

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 421<sup>st</sup> Edition – April 10<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

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



Who wouldn't want to hit the road when the sky looks like this?  
Lacey Hebert took this photo at 7am, April 7, 2016, on the Alaska Highway.  
Travel Yukon Facebook Page.

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

**Part 11 (final section)**

**Sunday, May Twentieth, 1900.** The early hour of 2.35 a.m. found our scows again headed towards Dawson. We seemed alone on the river this morning. We passed Fort Selkirk before anyone was up, excepting an old Indian Chief, Kawichski. He was an old guide and seemed very alert and always on hand. There was an Indian mission and soldiers' barracks and a trading post. The Pelly River empties---into the Yukon just above Selkirk, and we had much more water to go on. The floating ice was a great hindrance to the

smaller crafts. We passed two river boats which had been frozen in Hell's Gate. They were the "Flora" and the "Closet". They were carefully choosing their way into Dawson. We floated all day until eleven-thirty at night, when we tied up. It was light nearly all night; I looked at my watch at twelve-thirty and discerned the time perfectly.

**Monday, May Twenty-First, 1900.** After the process of feeding the cattle and the sheep, we were soon travelling once more. The boys did not go to bed at all. We passed White River early this morning and were now not far from Stewart River. We were getting closer to Dawson each hour, and with good luck would be there Wednesday night, or Thursday morning early. The country was wild looking but pretty. The Yukon with plenty of water made drifting easier and somewhat faster. We passed through the greatest trials and risks, and there was not much to worry about from there in.

I had been too much interested in other things to give my little pal, Nanny, much thought. Every once in a while I heard Chris or someone else, give a thundering yell and I knew Nanny was up to something.

**Tuesday, May Twenty-Second, and Wednesday, May Twenty-Third, 1900.** These were two uneventful days, just plain good drifting full of anticipation.

**Thursday, May Twenty-Fourth, 1900.** The long, long journey ended at noon and when we hove in sight of the world famous city of Dawson, stretched on the banks of the mighty Yukon River ---Louse Town at one end of it and Moose Hide, the Indian town, on the other end. Dawson, with its suburbs, was in an elbow made by the Klondike flowing into the Yukon. There was much excitement- I had spent an hour or more in the little two-by-two dressing room trying to make my appearance as pleasing as possible, for I knew we would be meeting many former friends of Chris's, and I really wanted to look a little bit like a bride. The tan would not remove, and in spite of all efforts, I looked much weather beaten. My suit which I had not worn for days was much wrinkled. I did wish for the trunk of better clothes which had been left in Bennett to come in on the first boat. However, I imagined people would all be dressed sensibly away up here, so I was at last dressed for the occasion in a short skirt, just above my shoe tops; a shirtwaist and my black Stetson Hat. The day was very hot for this time of year. Chris had found no time for brushing up. He had raised quite a crop of whiskers in the five weeks and stood a good chance of winning in a whisker growing contest. He had a rare coat of tan and looked the part of a Klondiker, nor did he care; he had made the trip successfully. He was to land his valuable cargo in Dawson, with the honor of being the first one in.

We saw a man come forward and call, "Did you see anything of Chris Bartsch?" "Yes," shouted Chris, "This is Chris Bartsch". His friend had not recognized him. Dawson was hungry for beef and mutton, and this friend immediately bought.

We could see the crowd coming from a celebration of Victoria Day, for it was the 24th of May. They were fairly rushing to the wharf, eager for news and faces from the outside world, and to greet the first ones in after the breaking up of the ice. We were finally

safely tied up and we stepped off the crude craft which had borne so many miles. We faced a crowd of people, containing so many different classes as the world knows. In dress they ranged from miners and trail clothes to the height of Paris fashions. Women with beautiful summer dresses, picture hats, bustles and parasols. I fitted well into the crowd. After numerous congratulations and welcomes, we proceeded to attend to business. The poor weary cattle and sheep were doing much bellowing and bleating. They had no water or feed since the night before. It took the efforts of all the cowboys and men to control them. The crowd had dispersed, frightened to death of the bellowing, terrified animals. The sheep were docile and easily handled. Little Nanny looking as perky as ever, seemed happy.

After the cattle had been placed and cared for, Chris and I started out to look for a cabin in which to live and tuck away our possessions brought in the scow. I was amazed at the size of the place, the population being thirty thousand. It seemed that the old miners who had been out on their claims for a long time came to town pretty well infested with body lice, so they spent two or three days in Louse Town, cleaning up, before coming over the Klondike River to Dawson. We proceeded to civilize ourselves before going into our new quarters. The little cabin we found was just under the slide, not an awfully good location, but it answered our purpose. A Turkish bath seemed to appeal to us. This place was run by Swedish people. The bath and bed for the night cost us twenty-five dollars, but we did feel refreshed, and the trail dust had been disposed of.

