after what we witnessed yesterday. This morning the ice was fairly dotted with cargoes standing everywhere on the lake, but no horses in sight and I could not say where the men were; most likely trying to get help, or had given up. There was not much doubt but that the precious loads of provisions and merchandise would go to the bottom of the lake, with the going of the ice.

Feeling rested and refreshed from a good sleep and some food the night before, I thought I would venture back up the lake and locate, if possible, the outfits coming and signal them. I climbed up a steep rocky path and was just about to step on the highest point --- I was bareheaded and barehanded, with my hair rather unkempt looking for there was no comb in my boot top and no doubt my face was dirty and much sunburned from the winds on the snow and ice--but below me I heard a voice saying "Hello there!" and Billie A. came bounding up the cliff, looking equal to anything. He smiled, and laughingly said, "Well, wild Alferetta, you are still alive and well aren't you? I am mighty glad to see you. Where is your camp and Chris?" In reply, I said that he would never know how glad I was to see him and to know everything was well. I said the grub box had been pretty low and our stomachs had been mighty empty and going had been extremely hard, but we had survived everything. Together we went back to Chris, Nanny and the fur robe, the water bucket and frying pan, for that comprised our camp. The boys reported from the mountain that the sheep had scattered again during the night. Chris quickly located them through the glasses and Bill and Red were away after them.

Billie A. explained how he had held the outfit up until the night after we left, on account of the soft condition of the ice, and had travelled until five o'clock, when he saw the

tracks where we had turned in to the shore and he turned there too, hoping to find us still there. He was disappointed in this, but he knew if he went on and tried to overtake us, he would lose the entire outfit as others were doing, so he stayed right there and he knew he could travel in safety. The two men sat for some time planning the best way of procedure. They finally decided to divide the flock into two bunches; drive out on the lake again far enough to get around this point and open water, then land and make the rest of the drive of sixteen miles over the mountain. Billie A. returned to the outfit in the middle of the lake to get a few provisions and a very few more dishes; two men, and return to us. By this time the sheep were down the hill and everything was in readiness and once more we went out on the ice; firmer, but anything but safe. The teams kept steadily on and by eight, we were landed again and I thought I could hear even the sheep breathe a sigh of relief. It would be a mighty long hard sixteen miles over the hill, crossing rivers and going through snow, but we could do it without imperiling our lives.

We now prepared to get some breakfast and believe me, that breakfast tasted good even if I did eat my bacon and flapjacks off a sunburned rock, and drank my coffee out of an empty milk can; never can a golden plate or cup make the bacon taste any sweeter, or the coffee more refreshing. We landed in a beautiful-spot, like fairyland, a great grassy knoll, nestling at the foot of high mountains and encircled by timber and completely covered with flowers, the same little purple iris, a light lavender color. Ah! how welcome. It seemed like dreamland and it broke my heart to see the sheep devour them. Hence the little poem.

Dear brave, little lavender Iris,  
All clad in your furry coat,  
So bravely you grew, and in bliss,  
O'er the ice and the snow did you gloat.

All winter you have slumbered by this lake of ice,  
You must have felt badly the cold,  
Then with the warm sunshine, in a thrice,  
You sprang forth to bloom, to unfold,

And now you are smiling at me, when I come  
From my land so far away,  
And make my heart glad and smile some,  
You remind me it is the dear month of May.

How did you know I was coming?  
Ah! sweet little lavender Iris,  
You have made my heart happy and now I bring  
Destruction, dismay and all for you is amiss.

You are like a lavender sunbeam,  
Against that great treacherous lake of white,  
You are part of some wonderous heavenly theme,  
A spot in the wild, so bright, ah! so bright.

But you will come again next May,  
Though your blossoms are gone,  
I have not destroyed you I know,  
In twelve months and perhaps a day,  
You will blossom for me just after the snow.

I was to travel with the advance party and lead Buck again, so I seized the opportunity of making friends with him. He had shown a great liking for these flowers so through this medium I worked on the proverb that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach", and I fed him many of them; Soon he began to like me and I lost my fear of being suddenly bunted over by him when I was unaware.

We were six now in the party, Chris, Bill, Red and myself, with the two extras. Billie A. returned shortly with the outfit on the river. They were crossing with all precautions possible. Four beautiful horses, each working single, drew a sleigh and two trailers; thus the weight of the horses and the load did not come in the same place and there was much less danger. In order to make it as easy as possible for the horses, sails had been erected on the last trailer. The men mushed alongside the teams, but always the advance guard chose the trail. Many impassible spots had been encountered which necessitated miles of extra travel.

Billie A. reported the man Powell with his one hundred sheep, just behind, but that he had left his horses at the head of the lake, expecting to return for them if he landed with the sheep in safety. About nine o'clock we started to climb the mountain back of us, with Buck, Chris and I in the lead. We got about half way up when, to our dismay, we found that the sheep were not advancing. So Chris set the pack down, principally the fur robe, and said, "Grace, you sit on that pack and hold Buck and wait until I come back for I'll

have to go and help the boys get the flock started." Away he went and soon, at the bottom of the hill, I could hear him yelping like a coyote, and soon there was a commotion; the whole flock coming forward at great speed and there was nothing for me to do but move on, so I threw the pack over my shoulders. It almost hid me it was so bulky, but with Buck I moved on, I was pretty well out of breath when both Chris and Billie A. overtook me. The latter laughed at me very heartily, so I concluded that I must have looked rather comical but

Chris scolded me, saying that I should not do such foolish things.

