

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 420th Edition – March 20th, 2016

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Gillian Campbell and Edward Thompson stopped by to Murdoch's Gem Shop during their trip to Whitehorse for Rendezvous 2016.

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

Part 10

May Seventeenth, 1900. By seven o'clock this morning, we were at the Hootalinqua Police Post, much like the rest only lower, with a dark flat roof and covering much more ground space. This post and the roadhouse kept by Dan Shore, were on the left bank of the Yukon River, right at the mouth of the Teslin River. The waters of this river were as blue as blue can be and so wide it was more like another lake. Here we found the cattle and in pretty good shape. They had been there four days and were well rested. The riders succeeded in locating some good meadows, where last year's grass was high and plentiful. Chris was rejoicing to find everything in such good shape. The sheep came in an hour after our arrival and once more the entire outfit was together. From here on we would travel into Dawson in the scows; cattle, sheep, horses and people, two double-decked scows of sheep; two of cattle, and one with horses, equipment and camping outfit. What a wonderful experience it is to be up here, living next to Nature's heart; utilizing all her resources and powers, and lured by her glittering gold. Sometimes I feel as though I were madly in search of

the end of the rainbow, expecting to find the pot of gold full and overflowing.

There was much to be done at this point, on the last lap of our trip; scows to be rearranged and loaded, inspection by the Mounties and a supply of provisions to do twenty people, perhaps a week or more. This was done and all packed carefully away in scow Number 1. Mr. Shore, who kept the store and the roadhouse besides, was a trapper and hunter of fame. He had a dozen or more large hounds with which he hunted wolves. He had twenty-four or more beautiful huskies and malamutes, native dogs that he used for conveying of mail and supplies for his store. He had lived in this spot in this vast northern country for a number of years so they told me, and was a happy, robust, healthy little man. The Mounties and the Indians were his friends constantly; his dogs, he loved with all his heart. In the winter his roadhouse was patronized by travellers; coming in and going out over the ice.

The Indians lived along the rivers in little colonies.

On this day they were gathered at the Hootalinqua, bringing with them freshly killed caribou to sell. Often as we came down the Thirty Mile yesterday, they would come running to the river bank when they saw us and hold up a piece of bright red meat and make weird sort of noises to attract our attention. These natives knew the use of money and how to make more money with it. They were clamoring for silver pieces as eagerly as we were clamoring for the gold of the Klondike. They hammered jewellery out of it. The Indian killed his meat in a very different way to what the white man does. We made no purchases.

The loading of the scows was begun this morning. It proved to be a hard and difficult task, especially with the cattle, a new experience for them. Billie A. loaded the sheep, to as it was scows and Mr. James, the cattle. The cook and his outfit were in scow Number 1, and it was here Chris and I booked our passage. The horses were also tied in the back end of this scow; the sheep in scow Number 2, and the cattle, Nos. 3 and 4. The cattle were very hard to load and the men, with their saddle horses, were busy. The animals had to be forced into the narrow gangway, where they squeezed and crowded until one big fellow leaped over into the river, then made for the shore and ran like a deer to the woods. After the chase they succeeded in bringing him back and seeing his companions in the scow, he made a grand rush and landed in their midst, falling down the inside gangway. However, all was in readiness by four o'clock. Then came the manning of the scows; Chris and I and four of the best men, including Billie A. were on Scow Number 1. The others were all manned with four men. The man considered the most dependable was in charge. All were supposed to keep in sight of the other following as nearly as possible the head scow, which carried the experienced men. The snub ropes were drawn in and Number 1 put out; the three to follow in line and in order.

The peaceful little village looked serene and picturesque. The wharf was crowded with gaunt looking Indians in their dirty but bright looking rags. To add to the picture was Dan Shore, with his dogs encircling him. The dear Mounties, such splendid men with their kind faces and their ever-willing hands, politely waved and wished us well. The mountains resounded these farewells, but the clear cold waters of the Hootalinqua soon took our crude rafts upon its mighty bosom and bore us out of sight and hearing, The rivers were rising very rapidly. Little Thirty Mile giving right-of-way to the big waters of the Teslin and the Hootalinqua. The stream was now known as the Lewis River. These were the head waters of the Yukon. There was still much floating ice in the waters and the mountains of it piled along the shores. I wondered what we would find at Five Fingers. The waters of the Lewis River changed from a blue to a green and were very moody ~

one moment calm and peaceful and the next rippling as if with laughter, giving gentle little laps and taps to the rocks and snags, and to our scows. It would then spread its waters over a broad stretch of country making us hunt for a thoroughfare. Then abrupt steep banks caused her to confine her waters to less space; as she collected them they grew white and angry, and our boats became somewhat unmanageable as they shot here and there, in spite of the boys at the sweeps. The sun in the west as it set midst clouds and behind mountains, gave color to the sky as we drifted along with the current at ten-thirty.