Some of the cattle were driven up to the mining camps alive; some slaughtered and sold as dressed meat in the mining camps, but the bulk and choice meats were sold in Dawson, where the population was hungry and eager for it.

Nanny had established herself in the mind of Chris as an intelligent little animal and he was reluctant to dispose of her. She was often the subject of discussion, but we decided that we could not keep her. The cattle and the sheep brought us top prices, but hardly comparable with prices of '98. Little Nanny was the last one to go, and brought her weight in gold, which was ninety-eight dollars.

While Chris was disposing of the equipment, stock, sheep, and horses, I had ample time to take in the town and watch activities. This was the Third year of its existence. Beginning with the few prospectors, it had grown to a city of thirty thousand people; some good, many bad, and many indifferent. There were all classes and all kinds. The N.A.T. and the A.C. companies were the two big trading posts. Besides these there were many other well established concerns. The popular business concerns were wide open dance halls and saloons open twenty-four hours for six days of the week. Saturday at mid-night they closed down and the outside doors were closed until Sunday midnight. The types of music were varied. The saloons variety shows, gambling houses, and many restaurants were on Front Street, facing the river.

Chris and I decided to go back to Seattle and get ready for a fall shipment. We planned to return the last of August or the first of September. We would leave Seattle about that

time and be in Dawson again before the freeze up. We planned to leave today on the “Sybil”, taking our dog, Phil, with us.

The end.

Hi Sherron and Bill

.Just rec'd this and in case u haven't seen it, thought we'd get it to u. Think it's fab. Think it will be read next week at Vancouver Yukoners.

Doreen Caley Jeffery passed away yesterday (March 29, 2016) in Aldergrove. Irene Crayford is her sister. Gordie Caley, a brother all from Dawson. She and my sister Donna were lifelong buddies.

We are sitting in the back yard having a happy hour and reminiscing. What else can we do at this ripe old age??

Hugs, Gus and Blanche

Hi Sherron

Perhaps this is worthwhile putting in the MocTel. It was a poem written by Robert W Service for the Vancouver Yukoners' Association 1957 banquet. I can't remember if it was submitted for a previous edition. It may have been but may be worth re-publishing. I'll leave it up to you to decide if it was previously submitted.

Sharon Redmond sent me the copy. (see message below)

Hope you had a safe trip back home to Vernon.

Cheers,

Harvey

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*Harvey Burian*  
*Parksville, BC Canada*  
*E-mail: [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net)*

Hi Harvey—I found this in Evy Craig's effects. I have sent it to Vivian and Gus Barrett too.

I'll bring the copy I scanned to the banquet for you.

I don't know if it is in the archives or not, but it should be on record somewhere!

Looking forward to the big weekend!

Sharon Redmond

To the  
**VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION**  
**ANNUAL BANQUET, 1957**

Whate'er your brand of hooch may be,  
Mumm's Extra Dry or barley bree,  
Or vulgar beer,  
Sourdoughs, across the sea tonight  
To you I raise a beaker bright,  
Of joy and cheer.

Far in my sunny Southern home  
I stare across the fairy foam  
In pensive mood;  
In spirit, at the very least,  
I'm with you at your merry feast  
Of Brotherhood.

And here, in seven years from now,  
I'll still be one of you, I vow,  
A wise old guy;  
I'll prove that Yukon hearts are stout;  
With you at niney and not out,  
Age I'll defy.

Old Timers I dont want to boast,  
But let me offer you this toast,  
**May niver dawn**  
**Find you faint-hearted on the trail,**  
**The guts God gave you never fail, —**  
**SOURDOUGHS, MUSH ON!**

R. W. SERVICE

Villa Aurora  
Monte Carlo  
Monaco

## **FRED CALEY: THE GROCER WHO SIDELINED AS A GRUBSTAKER**

by Jane Gaffin



*Fred G. Caley*



Toronto-based Conwest Exploration was the major shareholder in the Cassiar Asbestos Corporation that had been operating the famed Cassiar mine in northern British Columbia since 1953. It would be Conwest's star accomplishment as Canada's--maybe North America's--finest, richest and strongest asbestos mine with its nearly 40-year lifespan of producing long, silky, spinning fibres.

In an effort to satisfy a longing for more asbestos, Conwest Exploration looked toward the northwest Yukon. In August, 1955, senior geologist Dr. William Smitheringale was

attracted to the Caley asbestos deposit on Cassiar Creek, a tributary of the Yukon River, some 30 miles northwest of Dawson City.

Occasionally, the prospector and claim owner Fred Caley (Honour Roll) has been erroneously credited with finding the great Cassiar asbestos deposit in northern British Columbia (B.C.). The confusion comes from Caley's asbestos showing being located on the namesake creek which happens to be in the Dawson City area of the Yukon and had no other connection to the long-time Cassiar asbestos producer in the Cassiar Range of northern B.C.

After stripping and open-cutting proved the Caley asbestos showing too shallow to mine, those involved with the project went back to what they had been doing before.