Men are hard to please, I find.

Reaching the top of the mountain meant a long grade down to a deep canyon, through which we encountered snow which we had to shovel through as best we could, with a frying pan and a bucket, before the sheep could get through at all. We went single file and on up the next ridge, where we suddenly emerged into an open glade, where we frightened up a flock of ptarmigan, which had been feasting on kinikinik berries. Bill took a shot and brought one down. Its winter coat of white was fast changing to brown of summer, but its legs and feet were still entirely covered with feathers. Bill was quite pleased with himself and took the bird with him, saying he would roast it for his dinner.

About one o'clock we found we were not far from the river or rather the lake where we could get water, so we came to a halt and prepared another meal, which consisted of the same things as our breakfast. I did not taste Bill's bird, which he stuck on the end of a stick and roasted, but it smelled mighty good. He and Red enjoyed it immensely. We were soon on the move again as we were determined to make the foot of the lake by night, where the outfit would be in camp. The country was extremely rough and each mile seemed like ten. We pegged along, however, until we came to a rapid little stream which had to be crossed, but how? The answer came quickly, there was only one way and that was to fell some timber, a slow process with one axe however; but Billie A. was an excellent axeman and the men were undaunted. The best trees standing in a good position were attacked and after sometime crashed to earth, spanning the stream. The branches on the upper side were trimmed off and Chris and I, with Buck, mounted the newly-made bridge. Buck was reluctant, but the sheep seemed willing to do anything now, for they were fast becoming circus artists, and one by one, they crossed that stream on the narrow bridge, or medium sized log. Another obstacle having been overcome, we went on in the same way, climbing over fallen timber, pushing our way through thick brush and even more snow until finally we met Billie A. and Jack Forest, who had reached the foot of the lake in safety with the horses and the outfits, and had immediately shouldered their axes and started back to meet us, chopping out or merely blazing a trail as they came. This made the rest of our trip comparatively easy. Ah! it was good to reach another span of the Trail of 98, for we were now at Lower Labarge, where we saw the first signs of

civilization and realized that there was more to the world than the wilderness, for frozen in the ice was a stern-wheeler that had been caught on the last trip out.

This was the remains of the old "Alice May" the derelict which inspired Robert W, Service to write the "Cremation of Sam McGee".

### **THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE.**

There are strange things done in the midnight Sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic Trails have their secret tales,  
That makes your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see,  
Was the night on the marge of Lake Labarge,  
I cremated Sam McGee.

Please close that door.  
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear,  
You'll let in the cold and storm -  
Since I left Plumtree down in Tennessee,  
It's the first time I've been warm.

When we reached the camp, the cook was busy with the meal; the boys had our tent set up and the customary "Feather bed" in the corner; It was nine o'clock, the sun still very high. We were all extremely tired and hungry so we ate our meal in silence. I had the best bath possible and proceeded to go to bed, the first time for a week in our tent.

To be continued.

**COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -**



Photo by Whitehorse Star

All that remains of the First Avenue Block between Main and Elliott are twisted and ice-covered ruins. Whitehorse Star Collection

## **Christmas Fire Guts Block**

An entire city block in downtown Whitehorse lies in a crazy, twisted heap of jagged, ice-covered ruins. It is all that remains of a complex of shops, offices, hotel rooms and apartments.

By Whitehorse Star on December 28, 1961

An entire city block in downtown Whitehorse lies in a crazy, twisted heap of jagged, ice-covered ruins. It is all that remains of a complex of shops, offices, hotel rooms and apartments.

They were destroyed in a fire that raged fiercely Christmas morning. Flattened by the flames were the Edgewater Hotel, the Hollywood and Edgewater cafes, the legal offices of King & King. Two barbershops, a tavern, a taxi stand, a plumbing and heating shop, a pool hall, several apartments and a shoe store.

The fire started at about 9 am and, with the cold air feeding it from below, it bloomed into roaring flames within minutes. Like a giant chimney the flames were hurled upward, licking at the more than 50 year old lumber of the hotel.

It is believed the fire broke out in the exhaust fan of the Edgewater cafe but it spread swiftly northward. Fortunately, lack of wind and the fact the crumbling building fell

inward helped firemen prevent the flames jumping the alley toward Mac's or leaping Main to Taylor and Drury's.

As it was, Charlie Taylor and George Hartmann of T&D had plywood placed over the store windows facing the fire to prevent heat cracking them. Firemen also sprayed hoses on the store for a time to keep it wetted down and cool.

Virtually nothing was claimed from the fire except some equipment from Heck's Shoe Store. Some dressed in night attire, those who escaped reckoned themselves lucky to have been granted their lives.

The blaze was first noticed at the Edgewater, Lil Christopherson ran to awaken hotel guests... one or two doors had to be broken in... while husband Jack summoned the fire department.

Total damage has been estimated by Fire chief Fred Blaker at about half a million dollars. Apparently the Edgewater is fairly well covered by insurance but Nelson's was not fully covered. Many difficult to replace records and papers will have been lost in the King & King offices. All tenants in effect "lost the bundle."

Driven from their apartments were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon King and their family, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Nelson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Heck Fransen, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mueller and family, Mr. and Mrs. "Chappie" Chapman and Harold Giswold.

