

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 435<sup>th</sup> Edition – March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



Gillian Campbell at Sourdough Rendezvous 2017 in Whitehorse.  
Photo courtesy Michael Gates [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Gillian Campbell's celebrated 50th Anniversary of entertaining in Yukon.  
Photo courtesy Michael Gates [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Mr and Mrs Yukon, Ken and Sandra Mason with Gillian Campbell at Sourdough Rendezvous 2017

Photo courtesy Michael Gates [msgates\\*northwestel.net](mailto:msgates*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Richard Campbell, Gillian's son lending his hand and talent in anyway he could.  
Sourdough Rendezvous 2017

Photo courtesy Michael Gates [msgates\\*northwestel.net](mailto:msgates*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Dear Sherron & Bill... We left Van 22<sup>nd</sup> .....I was booked with my Trio  
..... Bill Costin..... Ron THOMPSON .....and Richard my Son & Edward .....my  
Second husband who is much better than the FIRST !! to do 20 Shows in 4 days.. one  
though was a CBC Interview.....but I call that a GIG as I had to be at the Studio @  
8.a.m... and I was in Army Costume as we were doing a “Canteen Show”... same day as  
the “Gillian Campbell Show”....Thursday..23rd

Well we did the CBC Interview first...then .....4 Seniors.... Shows different  
locations’.... then a School for 250 Children which I loved.

Then the Queens Luncheon.. so that was 7..... I was supposed to do another Show at the  
Theatre that same night..9.30.p.m.  
But my voice went.. could hardly talk ...had the worst sore throat.

It was my 50<sup>th</sup> Year up there and people paid \$25.00 a ticket to see me.  
.which I was surprised .....as I do so many show around Town FREE.... why pay.. any  
way they did ..150 + people... were there.....and I couldn’t sing.

They booked 2 Local....girls to fill in for me .. Claire Ness and...Dale Cooper ...from  
the FOLLIES both wonderful Singers..... The Lads did a super job of backing  
them...they were just Great..... I was so proud of them and Edward was just so  
wonderful looking after me....he is my ROCK.

My Boss Derek Charlton... who is wonderful.. and so kind... asked me if I would  
come and cut the Cake at the GILLIAN CAMPBELL SHOW.... it was a huge Cake and  
a picture of the Snow Shoe Gals and me on the Front of it just beautiful YES and I will  
send pictures.

So I did.... in full costume makeup eye lashes the lot.... It was the least I could do...there  
were no complaints Kathy Gates said.... Gillian came and we saw her... and feel so bad  
that she lost her voice. They were all so kind.... and gave me a standing ovation....hard  
to keep the tears’ from flowing...they called me up on the Stage and all I could think of  
was.. to say... when they put the mike in front of me.... in a VERY deep voice..when  
Marj Eschak said “say something Gillian”.....I said “I used to be a Soprano..... now I  
am a bass.”. bless them they all laughed.....

I was so disappointed....had all sorts of different songs to do.... also the Army outfit  
.....it is Great and so comfortable too... even if it makes me look FAT !!!

Last Night after the Festival.. was over there is always a big Party.. in the Tent.....for all  
the Volunteers Entertainers etc., lovely Dinner is given.

They did a presentation in the HUGE Tent...to me... which is ...where we all do  
Gigs.....usually Ice and snow on the floor...its freezing in there too....when the floor is  
dry its better.. they blow hot air in there.

And.. it was the Final Party for everyone.. and Dear...Derek..... called me up on the Stage ....and gave me a “ proof”of the Plaque Poster made especially for me...for my 50<sup>th</sup> YEAR.

Artist Mark Siermaczeski... Drew it....fabulous.....likeness and the colours are all vibrant....It's on Facebook.

When we came home....a few days later....The actual Picture arrived all framed from Toronto...it's just such a treasure.. I am just thrilled to bits.

Before this happened.....I had to spend 2 days in bed.. after going to the Hospital and I was given Penicillin...I couldn't swallow felt I was choking.

Wow what a Trip, never wore any flashy costumes....just the Uniform.

The last thing my Boss Derek said was “ SEE YOU NEXT YEAR GILLIAN”...., I said Derek we feel it would be best if you take whatever you need to pay the Girls for filling in for me etc etc ...