Fred Caley was a long-time Dawsonite who mixed his butter-and-egg business with mining interests. He was optimistic and pleasant, coating his words with chuckles. Since coming North in 1922 he had gypsied over every speck of the Yukon looking for minerals.

“I got too old to prospect, so I grubstake others,” said Caley in 1974. The storekeeper displayed a classic asbestos sample in his Dawson City general store that prospectors began to associate with minerals in the field. His personal support of the prospectors was actually responsible for stoking the local economy.

In late March, 1957, Dr. Smitheringale received a telegram in Vancouver from his scout Alex Berry (Honour Roll) in Whitehorse regarding another asbestos prospect, this time on Clinton Creek, a tributary of the Fortymile River northwest of Dawson City.

Berry initially contacted and made a verbal agreement with Fred Caley and his son Bob who had grubstaked prospectors Art Anderson (Hall of Fame) and George Walters. The Caleys were the gamblers who provided food, supplies and money in exchange for a percentage of any profits that might be realized from the enterprise, whether it was gold taken from a creek or an option agreement made with a mining company.

Then Dr. Smitheringale showed up to examine the prospect on behalf of Conwest Exploration which had latched onto a potential industrial-grade asbestos property eight air miles from the Alaska border. Ten years later, in 1967, the deposit became Canada's most northerly open-pit operation and the Yukon's first asbestos producer--all because Fred Caley had the foresight to grubstake a couple of trapping partners. The mine, located roughly 50 miles below Dawson, was a boon to the community for the 10 years Clinton Creek Asbestos operated.

“I'm no prospector,” said Indian trapper Art Anderson, who found the Clinton Creek asbestos deposit. “I didn't know geology. I didn't have to. The asbestos was obvious, spread out all over the ground.” He emphasized the immensity with hand gestures. “When tunneled, there was more than hoped for.”

Anderson was quiet, pleasant, unhurried and the youngest of six children. His Indian mother, Mary Charles Phillips Anderson, had died giving him life at Fortymile in 1912.

By the time Art was born, the village, located on the confluence of the Yukon and Fortymile rivers, had dwindled from 300 to a dozen residents. Rumors of gold strikes at Dawson City and Alaska's Circle City had silenced the village.

Father and son stayed behind in their log cabin which had to be replaced when fire destroyed the original one.

Art's father Pete was a Dane who had come for gold, boating down the Pelly River in July, 1898. Too late to grab Klondike gold ground, he had turned to commercial fishing, prospected on the side and settled permanently in the Fortymile area.

In 1933, the Anderson pair left Fortymile to farm in the fertile Clinton Valley soil that provided a big batch of vegetables. On Porcupine Hill, Pete Anderson found rusty goldpans, picks and decayed posts left behind by the miners of 1898, as well as a pile of fluffy fibres.

"Asbestos didn't mean much then," Art Anderson said in a 1974 interview. "It had no value, market or significance."

After 20 years passed, asbestos became a sought-after commodity. But when Art returned to Porcupine Hill in 1957, he couldn't find the asbestos. He turned to another father and son team, Fred and Bob Caley, for financial assistance.

Art Anderson, joined by his trapper friend, George Walters, picked away until they relocated the white fibres, bursting forth as if the earth had been overstuffed.

Word quickly seeped to Alex Berry, Conwest's foxy sleuth. He negotiated terms for the Clinton property with the four prospectors--Anderson, Walters, Fred and Bob Caley--until Dr. Smitheringale arrived from Vancouver to check out the asbestos deposit.

Clinton Creek Asbestos Mine, owned by Cassiar Asbestos Corporation, made its production decision in 1965. Two years later the mill was officially opened. On the company's payroll was No. 1 employee Art Anderson who took his first full-time job for wages and was lauded by company officials as a legend within his own time.

All this industry was a spinoff from the faith of the visionary Fred Caley who is probably better known for his long tenure as a Dawson grocer and hardware merchant than as a prospector and grubstaker.

Frederick George Caley, born in Wilham, Essex, England on September 4, 1904, had set off on his life's adventures at about age 18. He arrived in Dawson, Yukon on the last run of the Overland Mail Stage in 1922, still in unsuccessful pursuit of a long-lost uncle whom he never found.

A report in The Dawson Daily News in November, 1922 viewed the recent recruit to Dawson as an exceptionally bright and energetic young man who possessed the

capacity to make good in the country.

Except for logging a while in the Whitehorse area and odd-jobbing in Dawson as a dishwasher and setting bowling pins before delivering water with his own two horses, basically Caley's career centered on groceries. He was employed first with John Spence until the independent grocer retired and sold to the Northern Commercial Company in May, 1938. Caley stayed on with the new owner for a several-year stint before striking out on his own.

For six years, he operated his own grocery business on the south end of town from the old Palace Bakery building he had bought from Charles and Marie Lefebvre Burkhard about 1941. The bake shop was more popularly referred to over the years as Burkhard's Bakery. After nearly 30 years of baking bread and pies, the couple wanted to retire although the nearly 70-year-old Charles Burkhard stayed active with his mining and real estate interests.

