

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 428th Edition – Sept 25th, 2016

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A good friend of mine who I worked with at City Hall in Whitehorse in the 1970's and early 1980's passed away this week. **Gertrude (Rose) Squirechuk** grew up in Carcross where her father Captain George Rose worked on the Sternwheeler Tutshi. I remember her telling me that he travelled to Ben My Chree on Tagish Lake [to visit the home and grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Partridge]. That got me thinking about the little train engine the Duchess that sits in Carcross which I understood linked Tagish Lake's Taku Arm with Atlin Lake. I wondered if the Tutshi also stopped at this point and found stories that indicate it did. I will include some stories here. I also wondered about the couple who had lived in that area and that were lost on the Sophia when they were travelling out for the winter. Something else Gert told me that stuck in my memory. When her father retired from White Pass after 30 years the pension fund had gone under and he never received his pension. – Sherron Jones



Photo by Whitehorse Star

Steamer Tutshi towing engine 51 [looks like the Duchess] on scow to Taku Landing, c1921. Note extension made to Texas deck in 1920. R.Brooks Coll/Yukon Archives

The Whitehorse Star, [August 4, 1955](#)

Tutshi trip hits the spot

More than one hundred Whitehorse residents and friends enjoyed a perfect weekend excursion to Ben-My-Chree from Carcross on board the steamer Tutshi last Saturday and Sunday, under the sponsorship of the local branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

Sunny skies and calm weather enhanced the vistas of blue lakes and rugged mountains, and Captain Alex Courquin and crew did their best to make the trip memorable for everyone on board.

Responsible for organizing the charter trip were members of the local E.I.C. executive, the burden falling equally on John Phelps, M.E. Almstrom and Ken Baker.

One of the most interesting passengers on the cruise was George Rose who had chalked up over thirty years' service on board the steamer Tutshi as an engineering officer, and enjoyed his trip as passenger to the full. His comments on the various points of interest seen along the way were greatly appreciated by his fellow passengers.

The gardens at Ben-My-Chree brought exclamations of astonishment and delight from the Whitehorse visitors, many of them expressed the wish that there might be accommodation for a stop-over in that lovely spot.

As a final extra touch, Patsy Henderson's lecture at Carcross brought the trip to a very happy close - there are at least 100 people in Whitehorse who would like to repeat the cruise at some future date.

Rough estimates of the footage of film shot by shutter-bugs during the two -day cruise were astronomical, and there should be many happy evenings spent this winter viewing the crop of color movies and slides.

One of the amusing sidelights on the trip was the clever lists of answers to questions frequently asked the Purser on board the Tutshi by tourists not familiar with this part of the country. D. A. McWilliams gave The Star special permission to reprint his bulletin and here it is-

Answers to some frequently asked questions on steamer Tutshi-

"No, Madam, we have no other slides than those on display in this case."

"No, Sir, you are not in Alaska - you are either in the Yukon or in British Columbia depending on when you read this and both are part of Canada."

No, Sir, Canada is not a colony of England but is a completely independent country. The Queen of England is also the Queen of Canada because we like it to be that way, and has no control over our government, just as in Great Britain."

"The lake on which you are travelling is called Lake Tagish and is 65 miles in length."

"The temperature of the water is about 40 degrees (above zero) and it is for this reason that we do not recommend diving from the top deck. Also, the statistical detail demanded

by the authorities in reporting missing persons is very tiring on the Purser. For these reasons we urge parents of young children to deep close watch over them at all times."

"Yes, Madam, we do have Northern Lights in the Yukon. These things have not been explained by science to date and the Purser can do no better. All that can be said for sure is that they occur at night, usually when the Chief Engineer plugs them in.

The depth of this lake varies from zero to over 750 feet, depending on how far out from the shore you are measuring and also on how thick the ice happens to be."

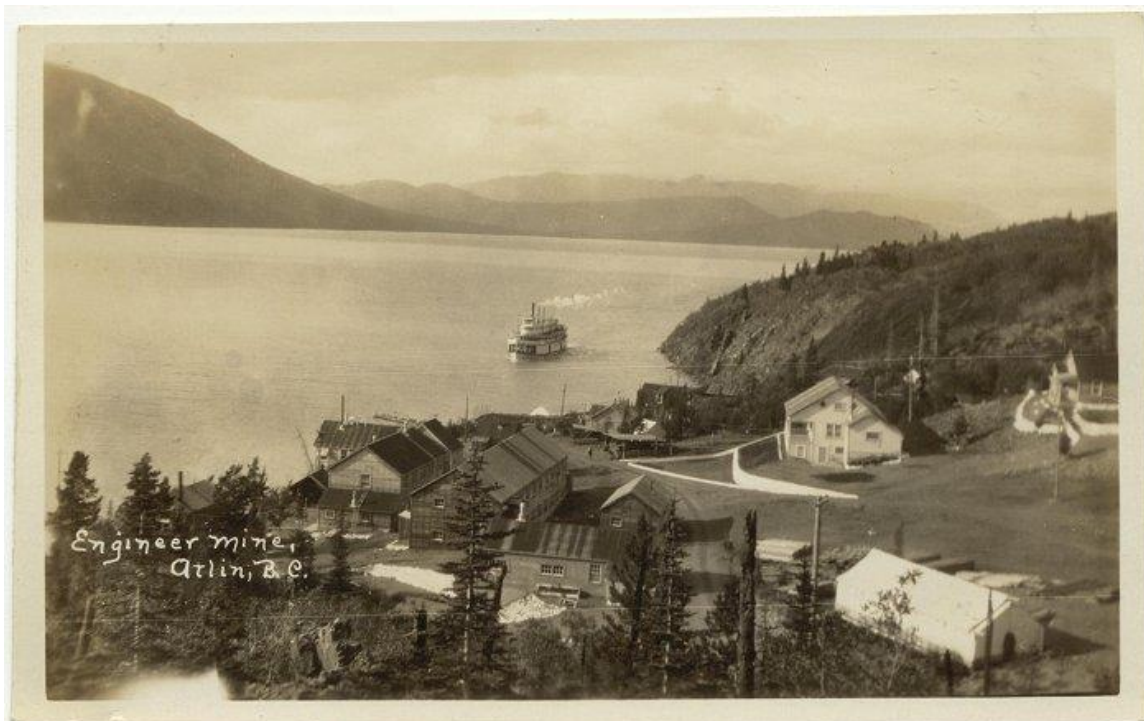
"The speed of the steamer Tutshi is about 12 mph but is greatly affected by strong winds. Thus, if the wind exceeds 13 mph the boat has to turn around and back up to Ben-My-Chree."

"No, Madam, there are no keys for the staterooms on this ship. Everyone is honest in the Yukon."

"No, Sir, there is no Bar on this ship due to inclement liquor regulations in British Columbia until recently and a strong Methodist upbringing." - (D.A. McWilliams.)