A crew of men were at work with a dredger here, in the head waters of the Lewis. There were a number of cabins in which they lived and an inviting place to stop. We unloaded the sheep and cattle, watered them and grazed them on the mountain side, before loading again. We slept on the hurricane deck of the scow; a pretty hard bed.

Friday, May Eighteenth, 1900. The winds were against us most of the day. In the morning the current was strong and carried us along at a pretty fair speed, but this afternoon the river was shallow and slow, and with the wind coming up the river for hours, we wished for some power besides that of the water. There were many ducks and geese enjoying the quiet waters. The boys shot quite a few and we had a real feast. This was the first fresh meat we had had for many days. The fish at Labarge obtained from the fishermen who had lost their outfits was the last fresh meat we had.

The boys got up at two a.m., loaded the sheep and cattle, and we were drifting again at three-thirty. The early morning hours were glorious. The boys just did beat the sun up and that was all. I tried to sleep in for a few hours, but the excitement of it all was too much and my bed not very soft, so I piled out not long after the men, fully clad, excepting for a little "tightening up", and putting on my high laced boots. A cup of coffee was most refreshing. By eight o'clock we were so far ahead of the other scows that we lost sight of them, so we stopped, unloaded the sheep and fed them grain, and took them out to graze again. The others soon hove in sight and tied up alongside of us. Everything was unloaded, fed and watered--people, as well as cattle -- but no more time was spent than absolutely necessary, as the boys reported other cattle scows in sight. We realized that the town of Dawson was out of meat and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the stockmen. We were also working on the grounds of getting the top prices for our meat and in order to do that we must arrive first. We knew of other outfits on the way not far behind us, and any delay on our part would give them the opportunity of passing us and receiving the honors, as well as the profits. We were unloaded and gone again within two hours. I was so excited; I hardly knew how to enjoy the scenery, which was most wonderful. We passed the mouths of the Big Salmon and the Little Salmon Rivers, and were soon in the well-fed, swollen Yukon River. Soon the fine river boats which came from Nome in the early days of the gold rush and plied this famous Yukon River for many months, carrying restless people in and out as far as Labarge --- would be following the breaking of the ice, and getting back to Dawson. Many stampeders in small boats and rafts, three or four logs tied together, passed us today.

This evening we were told a stockman by the name of Powers was not far behind us, so we travelled very late that night. We had to snub up for a few hours to await the morning light. The boys, Red and Bill, while we were drifting, slept as much as possible, then took, charge of the sheep when we unloaded. The boys who herd the cattle did the same thing. No one was getting much sleep. The excitement was keeping us up.

Saturday, May Nineteenth, 1900. This morning at eight o'clock we arrived at Five Finger Rapids, having drifted since two-fifty this morning. The Indian legend of the Five Fingers is that the devil put his hand in the river and lost his five fingers. They must have been petrified for these fingers consist of five diminutive rocks, with a few small scrubby trees and plants; the base is hard and flinty rock. They stand in almost a straight line across the river, with the thumb and the little finger attached to the shore. There was a narrow rapid channel between the ones in the water. It was up to us to choose our channel. They did not look good. One was very shallow, broad and full of visible sand-bars, and would not float the scows. We ran no risks of losing our precious cargoes, as we snubbed up to make a thorough inspection. After the inspection was finished, it was decided to unload the cattle and sheep and drive them over the hills around the rapids. From the eddy where we had tied up we chose our channel and it had to be the most rapid one, in order to get through at all, we hauled our snub lines in, and as soon as we were caught by the current, away we went. Each captain drew in his snub line and we were all free. From the peaceful eddy we were soon caught by the rapidly moving waters and taken into the rapids. I was busy taking pictures until it became too rough, I lost my balance and found myself scrambling up from the bottom of the scow, just in time to see Chris and the other men desperately using their sweeps to avert a horrible accident by being dashed against the wall of the finger on our left. The scow being empty, was easily tossed about and hard to manage, but the men were all heroes and we were not many minutes in reaching another quiet eddy below. From here we could watch the rest of the scows come through with fear and trembling. They encountered about the same difficulties which we had, but all landed safely in the eddy where we loaded the cattle and sheep again, and got ready to pilot the little fleet of scows with their cargoes, through the Rink Rapids, just a few miles down the river. We did not anticipate any trouble in Rink Rapids, as Chris had been through them several times before. But to our surprise, we found a change had been made. The channel there was broad and shallow, and the water boiled and churned with great force over the entire width of the stream. The authorities, in an attempt to improve the channel, had driven numerous pilings and boxed them in with heavy lumber obtained from a small sawmill nearby, making sort of a pier almost in the centre of the river. This had been completed only a few days before, and we were the first outfit to come along. As a test out, we were told by the Mounties stationed there, to keep to the left side with our outfits. This we tried to do, but the water was too swift and mighty, and the men with the sweeps had little power against this horrible rush of water, and we were swiftly carried toward the pier, with a feeling that there was no way to avoid being wrecked. It was a terrifying moment, but the water dashing so violently against the pier bounded back with force enough to keep us from striking. The men worked desperately, putting all their strength on the sweeps. We were yanked around, the end just scraping, but went on with the raging waters. Chris, as soon as we were clear, was shouting and signaling to the scows back of us to keep to the lower side, which they did and came through with no trouble.