Derek gave me the FULL cheque.....I am so touched with the affection everyone showed me...and so grateful  
...Hugs Edward & GILLY xoox

**Reports and Papers relating to the “Lost Patrol”**  
**Inspector Fitzgerald & Party – 1911**  
**Fort McPherson to Dawson Patrol**  
(Part 5)

March 27 – Getting out supplies for return trip; loaded toboggans for early start. Assisted Cpl. Somers preparing coffins and bodies for burial.

March 28 – Funeral of Inspector Fitzgerald, Constables Kinney and Taylor and ex-constable Carter at 3 PM.

March 29 – Cpl. Somers making out reports, etc., and did not get ready for me to pull out until about 3 PM and as it was very stormy, we did not start today.

March 30 – Left at 7:30 AM for return to Dawson. Camped five miles below portage at 5:00 PM. An old Indian came along and stayed for the night.

March 31 – 10 below, fine, clear, south wind. Started at 7:10 AM. Found an old toboggan, wrapper and an old set of canvas dog harness in an old Indian encampment on seven miles portage. Think these had been left by Indians. Camp was a short distance off trail and about 8 or 9 miles south of where we found Csts. Kinney and Taylor. In the afternoon we found another place where Insp. Fitzgerald had camped about five miles from Collins' cabin, and about seven miles from the other one. There was nothing here

but on set of dog harness. There had been plenty of wood cut and there was quite a lot left over. Camped at Colin's cabin at 4 PM.

April 1 – 15 below, clear, fine. Started at 7:10 AM. Camped about seven miles up Trail River. I searched every place that looked like a camp but found nothing.

April 2 – 17 below, clear and fine, windy at times. Started at 7:10 AM; trail rather heavy. Camped at 4:45 PM over the first hill on the portage from Trail to Caribou River.

April 3 – 21 above, gale blowing, snow from southeast. Started at 7:15 AM. Had to face a snowstorm all morning. Trail filled up and very hard to find; snow beating into eyes made them very sore. Made Caribou River at 11:40 AM. In the afternoon snow was wet, trail filled up, sleds dragged very heavy, making going slow. One of my dogs bitten in the leg and unable to work him today. Camped at 5:445 PM.

April 4 – 17 above, blowing and snowing, very hot and wet. Left at 7:15 AM trail heavy and hard to follow, going very slow all day. It has been very disagreeable all day. Made Mountain Creek and camped at 6:00 PM.

April 5 – 10 above; snowing AM; fine in PM. Started 7:20 AM; trail heavy, going slow. Deep water on the glacier. Camped at 5:20 PM on Peel River. Turner and myself troubled with sore eyes, possibly caused by blinding snowstorm we had to face coming over mountain.

April 6 – 12 below, clear, fine. Started at 7:30 AM. Could not find old trail up Peel. Camped at 5 PM. Have to repair snowshoes every night.

April 7 – 12 above; cloudy; fine. Left at 7:30 AM; Heavy trail all day, a great deal of time breaking trail, could not find old trail; a lot of snow has fallen since we passed this way. Fyfe and Stewart fell through ice several times; river very treacherous. About five miles below Deception it is split up into several channels and they are all open; had to turn back and take a big rounding to get by. Tried to make Hungry Creek but could not do it. Camped at 5:40 PM.

April 8 – 13 below, fine. Left at 7:30 AM. Trail heavy, lots of water; broke trail across portage as river was open around. Camped at 5:30 PM.

April 9 – 2 below, light north wind, misty. Left at 7:15 AM; going today better than it has been for sometime. Camped at 5:40 PM.

April 10 – 31 below, strange south wind. Left 7:20 AM; met party of Indians; camped 5:40 PM about five miles up Forrest Creek.

April 11 – 40 below, fine day. Left 7:20 AM, trail heavy up Forrest Creek and over Divide. Camped at 6:20 PM.

April 12 – 22 below, cloudy. Left 7:20 Am; fairly good going. Camped on Michel Creek at 6 PM. Made several portages to avoid water.

April 13 – 12 below, cloudy, snowing in PM. Left at 7:30 Am; Heavy trail. Camped at 7 PM in willows at cache of Christmas Creek. No wood here and did not get supper until 10 PM.