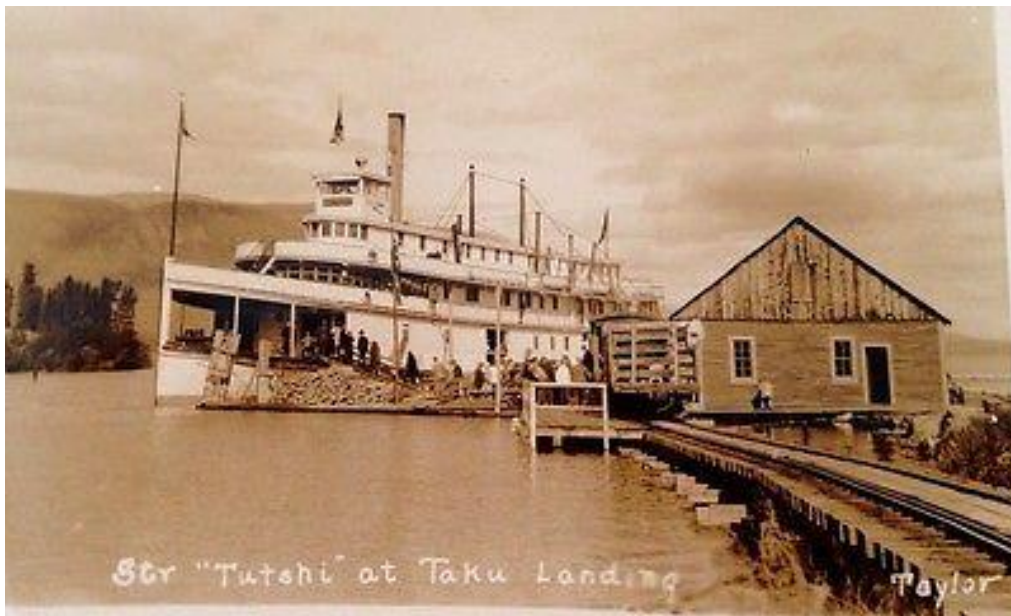
Note- At the end of the 1955 navigation season the Tutshi was placed on the ways at Carcross.

She was never on the water again.





A stern view of the Tutshi docked at Engineer Mines along the shore of the Taku Arm. The dock facility, a number of buildings and a few small boats are all visible. 1920's.
Photo: Yukon Archives



It's hard to imagine a railway, anywhere in the world, that was shorter than the one that ran between Graham Inlet on Taku Arm and Atlin Lake. It was just two and half miles long, and it was called the Taku Tram. When it was built in 1898 by John Irving's Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, the single rail-car was pulled by horses. Irving operated two small steamers, the Gleaner on Taku arm and the Scotia on Atlin Lake, during the height of the Atlin gold rush.

In July of 1900 John Irving purchased a locomotive, called the Duchess, to replace the horse. Today, the Duchess can be seen in Carcross. The small steam locomotive has an interesting history just like the little rail line it served. It was built in 1878 for use on Vancouver Island as a coal mine locomotive.

In 1900, Irving bought the little engine and shipped it up the Inside Passage and freighted it by [White Pass](#) train to Carcross, finally sending it by barge to Taku Landing. In June 1900, the White Pass bought the John Irving Navigation Company and the Duchess took its first commercial two and a half mile run in July 1900. Passengers paid a fare of two dollars to ride on a 48-passenger car. The tramway also had flatbed rail cars used for freight during the Atlin gold rush.

In 1917, the little Taku arm railway picked up freight and passengers from the S.S. Tutshi, which began operating on Tagish Lake out of Carcross, and delivered goods to the M.V. Tarahne operating across Atlin Lake. The Duchess didn't have much power and had trouble with the seven-percent grade on the short run. Passengers were often asked to get off and push. The Taku Tram locomotive could not even turn around on its short track so it backed up on its westbound run.

It operated on the tramline from 1900 to 1920 and then was shipped to Carcross and used to burn garbage from 1920 to 1931 when it was finally put on display. In 1931, another little engine – number 52 – was moved from Skagway for use on the Taku Tram until it was retired from service in 1936. So the next time you are in Carcross visit the little Duchess and reflect on her important role in Yukon transportation history.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Atlin, B.C.

When gold was discovered in the Atlin region, everyone naturally assumed that it was part of the Yukon. It wasn't. But even today, Atlin is more closely associated with the Yukon than its real home, British Columbia.

In 1898, prospectors Fritz Miller and Kenny McLaren struck pay dirt on Spruce Creek, and Discovery City, a town six miles east of Atlin, sprang up. In the next few years, a four-mile stretch of Spruce Creek yielded more than \$25 million in gold including one incredible 83-ounce nugget discovered in 1899. Big as a loaf of bread, they said.

Fortune hunters, many of whom had originally come in over the Chilkoot Pass, poured into the district in 1899, hauling tons of supplies over mountains, and across Atlin Lake by boat.

At first, gold inspectors thought the Atlin strike was in the Yukon and recorded the first Atlin gold claims according to Yukon law. The miners were furious because they felt shortchanged when it later became clear that, because the strike was in B.C., it was subject to B.C.'s laws.

Still, the town of Atlin emerged with neat streets, hotels, stores, offices, and saloons. Discovery bloomed and died as Atlin became the hub of local and government business. Apparently, the miners removed most of Discovery's buildings to dig through every bit of dirt and gravel once the original gold claims were exhausted.

Gold mining continues to this day, but by 1915, promoters were looking for something else. That year the White Pass started Atlin's tourist industry when they brought 125 tourists to the region. But accommodations were not very good for people intent on spending big bucks traveling to one of North America's most remote locations.

White Pass decided they needed some luxury. In June 1916, construction began on what would be a magnificent hotel on the shores of Atlin Lake.

Getting material to the site was not easy since it had to be carried to Skagway by ship, then by the train to Carcross, on a boat to the short rail portage at the end of Taku Arm, then by boat again across Atlin Lake to the construction site.

By the summer of 1916, the hotel hosted 422 guests. The company was so impressed that, in the fall, seven more rooms were added and a steam heating plant was installed. In 1917, the lake steamer Tarahne was built - the first gasoline-powered propeller-driven vessel in the White Pass fleet.

By 1921, 700 guests were entertained. Business was brisk.

In the spring of 1928, the vessel's length was increased to 36.4 meters. Larger engines and new propellers increased her speed to 12 knots. Now guests could tour and see the extraordinary scenery of Atlin Lake in high style.

Gold mining and tourism remained the cornerstones of Atlin's economy, but both were prone to ups and downs. In the midst of the depression, the White Pass abandoned the Atlin tours in the mid-1930s, closed the hotel and beached the sternwheeler. Jobs disappeared and the population dwindled. In early years, Atlin may have been home to ten thousand inhabitants.

In the 1960s, the population fell to about 100. Today, it is about 500. Traces of Atlin's original 10,000 inhabitants have been reclaimed by nature as most buildings were crude wooden structures. But observant visitors can find many remnants in and around the village, on mountain slopes and in remote valleys of this northern Shangri-la.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

The Old Engineer Mine

The Old Engineer Mine is located about 42 kilometers west of Atlin, British Columbia, along the shoreline of the Taku Arm.

In July 1899, two Swedish prospectors on their way to Atlin noticed what looked like yellow metal on the eastern shore of Taku Arm. These two prospectors told a couple of engineers who were at the time working for the White Pass and Yukon Railway and soon the engineers entered into a deal with the two Swedes.

Later that same year Charles A. Anderson, one of the engineers, paddled south along the eastern shore of Taku Arm. There he found visible gold in large quartz veins. Anderson staked the Hope claim on July 8, recorded it in Atlin, then returned with Henry C. Diers, the other engineer and then stakes another twelve claims which became known as the Engineer Group. The two men then started the Engineer Mining Company of Skagway and then started to develop the claims. They started to build a small mill, but never completed it. The two engineers had run out of funds and claims lapsed in 1906. A local area man by the name of Edwin Brown staked the claims and then resold them to a **Captain James Alexander** and a Syndicate of a few other business men.

Captain James Alexander started out with prospecting around the area and ended up staking even more ground. After buying out the others, Captain Alexander continued more prospecting and development. During this time he was also trying to sell the mine.

Then in 1918 a fellow by the name of Wayne Darlington who was an engineer from New York got an option on the mine to purchase it for \$1,000,000. The option was passed to the Mining Corporation of Canada. Two other engineers, George Randolph and Charles Watson both joined up with **Captain Alexander, his wife** and another engineer that was representing Darlington. They all sailed from Vancouver to Skagway to tour the mine.