On October 14, 1947, Caley upgraded. He purchased the Whitehouse Hotel building on Third Avenue, near Queen Street, where he expanded the grocery business into an eclectic array of general merchandise that included hardware and clothing. Caley's Store, an example of Edwardian commercial architecture, was built at the turn of the 20th century and originally served as a combined furniture/upholstery shop, restaurant and boarding house, according to Parks Canada.

Within ten years, the building was converted to a rooming house to service the community's increasing demand for transient housing.



Caley's General Store, Third Avenue, Dawson, is noteworthy for its false front, large shop windows and the cantilevered box bay windows on the second floor. (Photo courtesy of Caley family).

Caley, also known for his keen interest in mining, added spice to the retail trade by often providing grubstakes whenever optimistic and enthusiastic prospectors approached him. Sometimes he won; sometimes he lost. However, it is likely that without his faith and willingness to support and gamble on the regional prospectors, the Clinton Creek Asbestos Mine and townsite may never have come to fruition. The mine was certainly a boon to Dawson.

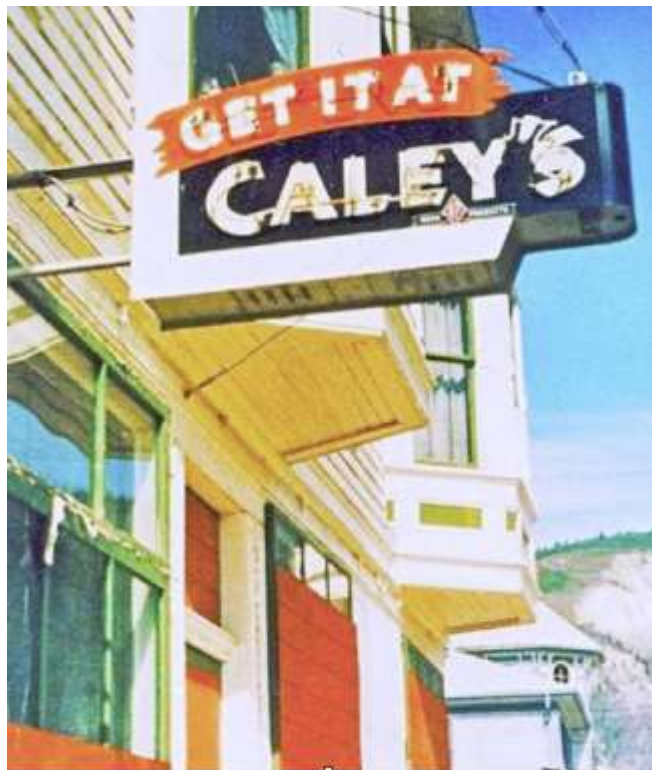
During his 56 years in the grocery business, until his retirement in 1978, Caley was remembered for his capacity to forget grudges just as he had generously forgiven many debts. He often gave virtually unlimited credit to those out-of-heel and down-on-their luck.

He might tell his customer to collect the groceries needed and place the goods on the counter where Caley packed the items into boxes. The storekeeper never embarrassed his broke and hungry customers who were not generally seeking handouts so much as they needed a little credit to tide them over till payday.

While packing the boxes, Caley offered the liberal terms, “When you get paid, and you feel you have enough money in the bank, then come and pay me.” Most people who enjoyed extended credit from Caley’s Store honoured the gentlemen’s agreement. Entering the dimness and walking across creaky-board floors was like stepping into history. Caley seldom, if ever, discarded anything, for he saw every item to be of historic value. Besides the exquisite example of asbestos displayed on the counter, customers could find manna of merchandise ranging from copper nails to fur hats to top-quality ratchet sets to fresh eggs to delicious cans of Hot Toddy imported directly from England to Nabob Spice tins to pharmaceuticals and cough syrup.

Yukon writer and researcher Dick North related that he was once tracking the cough medicine that the Mad Trapper of Rat River would have used back in 1926. North solicited Fred Caley’s help. Not only did the shopkeeper know the brand, he pulled a bottle of it off his store shelf, much to the author’s delight.

Ah, yes, and the legendary neon sign, installed in 1950, demonstrated that Caley also accepted modern methods of doing business. The sign, serving as the first and only neon marquee in town for a long while, billed the business with the message, “Get It At Caley’s”.



Installed in 1950 as the first and only neon sign in Dawson for a while was the one bearing the message "Get It At Caley's"  
(Photo courtesy of Caley family).

Everybody old enough to remember Caley's Store and the warmly-glowing sign agreed that you really could find virtually anything there.

Meanwhile, over many decades, Caley was surreptitiously planning the salvation of old Dawson. He was quietly squirreling ownership of real estate and paying property taxes on old buildings he recognized as historically-significant structures--or what remained of them--plus preserving their contents, all of which would have been bulldozed or gone to rot and ruin if not for his vision.