In addition there were many residents at the Edgewater.

## **Herschel – Yukon's Arctic Island**

Part 3

By Karl Crosby [fore65\\*shaw.ca](mailto:fore65*shaw.ca) (In Penticton BC)

**In this installment the law and the church come to Herschel Island along with liquor, lawlessness and the decline of the whaling industry.**

It was not long after the American whaling fleet came to Herschel Island that word reached various departments of the government of Canada which were not very pleased by the news. The track record of whaling vessels in Hudson's Bay and other parts of Canada was not good and the Eskimo suffered wherever the whalers went. The Eskimos taught the whalers many of their secrets of arctic travel and survival and in return the whalers, or at least some of them, introduced alcohol, venereal disease and debauchery.

Harsin Bodfish who was first mate in the Mary Hume wrote: *"The natives never stole until the white man taught them to, and here's the way they did it. The natives buried their dead on platforms, placing the dead man's personal property with him...rifles,*

*knives and so on. Wandering white men discovered these burial sites and finding that the rifles were in good working order, stole them to trade with other natives. It was difficult to do however because the natives recognized the rifles and it soon became known that the white men despoiled the native graves. After that the natives used to remove the mainspring of each gun left with the dead and break it saying that the owner could repair or replace it after he reached the happy hunting grounds or wherever he was bound”.*

Incredible as it sounds, many of the early whalers did not know or recognize that they were in Canada. The boundary between the English and Russian possessions had been fixed at the 141<sup>st</sup> meridian west of Greenwich by treaty in 1825. In the 1880’s, the whalers certainly carried chronometers that would have given them a very close fix on the longitude of Herschel Island.

The Canadian government’s interest resulted in a report from the Senate which stated: *“American whaling vessels have reached the mouth of the Mackenzie and have there sought to trade with the Esquimaux. These efforts appear to have been so far refused, the natives having already experienced the evil results of that trade. This contraband traffic is restrained off the American coast by a revenue vessel, but not on the English side. It is a question whether the British or Canadian government might not properly send a vessel on a visit to the mouth of the Mackenzie”.*

The first missionary to visit Herschel was Reverend Isaac O. Stringer who later became Bishop of the Yukon. Both physically and spiritually, the Rev. Stringer was a large and powerful man. Leaving Fort McPherson in April, 1893, he traveled almost 500 miles to the northernmost corner of his vast mission. As he approached Pauline Cove, the masts of the wintering ships looked like a forest in that bleak and flat landscape.

Many stories were told about the famous Yukon Bishop who later wrote of his Yukon experiences in his book “The Bishop who Ate his Boots”. While on the trail in 1909, he ran out of provisions and found that the sealskin of his boots were enough to keep him going until he found food. One of the stories about Bishop Stringer happened on one of his many trips while driving his dog team in the interior of the Yukon over a particularly bad stretch of trail when he met a trapper going in the opposite direction.

“How’s the going been?” asked the Rev, Stringer.

The trapper roared, “It’s been a God-damned son of a bitch. How’s the part of the trail you’ve been over?” The clergyman, with a smile, replied, “Oh, just about the same.”

When he got to Herschel Island he found 160 men wintering at the cove more than willing to welcome him. He only stayed a few days, but observed that debauchery and drunkenness was common in the settlement. He returned the following spring carrying this letter:

**To the Captains  
Whaling in the Arctic Ocean**

*Gentlemen:*

*Some of the Eskimos and Indians have been in the habit of receiving liquor from some of the whaling ships wintering at Herschel Island.*

*This is strictly forbidden by the laws of Canada and we would earnestly request you to use your best efforts to prevent this in future both in the interests of morality and for the welfare of the natives; and also to ask those who may replace you from time to time to cooperate in this desired object.*

The letter was signed by John Firth, in charge of the Peel River mining district; Dr. R. McDonald, J.S. Camsell, Chief Factor HBC and Rev. I.O. Stringer, Missionary to the Eskimos.

Although the letter was largely ignored by the whalers, the Pacific Steam Whaling Company which had the largest number of ships wintering at Herschel, responded by offering the Reverend Stringer a building in which to hold church services. Although the building had a billiard table in the middle of it, services were attended by 100 or more men and women from the ships and the community. The whalers themselves contributed \$600 toward the establishment of a proper mission on the island. Rev. Stringer used part of the money to buy a sod house and outbuilding for \$30 and \$150 respectively to be used as temporary quarters for Rev. C.E. Whittaker, a missionary who was to arrive soon. Then in the fall, Reverend Stringer boarded the whaler *Jeanie* for the trip to San Francisco to arrange for a permanent building and supplies for his northern mission. He also married his sweetheart, Sadie Alexander, who he had first known in high school in Ontario.

Mrs. Stringer accompanied her husband back to Herschel Island where, among her other good works, started a school to teach the whalers to read and write. She also ran a school for the Eskimos which was attended daily by about 25 to 30 children and adults. She was not the only white woman in the northern outpost as several of the captains had their wives with them. The wife of Captain Albert Sherman gave birth to a baby girl whom they named Ellen Herschel Sherman. She was believed to be the first white child born in the area.