The same group was returning to Vancouver on the steam ship Princess Sophia October 26, 1918. During a blinding storm the steamer ran aground in the Lynn Canal. There were no survivors.

For several years after Alexander's death, little work happened at the mine. During legal work on ownership the courts found out that the woman who was with Alexander was not his wife. The real Mrs. Alexander and daughter were still living in England. Legalities as heirs was countered by many.

Then the mine was bought by an Andrew Sostad for some New York interests in 1923. Work began in 1924 with about \$1,000,000 in backing. The mine built a power plant on the Wann River a few miles away, ran power lines and built the concentrator. After two months they had milled 1,700 tons of ore yielding 1,811 ounces gold and 843 ounces silver. During 1926 it is said that 7,757 ounces of gold were produced. Soon the ore was

depleted and the mines was closed again. In 1934 the mine was sold for \$25,000. Once again there were a pile of judgments against the mine.

The following excerpts are from text:

over \$8,700 to a C. L. Hershman, over \$4,000 to a Louis Schulz and \$207,431.18 in favor of John G. Harris. In his memoirs, Reggie Brooks relates how the latter came to have a claim against the mine. Apparently, someone who knew Harris well had informed Brooks that the claim was transferred to Stewart Hamilton, then treasurer of Engineer Gold Mines in New York, by C. V. Bob, an earlier president of the company, in exchange for an estate in the West Indies which Hamilton had acquired. Hamilton, in turn, transferred the loan indebtedness to Jack Harris, his brother-in-law because, as an executive officer of the company, Hamilton could not very well sell the mine and satisfy his judgement for the debt.

Two years later in 1936, a fellow by the name of John Hammel optioned the mine. This option was let go and in 1944 a fellow from Atlin by the name of Pete Brandes and two others bought the mine for \$5,000 and some back taxes. The miners worked the claims throughout the 1940's through to 1952.

There has been no production at Engineer since 1952. Many juniors have come and gone since then. The most recent was Ampex mining, but they too have left the area. The property today is owned by BCGold Corp.

The Sinking of the Sophia

It was the worst disaster the Yukon had ever known. The elite of the mining and transportation community, on board the Princess Sophia, were lost in the ice-cold waters of the Inside Passage, October 23, 1918.

The Princess Sophia left Skagway bound for Vancouver. The vessel, owned by the CPR, carried 294 passengers and a crew of 61. On board were many of the elite of the Dawson city mining society. More than 100 employees of the White Pass and Yukon Route, the crew members who had operated the Yukon River sternwheelers that summer, were onboard. It was the final sailing of the season for the Sophia. Captain Locke, a veteran of the Inside Passage, was in command.

At 2.05 a.m., during a blinding snow squall, the Sophia slammed into Vanderbilt Reef, a well charted rock in Lynn Canal north of Juneau. The crash lifted the large liner 8 feet out of the water. A hole 80 feet long was torn through the bottom. Captain Locke sent out an SOS and three large vessels and a number of small fishing boats came to the rescue. The Sophia was high and dry, and not taking water.

On the morning of October 24, the weather was clear and the seas calm. The CPR decided not to try and transfer passengers to the boats standing by. Instead, they would wait the arrival of the Princess Alice, a sister ship which left Vancouver on the evening of October 24th.

The Alice was 740 miles away. The weather remained relatively calm until the evening of October 25th, when a violent storm blew in, chasing away the rescue boats which had been standing by.

The Sophia slipped off Vanderbilt reef and was flooded with icy water. She went to the bottom in minutes. The only survivor was an English sheep dog who made it to shore and walked for two days to a village called Tee Harbour. When the storm lifted, and the rescue boats returned, they were confronted with a horrific site. Oil-covered bodies of 355 people, many of them Yukoners, were floating in the frigid water of Lynn Canal. Later investigation showed that the passengers could have been taken off the Sophia by the small boats standing by before the storm.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Harvey Burian (From Facebook Sept 6, 2016)

As many of you know Vera and I are in Whitehorse, Yukon to attend the celebration of my Aunt Martha's 100th birthday. The gathering of family and friends took place this past Sunday afternoon at the Yukon Transportation Museum.

Those in attendance included the Commissioner of the Yukon, The Honourable Doug Phillips, the Member of Parliament for the Yukon, The Honourable Larry Bagnall and the Premier of the Yukon, The Honourable Darrell Pasloski. Aunt Martha was escorted into the gathering by the Whitehorse Commanding Officer of the RCMP, Archie Thompson. Certificates were presented from the Queen, the Governor-General, the Commissioner, the Member of Parliament, the Premier of the Yukon and the RCMP. I had the privilege of MCing the event. It was an honour to be part of the wonderful celebration for my Aunt Martha (Burian) Collins.

(I see Martha's son in law Don Sipple in the background.) – Sherron

GENE BRYAN CLEVER

On August 24th some 70 friends and relatives attended a 100th birthday celebration. Everyone gathered at the new Asian Avenue restaurant at Vernon, B.C. at noon and spent an enjoyable couple of hours congratulating him on this achievement. Washington, Vancouver, the Yukon and the Okanagan were represented.

He is a former Yukoner who worked mainly for the White Pass & Yukon Route at Dawson City, Mayo, Whitehorse, Cowley, Bennett and Carcross. He and his wife Kay left the Yukon in 1977 settling at Vernon. Kay passed away in 1997 and Gene has remained in the same house living alone and doing quite well and best part of all is that he has all his marbles left and is as sharp as a tack. If he doesn't want to do something there is no way on this earth that his mind can be changed. Occasionally this does present a problem. He has a couple of close neighbors who keep an eye on him as well as a Masonic friend who calls on him regularly and assists him (when Gene will let him) in some house duties and errands. This past year he has finally accepted Life Line and a Lift Chair with heat and massage but after raising the chair too high once and slipping out of it he just leaps out of it instead.

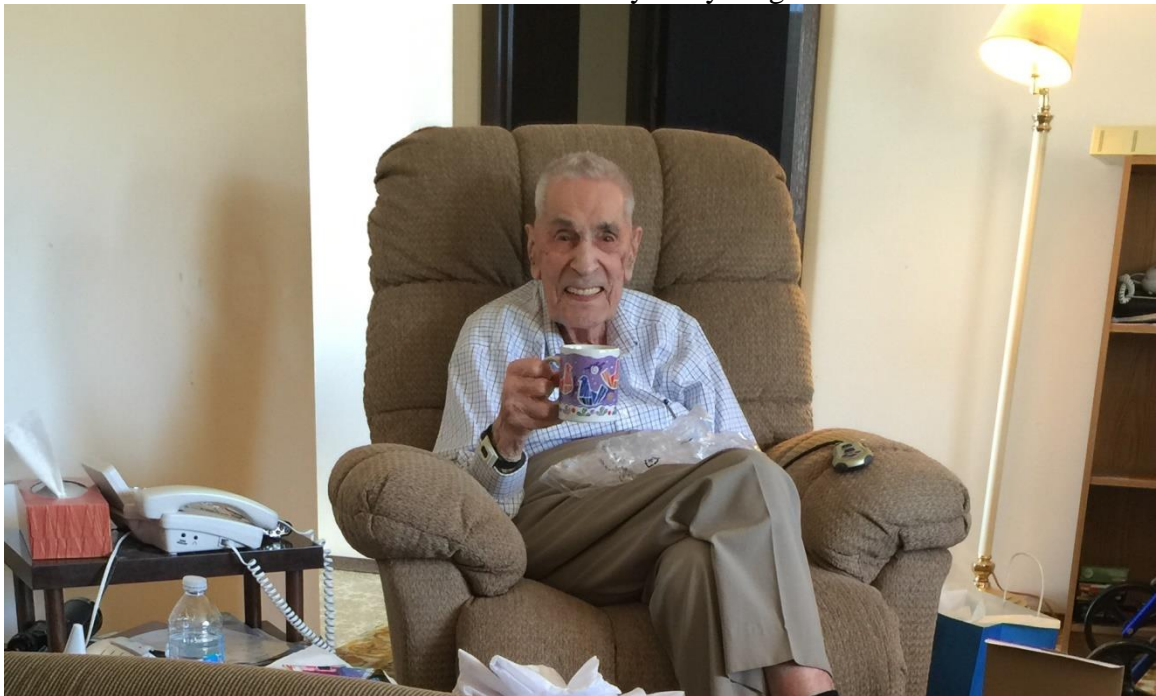
He had a scrap with the Government a couple of years ago and they took his driving licence away however being the persistent guy he is he fought them and got it back and still has it. He has a pickup sitting in his driveway but rarely drives it but just the fact that it is there and he has a licence keeps him happy. He has used the Life Line once since getting it. Someone cut his rhubarb plant down and left it messy so he was trimming things up when he took a fall and couldn't get up. Finally in desperation he pushed the button and the ambulance came and got him straightened out.