April 14 – 12 below, thick mist, snowing all day. Left at 8:15 AM; Had no trail over to Blackstone. Found letter from Waugh and party informing me they had gone other way. Made Michel's cabin at 4:00 PM and camped for night.

April 15 – 10 below, fine AM, snow in PM. Started at 6:10 AM and made effort to reach Power House but going too heavy; very hot in afternoon. Camped at 5:30 PM.

April 15 – Very warm all day. Left camp at 5:20 AM. Made Power House at 9AM. Tried to get Dawson office of Yukon Gold Company to report to Officer Commanding my arrival, but unable to get anyone. I left word with the man in charge for him to report if he could get anyone on the telephone, and proceeded to Twelve Mile roadhouse where we arrived at 7 PM.

April 17 – Left Twelve Mile roadhouse at 6:40 AM and met team and arrived in Dawson at 10:30 AM, the balance of the patrol arriving at about 1:20 PM.

On page three of this report, I omitted to remark that at Colin's cabin, where I discovered the dispatch bag and mail, we also found a lot of dog bones, showing that they had eaten doges at this place.

On page six, I omitted to state that Inspector Fitzgerald had evidently hung a snowshoe up on a limb as a sign, for early in March a party of Indians passed this place and seeing the snowshoe took it off the limb, and I do not know what became of it. They thought the showshoe had been left there by Cpl. Somers, who had been there in the winter making a cache of fish.

The bodies of Csts. Kinney and Taylor were found on the left limit of the Peel River, about 35 miles from McPherson. The bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and ex-Cst. Carter were found on the right limit of the Peel River about 25 miles from McPherson.

In concluding, I wish to draw your attention to the splendid manner in which Cst. Fyfe, ex Cst. Turner and Indian Stewart performed their work. I have been over this patrol several times, but I think this trip was the hardest I ever made, and certainly the most disagreeable. The men worked with a will, and gave me every possible assistance.

I have the honour to be, sir

Your obedient servant.

(sgd) W.J.D. DEMPSTER, Cpl.

Reg. No. 3193

In Charge of Relief

[FYI above trip and diary letter completed April 17, 1911]

(to be continued)

## **Appointment of new Commanding Officer for the RCMP in British Columbia**

**March 1, 2017**  
**Ottawa, Ontario**

News release

---



The RCMP is pleased to announce that Assistant Commissioner Brenda Butterworth-Carr has been appointed as the Commanding Officer for the RCMP in British Columbia, following a selection process jointly undertaken by the RCMP and the Province. Assistant Commissioner Butterworth-Carr replaces Deputy Commissioner Craig J. Callens, who is retiring after 32 years in the service of Canadians, including five years as Commanding Officer.

Assistant Commissioner Butterworth-Carr, who is from the Tr'ondek Hwech'in Han Nation in the Yukon, joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1987 as a Native Special Constable. She has served in the Yukon, National HQ, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. She has held many key positions such as the Assistant District Commander in "E" Division's North District, Officer in Charge of Prince George Detachment, and

Director General of National Aboriginal Policing and Crime Prevention Services, National Criminal Operations. She served as the Criminal Operations Officer and then the Commanding Officer in Saskatchewan prior to returning to British Columbia in August of 2016 as the Officer in Charge of Criminal Operations Core Policing.

Assistant Commissioner Butterworth-Carr holds a variety of active positions in provincial, federal, and international committees and associations, including as a member of the British Columbia Association of Chiefs of Police, the Chair of the RCMP's National Women's Advisory Committee, and a member of the Canadian and International Association of Chiefs of Police. She was invested as a Member of the Order of Merit of the Police Forces for her proactive work throughout Canada.

Assistant Commissioner Butterworth-Carr's extensive experience in operations, management of critical incidents and crisis negotiation, crime prevention, community and Aboriginal policing and executive leadership will serve her well in leading the RCMP in British Columbia. She is taking on this role supported by Errol, and their adult sons Paul, Kyle and Devon, who are her ultimate inspiration for dedicating and committing herself to continuously learn and grow as a leader.