We found the river below spread over a broad channel full of small islands; blind sloughs and sand-bars. The water was very low, with ice piled high on the shores and islands. We were rushed over this 'bubbling water to the shallow water below and lodged on a gravel bar; before we realized what was happening we came to a sudden stop. Two other scows landed alongside of us. One scow we had lost track of as it had drifted in a different direction after doing the rapids. We scrutinized the entire country with field glasses and thought we located them. Presently a man was seen on the shore, signalling and calling loudly. By now the boys had worked the three scows off the gravel bar and had reached better waters in the proper channel, and we proceeded to snub up once more. Chris, with Billie A. and some more of the men, set out in small boats to go to the man

on the shore. It proved to be Joe and his scow loaded with cattle, which was in a blind slough. This meant unloading and working the scow on through the channel. The slough was, fortunately for us, a short one. The cattle were almost unmanageable. They were ill-natured from the rapid ride they had just had. One big steer, wild-eyed and terrified, broke from the herd and went madly dashing through the woods, fighting the men and everything he came in contact with. He was finally shot down and taken in as dressed beef. In the meantime, the scow had been worked on through and put in position for reloading. These delays had caused us much time. The cattle were stubborn indeed, and I did not blame them --- poor things. The men missed the horses but with clubs and curses they finally got them all on board once more. The dressed animal was carried on, having been cut up. The scow was taken back to where the other three were waiting. During the time we were waiting for all to be in readiness once more, the Indians came from the woods somewhere again. They were very dirty and half clothed, with heads of matted tangled black hair that I am safe in saying had never been combed. This time they were displaying jewellery that they had hammered out of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces and one dollar pieces, into finger rings and bracelets, which the Indians loved so well. By selling these rings and bracelets, they bought more silver pieces to hammer out. I bought a ring for one dollar. They wanted to exchange clothes for the ring, but after bartering with the Marsh Indians, I had nothing to spare. They were crazy over my golf cape with its brilliant colors of tan and red, with fringe almost five inches long.

To our chagrin, during this delay, the Powell scows of sheep passed us. It was with vexation and determination that we turned our scows loose into Hell's Gate. The river was three or four miles wide, but we knew this channel, though we had not gone far before, we passed Mr. Powell, high and dry on a sand bar. Boats and outfits of all description that had just come through the rapids could be seen in the background, and, as the sand-bars did not mean much to these light craft, they passed us and would be in Dawson hours before we got there. We were now in the Yukon proper, nearing the mouth of the Pelly; the water was very muddy. We tied up for a few hours' rest and to eat.

To be continued.



George Millen noticed and photographed this container recently. He saw it a Rancheria. Because I had never seen one before I asked an oldtimer, George Hartmann, who had worked for White Pass if he knew when this container may have been used by “the company”. George explained that 8’ x 8’ by 8’ containers (not this container size) were made at the same time the container ship Clifford J. Rogers was made and used on the railway. And that because the railway ran in 3 different areas, Alaska, B.C. and Yukon, 3 different companies were formed to record them. Different coloured containers were used for different types of goods.

Photo courtesy George Millen

Hi Sherron:

BYN stood for British Yukon Navigation Company (I believe it was LTD) and , I believe , was mainly for the River Boats; but also served at least for a while as parent company for the White Pass Operations. Remember there were also three Railway companies, one for each jurisdiction, Alaska, B C and the Yukon, all operating as White Pass).

One must pay attention to the advertising sign I see in your attachment photo which shows B.Y.N. Freight Lines; that is one must note the dots behind each letter which would never be part of the White Pass BYN Company.

As to containers, the White Pass used; these came about when the White Pass, out of self-defense, in order to reduce or prevent freight thefts along the way between Vancouver and Whitehorse arranged to build the Clifford J Rogers with container holds and fuel tanks for petroleum products. Those containers were cubes 8X8X8. Silver for Freezers, Green for general (speak groceries mainly) freight and pink/red for freight that was not temperature sensitive including building materials etc. That was the first attempt at container freighters. The next was the Frank H Brown and that’s another story. Once that ship came into service we at T & D Northern Commercial ,Tourist Services, Hogans etc. reduced claims against the BYN/White Pass drastically so much so that T & D saved one person’s services as well; as most of our goods (at T

& D arrived in sealed containers and did not require checking nor White Pass staff handling of any individual goods of those sealed containers ; only mixed containers (mainly perishables) had to be man-handled by White Pass personnel as well as store staff . Those would on occasion result in claims for breakage etc.

I hope that helps.

Cheers,

George Hartmann e.george_hartmann@telus.net (In Vancouver)

Grace Bartsch Story – connects with RWMP William Hume at Lake LeBarge

Grace Bartschs' story in MocTel 419 talked about arriving at the north end of (Lower) Lake Lebarge and Grace & Chris Bartsch being invited to the home of the Hume's for Grace's birthday dinner.