Having known him since 1966 I keep in regular touch with him by phone and yearly visits. He once rescued me on the Campbell Highway when my truck broke down at -75 degrees. He came along at 4:00 a.m. and picked me up and then scared the hell out of me driving on to Faro as he was well known for having a heavy foot.

Tom Mickey tmickey*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Gene Cleaver – 100 years young.



The Keno's final run makes history

MacBride Museum/Yukon News



August 25, 2010, is the 50th anniversary of the final historic voyage of the SS Keno. It was the first night of the SS Keno's historic final voyage from Whitehorse to Dawson City.

The boat was caught in a strong current in the Yukon River and it was getting dark.

The crew was nervously scouting the shores for a safe place to spend the night.

“All we could see was trees, rocks and water on both sides,” wrote Stan Horner, who worked as a labourer and fireman on the SS Keno during its last river trip in August of 1960.

“Suddenly Frank grabbed the controls, swung the boat around 180 degrees, pulled over to port shore and shut everything down.

“When daylight arrived I was the first to see we had tied up right where Frank wanted us - At Lower Laberge, tucked right in beside an old boat wreck.

“We were all astonished at the knowledge and ability of Frank Slim.”

Slim, an experienced river pilot and the only First Nations man to earn riverboat captain's papers at that time, came out of retirement to pilot the Keno, the last British Yukon Navigation Company sternwheeler to run the Yukon River.

August 25, 2010 marks the 50th anniversary of this voyage.

To celebrate the occasion the MacBride Museum of Yukon History and local history enthusiast and artist Pat Ellis created a display to commemorate the Keno: Its life running cargo down Yukon's rivers, its historic final voyage, and the people whose work earned the steamer a venerated place in Yukon History.

The display opens in the Hougen Heritage Gallery at Arts Underground on August 20 from 5 to 7 p.m., and will continue until November.

Built in 1922, the Keno was mainly used to haul silver-lead ore mined at Keno Hill and Elsa.

Bags of galena (silver-lead concentrate) were stockpiled on the dock at Mayo awaiting the arrival of the Keno, which pushed a barge to carry the rich ore up the Stewart River.

At the junction of the Stewart and Yukon rivers it met with larger vessels, which then transported the cargo to Whitehorse and on to smelters in the United States.

"The SS Keno was part of the fleet that played a major part in the history of the Yukon Territory," according to Parks Canada.

"Without the riverboats, the gold of the Klondike and the silver, lead, and zinc of the Mayo district would have remained in the hills for at least another half century, and the development of the Canadian West and North would have suffered in consequence."

The Keno was taken out of service in 1951 when an all-weather road was completed to the silver mine. It sat in dry dock in Whitehorse until Parks Canada arranged to move it to Dawson City in 1960.

After some basic repairs the Keno was seaworthy and ready for its final journey.

Veteran pilot Emil Forrest was hired to guide the steamer down the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson. Sadly, as Forrest was supervising the launch he suffered a heart attack and passed away.

Fortunately, there was another licensed pilot available, Slim, and he came out of retirement to pilot the vessel.

An estimated 2,000 people came to the riverfront in Whitehorse to bid the ship goodbye. When they reached Carmacks they had to manoeuvre the vessel beneath a bridge which had recently been constructed over the Yukon River.

To clear the bridge, the Keno's crew had to remove the smokestack and then steer the ship backwards to have better control over the paddle wheel.

Then, at Minto, the sternwheeler ran aground on a sandbar and had to be dislodged. Cables were fastened to nearby trees and the Keno was painstakingly winched off the bar. After that it was smooth sailing to Dawson City.

“When we arrived in Dawson City we were greeted by hundreds of residents in a cold rain,” wrote Horner.

The Keno was refurbished and now sits on the riverbank in Dawson City. Parks Canada declared it National Historic Site in 1962.

This column is provided by the MacBride Museum of Yukon History.

Move over, Michael Phelps: Quebec man swims 3,200 km down Yukon River

Denis Morin endures extreme weather and frigid water on epic downriver journey

By Cheryl Kawaja, [CBC News](#) Posted: Aug 18, 2016 7:15 AM CT Last Updated: Aug 18, 2016 11:17 AM CT



Denis Morin takes a selfie near the end of his journey from Whitehorse to the mouth of the Yukon River on the Bering Sea. (Denis Morin)

A 54-year-old adventurer from Saint-Hyacinthe, Que., says he is the first person to swim the Yukon River from Whitehorse through Alaska to the Bering Sea.

Setting out from Whitehorse on May 25, it took Denis Morin 75 days to complete the 3,200-kilometre journey. A river board helped him navigate through whitewater and he towed a couple of inflatable bags with his camping gear, food and medical supplies. "I'm most proud of finishing without any injuries," he said. "It was a magnificent adventure."

Long distance swimming with a river board, like Morin's trip, is unusual but not unheard of. Morin said his trip down the Yukon River is the third-longest distance ever completed after the Amazon in South America and the Mekong in Southeast Asia.

The Yukon River is frigid even in the summer, and Morin wore a wetsuit to deal with the conditions.



The Yukon River, one of the largest in North America, flows over 3,000 kilometres from northern B.C. to the Bering Sea.

"It was really cold," he said. "I was on the Lake Laberge and I got a snowstorm and hailstorm."

Morin retired from a career in information technology three months ago. "To help transition into my new life of travelling, I chose to do the Yukon with my river board because I knew it would help me shift my pace of life. That was my motivation at the beginning."

Morin said that initially people doubted he would get very far with his unconventional trip down the river. "People were laughing quite a bit."

However, after reaching Alaska — a major milestone for Morin — he noticed reactions changing.

"People were surprised for sure, and some of them came to me by boat because they were thinking I was in trouble.

"They said, 'Did you lose your canoe or your kayak?'"

Alaskans began cheering him on as he continued, Morin said, and a crowd was waiting for him at his trip's end.

Lots of canoeists paddle the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Emmonak,

Alaska, but resident Shane Core said he's never heard of someone swimming it.



Morin swam with the aid of a river board and towed his gear behind him. The 54-year-old swam 3,200 kilometres in 75 days to complete his journey. (Denis Morin)

"This is a first," he said. "Brave individual, heck of a swim."

He had a call from a friend upriver a few days before Morin arrived, telling him to keep an eye out for a swimmer in the river.

"I thought it was kind of crazy. What an adventure he had."



Morin takes a break on his journey. (Denis Morin)

Now that Morin has completed his trip, he's surprised at the reaction he's getting. "For me, it's not a big trip like people think. It was day after day, it was my life in the river. I didn't make 3.200 kilometres in one day. It took many days." He said he's already missing life on the river, but looks forward to more adventures in the future.

Yukon News
By Pierre Chauvin



Participants create stabilizing beams during an urban search and rescue training course Tuesday.