He had the foresight to be thinking about and investing in the town's future during what appeared to be a time of dismal circumstances.

The wartime Alaska Highway project that connected the Yukon with the Outside world bypassed Dawson in 1942-43. Then, in 1953, Dawson took another blow when the Yukon's capital was moved to Whitehorse.

The residents pulled together in dazzling Dawson spirit and prepared to shift gears. Regardless that some people still believed Dawson would die, others saw the new Alaska Highway transportation artery and the Canol Road and other spurs as the opportunities to open northern British Columbia and the Yukon Territory to greater mining opportunities.

The roots of the Yukon Chamber of Mines were planted first in Dawson City on September 3, 1943, under auspices of the Vancouver-based British Columbia (B.C.) Chamber of Mines. Dawsonites rallied for a rousing meeting and Dawson was soon receiving front-page coverage in mainstream newspapers in Vancouver.

All was not bleak as Caley soldiered through the downturns of his beloved Dawson and was later noted for protecting such decaying buildings that had once housed the Dawson Daily News, Ellingsen Photography Studio/Minto Hotel, the Red Feather Saloon and Billy Biggs' Blacksmith Shop, at the corner of Third Avenue and Princess Street, to name a few.

Meanwhile, he was carefully preserving the invaluable artifactual treasures, including ledgers, business documents and newspapers. All issues of the Dawson Daily/Weekly News, dating from 1898 to 1954, were remarkably saved and reproduced on microfilm by the Public Archives of Canada. Before he finished, he had donated over 400 artifacts and paper archives to the Dawson City Museum.



Dawson Daily News office on Third Avenue between King and Queen streets.

Left: a 1925 Claude Tidd Photo, Yukon Archives # 8356.



Right: building bought and restored by Parks Canada.



The permafrost-ravaged Ellingsen Store Complex, Third Avenue, between Princess and Harper streets, was built in 1901 and bought in 1912 by Erling Olav Ellingsen for his photography studio and the Minto Hotel. (Klondike Sun Photo by Thomas Seibel, 2008)



Photo of Red Feather Saloon, corner of Third Avenue and Princess, by Sam Holloway, 1978.



Red Feather bought and reconstructed by Parks Canada.

Many of the buildings Caley saved were later purchased from him and restored by Parks Canada.

In recognition of his preservation efforts, Caley received the Yukon Historical & Museums Association Heritage Award in 1981 and the Commissioner's Award in 1982.

Fred Caley died at age 85 in Dawson City on October 7, 1989 and was interred in the Yukon Order of Pioneers Cemetery. He also was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Fred Caley and Dorothy Skistad were married in 1927 and had five children: Irene, Madge, Robert, Doreen and Gordon.



On August 2, 2008, family and friends celebrated Fred Caley's life with the unveiling of a bronze commemorative plaque that is mounted on the front of the Third Avenue building where he once operated his retail business.

The structure was designated a site of historical significance and has been renovated and annexed to accommodate extra rooms for the Midnight Sun Hotel.

Fred Caley was posthumously inducted into the Yukon Prospectors' Association's

Honour Roll in November, 1989 in recognition of his unwavering faith in helping prospectors fulfill their dreams. His name is engraved in the base of the bronze prospector statue that watches over Whitehorse from Main Street and Third Avenue.

Jane Gaffin, author of *Cashing In: A History of Yukon Hardrock Mining, 1898-1977*, is a Whitehorse-based freelance writer specializing in mining-related subjects. She can be contacted at [janegaffin@canada.com](mailto:janegaffin@canada.com). July, 2009



Edward is the Easter Bunny; I was the Queen of Hearts.  
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

## Memories and photos of Hank Karr

Hi Sherron

Donna Clayson has suggested that I get in touch with you.

I am working with Hank Karr, the MacBride Museum and a few others in doing a not for profit book/booklet on Hank.

This book may look like Pat Ellis' recent production called 'The Squatters of Downtown Whitehorse.'

The MacBride people have been very helpful.  
Perhaps in the MocTel, you could ask any readers if they have any stories on Hank and Gold Fever days, if they would send their memories to me via email:  
[cabinhousegail@gmail.com](mailto:cabinhousegail@gmail.com)

Any photos would be appreciated as well. These can be returned.  
I will be attending the Yukoner's Ball at the River Rock and look forward to meeting you.

The plan is to have this production ready for the summer.

Sincerely  
Mike Craigen  
P.O. Box 1264  
Marsh Lake, YT, Y0B 1Y1

867 333 0009 (Mike)

See article below.

From the April 2015 issue of Up Here Magazine.