Having heard the Hume name during my work with the MocTel I contacted a previous reader Carol Buzzell (Hume) who now lives in Haines Junction.

Hi Carol

Just a note to give you a heads up that the Hume family is mentioned in this week's MocTel. They were living at the north end of Lake Lebarge in 1900.

Hope this message catches up with you.

Will send a copy of this to Joann Graham in case she knows where to catch up with you.
Sherron Jones

Sherron: Wow, long time no hear.....great to have received this. I need to get back on to your mailing list for MocTel, I have missed so much but my life just got busy. Catch me up, that would be great.

Thank you, Carol

In reading the story, I am not too sure that this would be Grandmother Lily Hume the lady is talking about or not. **I know she and Grandpa (Scotty Hume – NWMP) lived in that area for some time**, but here are other Hume's that live in Whitehorse that may be relatives with our connections coming from Scotland.

Grandpa Hume's name was William 'Scotty' Hume.

Grandpa Pringle's name was Jack, he also had a brother who was an Anglican minister along the Klondike trail in '98.

Carol Buzzell (Hume) buzzy.cj@northwestel.net (In Haines Junction)

Another "Hume" connection may be forth coming from Bill & Jeri Weigands' Buni and Andy Hume.

Yukon Territory Forts

<http://www.northamericanforts.com/Canada/yk.html>

[Lower Laberge Post](#)



(1897 - 1904/1915), Lake Laberge

A NWMP post located at the foot (north end) of Lake Laberge.

The NWMP also established the **Upper Laberge Post** (1898 - 1903) at the head (south end) of the lake.

Hi Sherron - interesting thread! In 1900 my grandparents were living in Canyon City. The Hume name is not one I know. Hootalingqua, where they were living about 1913, to answer another question, was/is just beyond the Thirty Mile river where what was the Hootalingqua river (now called the Teslin) joins the Yukon river. There was an RCMP post at Hootalingqua in the early days I think. Lower LaBerge, where my Aunt Lill got married in 1914, is located at the north end of the lake. Happy sleuthing!
Joann Robertson

[Hootalingqua Post](#)



(1898 - 1905, 1909), near Carmacks

A North West Mounted Police post at the mouth of the Lewes (Thirtymile) River.

Our home at 59 Alsek brought back memories

*Hi Bill and Jeri Weigand
Always nice to hear from you.*

*Your comment about pictures triggering old memories brought one back to me about the house at 59 Alsek. Ask Jeri, she may have better recall than I do. I had gone to a Kiwanis ladies meeting and I am thinking it was at Ruth Norries' house. While there I explained I was preoccupied in thought because I had left my husband home with a Playboy Bunny girl he had brought home with the offer to rescue her from someone who had pulled her off a barstool, by the back of her hair, at the Travelodge bar. We were to offer her accommodation and this was day one and she was moving in to our house (59 Alsek) that night. One of the ladies said, so what are you doing here? In my serious mind I was doing what I had committed to, attending the Kiwanis Ladies meeting. Fortunately there were a lot more experienced ladies than I, at the meeting. I am thinking it was likely Jeri who questioned my decision to come to the meeting. Does Jeri recall? In any case I was out the door pretty quick and home where I should have been. The young lady was very different from I and likely very interesting to all the men who met her.
Sherron*

Hello Sherron....Jeri here! I do remember that nightbut I'm not sure if I was the first to say "why are you here when your husband is home with a Playboy Bunny?" I was a bit shy in those days...don't think I was married to Bill yet....but if you remember the year and approx. month, I can look it up in one of my daily journals just to see if I wrote about it!
It makes me smile today.....but I guess in those days we all thought we were giving you some "appropriate advice".....!

Sherron, I want to say you have given Yukoners an amazing chronicle of Northern life in your MocTel series. I'm sure there are many, many great stories out there but people always say they are, unfortunately, too busy to stop and write them down.
Jeri

Hi Sherron....just finished looking in my diary from June 9 1970....apparently "16 ladies" went to a Pizza Party and I did not mention who the hostess was! Anyway, this could be the one that you remember. There is no mention that we sent you back home because you had a lady visitingI must apologize for all of us who teased you!!
In my journal, I seem to write and make a big deal out of "all the Pizzas" we ate.....
I noted it was a farewell party for Helen Wood and Donna Hickerty?
Jeri.

Sourdough Rendezvous 2016



Gillian prepared for another gig during Rendezvous 2016.
Ray Made this amazing Gown called the Marlene Deitritch Costume.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Richard Campbell, Smiley Ron Thompson, Gillian Campbell and Bill Costin, at Thomson Center.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Dignitaries at Rendezvous 2016
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian Campbell and Grant Simpson Of the Frantic Follies” and the Magician.. Mr. J he calls himself back stage in the Tent Green Room. Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Snowshoe dancers backstage with Gillian Campbell.
Also Grant Simpson, and Reba...President of Sourdough Rendezvous.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian, Band, Snowshoe dancers and friends.
Edward at the right.....the little girls were just darling.

Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Musician from Canucks - Ray Parks and Gillian Campbell
Mr. Yukon - Sam Johnston from Teslin on right.

Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian with David Hackney on the left, his Mother Sylvia Hackney and Sibell Hackney.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Ken Jones and Gillian Campbell
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian and Snowshoe dancers during Rendezvous 2016
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian with Donna Clayson's granddaughter Jaden during Rendezvous 2016
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Cooperating tourist singing “you don’t bring me flowers” Gillian during Rendezvous 2016.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Ken Jones, President of the Vancouver Yukoners Association and Snowshoe dancer.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Snowshoe Dancers

Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Cooperating guests dancing during Rendezvous 2016

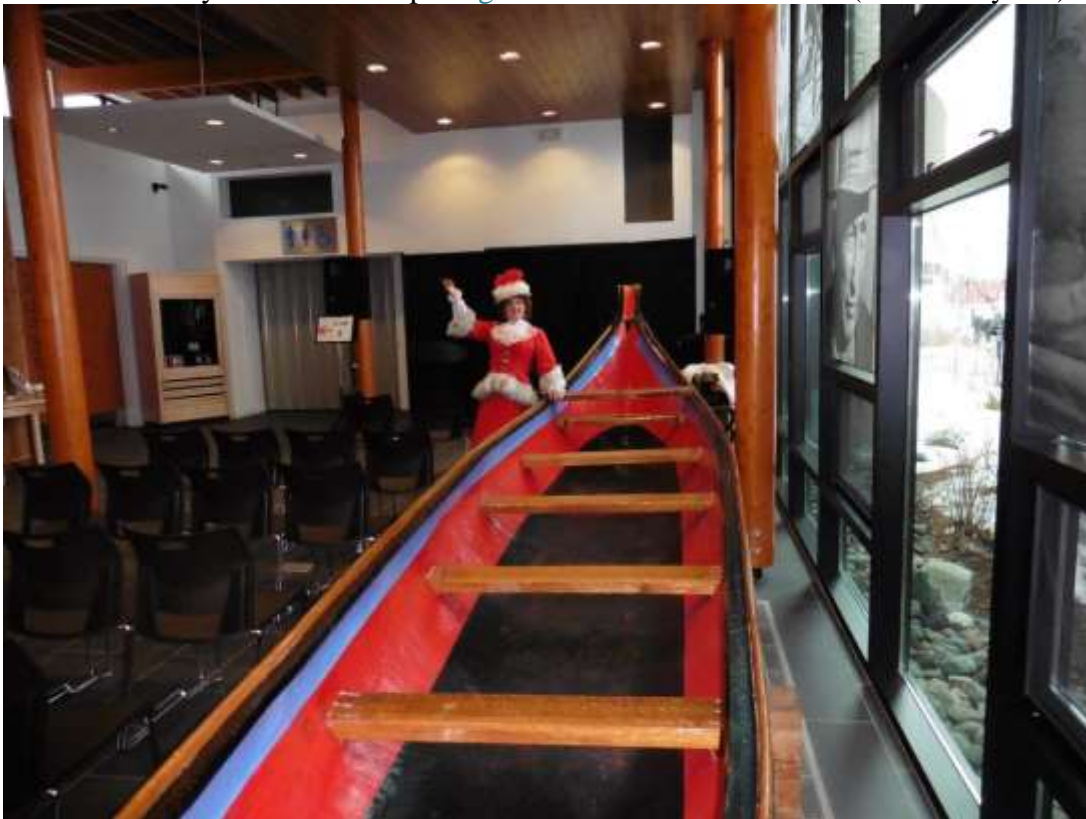
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Mr. J. The Magician and Gillian Campbell during Rendezvous 2016.
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian Campbell – Mr. J. – Mr. & Mrs. Yukon 2016 - Sam & Kelly Johnston
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian viewing the Dragon boat at Kwanlin Dun Cultural Centre. Whitehorse - Rendezvous 2016
Photo courtesy Edward Thompson gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Edward getting luggage ready for trip to Whitehorse Sourdough Rendezvous 2016.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION -

<http://www.whitehorsestar.com/archive/history-index/>

Dodging ‘bombs’ on a Logan trek

What’s the scariest thing next to climbing Mount Logan blind? How about climbing the southwest Yukon mountain alone, without a compass, an altitude metre or a GPS (Global Positioning System)?

By **Whitehorse Star** on **May 25, 2000**

“I was ill-equipped for the trip,” he said in an interview Wednesday, recalling what he didn’t have, including experience, for this month’s expedition. He had never been on a mountain expedition before.

On top of this, imagine how you would feel as the ground moved under you as you sleep. As Sudrich slept near crevasses, when he couldn’t quite make it to the designated camps, he could feel the ice shifting over the rocks underneath, making frightening, scraping sounds.