Yukon firefighters undergo earthquake response training

Participants create stabilizing beams during an urban search and rescue training course Tuesday. Yukon firefighters were busy Tuesday learning how to safely rescue people from collapsed buildings. Twenty-four Yukon firefighters, emergency services and fire marshal personnel are taking part in a four-day class given by the Urban Search and Rescue (USAR) team from CFB Esquimalt in British Columbia. The training is taking place at the Fire Hall on top of Two Mile Hill where trainers have installed several trailers to simulate rescue operations. “It allows them, once trained, if they have an event where there’s somebody trapped inside a collapsed building, it gives them the skills required to safely enter and get them out safely,” said Glenn Cooper, CFB Esquimalt USAR team commander. The course is split into three modules: stabilize, breach and break, and lift and move. “First they stabilize the structure to make it safer for the rescuer, safer for the patient trapped inside,” Cooper said. The breach and break part teaches them how to cut and penetrate concrete, wood or steel structures using cutting torches. For the last part of the training, the firefighters will learn how to safely move 1,360-kilogram slabs of concrete with basic hand tools such as pry bars and their bare hands. “They don’t get any cranes,” Cooper said. By training local emergency first responders, the hope is to speed up rescues, Cooper said. After earthquakes and building collapses, people rescued during the first hour have a 95 per cent chance of surviving.

“Having people trained locally so they don’t have to wait (for outside help) is very critical to the citizens of the area,” Cooper said. There are several federal search and rescue teams across the country that can help, but the closest one to the Yukon is in

Vancouver. One of the goals of the training is to keep rescuers themselves safe, Cooper said. “People will go way beyond their training and capability,” he said, meaning less-trained rescuers can end up injured and trapped too. “(The risk is that) the rescuer puts his life at risk unnecessarily,” he said. “We can teach them to do it safely.” Rescuers from CFB Esquimalt have experience in international aid relief, including a mission in Haiti after the 2010 earthquake there. Cooper is also teaching another class about damage assessment. That allows firefighters to determine whether a building is safe for re-entry.

Cooper acknowledges training for earthquakes can be a “hard sell” financially. “Major earthquakes only happen every few hundred years,” he said. “But when it happens you’ve got to be ready.” Only the southwest and northeast corners of the territory are rated as having a high risk for earthquakes by Natural Resources Canada. But the training will be useful for Yukon firefighters regardless, because it also applies to buildings on fire. “As a fire goes through a house, it starts to degrade the engineering of the building,” said James Paterson, the Yukon’s deputy fire marshal, who is also taking the class. “If we need to put a fire marshal on an investigation, this type of training is excellent to secure the building to enter safely.” The training will also allow local teams to work with Canadian Forces personnel in case of a major disaster. “(Canadian Forces) may not be able to deploy their full team,” Paterson said. “They will be able to direct City firefighters, (the) fire marshal’s office and our volunteers on how to successfully do the operations and we will augment their team.” The training is also showing them that those operations don’t always require specific equipment. “We’re learning right here that a lot of the tools are well within our reach,” Paterson said, noting all the tools required are standards in most fire halls. The training is taking place as part of Operation Nanook, the annual military exercise in the North. Troops from Valcartier, Que. are supposed to arrive in Whitehorse Thursday, with earthquake simulation exercises taking place in Haines Junction next week. Contact Pierre Chauvin at pierre.chauvin@yukon-news.com

The Discovery, and Remarkable Recovery, of the King Tut’s Tomb of Silent-Era Cinema

Nearly four decades ago, a treasure trove of film from the early 20th century was found, underneath a hockey rink, in the remote Canadian town of Dawson City. In anticipation of Bill Morrison’s new documentary, *Dawson City: Frozen Time*, Lawrence Weschler dives into how and why the Dawson City archive came to be.

BY

- LAWRENCE WESCHLER
SEPTEMBER 14, 2016 4:30 PM



Once the booming center of the Klondike Gold Rush, Dawson City, Canada, eventually became the sleepy end of the line for movie distribution in the early 1900s.

Photograph By Henry Guttman/Getty Images, Digital Colorization By Lorna Clark.

Film burns. It melts, delaminates, molders, and rots, turning from a pasty goop to a clotted puck which every so often, and not that infrequently, spontaneously combusts and even explodes. This is not the case with all film, but it certainly applies to film made from cellulose nitrate, which means most movies made before the early 1950s, when a general conversion to acetate began. A vast amount of film has been lost to time—whole careers vaporized, entire catalogues of once-thriving studios laid waste, miles of newsreels gummed up beyond salvage.

Which explains what Bill Morrison was doing up in the Yukon a couple of years ago, 165 miles south of the Arctic Circle, in Dawson City, the hub of the late-19th-century Klondike Gold Rush. Dawson City was the site, 38 years ago, of one of the most

astonishing and unexpected bonanzas in cinematic history: the chance discovery of a mother lode consisting of more than a thousand reels of nitrate film stock from the earliest days of the movie industry—virtually all of it unique and long thought lost, improbably preserved inside a permafrost landfill underneath an abandoned ice-hockey rink. This mother lode came to be known as the Dawson City archive. It is the King Tut’s tomb of early movies. Why and how it came to be found in Dawson is a story in itself.

When it comes to the relentless disintegration of nitrate film, preservationists such as Martin Scorsese rage against the dying of the light. Morrison, for his part, revels in the stuff. He laments what has disappeared, to be sure, but he also appreciates how heartrendingly gorgeous the images can look while they are in the process of disintegrating. Fifteen years ago Morrison was one of the first people to view the entire collection of restored reels, and the splendors he uncovered—the way in which the underlying imagery often seemed to be struggling to persist despite the encroachments of an equally beautiful rampaging rot—formed the basis of his 2002 symphonic masterpiece, *Decasia*. The film, an almost delirious braiding of sequences from decaying old movies, created in collaboration with the composer Michael Gordon, is already regarded as a modern classic. For his next film, which will screen at the Venice, [New York](#), and [London Film Festivals](#), Morrison had set himself to mining the rich veins of the Dawson City archive, and he had gone to Dawson on a latter-day prospecting mission of his own.



LEFT: KATHY JONES-GATES WITH FILM SALVAGED FROM THE OLD SWIMMING-POOL SITE, WHERE THE OLD MOVIES WERE STORED AND THEN FORGOTTEN, 1978. RIGHT: SAM KULA (LEFT) AND MICHAEL GATES (RIGHT) EXAMINE SOME OF THE REELS.
© KATHY JONES-GATES/DAWSON CITY ARCHIVES.

Nowadays you can fly to Dawson City, which sure beats the months-long slog in thoroughly wretched conditions faced by the tens of thousands of original stampeders back in the winter of 1897–98. To get to the Klondike, most prospectors had to make multiple Sisyphean treks up and down the icy 45-degree incline of the dreaded Chilkoot Pass in order to hoist the 2,000 pounds of provisions per person required by the North West Mounted Police before they would allow an individual to continue onward. (Sly entrepreneurs like Donald Trump’s grandfather made considerable sums off the would-be miners themselves, offering everything from meals and [lodging to gambling and prostitutes](#). The airports get successively dinkier—O’Hare to Vancouver to Whitehorse, just above the southern edge of the Yukon Territory—on through the last, hour-long leg, pretty much due north in a rickety puddle-jumper, which finally descends to the single-shed Dawson airport. Unlike Whitehorse, a generic Midwestern-like Anytown, with its inevitable cohort of chain franchises, Dawson City is surprisingly charming: a dead

ringer for HBO's *Deadwood*, with its grid of clapboard store fronts and wooden sidewalks, built up over a spit of once-marshy moose pasture, just downriver from where the Klondike River, with its brace of gold-flecked side streams, pours into the Yukon River. The sense of wandering through a movie lot is heightened by the way in which, Altman-like, the town's denizens keep shifting roles—a waitress here turning up as the ferryboat ticket-taker there, for instance. Dawson's population, which had collapsed from a peak of about 30,000 in 1898 to fewer than a thousand by the 1940s, has rebounded to about 1,500 year-round. With mineral prices up, there are some who still hope to extract what they can from the surrounding hills. Most of the others have in various ways taken to panning for tourists. The far side of Labor Day, when Bill and I visited Dawson City, it was a bit late in the season, but the leaves were turning glorious autumn shades on the surrounding hills (well more than a month before they would be doing so in Vermont), and the bars, of which there are considerably more than restaurants, were doing a brisk business. One of them actually stayed open 24 hours a day and had been doing so for years—it had to, because the minute it closed, there were standing orders to have the place condemned. Not a few buildings in Dawson lean drunkenly into one another, undermined by the annual cycle of permafrost melts and freezes. Several once-thriving concerns, such as the Bank of British North America, were boarded up when I was there; others, similarly abandoned, such as the one-time boarding house known as Mary's Rooms, had trees sprouting through their windows.