### **Contact information**

BC RCMP Communications  
778-290-2929

## **An Irish Charmer**

By Marny Ryder [meryd\\*northwestel.net](mailto:meryd*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

In November 1961, I arrived in Dawson City to take over the Public Health Nurse duties there, after a ten month stint in Watson Lake. My new office was centrally located on the corner of Queen Street and Third Avenue, in a building that I shared with the Yukon Territorial Agent office. The agent, Mac Munroe, was kept busy with administrative duties, but along with that, he also had to manage the liquor store. The door next to me was a busy place as I quickly learned.

My office hours started at 8 a.m., and I found I often had early visitors especially in the winter. They came in to ask for advice about a minor health problem, and from there it turned into a chat about the news around town, and the illnesses of some friends who could do with a visit from the nurse. Surprisingly, my office would empty out as soon as the opening of the door next to me was heard.

In early February 1962, one of my early visitors advised me that he heard Pat Brady, an old prospector who mined out on one of the isolated creeks, was not well. He also advised the R.C.M.P. and it was very soon that an R.C.M.P. officer called, and asked me to go along with him the next day. The R.C.M.P. made a scheduled run to the creeks every month in the winter, but in this case the run would be done immediately. As it

turned out Mr. Brady had been sick, but he was feeling better and he was a bit grumpy that the nurse had been “dragged out for nothing.” I found Pat had a brother, “Pete” and if I ever met a charming old Irishman, Pete was the epitome of charm. Our visit was short, but meeting those two old men was a great experience for me.

Winter started to warm up (very gradually) and as I was able to do more travelling to Mayo and Pelly, the health office became busier. I was fortunate in that Northern Health Canada agreed I could hire an assistant, Lil Munroe, and I was able to sleep in when I came in from late travelling. Lil would open the office at 8.00 a.m. and I would come in a little later. It was a March morning at 10 a.m. and Lil told me I would have a visitor, but she would not tell me who it was. When the door opened, Pete Brady came in, clutching a bouquet of plastic flowers and a mickey of gin. He gave me a huge hug, and said he missed seeing me and this was his first trip to Dawson, and he wanted to bring me a gift. He told Lil to find a glass for the flowers, and another glass so I could have a “wee” drink with him. He was obviously disappointed when I had to tell him I was working and I could not drink on duty. He left, and said he was going shopping, but he would be back later. Lil was laughing, as the door shut, and as I was remarking on how sweet he was, she said “I bet you a dollar that he will be back sooner than later”. I took her on the bet. At 2 p.m., Pete was back, a little the worse for wear, but he spotted the full mickey bottle behind my desk, although I thought it was, out of sight on the floor. He gave me a lovely smile, said I could keep the flowers, but he needed the mickey for a friend. With that he picked up the bottle, said he was glad the bottle was still full and left. I paid Lil the dollar and told her that he was still my Irish charmer. I also toted those plastic flowers wherever I stayed for a very long time. I think the mickey had a much shorter life.

## **HEALTH UPDATE      from Gus Barrett**

Had, a fantastic St. Patricks’ Day yesterday. First had a video Conference with my oncologist and learned that there is no longer any sign of the tumor in my lungs and, as far as he is concerned the cancer is in remission. As for the breathing problems resulting from radiation burns etc, that damage has been done and there is further burning effect and I am learning live with the restricted level of activity.

So last night we took the family out to a great dinner at the casino dining room to celebrate. Fantastic prime rib and trimmings. Then before leaving I stopped at the Blackjack machine and fed it twenty dollars. One hour later I walked away from the same machine with \$540.00 winnings. It was just my day. Just couldn't seem to lose.

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Port Alberni)

[Gus approved that this news be shared with MocTel readers.]

## How Klondike Joe saved the crown jewels of Romania

Michael Gates

HISTORY HUNTER

Michael Gates

Friday March 3, 2017



Yukon Archives/Oxford Historical Society collection, 82/243 #7  
hh.jpg

Colonel Joe Boyle is shown wearing medals he was awarded by Russia and Romania. Boyle was decorated by England, France, Romania and Russia for his deeds during the war, but not by Canada.