Local cross-country skiing coach Rudy Sudrich knows just how scary it can be.

Photo by Vince Fedoroff

COURAGEOUS CLIMBER – When he found he couldn’t stand up on his feet without crampons in the icy Prospector Pass area of Mount Logan, ‘that’s when I become very religious,’ jokes Rudy Sudrich. The Whitehorse resident climbed alone on the mountain earlier this month.

He said it felt like a small earthquake, the way the ice shield moved beneath him. “It was a little hairy experience,” he said.

But those were just a few of the things Sudrich had to get over in his unintentional solo climb from base camp to Mt. Logan in seven days, in time to be the first climber of the year to reach Canada’s tallest mountain.

Sudrich found himself going solo 10 days into the climb, when Judy Hartling, his “safeguard” and a more experienced mountaineer, began suffering from altitude sickness that didn’t alleviate when the pair dropped to a lower elevation.

As a senior ice and mountain climber, Hartling’s sport is far less competitive and more cooperative than Sudrich’s, which saw the cross-country skier coaching the Canadian national team in Lillehammer in 1994.

Sudrich said Hartling offset his competitive spirit by being more cautious, an important trait in a sport where hazards include wide crevasses and seracs, massive blocks of ice that can fall off the side of the mountain without warning.

Hartling was medivaced the day after the pair returned to base camp. The pilot brought a plane large enough for both Hartling and Sudrich to fly out in, but Sudrich was determined to climb. He hadn't gone all the way out there for nothing.

"I said, 'I am not coming. I came to climb,'" Sudrich said, laughing. "Some of the people figure I'm crazy and some figure I'm gutsy. Maybe it's a combination of both."

Though Hartling told Sudrich it was unwise to do the climb solo, he was determined to see how far he could get on his own.

The cost alone may have been enough to make him continue with the climb. It had cost the two more money than it costs most expeditions because they drove about 1,000 km from Whitehorse to Chitina, AK, so they could fly in from the west because the weather comes from that side. It's usually easier to side-step the bad weather that stopped Whitehorse resident Bill Parry's "climb for the cure" team from flying in to climb Logan this month.

"It was a gamble," said Sudrich. "It was about twice as expensive as flying from Kluane (National Park). But we were the only ones there who landed on the first day, on the first of May." "That was our very good gamble or educated guess," he said.

So the team had an advantage over other climbers on being the first team this year to reach Logan. Parry's team, which was planning to start its climb at the same time, had to wait seven days in Kluane before being forced to give up on Logan and choose an alternate excursion.

Sudrich attributes his ability to do the climb alone to his competitive nature, which is a better quality in a cross-country skier than a mountaineer. One of the biggest accomplishments of Sudrich's climb was that he was fairly new to mountaineering.

While Sudrich had the equipment, he didn't know how to use it all and relied on Hartling to get him over the more difficult parts of the odyssey, such as the ice falls.

"What do you do with the rope by yourself? Hang yourself," he joked about his lack of mountaineering experience. Without a compass, Sudrich used the sun and the King Trench, which runs east-west, to navigate. Luckily, Sudrich successfully made it to Logan with minor difficulties.

He lost his bearings only once, while looking for camp five. The North Peak, his point of orientation, was hidden in clouds. He wandered around for several hours trying to find his way until the sky cleared and he could see where he was supposed to be heading.

But not all of Sudrich's trials were physical. Half an hour after Hartling left, protesting Sudrich's decision to stay, he set out on the long climb ahead of him, hoping to avoid park rangers who would have stopped him from tackling the climb alone.

On the way down with Hartling, Sudrich had run into the Visionquest 2000 team, whom he promised Hartling he would check with on his way back up. The problem was they weren't planning to summit until last Saturday, and Sudrich had to be back at base camp to fly out last Sunday.

The day Hartling left, Sudrich spent 13 hours climbing the 1,350 metres (4,500 ft.) back to his camp, halfway to camp three. It doesn't come highly recommended to climb more than 360 metres (1,200 ft.) on any given day because of the extreme change in altitude.

“It goes against all the logistics,” he conceded. But because of his “competitive edge,” Sudrich didn’t want to lose five days taking his time to acclimatize again.

“I looked at it as a personal challenge. My goal wasn’t to reach the summit. My goal was to see how far I could come on my own, with my own wisdom, my own experience.”

His lack of mountaineering experience may have stopped him from using some of his equipment, but Sudrich’s other experiences kept him going through many difficulties.

“I had to find snow bridges that are big and heavy enough to cross the crevasses. That was the difficult part,” he said of his trouble of not being able to secure himself for crossing the crevasses. “Some of the crossings took me six hours to find a safe crossing.”

Instead of ropes, Sudrich used two six-metre aluminium poles as a ladder in case he broke through the crevasses. He also had to beware of seracs falling from the peak as he climbed, which could come down without warning. “It’s like a time bomb. You never know. Some, they stay for years. Some, they don’t.”