If summer in the northern Yukon is brief, autumn is even briefer, and we were told that within another 10 days or so, winter would be arriving, and within weeks of that the town would be largely socked in, the wide Yukon freezing over entirely. This state of affairs likely explains why for many decades, and until not that long ago, four movie theaters thrived in this tiny hamlet. All of them have lately succumbed to the onslaught of DVDs (available for rent at Jimmy's Place) and the Internet.

Morrison had come to Dawson City to research the history of the archive—specifically, the circumstances behind its original burial and then its remarkable recovery. So he and I made our way over to the Dawson City Museum, known for its copious archival holdings and elaborate displays.

One presentation, on the geology of placer gold, showed how gold pebbles by the sides of streams, being heavier than ordinary stones, tended to sift downward over time, often through dozens of feet of larger fragments, until settling in a thin layer just above bedrock, the layer itself being known as “pay dirt” (that's where the term comes from), hence the considerable difficulty of its extraction. The Klondike Gold Rush is often described as the most cinematically documented event of the 19th century, albeit occurring at the very end of that century, and the museum's walls are appropriately covered with black-and-white imagery. Furthermore, the museum regularly screens the superb National Film Board of Canada short film, *City of Gold*, nominated for an Academy Award in 1957, which Ken Burns credits with having inspired his own use of sweeping, music-driven pans over evocative historical stills. Our most significant find at the museum, though, was Alex Somerville, a dapper young senior interpreter in a thick white fisherman's wool sweater, with a Van Dyck goatee, a twirled mustache, and a

merry gleam in his eyes. He was not easily controlled. Somerville told us tales of the old-timers, as if he'd personally known each and every one: the hapless rainmaker Charles Hatfield, whose spells lost out to the more powerful, countervailing magic of the local Han native medicine men; Mary Hitchcock, the widow of a U.S. naval officer, and Edith Van Buren, grandniece of the former president, who, travelling in style (parrots and parakeets, quail eggs and caviar, fur muffs and petticoats, “with no quarter given to the remoteness of the place”), were two of the town’s first tourists, as early as 1898; the many other ladies of very different station, from all over the world, who plied their trade in Paradise Alley; Jack London? (“Oh,” Somerville said dismissively, “he was here for *five minutes*, which he proceeded to parlay into an entire career”); Calamity Jane, Swiftwater Bill, Diamond Tooth Gertie, and the Evaporated Kid; the poet Robert Service (“This was his concertina”); a New Jersey balloonist who insisted he could float his way up to the Yukon, and failed; all the dreamers who were sure they could plow a train clear up the valley, and also failed (“hilarious—I mean, quite sad”); and, in particular, Thomas O’Brien, who while “mad for transport” had little luck (successively) with trams, trains, and steamboats, but then founded a brewery, which succeeded spectacularly—“the beer that made Milwaukee jealous”—and died a rich man, of sclerosis of the liver, at 54.



BOXES OF FILM REELS FROM THE DAWSON CITY RECOVERY SITE—AN ENTIRE LOST ARCHIVE IN NEED OF PRESERVATION, 1978.
© KATHY JONES-GATES/DAWSON CITY ARCHIVES.

We asked Somerville about cinemas. He ventured that, by some accounts, the first film house opened as early as 1898, though he wouldn't want to be held to that. As we knew, there were soon several movie theaters running simultaneously, changing their programs as often as twice a week: two or three features, a number of serials, a fresh set of newsreels. Somerville told us about a backwoodsman who would wander into town every six months or so, sell his furs, and dive into each of the movie theaters in turn, until, satisfied that he had caught up with the world, he would head back out into the woods again. Dawson City's association with the history of cinema is considerable. For one thing, many early films used the backdrop of the Gold Rush as a romanticized setting for their storytelling, culminating in Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* (though Chaplin himself never ventured up this far). A man named Alexander Pantages tried his luck in Dawson before turning around and heading south to eventually found the Pantages chain of movie houses (some of which were later bought by RKO). Nineteen-year-old Sid Grauman accompanied his gold-addled father up to Dawson City, but instead of making his way out to the hills, stayed in town selling newspapers. Grauman soon inferred that the real money was in entertainment, and after staging a sequence of boxing matches at Dawson's famed Monte Carlo Saloon, he soon ventured to San Francisco, where he and his father founded the nationwide movie-house chain that would culminate in Grauman's Chinese Theatre, on Hollywood Boulevard. But what about the archive? We tried to reel Somerville (and ourselves) back to the business at hand. Well, he said, when it comes to that, "the gold standard are the Gateses. They are a byword in Yukon history."

As it happens, Morrison and I had had a chance to meet Michael Gates and his wife, Kathy, during our layover in Whitehorse. In 1978 they were the principal protagonists in the drama behind the discovery of the archive. Kathy Jones-Gates today is stout, gruff, and no-nonsense. Michael is slim, elfin, spry, and still clearly smitten.

They are the kind of long and comfortably married couple who are continually interrupting each other—contradicting, undercutting, upending, clarifying, and agreeing to disagree for the time being. "We won't argue," Kathy will say. "I'll talk to him later."

In 1978, Michael, an archaeologist and conservator, had just arrived in Dawson City on a fresh assignment to Parks Canada as curator of collections for the Klondike National Historic Sites. Several months after he had walked into the Parks Canada office, a colleague told him he might want to take a look over at the one-time ice-hockey rink that was being bulldozed behind Diamond Tooth Gertie's gambling hall, in preparation for the new rec center. They seemed to be unearthing all manner of odd things over there.

Michael was a fan of odd things that had been preserved as a result of the permafrost: ("ancient caribou dung, human and other animal remains, possible evidence of the 1,200-year-old volcanic eruption, which may have sent the local Navajo scurrying on down to the southwest U.S., original 1898 Levi's frozen stiff in an abandoned mineshaft"), but he soon realized that this was something of an altogether different order.

Video: “The Dawson City: Frozen in Time” Trailer Is a Time Capsule for Silent-Era Cinema (available online – see link address below this article) – Sherron Jones

Frank Barrett, a Pentecostal minister and alderman who knew how to operate a backhoe and hence got the assignment to level the lot, had stopped cold soon after slicing through a layer of wood planks, and he was just standing there, gazing into what seemed to be a refuse dump: used skates, broken curling stones, and strange metal canisters out of which spooled looping ribbons of what appeared to be plastic. Gates crouched down in the ditch, reached for one of the canisters, and tore off a snippet of what he could see was some kind of film stock. Holding it at arm’s length, he lit a match and brought it over to the out-held nub, which instantaneously flared, combusting to ash. Gates had heard of nitrate film: millions of feet of the stuff in a U.S. National Archives storage facility had famously burned to a crisp in the late 1970s. Nitrate film was so flammable that it continued to consume itself, deliriously, even when thrown into a vat of water. (It is just a few tweaks removed from its close chemical cousin nitroglycerin.). Gates then headed back to his office and began making calls and sending telexes.