By 1914, Joe Boyle had made a fortune running a gold dredging company in the Klondike. During World War I, he went to in search of adventure; he found it. In the summer of 1917, he was thrust into the chaos of revolutionary Russia. By December of 1917, he had established his reputation having organized the chaotic Russian railway system. Now he was being asked a big favour by the Romanian government.

With the Bolsheviks gaining power in war-torn Russia, the Romanians feared that their national treasury, which was being housed in Moscow to keep it out of German hands, might never be returned to them. Could Boyle bring it home for them? The treasures in question consisted of the crown jewels, currency, the national archives, and £25,000,000 in gold. The route to Romania was a formidable journey — 1,300 kilometres through a Russia in turmoil. With civil war breaking out, it would be hard to tell through whose territory the train was passing.

The treasure was quickly removed from the Kremlin. The archives filled two boxcars and Red Cross supplies filled two more. The crown jewels were placed in covered wicker baskets to make them less conspicuous and placed aboard a special luxury car that the Russians had assigned to Boyle weeks before. Only the gold was left behind, and presumably rests in Russian vaults to this very day. The cars were attached to an outbound train, and steamed out of Moscow.

Boyle had been warned at the last minute that an attempt would be made to ambush them 80 kilometres from Moscow, and sure enough, when the train was halted at a small station, shadowy figures attempted to disconnect his cars from the train. Boyle, lying in wait, knocked out one of the conspirators, and reconnected the cars, after which there were no further attempts to hijack the treasure.

Fearing that more attempts would be made to take the treasury, Boyle assigned the six able bodied men among his party to stand watch around the clock. When they reached Briansk, they found themselves caught in a firefight between two opposing factions. The bullet-proof frame of Boyle's special train car proved its value, and the train sped through the station — and the gunfire — without stopping. The second night, the train stopped near a burning distillery while passengers and crew pilfered liquor from the conflagration before continuing.

The following afternoon they were stopped by a detachment of Bolshevik cavalry. As the Bolsheviks began searching the train from the front to the rear, Boyle locked up the cabins containing the treasure. When the search party reached Boyle's special car, he

explained through interpreters that it had the extraterritorial rights of a diplomatic party, but invited the Commissar in for food and drinks.

After this distraction, they continued their harrowing journey. At a mere 15 kilometres an hour, the train clicked and clacked, swayed and lurched its way across the dark, stormy, snow-blanketed Russian landscape. Headed for Kiev, the train stopped again, this time for minor repairs. It was also desperately short of fuel.

While the repairs were being made, Boyle's party mustered the other passengers on the train into a human chain to move firewood, which they found nearby neatly cut in appropriate lengths, through nearly two metres of snow. The train rumbled on and came under fire in one station from a unit of Ukrainian nationalists. When the Ukrainians learned that the train was not loaded with Bolsheviks, they stopped their assault and the train was allowed to continue.

When they reached Kiev, arrangements were made to transfer the special cars to the next train to leave. This afforded Boyle the time to go to a nearby hotel for a bath. He was delayed during his return to the station when a bomb exploded near him, blowing him through a shop window and knocking him out. When he came to, he purchased from the shopkeeper a fine turkey, dressed and ready to eat, and took it with him, to the delight of the others in his party when he arrived back at the train.

The procession slowly made its way toward Bessarabia, territory which was at that time in Romanian hands. Sixty-five kilometres short of the border, the train came to a halt in Zhmerinka station in the dark, in a raging snow storm, but ominously, no one was there to meet them. The locomotive got under way again, but soon stopped at another small station, where Boyle's cars were shunted into a siding and unhooked from the train. Bolshevik soldiers placed the entire Boyle party under arrest.

But Boyle devised a plan to escape their custody. He brewed up a large samovar of tea and spiked it with vodka from the looted distillery. He offered the brew to the soldiers and they sang and drank together (Boyle was a teetotaler) until all were snoring a drunken sleep. Meanwhile, the wind roared outside and whipped the snow crystals into a frenzy.

According to a long-standing Imperial order, a locomotive was kept fired up and manned around the clock at this station. It was fortunate for them; with revolver in hand, Boyle convinced the engineer to back the locomotive into position and hook it up to the special cargo after which they quickly puffed out of the siding, expecting at any time to be fired upon by the Bolshevik artillery. But the Bolshevik soldiers slept through their escape.