But there was death as well as life in the little settlement on Herschel Island as witnessed by the 15 to 20 graves in the wind-swept makeshift cemetery. Many of these graves held the remains of men who died in the pursuit of whales, in drunken brawls, freezing to death in the unforgiving climate or going mad in the long dark winters. Even a baseball game on a bright sunny day in December 1893 was deadly. The men were ashore, not 200 yards from the ships, when an arctic blizzard caught them out on the ice. Blinded by the blizzard, 18 of the 20 men lost their way and froze to death before they could reach the safety of the settlement.

Reports continued to reach Canadian official of lawlessness in the Arctic and the loss of many thousands of dollars in revenue because of the absence of an officer to collect duties on imported goods. A permanent naval station was urged for Herschel Island so it could serve as a base for observation and exploration as well as law enforcement. Eventually a detachment of Northwest Mounted Police was ordered to proceed to the “hot points” of the northern territory, particularly Herschel Island.

The first Northwest Mounted Police to set up a post and fly the Canadian flag on Herschel Island arrived in 1902. They reported that there was little they could do about collecting customs revenues since they did not have a suitable boat. And although the missionaries were concerned about the illegal import and sale of whiskey to the Eskimos, the police found that the church people were obtaining many of their supplies from the whalers and were not paying duty.

Following much discussion on how Herschel Island might be policed, Superintendent Charles Constantine reported: *“the trade done in the past was no doubt of considerable extent and the goods were chiefly provisions and fire arms; liquor was, to a certain extent, not used in straight trade but was given as a bonus to chiefs and influential men of the coast as an inducement to bring in their ivory and furs.*

*The liquor disposed of was the cause of many murders among the Esquimaux, not a season passing without two or three during their drunken bouts.”*

On the recommendation of Sergeant Fitzgerald, a more permanent post was established on Herschel Island in 1903 but Superintendent Constantine thought that “it was six years too late”.

By 1903 the whaling boom was over with the discovery of celluloid which replaced baleen, and the discovery of large oil fields in Pennsylvania and Oklahoma.

An estimated 14 million dollars in whale bone and oil had been taken from the Arctic waters around Herschel Island and the bowhead whale was almost extinct there.

Some of the whalers quit the industry entirely while some still hunted whales for their oil which still had some commercial value and augmented this with hunting walrus for their ivory and white fox for its fur which was much in demand. Eskimos along the coast were introduced to the steel trap which increased their white fox catch. Prices were generally high and the fur boom was on. Some of the arctic whaling fleet still wintered at Herschel Island.

**(In the next installment of the “Herschel Island Story” famous arctic explorers Roald Amundsen and Vilhaljmur Stefasson visit the Island; Canadian justice comes to Herschel with hangings for the guilty; the Hudson Bay Company arrives to set up business on the island.)**

(Karl Crosby is a former journalist and was Director of Tourism and Information for the Yukon Territory in the 1970's)

## **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

### **Klondike Railway**

Imagine a railway running from Dawson City, along the Klondike river and up the Bonanza Creek valley to Grand Forks and beyond. Sounds like a tourist train dream these days. Back in the early 1900s it was a reality. But not as a tourist train.

The Klondike Mines Railway was a narrow gauge train designed to carry passengers and freight to and from the gold fields near Dawson.

Thomas O'Brien, owner of the O'Brien Brewery, was granted a federal railway charter in 1899. A survey for the railway route was made that year, but the company didn't try to find investors.

Then in 1902, Erastus Corning Hawkins, the former chief engineer for the White Pass and Yukon Route, was hired to promote the railway. In 1904, he arranged for two British shipping magnates to invest in the route. The first of three engines was bought second hand from White Pass Railway for \$12,000.

Construction began in 1905. The first railroad journey to the creeks was underway on September 4, 1905, and ran thirteen miles to Grand Forks. By October, the rail arrived in Sulphur Springs, about thirty miles from Dawson.

The train carried mail, wood, groceries, passengers, and heavy equipment from Dawson City, up Bonanza Creek, to the depot at Sulphur Springs near King Solomon Dome. Railroad stations were built in Dawson City, Grand Forks, and Sulphur Springs. In Klondike City, near Dawson, the maintenance yard had a roundhouse, inspection pits and coal bunkers.

It was a tough country for a railroad. Beyond Grand Forks the railway made the difficult climb from the valley bottom. In the winter, the wind blew so much snow on the tracks that it often blocked the train, and made travel unreliable. But horse-drawn sleighs were able to operate, so teamsters got most of the small business.



By 1907, the owners decided to shut down winter operations. After 1908, most of the Klondike mining railroad's work was hauling cordwood and machinery for the dredges. Then, in 1911, passenger service ended.

In October 1913, the Klondike Mines Railway ran for the last time. The stock and rail lines were owned by the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation from 1925 until 1961. The company then donated the last of the three engines to the Dawson City Museum, where it can be seen today – a reminder of the days when rails ran the route from Dawson City to the gold fields.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

## **ENJOYING THE GRACE BARTSCH ACCOUNT**

I am enjoying the Grace Bartsch's account from 1900. My Grandfather Redmond was two months later, enroute to Dawson, travelling easier on the SS Clifford Sifton. No sheep !

I flew for Gordon Bartsch '66 – '70, Great Northern Airways, Whitehorse.

All the best, enjoy your winter.