Alistair McGregor [mmac1952@telus.net](mailto:mmac1952@telus.net) (In Vernon)



Eastbound's felt at home in Dawson this winter, surrounded by like-minded, hands-on folks: "Everyone up here is just automatically DIY because they were raised that way." All photos courtesy Cud Eastbound

## **A Home In The Wilderness**

*By Herb Mathisen*

Cud Eastbound grew up idolizing Dick Proenneke. On an empty lot his friend loaned him for the winter, 11 kilometres south of Dawson City, he's experimenting with a home that would've made the famed Alaskan bushman proud.

More than 100 bales of straw surround his 1977 Dodge camper van ("Night Danger"), equipped with a steel woodstove he welded himself, attached to six metres of chimney pieced together from tin he scrounged from the local dump. Eastbound and his German Shepherd-Husky-Blue Heeler best friend lounge comfortably inside, at a cozy 25 C.

The temperature outside? -50 C.

"I just wanted to find a way to spend my first winter in the van," says Eastbound, a constantly touring folk musician, "because it's been my home whenever I'm on the road."

Why straw? It's recyclable (he'll give the 117 bales to a Dawson farmer when he no longer needs them), and a good insulator. He had it trucked up from Whitehorse, bartering his graphic design services for a cheaper price. The straw bales are covered in plastic house wrap. "My goal, outside of the straw and the plastic, was to try to use everything from the dump," says Eastbound.

But he hasn't skimped on safety. A steel sheet shields the woodstove from the van and layers of floating corrugated metal surround the chimney. "I can put my hand on the outside of the pipe, and even if the inside pipe is red hot, the outside is cool to the touch." And if a spark were to go astray outside, it'd fizzle out on the van's other insulator: snow.

Although the van's big enough to house a kitchen, a three-burner propane stove and two beds, Eastbound isn't considering making it a permanent home. He plans to build a small log cabin this summer.

Besides, Night Danger might be on its last legs after its cross-Canada trip last summer. "I promised it that it could retire if it made it to the Yukon," he says, "so I feel if I don't follow through with my promise, things won't work out too well."







Hi Sherron,

I thought that I should send an update on Mom's 90th birthday celebrations. I received many email congratulatory messages from fellow Yukoners who had read the news in the Moccasin Telegraph. I shared them all with mom and she was delighted to hear from so many. She had about 50-60 people stop in for coffee and cake, including former Yukoners, Irene and Albert Kosmenko, Bev (Scheck) & Butch Chouinard and Mary(Howatt) & Dave Hayward. It was great to catch up with everyone. Her birthday supper, the following day, was held at Christina Lake and included family and close friends. Three of her four children, two grandchildren and four great grandchildren attended, along with close family friends, Jim & Lorraine Perry. It was a great celebration and we are so thankful to have mom in such good health.

Debbie Gelineau [ddgelineau@gmail.com](mailto:ddgelineau@gmail.com)



**Ruby Woolger**

Photo courtesy Debbie Gelineau [ddgelineau@gmail.com](mailto:ddgelineau@gmail.com)

## YUKON HOST PIN

I was recently asked if I had ever had a Yukon Host pin. Apparently there had been an inquiry on the MocTel. It just so happened that I had kept mine for over 40 years. I recall taking a course when I worked for the City Playground program in 1973 and 1974. I asked mom and she too had a pin. She said that she also had to take a course when she worked at the City. I've included a picture of my pin.



Yukon Host Pin

Photo courtesy Debbie (Bowers) Gelineau [ddgelineau@gmail.com](mailto:ddgelineau@gmail.com)

I have attached a photo and an article about an event that is coming up in May in Dawson City and Whitehorse. There may be some readers who will be interested in

attending. I plan to have an article about Dawson City during the war years, which could be ready for next week.

Volunteers many of them were decorated heroes by war's end; 13 are buried in graveyards in Belgium and France.

Cheers,

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



On June 8, 1916, 120 men posed for this photograph on the steps of the Administration Building in Dawson City. The next day, they sailed away to form the Yukon Infantry Company. By war's end, nearly a thousand had enlisted. Almost a hundred remain buried in battlefield graveyards around the world. Gates Collection

### **History Hunter**

### **May conference will add new pages to Yukon history book**

16 03 24

©Michael Gates

While the history of the Yukon is filled with lore from the Klondike Gold Rush, and the impact of the building of the Alaska Highway has been studied extensively, other aspects of Yukon history remain unexplored territory. One of these is the First World War.

Aside from some chapters from the autobiography of Martha Black, there is not one book or article that describes the wartime conditions in the Yukon; there is nothing that reveals what happened to the men and women who went overseas during these troubled times.

“World War I provided the Far North with an opportunity to demonstrate their value and commitment to their countries. Little did they know that their contribution would carry such a high cost,” says Ken Coates at the University of Saskatchewan. Coates is one of the organizers of the conference.

“If you ask Northern Canadians about this time period, you find that very little is actually known,” he adds. All of that is about to change.

A conference titled “The North in World War I,” taking place in Whitehorse and Dawson City from May 9 to 15, explores the events and the people related to the Northern regions during the “Great War,” for the first time.