Probably the biggest trial Sudrich went through, though, was at 1,693 metres (5,644 ft.), on Prospector Pass. When a storm moved in with temperatures of -35 degrees and winds up to 70 km/h, Sudrich was forced to make a camp at the top of the pass, an undesirable position for any climber.

The snow that had melted during warm days froze over, leaving 10 cm. of ice that forced Sudrich to rely on his crampons to keep him upright. “The whole Prospector Pass was covered with ice so I couldn’t stand up on my feet without the crampons. That’s when I became very religious,” he joked. The ice also made it difficult to pitch a tent.

“That’s a reality – you may get swept with the whole tent if one of the pegs from the tent becomes loose and that’s it. The game, it’s over,” he said. Because he couldn’t get separated from any of his gear in case he got caught in a storm like the one on Prospector Pass, where he might run out of supplies before getting back to the rest of his gear, Sudrich had to carry all of his gear at once, without anyone to share the weight of the food, tent, cooking supplies, etc.

Having to pack enough to last about three weeks, teams often only move part of their gear from camp to camp and then return later to get the rest. Upon finally reaching Logan, Sudrich climbed a third of the way up the south ridge of the mountain, then decided he’d done what he’d gone to do. “I made it a third up and that’s enough for my mountaineering experience,” said Sudrich. “At that point, it wasn’t important. That’s when I said, ‘I don’t have the skills to reach the summit.’ ”

In fact, Sudrich was close to the top of Logan, having already climbed the West Peak, which is just 45 metres shy of Logan’s height. Although he wasn’t able to scale the mountain, Sudrich never doubted he could get to Logan. He was physically and mentally ready, he said. “I was confident I could do it, but again, you have to find out.”

During the climb, Sudrich was careful about how hard he pushed himself. “I used about 50 per cent of my strength, my inner resources,” he said, noting that people who use 75 per cent of their energy have nothing left if there’s an emergency.

The trek was more mentally than physically demanding, he said. His ability to focus on his goal was key, especially since he was on his own. “I told the Vision people...I felt like Forrest Gump,” he said, laughing. “He kept running and that was the mental state I set myself for.”

Whatever his mental state, Sudrich went as far as he could and is happy with his accomplishments. Now, he can look forward to climbing Logan again someday and getting to the top.

By Carmel Ecker

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Yukon Hidden History: Extraordinary Endurance

by Lillian Loponen, Charlotte Hrenchuk, Linda Johnson

February 25, 2016



Issue: 2016-02-25, PHOTO: Courtesy of HHSY

Lucile (back) at Scroggie Creek roadhouse, ca 1918. (Carol Young Family Collection)

Lucile Hunter was an intrepid Yukon pioneer. Just 35 years after slavery was abolished in 1863 in the United States, she and her husband, Charles, joined the stampede to the Klondike from the US in 1897.

As black Americans, they hoped to trade the cruelties of their homeland for a frontier that promised equality and hope. They were very few black people making the arduous journey on the rugged and grueling Stikine Trail.

Lucile was only 19 years old, and pregnant when she made the trip North. The couple stopped at Teslin where Marie Elizabeth Teslin Hunter was born and named for her birthplace.

Rather than wait for breakup, they rushed to Dawson. The booming goldfields offered many opportunities.

The Hunters staked Bonanza Creek claims on February 26, 1898, and operated a Grand Forks restaurant. Charles worked for the Yukon Gold Company. After World War I, they mined silver claims near Mayo, and gold claims at Black Hills. Lucile also worked as a nanny in Dawson City and as a cook at Keno Hill.

Their daughter Teslin grew up on the creeks but moved south to Seattle, Washington, around 1909 to go to school. She married a Danish fisherman, Carl Sorenson, and had one son, Leo Carl (known as Buster), who was born in 1920.

Sadly, Teslin passed away in 1925, and her husband returned to Denmark.

Lucile brought Buster to Dawson City to live with them, go to school and to mine with his grandfather in the summer.

Charles died in 1939. Lucile kept three claims in the Klondike and a silver claim in the Mayo district. She walked the 140 miles between mines and managed the claims herself, hiring people to work for her. Lucile maintained the claims for decades. She was hard-working and well respected.

During World War II, Dawson shrank and Whitehorse boomed.

When the Alaska Highway was being built, Lucile and Buster moved to Whitehorse. She opened a laundry to wash the sheets and clothes of the Alaska Highway workers – many of them African-Americans. For decades she ran the little laundry on Wood Street.

She also began to babysit. And she took in ironing, which Buster delivered among the sprawling maze of shanties. Buster enlisted in the military during World War II, and afterwards he moved back to Queen Charlotte Island where he had worked as a logger.

Lucile lived alone and was fiercely independent. Failing eyesight forced closure of her laundry, but she renewed her mining claims, flying to Dawson in 1949. She then returned to Whitehorse.

Her great granddaughter Carol remembers her as a big, strong woman who loved to spoil kids. She was very interested in the goings-on in the world and had a lively wit and keen intelligence. She kept up with world events by listening to her short-wave radio, and she liked to engage her visitors in debate.