Joe Redmond [yukon43\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:yukon43@telusplanet.net) (In Sylvan Lake AB)

*Hi Maribeth*

*Hope you have been reading the Grace Bartsch story.*

*It occurred to me the other day that I should try and put a couple of facts (currently loose in my memory) into perspective.*

*Grace is traveling on the lakes and Yukon River to Dawson in the spring of 1900. In a snail mail message from Joe Redmond he said that he is finding the account particularly interesting because his grandfather Redmond was two months later, enroute to Dawson, travelling easier, on the SS Clifford Sifton. No Sheep! (In addition Joe flew for grandson Gordon Bartsch 1966 – 1970 – at Great Northern Airways.)*

*That made me wonder if it was 1900 that your grandfather or great grandfather came through Miles Canyon on the Clifford Sifton and was perhaps the Captain on that boat at that time ? ? ?*

*I am planning to send the next edition out this coming weekend and hope you can give me a reply for that edition.*

*Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca) (In Yuma AZ)*

*PS I will cc Joe Redmond and ask if I may use his message in the next MocTel ? ? ? Is that okay Joe ? ? ?*

Sherron,

Ned arrived with the first wave of the Klondike Rush. In 1900, his wife joined him, having got tired of waiting. They seem to have taken the new railroad to Caribou Crossing. Ned was the pilot at the wheel when the SS Clifford Sifton made it through Miles Canyon in 1906. His youngest daughter had a picture of the event on her walls wherever she lived. Ned didn't officially become an employee of BYN until 1911 and did so as pilot because, with a growing family to support, he had to have year round work. Captains were seasonal only.

For clarity, the names are John Edward Farnsworth (Ned) and Katherine (Kate) Hoggan.

Maribeth Mainer [mmainer9\\*telus.net](mailto:mmainer9*telus.net) (In Burnaby BC)

*Hi Maribeth*

*Is there any chance the 1906 is incorrect for the date that the Clifford Sifton coming through Miles Canyon. I had actually meant to ask when Ned piloted the Clifford Sifton*

*through Whitehorse Rapids. That would place the Clifford Sifton on the Yukon River between Whitehorse and Dawson.*

*The more I think about it, Ned likely never came through the Canyon before going through the rapids as there would likely not have been a Schwatka Lake (to turn around in) before the dam was built at a much later date.*

*I ask because I am thinking Joe was of the understanding that his grandfather travelled on the Clifford Sifton in the summer of 1900 and I gather he meant to Dawson. Perhaps he meant his grandfather took the Clifford Sifton from Bennett to Miles Canyon.*

*Also if the train was through to Caribou Crossing (Carcross) in 1900 that would make the Clifford Sifton available for travel from Bennett to Miles Canyon.*

*Grace Bartsch had travelled on the frozen Bennett Lake, Tagish Lake, Marsh Lake and Yukon River in a horse and Sleigh all the way to Canyon City at the head of Miles Canyon.*

*The tracks were not laid between Carcross and Whitehorse when her husband Chris Bartsch led the sheep next to but not on the prepared rail bed in May of 1900.*

*Sherron Jones*

*PS have cc'd Joe for his comments.*

Hi Sherron and Maribeth,

I've just had fun chasing the date of S. S. Clifford Sifton's transiting Miles Canyon. I couldn't find the info at Yukon Archives, but did at B.C. Archives. **The date was July 24th, 1900.** Yukon Archives does have a picture of her, in Dawson, August 1900. Further info says she worked between Whitehorse and Dawson until 1904, when she was destroyed by ice during spring break up at Dawson.

My grandfather, Charles Redmond, left Carbonado WA, Aug. 1st, 1900, for Dawson. His two younger brothers had gone there in 1898. His wife was pregnant with their second child and they joined him in Dawson, with her father, in 1901. Granddad's first entry in his diary is the day he left Carbonado. Here's his first entry:

" Aug. 1st, 1900: left Carbonado Wash. For Dawson NWT.  
Bought tickets for Skagway.  
Second class \$16.00.  
Left Seattle Friday night by S.S. City of Topeka.  
Called at Copper Mountain Monday evening.  
Called at Ketchikan on Tuesday Aug. 7th about noon.

Reached Wrangle on Tuesday evening about 11 o'clock, remained there till 9 o'clock next morning.

Arrived at Inn Dum (sp?) at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening. Did not stop.

Arrived in Juneau on Thursday morning 3 o'clock.

Left Juneau and crossed over to Douglas Island about 10:30 am., left at 1:15 pm.

Skagway Thursday 10 o'clock, evening.

Left Skagway Friday morning 9:30 by rail.

Reached White Horse 8 o'clock pm.

Went aboard the steamboat Clifford Sifton and got underway about 9 o'clock pm. Got through Lake Labarge about 10 o'clock am.

On Saturday, Aug. 11th passed a wreck at 11 am. Domville City.

Arrived in Dawson Aug. 13th 8 o'clock am.

Walked up to Chechako Hill 14th Aug.

Commenced work Aug. 15th with Swan Hanson at 0.80 an hour, worked 150 hours = \$120.00. Worked 271 hours in month of Sept. = \$216.80. Paid for board, \$1.75 per day for 46 days = \$80.50, balance for that time \$256.30.

Worked 27 days in Oct. 10 hours per day.

Worked 18 days in Nov. "

Aren't the hours and rates/ hr interesting? 115+ yrs later it's hard to imagine.

Enjoy your Arizona temps.

Cheers, Joe Redmond [yukon43\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:yukon43@telusplanet.net) (In Sylvan Lake AB)

The 1900 date makes much more sense. The hand written date on the picture was probably a slip of the pen, turning the 0 to 6. This brings several things into line as Ned was working out of Canyon City at that time, piloting boats and rafts through. Must thank Joe.