They should have cut the telegraph lines sooner than they did because a few miles farther down the track, they saw a barricade across the rails. Fearing that the train might derail, the trainmen refused to speed up. At gunpoint, they were ordered to stoke the boiler while Boyle took over the controls and pushed up the speed of the tiny convoy careening wildly

down the track. They hit the barricade at full speed, shattering it into splinters and steamed on toward Romania.

So it was, that on Christmas Day, 1917, Boyle reached his destination and signed over possession of the priceless shipment to Romanian authorities. In a few short days, Boyle, and the small party who accompanied them, had lived through an adventure worthy of a Hollywood blockbuster. Boyle had become an instant Romanian hero. A few days later, Boyle, the Klondike king, was awarded the Grand Cross of the Crown of Romania.

Michael Gates is a Yukon historian and sometimes adventurer based in Whitehorse. His new book about the Yukon during World War I, titled *From the Klondike to Berlin*, is due out in April. You can contact him at [msgates@northwestel.net](mailto:msgates@northwestel.net).

## **YUKON NUGGET**

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

### **Sourdough**

Why is sourdough bread such a basic food in gold rush countries like the Klondike? Well, for one thing the stuff is like the energizer bunny. It lasts and lasts and lasts.

I once took a Yukon River trip in the late 1970s with the late Charlie Taylor of the famed department store chain -- Taylor and Drury. On the journey he brought sourdough starter that his father had packed with him over the gold rush trail in 1898.

While Charlie baked some sourdough bread, he gave me a lesson. Sourdough is the oldest and most original form of leavened bread. The oldest recorded use is from ancient Egyptian civilizations and was likely discovered by accident.

Mix ground up grain with water or milk, let it sit in the open air at room temperature, and wild yeasts in the air will settle in the mix, eat the natural sugars and convert them into lactic acids which give it a sour flavor. They also give off alcohol and carbon dioxide. The carbon dioxide causes the bread to rise.

Sourdough bread is made by using a small amount of starter dough containing the culture, and mixing it with new flour and water. Some of this resulting dough is then saved to start the next batch.

Charlie said that as long as the starter dough is given flour and water about once a week, the sourdough mixture is good forever. Sourdough was the main bread made during the 1849 California Gold Rush - so common that "sourdough" became the nickname for prospectors and it remains a part of the culture of San Francisco today.

Some bread makers there have a starter dough that dates back to 1849. Just like the energizer bunny, it keeps going. The sourdough custom was brought to the Yukon during the Klondike Gold Rush. Most miners carried a pouch of starter in their 1000 pounds of supplies over the Chilkoot trail where freezing would not kill a sourdough starter but, strangely, too much heat would.

And the legacy of the name continues in events like the Sourdough Rendezvous and in sayings such as sour on the Yukon and not enough dough to get out.

Well, if there is enough yummy sourdough bread around, who'd want to.  
A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



# Aviation Reunion!

**JULY 21 - 23, 2017**

Anyone who was involved in aviation in the Yukon, past or present is invited.

*Photo Credit Murray Lundberg*

**July 21st, 2017** at the Transportation Museum along with the Snowshoe Shufflers and Captain Dick Stevenson and his sourtoe cocktail!



**July 22, 2017** Tour of Air North facilities. Banquet at the Days Inn

For more information go to: <http://www.aviationreunionwhitehorse.myevent.com>  
Phone Donna Clayson at 867.456.4981 or Email: [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net)

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



Photos by Whitehorse Star

(Clockwise top) **SHE'S NOT STOPPING.** The Klondike creeps down First Avenue. The two "Cats" in front anchored themselves and took up the strain while the two behind used their winches to drag the boat along. A slow process but it worked. Bob Erlam photo/Whitehorse STAR.

(right) **JUST LIKE NEW.** The S.S. Klondike, in all her old splendor, now graces the bank of the Yukon River.