When a fire destroyed her home, friends provided an apartment and supplied food and care until she moved to the hospital. The Yukon Order of Pioneers granted honorary membership for her

perseverance as a miner. She was their first female member. Lucile died on June 10, 1972, at 94 years old. She was survived by her grandson Buster, his children, and now her great, great, great grandchildren. Her accomplishments are remarkable for a woman and doubly so for a black woman of that era.

Lots of information about the Iditarod available online at:

Standings: <http://iditarod.com/race/2016/standings/>

Main site: <http://iditarod.com/race/>



Lights over Bennett Lk Mar 16 2016
Aurora photo by N.Waddington Photos
Submitted by Betty Sutton BettySutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)



From Facebook - Submitted by Betty Sutton BettySutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)



From Facebook - Submitted by Betty Sutton BettySutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)



Yukon Puddle – by Wayne Roberts – FB Yukon Aurora Alert
Submitted by Betty Sutton BettySutt@gmail.com (In Whitehorse)

OBIT



RAMSDEN, James (Jim)

It is with heavy hearts that the Ramsdens and Yakimchuks have gathered to say goodbye to a loving husband, father, son, brother, uncle and friend, James (Jim) Ramsden of Warman, Saskatchewan. Although he surpassed most odds, surviving two years, he lost his battle with pancreatic cancer on February 27, 2016 at home, surrounded by his family at the age of 59. Jim was born and raised in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. After leaving the Yukon and moving to Lougheed, Alberta, he met his wife Deborah in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. In their married life, his career led them to live in many places throughout Western Canada. His memory lives on in his wife of 32 years, Deborah, his children Kelsey (Jesse), Ross (Katana), and Kimberley. He also

leaves behind his sister Anne McCubbing, and brother Jack (Elsie), mother-in-law Olga, brothers-in-law Rick (Geanna) and Gord (Lisa), and numerous nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his parents John (Hank) Ramsden and Margaret Caroline King, father-in-law Tony, brother-in-law George McCubbing, as well as his loving dog Syd. A Celebration of Life will be held on Friday, March 4, 2016 at 1:00 p.m. at the Brian King Centre, 202 8th Ave. N., Warman, SK. Donations may be made to the National Pancreatic Cancer Canada Foundation in lieu of flowers. Arrangements in care of MARTENS WARMAN FUNERAL HOME (306-934-4888).

Published in The Calgary Herald on Mar. 2, 2016.



BELL, Gerald McKinley: Gerald McKinley Bell passed away suddenly Thursday, March 10, 2016 in Kelowna, BC. Gerry will be remembered by his wife Irene, children Marni (Mike), Scott, and Tama (Jason) and grandchildren Mckenna, Flynn, and Malley Richardson, McKinley, Finbar, and Hamish Bell, Kinsey, Lexi, and Brix Corday, brother Brian Bell, his wife Patricia, and their families. Gerry grew up on the family farm in Lake Errock and attended school in Deroche and Mission, all in BC's Fraser Valley. For many reasons **he had a fondness and connection to the Yukon. His earliest teaching position was in Whitehorse where he met Irene**, his partner for life. They moved to Summerland to raise a family; there, he took up a teaching post at Summerland Secondary (SSS). Gerry was outgoing and had a good word for everyone. Many peoples' memories will include having him on their side, working for their betterment, and generally trying to make everyone's day and life a little better. A landmark contribution was the development, with other close "tennis friends," of the Lakeshore Racquets Club. It was a centre of family life for years. Gerry spent his retirement years playing tennis, golf, and volleyball daily with friends. His family and friends relish the memories they have of their time with him. As his daughter Tama says, "the best man ever." His family thanks everyone involved in his care. A celebration of life is planned for Saturday, April 30th at 10:00 am at the Springfield Funeral Home (2020 Springfield Rd., Kelowna). In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Cancer Centre for the Southern Interior, 399 Royal Avenue, Kelowna, BC, V1Y 5L3. Condolences may be sent to the family by visiting www.springfieldfuneralhome.com, 250-860-7077.

Published in Okanagan Valley Newspaper Group on Mar. 15, 2016.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you will look back and realize they were the big things.
– Kurt Vonnegut

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.

ORANGE AMBROSIA PIE

1 pkge. lemon Jello
2 cups hot water
1/4 cup sugar
2 tblsps. orange rind
Pinch of salt
1 tblsp. lemon juice
1/2 cup orange juice
1 cup cream, whipped

Combine 1 pkge. of lemon Jello with 2 cups hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add the sugar, salt, lemon juice, orange juice and rind. Mix until the mixture begins to set and add 1 cup of cream, whipped. Pour into already baked pie crust and let stand until firm. Decorate the top of pie with coconut and orange sections. This filling makes enough for 2 pies.

Isabelle Patterson

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

Sherron Jones
483 – 5707 E. 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona USA 85365

(Plan to return to Canada March 30, 2016)

Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Coldstream BC V1B 1V8