He eventually roused the attention of Sam Kula, director of Canada’s National Film, Television, and Sound Archives, in Ottawa, who soon announced that he was on his way. Kula would subsequently describe the Dawson find as the high point of his career. Gates and Kula enlisted the help of a woman named Kathy Jones, then the director of the Dawson City Museum. (In time, she also would become Kathy Jones-Gates.) They set to work carefully extracting the rotting canisters, digging deeper and deeper into the cache, as scores and presently hundreds of reels emerged. In what everyone felt was breakneck speed for stodgy national bureaucracies like Parks Canada and the Library and Archives Canada; the parties came to an agreement as to how reclamation would proceed. Gates secured the use of an historical industrial mining complex, the abandoned Bear Creek acetylene plant, several miles outside town, where a warehouse with a concrete floor and metal-lined walls could provide a safe space for handling the reels, and a root cellar could serve as a dark, cool storage facility.

Kathy Jones recruited a group of student workers to help dig out and process the reels. This meant performing a preliminary cleaning, setting aside reels that were completely unsalvageable, identifying all the rest where possible, providing a detailed list, transferring the spools onto fresh plastic cores, wrapping each one in paper and tying the bundle with string, and returning the results to the root cellar. Of the 1,500 reels extracted from the lot site, some 522 were deemed in good enough condition to save. These reels held about 500,000 feet of film. About a year later, another 25 reels turned up, having been surreptitiously harvested from the original site, out behind Diamond Tooth Gertie’s, by a Dawson eccentric named Windy Farr, who stored them in his outhouse until his kids discovered the subterfuge and prevailed upon Farr to return the canisters before they could do him harm.

For more information see: <http://www.vanityfair.com/hollywood/2016/09/the-discovery-and-recovery-of-the-king-tuts-tomb-of-silent-era-cinema>

How Trump's Grandfather Hit it Big in the Yukon Turns out both the Donald and his ancestor have an affinity of gold.

BY

• VANITY FAIR

SEPTEMBER 14, 2016 4:30 PM

When gold was discovered in the Klondike, in 1896, tens of thousands of prospectors surged north to seek their fortunes, creating short-lived boom towns like Dawson City.

The journey was arduous, over icy mountain passes and down swollen rivers. Most of the “stampedeers” had no luck and returned disappointed. The men who reliably made money were those who sold goods and services to the prospectors—this didn’t require luck at all.

As Bill Morrison notes in his documentary *Dawson City: Frozen Time*, one of these entrepreneurs was young **Frederick Trump, who had immigrated to the United States from Germany at the age of 16** (a year later he would have been drafted into Bismarck’s military). Frederick Trump’s grandson **Donald** would one day market a line of “Trump Steaks,” but the idea was not original to Donald.

As **Gwenda Blair** writes in her authoritative book *The Trumps: Three Generations of Builders and a Presidential Candidate* (2001), Frederick had seen an opportunity in the numberless dead or dying packhorses along the route to the Dawson gold fields: To Frederick Trump, this frozen horseflesh could have other possibilities. Stampedeers were tired and hungry, and certain provisions were there for the asking. Opportunity was knocking, and Trump was listening. In the spring of 1898 he joined [partner] Ernest Levin in running one of the dozens of tent restaurants that dotted the trails. Six or eight men would crowd into a small canvas tent, wolf down a meal, and then be replaced by another six or eight, all day long, day after day. A frequent dish was fresh-slaughtered, quick-frozen horse.

Frederick Trump established himself in the restaurant and hotel business along the route from the Alaskan coast to Dawson City, first in the Canadian town of Bennett and then farther north, in Whitehorse. Trump dressed sharply. He would have been unaware of the term “hospitality industry”—jargon from a later era—but understood that a hotelier and restaurateur must be attentive to the needs of his clientele.

Gwenda Blair describes Trump and his Arctic Restaurant, in Whitehorse, in 1900: Wearing a clean white apron over his boiled white shirt and tie, the proprietor was also waiter, sometime cook, and, when necessary, bouncer. . . . The main floor area had tables and carved straight-back chairs, and along the opposite side of the room and in the back

were accommodations for gamblers and for what were called “sporting ladies,” curtained areas where prostitutes could entertain miners in privacy.

Frederick Trump left the Yukon a year later, cashing out before gold fever broke (as it soon did) with the seed of the family fortune.



Harvey Burian · hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

A nicely written brief history of the early days of Keno and Mayo, Yukon, the area where I grew up and had the privilege, as a young boy, of meeting a number of the people mentioned in the article who were still alive. The Agnes Kinsey mentioned was the wife of a prominent former Dawsonite who took many photos during the Gold Rush era. She and another of my mother's friends were her attendants on the flight that took my mother and I to Dawson City when I was born.

The towns where silver was king



HISTORY HUNTER
Michael Gates

Yukon News Friday September 2, 2016

Yukon Archives, Bill Hare fonds, #6838



Keno City grew up helter skelter, as though a giant had thrown a handful of Lego blocks on the landscape.

Much Yukon history has been hidden by the immense shadow of the Klondike Gold Rush. Such was the case with the silver mines of the Keno district.

The mining history of the Mayo-Keno area dates back to the Gold Rush. Placer deposits of sufficient value were found in the Duncan Creek district that in 1903, the government decided to build a road from Mayo (named after the early trader Alfred Mayo) to nearby placer diggings.

The road was extended to Huffman's roadhouse on Duncan Creek, then farther up Duncan Creek with another to Highet Creek, while a branch was extended to the placer workings on Haggart Creek. The government then started building a winter road to the district from Dawson City.

Alex Nicol, a wiry prospector was building the first cabin at the Mayo landing when the surveyors arrived in 1903, but it was Eugene Binet who snapped up the townsite when it was laid out.

Binet started building as soon as the ice broke up on the Stewart River, and quickly had a two-storey hotel almost 10 metres by 60 metres in size. The first rooms were available for lodging by the end of July. The town soon included a livery stable, church, liquor store and numerous cabins. Binet quickly added a store to his structure, then doubled the size of the hotel.

Jacob Davidson staked a quartz claim on what later became known as Keno Hill in 1903 where he found the first lead/zinc exposure, but then abandoned it. But he showed a sample of the ore to Harry McWhorter, who restaked the claim as the “Silver King” in 1913. Mining the deposit by hand, McWhorter and his partners each netted \$5,000 for the ore they shipped out.

Within three years, McWhorter found a financial backer, who purchased the claim and reportedly realized a \$500,000 profit. War intervened and little action occurred until 1919 when Louis Bouvette staked a claim he called the Keno, and the site of the claim became known as Keno Hill. Samples from this claim were assayed by the Yukon Gold Company in Dawson, who acquired Bouvette’s property and formed the Keno Hill Ltd. mining company.

A stampede resulted and hundreds of claims were quickly staked. Keno City was established at a point centrally located to the rich silver-laden peaks surrounding it. Rodolph Rosmusen reportedly built the first structure there — a cache — while John Kinman, later to become known as the “mayor” of Keno City, built the first cabin in 1919.

The area was heavily prospected, and other mines established, most notably the Treadwell Mine under the direction of Livingstone Wernecke. Due to its central location, Keno City flourished. Yukon Gold built a mess house and stable at Keno City, as did other mining companies. Harry Yamasaki was put in charge of the roadhouse there, eventually becoming the proprietor. By 1922, Keno City had a post office, a government assay office and a Royal Canadian Mounted Police post.