Maribeth Mainer [mmainer9\\*telus.net](mailto:mmainer9@telus.net) (In Burnaby BC)

I found an interesting story about a mining disaster Dec. 9, 1899 in Carbonado, Washington, which is likely the reason Joe Redmond's grandfather left Carbonado to seek his fortune in the Klondike. The story tells that you couldn't find a place to live in Carbonado unless you worked for the mine and when the disaster occurred the families of the 30 dead miners had until the end of the month to get out.

See story at: <https://blackdiamondhistory.wordpress.com/2014/12/09/cold-stones-mark-carbonado-mining-disaster/>

Sherron Jones

## YUKON HOST PROGRAM



### **Yukon Host Pin**

Hi Sherron;

I enclose a photo of a "Yukon Host" Pin. It does date from the 1970's onwards and at the time, was a very useful aid for visitors to our Yukon.

To the best of my recollections, it was promoted by what we now know as Tourism Yukon. It was a summer-focused initiative. The idea was for Tourism staff to go to the communities and gather as many tourism related workers together for a half day session, and go over all sorts of info that would hopefully enable each person to become more aware of our local history, our community etc. To familiarize everyone to both the place where they were working as well as how to treat a visitor!!!

Naturally, as most of my time was spent in Dawson City, the groups I participated in each year, learned a quick overview of Gold Rush History, but also Visitor Info. The idea being that if a visitor stopped you on the street, and you wore your Yukon Host pin, they should be able to expect a ....hopefully...knowledgeable answer to most of their queries. .as well as knowing how to be courteous!

In Dawson's case, many of the summer work staff were from Outside, so it was important to squeeze in that brief history overview. But it was also to help train staff in how to treat a visitor to the community....how to dress, how to represent the community. Employers were encouraged to send their summer staff to this free event, and depending on the

community, one or more sessions could be held, in order to get to as many summer staff as possible. Refreshments were served and pamphlets handed out. At the end of the session, the pin was handed out to the 'graduates'.

One lesson we had repeated over and over was that "The visitor always wins". This was drummed into us all because we quickly understood that as a member of staff at some visitor outlet, you might think you had won an argument over a visitor, for whatever reason...but when they left town, generally it was supposed they took away the negatives from their visit and passed that along to others in preference to the highlights.

I am sure there are individuals like MocTel member Karl Crosby who should know about the Yukon Host program from the Government side of things.

Hope this helps.

Kathy Gates [kmgates@northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **YUKON HOST PROGRAM**

Hi Sherron:

Kathy has given a good overview of the "Yukon Host" program. In the early 70's, The Department of Tourism and Information (later changed to Tourism Yukon) was looking for a way to familiarize tourism and hospitality industry staff with basic community and general information which they could provide to visitors. The "host" program came as an offshoot of the annual training program for government information center staff. Each year, following the hiring of summer staff for the four government operated information centres, the department held a one-day training seminar to provide staff with the necessary resources to be effective travel counselors.

I was asked by John Guldner who was Director of Tourism at the time to create a similar program for the tourism industry. The concept was similar to the training program provided to information centre staff with some differences. Instead of a one-day seminar, we condensed it to a half-day and involved several organizations in each community where the program was held. An important first step was a name for the program and to convince tourism and retail establishments to send their front-line staff to a seminar and pay their wages for the half-day required. Fortunately, business owners and managers saw the program as an investment in their businesses and there was no shortage of attendees. On completion of the program, each attendee was given an attractive "Yukon Host" pin to wear and a certificate showing that they had completed the course. Each business that sent staff to a "Yukon Host" program received a vinyl window sticker or other signage which identified the business as a "Yukon Host" participant.

The name "Yukon Host" came as the result of a discussion I had with Ralph Nestor who was professor of Tourism and Hospitality Studies at the University of Alaska where part of the hospitality curriculum included an "Alaska Host" component. Ralph and I thought that if both Alaska and Yukon ran the same program then visitors who were traveling in both areas would recognize the "Host" symbol as a guarantee of friendly and helpful information. It was rather ironic that years later a "BC Host" program was offered to the tourism industry in BC during Expo 86. When I asked the Hon. Grace McCarthy, BC minister of tourism, about the name she said that she had "borrowed" the name from the Yukon "Host" program. She found it rather humorous that the name had originally been "borrowed" from Alaska.

The "Host" program proved very popular with both employees and employers. The format included a short film entitled the "Good Tourist", a story about the tourist who never complained about the accommodation, food or other travel experiences no matter how bad they might be. In the end this was the tourist that "never came back". Besides learning about visitor attractions and things to see and do in their community, "Host" attendees learned how to deal with complaints in a professional manner. Those attending the "Yukon" host seminars included hotel and motel staff, restaurants and fast food outlets, retail store employees, liquor store staff, RCMP officers, Canada Customs, museums and many others...practically everyone who came in contact with tourists.

The distinctive "Yukon Host" pin was designed by Alex Green, a Vancouver graphic designer with the advertising agency Myron Balagno and Associates. MBA also had the distinction of designing the "Yukon" wordmark, still in use after 41 years as well as the "climber" logo and the "Order of Polaris" for the Canadian Aviation Hall of Fame.