(bottom) Mayor Congratulates Captain Morgan. Mayor Howard Firth presented **Chuck Morgan** with a gold miniature of the S.S. Klondike at an informal ceremony on the deck of the sternwheeler July 16, 1966, to mark the completion of the big move from the old White Pass shipyard to the Klondike's new and final resting place. Bud Fisher and members of the crew look on. A certificate of merit from the citizens of Whitehorse and some appropriate liquid tokens of esteem were part of the deal, as Chuck Morgan was named "Captain Morgan, Royal Yukon Navy" and the **old riverboat whistle blew once again, thanks to Bobby Jacob's efforts.** Dave Judd of the Midnight Sun Pipe Band

piped the captain and crew aboard for the occasion and Bud Fisher acted as M.C. Appreciation was expressed to the contractors, Kunze and Olson, the CNT, Yukon Electric, WHTV and particularly to Jack Hoyt of White Pass and Yukon Route, for their cooperation over the five week period of the move through downtown Whitehorse. Bob Erlam/Whitehorse Star Photos

By **Whitehorse Star** on **September 1, 1966**

## **SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY**

So you want to move a 210 foot paddle wheeler THROUGH the streets of Whitehorse to a location a quarter mile away, and you want it to arrive in one piece...who you gonna call? KUNZE and OLSON, that's who!

In September, 1965, the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources announced that the steamer "KLONDIKE" was to be preserved as a national historic site; renovated as a museum inside; and moved from its location in the shipyards, to a new location known locally as "South Whiskey Flats." The problem was, the thing weighed close to 1300 tons. Could it be done?

No problem! Chuck Morgan, colorful supervisor/foreman for Kunze & Olson Contractors, had it all figured out.

Four huge 210 foot long skids of steel were welded and placed under the boat, where cross beams were already fastened. The chunks of steel used in the skids had a colorful history of their own, dating back to the building of the Alaska Highway. They were once part of the beautiful but ill-fated Peace River suspension bridge which collapsed and fell into the Peace River in 1956.

The big move was slated for June 10, 1966. To get ready, electrical power and phone lines were rerouted and giant wooden pads prepared. The "last voyage" of the KLONDIKE was to be down First Avenue, across the Taylor and Drury Motors car lot, across the lawn in front of the old hospital residence (where the Y.T.G. building is now) to Second Avenue, and onto the site.

Four TD 24 Caterpillar tractors equipped with rubber treads were used to pull the boat on it's cradle, and slide it over the giant pads. A mechanical fork lifted the pads from behind the boat as it moved, and placed them in front along the route.

The crew working on moving the riverboat joked that their biggest concern was that there would be a rain storm. **Eight tons of Palmolive Princess Snow Flakes**, slightly dampened, was being used to grease the wooden pads as the giant steel runners were pulled over them. A rain storm would make enough soap suds to wash all of Whitehorse.

Luckily there was no storm; in fact the whole thing went like clockwork. Aside from time spent fixing two broken tow cables "Morgan's Movers," as the crew was called, kept the KLONDIKE sliding slickly along.

It was a great time for sidewalk superintendents, and jokesters had a field day. "Why didn't Chuck Morgan just cut a bunch of holes in the bottom of this thing right at the start?" asked one comedian, "Then he and his boys could've got inside, stuck their feet through, and just walked her down to the flats."

As the boat came in view of the various drinking establishments at First and Main the barmaids would pick an unsuspecting customer and casually say; "That boat you asked me to get for you is here, where do you want it?"

Then, all jokes aside, the KLONDIKE was in place and intact on the bank of the river she used to run. Now, restored to her old grandeur thirty-five years later, she is our city's showpiece.

**FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE: March 16, 2017**

## **Local historian launches book about the Yukon's contribution to WWI**

Join Whitehorse author **Michael Gates** as he celebrates the release of his new book, *From the Klondike to Berlin: The Yukon in World War I* (Harbour Publishing, \$24.95). This free event will include a presentation, book signing, and a live performance by Grant Simpson. Refreshments will be served and books will be available for sale from **Mac's Fireweed Books**. The book launch will take place at **The Old Fire Hall** (1105 Front Street, Whitehorse) on **Tuesday, April 4, at 7:00pm** (doors at 6:00pm).