There were at least four hotels, and several general stores, including one operated by returned war veteran Norton Townsend. Jackson and Major operated a pool room and barber shop. Jessie Stewart ran a novelty store. At least 30 cabins were built at Keno City, with more down in the valley or on nearby hill claims. The unsurveyed townsite was laid in disarray as if a child had thrown down a handful of giant Lego blocks on the landscape.

Realizing the potential market, Burns and Company sent T.C. Richards from Whitehorse to Keno City with a herd of cattle. When they arrived in late September of 1921, they slaughtered the herd on top of Keno Hill and the meat hung in a mine adit, until it was needed.

In November, 1921, George Black, the Conservative candidate, trekked cross-country from Fort Selkirk on snowshoes to campaign in the new mining camp for the coming federal election. He addressed a crowd of 60 miners in the Keno Hill Hotel, then more at the Keno Hill Ltd. camp and the Wernecke Camp. He then returned to Mayo, where he spoke to a crowd of 150. His efforts paid off: when the ballots were cast, he received the most votes in the bustling mining district.

Mayo grew rapidly too. By 1922, it had a fine two-storey hospital, and an Anglican Church and Manse (The Catholic church was built in 1923). The waterfront had built up rapidly with docks and warehouses. The Northern Commercial Company had a store and warehouses as did other companies. According to the Dawson Daily News, the two-storey Broadway Hotel was located on First Avenue at Montreal Street. The Binet Brothers still ran the hotel and store, in competition with the Taylor and Drury store. Binet and Lefebvre also ran the local sawmill. G.S. Churchward from Dawson had erected an impressive two-storey business block close to Broadway on First Avenue. Fannie Mitchell ran a bakery on First Avenue, near Centre Street, competing with another operated by Agnes Kinsey. Mayo could even boast of having some board sidewalks in place, a feature not present in Keno City.

The Yukon Order of Pioneers built a large log meeting hall in 1921, and it was here that the Governor-General, Lord Byng, was greeted during his visit the following year. He travelled to Keno City to visit the mines, but the road was still under development. When the car carrying His Excellency became mired up to the axles in mud, he rolled up his sleeves and lent a shoulder to aid the others in extracting the automobile from the bog.

Mayo had a RCMP post, under the command of Sergeant Dempster, and a mining recorder's office. By 1923, the public school was large enough to support a high school class (Keno City had a small assisted school). And the government had brought Mayo closer to the outside world by establishing one of the first radio telegraph stations in northern Canada. News received by the new radio system was published in the Mayo-Keno Bulletin, a community newspaper issued semi-weekly by journalist Marie Fotheringham.

From a sleepy landing point on the banks of the Stewart River, Mayo had grown into a bustling concern, while at the other end of the road, 70 kilometres away, Keno City had been born and grown quickly into a busy, if jumbled mining town.

*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*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

George Bliss
Email address georgebliss*live.ca is now defunct.
New email address is: georgebliss001*gmail.com

Please note that I am changing my email to thtait*outlook.com effective immediately.
Please update your records accordingly.

I'm home now after a great summer at the lake. Hope you are well.

Tom Tait

OBIT

LILIAN ROBERTS Peacefully at her home in Whitby with her family by her side on Monday, August 29, 2016 at age 77. Beloved wife of Gordon Roberts for 24 years. Loving step-mother of Nancy (Jim Lee) and Dave (Ann) Roberts. Proud Grandma Lilian of Gavin and Kate Roberts. Predeceased by her parents Lily and Albert Morris of Liverpool, England. Lilian will be lovingly remembered by her many friends in England and Ontario, especially Lynde Creek Village. Lilian moved to Canada from Liverpool, England and was employed as an Administrative Assistant in Whitehorse, Yukon, Canadian Baptists of Ontario and Quebec and the York Board of Education. Family and friends will be received at Whitby Baptist Church, 411 Gilbert St. E., Whitby, on Saturday, September 17th from 1 p.m. until the time of Memorial Service at 2 p.m., reception to follow. Arrangements entrusted to Mount Lawn Funeral Home, 905-443-3376. Memories may be shared at www.mountlawn.ca



Eduard Festel

It is with much sadness that we announce the passing of **Eduard Festel** on Aug 25, 2016. Ed put up a valiant struggle with multiple myeloma. Ed, who was born April 17, 1951 in Bern Switzerland, was predeceased by his wife Claire in 2014. He lived an adventurous career leading fellow outdoors folks through the mountains of Europe, Asia and the Americas. He lived many years in his beloved Yukon where he operated a wilderness lodge before finally settling on Marsh Lake and then began operating a hotel in Whitehorse.

Aviation was a large part of Ed's Life and he was an excellent aviator. When he finally retired to Penticton in 2010 he became a stalwart member of our Penticton Flying Club, CASARA Search and Rescue and served on the executive of the flying club for years. He had an awesome ability to organize and motivate. Ed and his wife Claire were also a members of the Okanagan Yukoners.

His adventurous ways did not stop with retirement as every year he travelled north with his wife Claire to the Arctic, NWT, Yukon and Alaska in their Cessna EIJ. Ed was a “great guy” and will be sorely missed by his partner Leslie Evans and his many good friends.

A Celebration of Life will be held at the Penticton Flying Club at 126 Dakota Way on Sunday Sept 4th at 4:00 pm.



Ronald David McRobb

June 6, 1941 - September 8, 2016

Ron was born on June 6, 1941, twinned with brother Don, to 19-year old parents Gordon & Evelyn McRobb, at the Royal Columbian Hospital. The twins were four years old before they met their father who served in Normandy during [WWII](#).

During their childhood in then-rural-like Coquitlam, the twins were inseparable and identical in appearance which lead them to play many pranks on their friends and teachers at Austin Heights and Como Lake schools. After high school, Ron worked at a bank in Steveston before heading north with two dollars in his suit pocket. He soon started a small trucking company in Whitehorse, Yukon and for the past 50-years presided over its transition into the PNW Group of companies, featuring the largest freight carrier in the Yukon. Ron also loved to socialize and his outgoing personality made him many good friends.

Predeceased by his parents and brother Bruce (Whitehorse), Ron is survived by his twin, Don (Edmonton), brother Gary (Haines Junction), daughter Rhonda (Victoria), sons David and Kevin (Edmonton), in addition to several grandchildren and other relations.

Ron will be missed dearly and never forgotten by his family and friends. At Ron's request there will no service.



Gertrude (Rose) Squirechuk

Mom passed away tonight Sept 5. She's had a rough couple of months. The family was all here on the weekend so that was good. We will miss her so much.

We had a family memorial on Friday Sept 9, 2016.

Gert is survived by her 3 children, Carol, Jean & John (Lynn). Her grandchildren Kelsey (Jen) Donya, Jeremy, Jenine and Kristianna. Her great grandchildren, Ryleigh, Camryn, Reagan, Lily, Andrew, Chloe and Hana. She loved her family and we loved her so much and will miss her.

Squirechuk, Gertrude

1927 - 2016

[View Guestbook](#)
[Send Kind Words](#)



GERTRUDE MARY SQUIRECHUK, beloved wife of the late Kit Squirechuk, of Lethbridge, passed away at the Edith Cavell Care Centre on Monday, September 5, 2016 at the age of 89 years.

A Private Family Service will be held at a later date.

To send a condolence, please visit www.cornerstonefuneralhome.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Life is 10% what happens to us and 90% about how we react. – Dennis P. Kimbro

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.

Italian Delight

4 tbsps. butter
1 green pepper
1 onion
½ cup corn or niblets
1 tin tomato soup
½ cup grated cheese
½ lb. raw hamburger
¼ lb. cooked spaghetti
Salt and pepper

Chop pepper and onion. Mix all together and bake in a casserole dish in moderate oven for 1 hour.

- Sarah Hickey

COMING EVENTS

VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION LUNCH

October 20, 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 and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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