The "Yukon Host" pin is comprised of an oval shaped pin showing a handshake between a Yukoner and someone from "outside" as represented by the "parka sleeve" and the "jacket sleeve". The yellow background represents the gold of the Yukon and the blue its lakes and rivers.

Karl Crosby [fore65@shaw.ca](mailto:fore65@shaw.ca) (In Penticton)  
Tourism Yukon Director 1973-1980

## **Yukon River Flotilla**

**See “Yukon River Flotilla” on Facebook for further info and photos.**

**Yukon River Flotilla at Yukon River. (August 1967 - Whitehorse to Dawson)**

1967 Participants:

54 craft carrying 153 people, 108 adults, 45 children, and 9 dogs. [CLICK "See More:"](#) below for full list.

**Craft sailing :**

1 Kayak  
2 Rubber rafts  
4 Amphicars  
4 Inboards  
15 Outboards  
10 Riverboats  
18 Canoes - 6 powered, 12 unpowered

**The voyage:**

Aug 7, 1967 6:00am Departed Whitehorse for Lower Lebarge 58 miles

Aug 8, 1967 Depart Lower LeBarge for Big Salmon 56 miles

Aug 9, 1967 Depart Big Salmon for Carmacks 68 miles

Five Finger Rapids

Rink Rapids

Fuel stop at Minto

Aug 10, 1967 Depart Carmacks for Yukon Crossing 45 miles

Aug 11, 1967 Depart Yukon Crossing for Selkirk 40 miles

Aug 12, 1967 Depart Selkirk for Britannia Creek 35 miles

**Scheduled:**

Aug 13, 1967 Depart Britannia Creek for Kirkman Creek 40 miles

[Actual:](#)

Aug 13, 1967 Depart Coffee Creek for Kirkman Creek 40 miles

**Scheduled:**

Aug 14, 1967 Depart Kirkman Creek for Stewart River 38 miles

[Actual:](#)

Aug 14, 1967 Depart Thistle Creek for Stewart River 38 miles

Aug 15, 1967 Depart Stewart River for Ogilvie 22 miles

**Scheduled:**

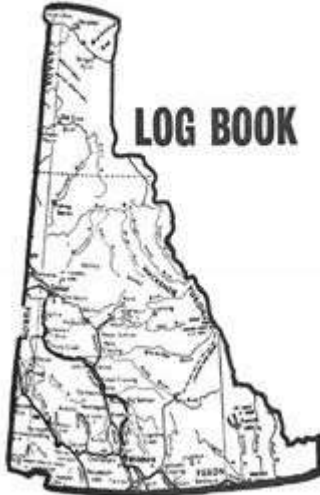
Aug 16, 1967 Depart Ogilvie for Dawson City 49 miles

[Actual:](#)

Aug 16, 1967 Depart Jim Creek for Dawson City 49 miles



YUKON  
FLOTILLA  
AUGUST 1967



YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA



The following from a newspaper story photocopied newsprint pasted into Facebook account **“Yukon River Flotilla”**:

**ANNUAL FLOTILLA ASSAULT ON YUKON BEGINS AUG. 7, 1967.**

In 1898, 30,000 men fought their way to the Yukon River to build and launch 7,000 boats in order to reach the gold fields of the Klondike.

NEXT WEEK, a flotilla of small cruisers, motor boats, scows, river boats, canoes, kayaks – as well as an amphibious car -- will travel a portion of this same famous gold rush trail.

The Yukon River Flotilla, a joint Yukon – Alaska Centennial project, leaves Whitehorse, August 7. The flotilla will cruise 460 miles down the Yukon River, arriving in Dawson on August 16.

REGISTRATIONS have been received from Idaho, Wisconsin, Illinois, New York,, Iowa, Texas, Washington, Yukon, Alaska and British Columbia.

The flotilla will traverse the length of Lake LeBarge, made famous by Robert Service. At Fort Selkirk, an abandoned Hudson’s Bay Trading Post, an inter-faith chapel service will be conducted in the old log Anglican Church. Members of the clergy from the flotilla will officiate.

On Aug 17, the flotilla will join in the Discovery Day celebration at Dawson City. This is the Yukon's biggest civic holiday and commemorates the discovery of gold in the Klondike. The Canadian Broadcasting Company will cover the Centennial event by television.

The flotilla will be policed enroute by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

There are a lot of photos and first hand comments about the 1967 Centennial event on Facebook at: <https://www.facebook.com/1967YukonRiverFlotilla/>  
One photo shows 4 amphibious vehicles.

### Heather Jones Photo Calendars still available.



*Still a few calendars left!  
Half price as we move quickly  
through the new year!*

### Yukon Calendars by "old Yukoner"!

8.5" x 11"

\$20.00/ea. + postage (if required) [5 or more and we cover shipping!]

Local (Whitehorse/Carcross) orders hand delivered to your door or your desk or almost anywhere else!

We can even mail them out as gifts FROM you and save you from standing in line at the post office! AND! we now accept credit card and debit payments! (cash and cheques and e-transfer work too!)