The conference is the brainchild of the Yukon Historical and Museums Association, Yukon College and the International Centre for Northern Governance and Development at the University of Saskatchewan. A dedicated committee of volunteers has been working for a couple of years to focus attention on this little-known chapter of northern history.

Guided by program chairmen Brent Slobodin and Ken Coates, the conference has arranged an impressive lineup of speakers for the three days of presentations.

Tim Cook, the Director of Research at the Canadian War Museum, and acknowledged authority on Canada’s involvement in World War I, will kick off the program. Dr. Cook has written several comprehensive – and very readable – books about the “Great War.” Cook is the 2013 recipient of the 2013 Pierre Berton Award (Governor General's History Award for Popular Media). He was appointed a member of the Order of Canada in December of 2014.

Award winning author Mark Zuehlke, who was in Whitehorse in November to launch his most recent book, “Through Blood and Sweat,” will be back to tell us about Cy Peck and the Prince Rupert Company in the Great War.

Other speakers include Cameron Pulsifer, also of the Canadian War Museum, who will present the story of Joe Boyle’s highly decorated Yukon Machine Gun Battery, and Dr. Edward Cowan, University of Glasgow, who will tell us about Robert Service’s war poetry.

Sam Steele, the Lion of the North, will be recognized for his wartime activities; David Leverton of the Maritime Museum of British Columbia will address the sinking of the Princess Sophia at war’s end. Joe Boyle’s remarkable diplomatic strategy during the war will be presented by Dr. Crina Bud, of York University. Tim Popp, of the Fred Light Museum Advisory Committee, will inform us about Yukon military medals and badges awarded to the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Adding to the international flavour of the conference will be speakers from Sweden, New Zealand, and the United States. Several students will be contributing

papers, including Nick Gillen a product of Vanier High School, now at St. Francis Xavier University, who will speak about trench culture in Great Britain and Germany.

Yukon historians will be well represented, including Sally Robinson (the Home Front), David Neufeld (The Great War and the Foundations of the Tourism Industry) and Kathy Gates (Martha Black during the war). Michael Gates will speak about The Yukon and World War I, which is the topic of his new book, scheduled to be released in the spring of 2017. Yukon film maker Max Fraser will speak about “Celebrating Yukon’s Heroes of the First World War.”

For those who have an interest in Yukon history, the Wednesday afternoon sessions at the High Country Inn will be filled exclusively with Yukon content, although Yukon topics will be well distributed throughout the three days.

But speakers are only part of the attraction of this event. A museum workshop on Cultural Organizations and Traumatic Events will be held at the Yukon Transportation Museum on Monday, May 9.

The Friends of the Yukon Archives Society (FOYAS) and Yukon Archives will host a reception at the Roundhouse from 5:30 to 6:45 on Tuesday evening, May 10, at which they will launch a new mobile exhibit on the Yukon and World War I. Included will be panels that gathered together the names of those who served, and another with those who died while serving.

Following the reception, at 7:00 the Royal Canadian Legion will hold a memorial ceremony at the Cenotaph in front of City Hall to honour the Yukon fallen from World War I.

The conference will wrap up with a gala evening of storytelling, musical theatre and culinary delights on Thursday. This delightful event is open to the public.

From May 13 to 15, a study tour is planned to Dawson City for the weekend, with transportation, accommodation and a lively program of tours and presentations about Dawson City’s total involvement in the war. The Dawson Museum is planning a presentation that will link artifacts from their collection to the story of the war.

In 1978, the Dawson City Museum was involved in the recovery of a horde of silent movies buried in permafrost at Queen Street and Fifth Avenue. Some of the rare footage recovered includes wartime newsreels that were shown in theatres in Dawson City at the time. A small selection of these will be incorporated into the Saturday presentation.

The conference will be a total package of events and speakers that will fill some of the blank pages in the book of Yukon history.

If you are interested in learning more about the conference, you can go to the conference webpage, which is on the Yukon Historical and Museums Association website. Go to: <http://heritageyukon.ca/north-and-first-world-war> and follow the prompts. You can register on line. In fact, if you register before April 5, you will enjoy the benefit of the early-bird rates. Those who want to attend the gala evening event on Thursday, May 12, can also reserve their place on line at the same location mentioned above. For anybody interested in Yukon history, this conference is a must-see.

**Michael Gates is a Yukon historian and sometimes adventurer based in Whitehorse. He is currently writing a book on the Yukon in World War I. You can contact him at [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net)**

## **TURMOIL IN THE BAR**

Hi Sherron

Your story of the Playboy bunny Bill brought home from the Travelodge immediately reminded me of an incident at Tourist Services about 1974.

The detachment got a call that someone was busting up the lounge at Tourist Services on 4th Avenue.

I was the first to arrive and just as I pulled into the parking lot a black pickup was leaving.

Patrons of the lounge were outside and advised the person causing the problem has just left in said pickup.

They did mention he was a big man and had thrown a few of the bar tables into the band area although being daytime there was no band playing at the time.

Apparently what started it was this fellow was having a drink with – how can I put this – one of the local lovelies who did her best work at night. Some guy walked by and said something unsavoury to this lady and the big fella took exception to the remarks. He threw a few bar tables which probably weighed about 40 lbs each and then left the bar.

I left the parking lot and pulled the offender over on 4th Avenue about Jarvis Street.

He was driving a full sized pickup and when he stepped out of the cab he was able to put his arm straight out onto the roof of the truck.

He had to be about 6'9" and was easily into the 300 lb range for weight.

Certainly big enough to toss around the 40 lb bar tables.

We had a chat, he was not impaired and we drove to the office where I took his statement.

He had just been released from the U.S. Marines in Alaska and was headed south to the lower 48 and decided to stop in Whitehorse for a rest.

At all times with me he was very polite and it was all “yes, sir” and “no, sir”.

As there was no actual damage at Tourist Services, he was released and headed down the Alaska Highway and told to be on his best behaviour until he left Canada.

Without a doubt what makes me remember this incident was his huge size.

George Bliss [georgebliss@live.ca](mailto:georgebliss@live.ca) (In Regina)

## **OBIT**

### **John ALMSTROM**



John ALMSTROM 26 December 1948 - 11 March 2016  
Unexpectedly of medical complications, John died on Friday, 11 March 2016, in the Ottawa General. He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Neilam, whom he met while on an education tour in India in 1968, and who has it on record that she has never known anyone quite like him. Also left behind are his three brothers Chris and Eric both of Whitehorse, Yukon, and Jim of Duncan, BC. John was born in 1948 in the Yukon, went to UBC where he studied History and International Relations and joined the Regular Officer Training Plan of the Canadian Forces, being commissioned into Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (PPCLI) in 1970. He completed a Masters degree in Military History at Rice University, Texas, and then began his army service, leading to his command of First Battalion, PPCLI 1985-1987. As a Colonel he was a key senior operations staff officer in the army headquarters during the Oka Crisis in 1990. In 1994, while on operational duty in the former Yugoslavia, he was awarded the Meritorious Service Cross for his unstinting humanitarian work. He was recruited by the United Nations on the ground in that theatre, and left the Canadian Forces, spending the next 16 years serving on missions, mainly in Africa and in Iraq, and fulfilling important roles in the Headquarters in New York. He separated from the UN in 2010 after a work life of significant, selfless contribution. John was of a curious intellect; a bright and incisive thinker who had a way of finding common ground to solve issues and problems; and possessed of energy and enthusiasm against all odds. Interment has taken place in Brockville, Ontario. A memorial gathering will be held later in the spring in Ottawa.

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Do not dwell on the past, do not dream of the future, concentrate on the present moment. – Buddha*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

For many issues, you have used recipes from the Eastern Star cookbooks in the MocTel. I have been using recipes from all 3 books all my cooking life. However, I would like to propose that we, your readers, tell the stories of adapting those recipes as we moved through life and through different ingredient availabilities. The ones I am working on are the bread/rice pudding recipe that never actually made it into the cookbooks because it was such a staple and my mother's Neopolitan spaghetti, that did.

### Bread or rice pudding

Heat oven to 350 F

Mix up sufficient KLIM to make 2 cups

In 1 ½ qt. casserole, lightly mix the following:

2 cups milk                      Reconstituted KLIM in the Yukon of the 50's & 60's usually worked; reconstituted skim made watery custard; fresh homo milk works best)

3 eggs    An economical amount that made a passable custard. When my 11 year old daughter decided to perfect the pudding recipe by experimenting while I was at work, feeding the resulting efforts to her brother, he developed an egg allergy; she came up with the perfect number: 5 eggs. Some thirty years later, I discovered her secret was not in her technique but in the number of eggs!

½ cup white sugar              No substitutions but, if forgotten, can be thrown in at the last minute.

1 tsp. cinnamon                A dash of nutmeg makes an nice addition.

Chop into cubes stale bread to make about 2 cups. Original recipe assumed homemade white or sourdough bread. French bread also works. Do not use Wonder Bread or supermarket sliced bread; it dissolves in the liquid!

Drop into liquid and gently press down to get cubes dampened. With the right bread cubes, the pudding gets a nice crusty top.

OR

Take 1 – 1 ½ cups of cooked rice (long or short grain but not a sticky variety); drop into liquid mixture. Stir to distribute the rice evenly.

Bake at 350 F for 55 minutes or until a knife inserted between the centre and the edge comes out clean. The original recipe insisted a silver knife was essential; stainless steel works just as well.

The purists would have us set the casserole in a pan of water to bake the pudding but this is a family dessert that is edible without the fuss.

If you like the idea, I'll work on the spaghetti. It's the layout of that one that I haven't quite figured out, yet.

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

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

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

April 21, 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

## **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**

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