Heather (Jones)

hpj photography near Whitehorse

Contact info:  
[hjones@northwestel.net](mailto:hjones@northwestel.net)  
(867)667-4915

## OBIT



# Gordon Caley

*June 16, 1941 – December 10, 2015*

Gordon Caley, age 74, passed away Dec 10, 2015. He was born June 16, 1941 in Dawson City to Fred and Dorothy (Skistad) Caley. “Gordie” was popular growing up. He played hockey with fervor and loved new cars. He spent his youth working for his father in their family grocery store delivering groceries at an early age. Gordie went on to take welding and learn heavy duty mechanics, both important trades in his 35 years as a gold miner in the Klondike. Gord was also a foreman of public works at the City of Dawson, a volunteer fireman an ambulance attendant and the first to volunteer when BBQing was needed. He met his future wife, Brenda Wiggins, who was teaching in Dawson City and they were married in Saskatchewan on Oct 27, 1967. Together they raised a daughter and twin boys. After the flood of 1979, Gord & Brenda moved their family to a house in Armstrong, BC for the winter months and continued to be Dawson residents during the summer seasons. They moved back to Dawson year round in 2000. Gord was one of the boys! He spent his early years hunting and fishing with his brother in-law Will Crayford, loved spending time in his garage and shooting pool with his children (both biological and the “adopted neighbourhood kids”). In his later years, Gordie discovered golf. This kept him busy

with his life-long friends (when he wasn't working at the mine or fixing something at their campground, Guggieville). Gordie was always quick with a joke and he always kept everyone smiling. In 1986 Gordie had bi-pass surgery which unfortunately led to Hepatitis C from a blood transfusion, and recently, also suffered from dementia.

Left to love and honour Gordon are his wife of 48 years, Brenda; daughter Darlene (Frank Kormendy); sons Lorne and Daniel; grandchildren Brandan, Rachel, Hudson and Lynden; his sisters Irene Crayford & Doreen Jeffery and numerous nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his parents, brother Bobby and sister Madge Gillespie.

**A Celebration of Life will be held in the spring at the YOOP hall in Dawson City;  
date and time to be determined.**

**In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Dawson Firefighters Association.  
Box 181 Dawson City YT Y0B 1G0 for the restoration of their 1898 Steamer**

Hi Sherron I have another obituary to report.

Joan McMurphy passed away on Jan. 14/16 in Grande Prairie, AB.

She was active in the Yukon Kennel Club in the 70's and for many years after.

Her obituary can be found on the following address:

[oliversfuneralhome.com](http://oliversfuneralhome.com)

It is Oliver's Funeral Home in Grande Prairie, AB.

Dave Perks [birdsivu@telusplanet.net](mailto:birdsivu@telusplanet.net) (In Grande Prairie AB)



**Joan McMurry (Maiden: Snapes) of Grande Prairie May 7, 1937 - January 14, 2016**

Our precious Joan McMurry passed away peacefully at the Points West Hospice, on Thursday, January 14, 2016.

She already has a dog show to prepare for. She crossed the rainbow bridge and picked up all that was ready for her first show on her new journey.

The very first show she ever did as a Show Secretary was in Whitehorse in June of 1977. So for the last 40 years up to the day she passed, that was her life.

Her dog show world was everything as well as the owners of those magnificent dogs. She had many, many friends in that world and was happiest there.

Her 5 children: Dave (Cheryl), Jim (Sue), Judy, Steve (Marlene) and Melody: as well as 10 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren will miss her immensely. As well as those crazy doggy people and all other family and friends, four legged babies as well.

At Mom's request there will be no funeral or service. Please remember Mom fondly in your hearts and at every show you go to. Go ahead and paint your hair purple in her name. She'd love it.

In lieu of flowers, please feel free to donate to the Grande Prairie Hospice Palliative Care Society (Box 21215, Grande Prairie, AB, T8V 6W7) where Joanie got the utmost of care. We are so blessed to have had her there.

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Please cancel our subscription immediately. We have enjoyed all the contributions and thank you so much for your work putting it all together over the past 6 years that we have been readers.

Linda and Ford Colyer [lindalindacolyer@gmail.com](mailto:lindalindacolyer@gmail.com)

Hello Sherron - I haven't read the Telegraph for the last 2 years- long story. Please take me off your list, but I'll gladly pay for what I owe - let me know how much.

Hope you two have a good time down South.

Cheers

Rick Hoenisch [UMHoenisch@gmail.com](mailto:UMHoenisch@gmail.com) (In Vernon)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*If you don't build your dreams, someone else may hire you to build theirs.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From The Star Cook Book, The Women of Yukon Chapter No 1 order of Eastern Star, Dawson, Yukon Territory, for the Benefit of the War Work 1942.

### Apricot Tarts

1 ¼ cup flour

1 tsp baking powder

½ tsp salt

½ cup butter

Rub together as for pastry, and add 1 egg, beaten. Roll like pie crust and put in pan size 8 ½ x 12 ½ inches. Spread with a layer of apricot jam.

Mix together ½ sugar, 1 tin bakers fine coconut, and add 2 or 2 tablespoons butter and 1 tsp vanilla. Spread this mixture over the jam and bake until a golden brown cut in squares or any desired shape.

Mrs. B. W. Gladwin

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

### **VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION - GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCH**

February 18, 2016  
11:30 am-2:00 pm

Croatian Cultural Center  
3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver  
Parking plentiful and free  
Transit accessible – Handicap accessible  
Bring a friend  
Lunch \$10  
RSVP k29j32@gmail.com  
604 819-7630

**Vancouver Yukoners April 2016 Banquet – Sold Out**

## **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  
483 – 5707 E. 32nd Street  
Yuma Arizona USA 85365