"The gold rush era has been well documented in thousands of books, magazine accounts, diaries, photographs and oral histories. So too has the construction of the Alaska Highway," Gates says in the preface to *From the Klondike to Berlin*. "Except in passing, there was little reference to the Yukon published during the period known as the Great War...". But the Great War was an important part of Yukon history. Nearly a thousand Yukoners, a quarter of the population at the time, enlisted before it was over, and those who stayed home were estimated to have donated at a rate of \$12 per capita compared to the dollar per capita donated elsewhere in the country.

Michael Gates tells us the stories of extraordinary Yukoners, brave men and women who traded the isolated beauty of the north for the muddy, crowded horror of the battlefields. Overseas, Joe Boyle successfully escorted the Romanian crown jewels on a 1,300-kilometre journey through Russia despite robbers, ambushes, gunfire, explosions, fuel shortages and barricades. On the home front, Martha Black raised thousands of dollars and eventually travelled to Europe where she acted as an advocate for the Yukon boys.

Stories of these heroes and many others are vividly recounted with impeccable research.

**Michael Gates** was formerly the curator of collections for Klondike National Historic Sites in Dawson City and pens the popular column "History Hunter" for the *Yukon News*. He is the author of *Dalton's Gold Rush Trail: Exploring the Route of the Klondike Cattle Drives* (Harbour Publishing, 2012) and *History Hunting in the Yukon* (Harbour Publishing, 2010). He lives in Whitehorse, YT.

**Grant Simpson** is a composer, writer, vaudevillian and multi-instrumentalist living and working in the Yukon. Since joining the world famous Frantic Follies Vaudeville troupe in 1980, he has worked as musical director, pianist, composer, arranger, producer, director and owner of the company. In 2017 *Dogtown: the Musical*, which Grant composed the music for, was released with the Magnetic North Theatre Festival. When not working in theatre, Grant tours nationally and internationally as a pianist and entertainer.

For more information, to schedule an interview with **Michael Gates**,  
or to request a copy of the book,  
contact **Sam Markham** at Harbour Publishing:  
email: [samm@harbourpublishing.com](mailto:samm@harbourpublishing.com)  
phone: 604-883-2730  
[www.harbourpublishing.com](http://www.harbourpublishing.com)

## OBITS



**ALICE MAY BREADEN**

January 14, 1928 – February 15, 2017

Alice passed away peacefully at NRGH, in Nanaimo at the age of 89.

A genuinely beautiful soul, she will be remembered fondly and will be missed dearly by many of her family and friends.

Predeceased by her husband Henry Breaden,  
daughters Joanne, Dianne and Carol,  
brothers John, Richard, William, Charles and Fred  
and sister Louise.

Alice was born in North Vancouver, BC, where she grew up,  
attended school, worked and discovered the library,  
which lead to a lifelong passion for reading.

Alice met her soulmate Henry Breaden and married in 1948.

They moved to the Yukon, raising a family, living life and building friendships.

Upon retirement they moved to Nanaimo, BC where they enjoyed  
travel, friends and family.

Alice is survived by her son Roy (Lynn), grandsons Kory and Kenton,  
daughter Lura, sister Pat Walters, numerous nieces,  
nephews and their families.

A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday April 29, 2017  
Bowen Park Room 1, 2300 Bowen Road, Nanaimo, BC  
2:00 – 4:00pm

In lieu of flowers, donations in her name may be made to  
Cystic Fibrosis Research

## **Hughes, Alexander Matthew ‘Al’**

Dec 30, 1930 - Jan 18, 2017

Alexander Matthew ‘Alistair’ Hughes passed away peacefully after a valiant battle with cancer. He was born in Souix Lookout, Ontario. The family moved to West Vancouver in 1941 where Al grew up, attended school and started work.

He was predeceased by his beloved wife of 56 years, Shirley Ann Hughes, his brother Bob and sister Sandra. He is survived by his children Mary Ann Nixon (Chris), James Hughes (Nancy) and Trish Bradley; grandchildren Chris, Tim, and Robyn Sagert; his brothers Bill Hughes (Helen), Jim Hughes (Karen), and Frank Hughes (Margaret); and his sister Sheila Hughes.

The Memorial Service is to be held at 1:00 p.m. Monday, March 6, 2017 at Providence’s Penticton Chapel, 1258 Main Street, Penticton, British Columbia.



## **SANDRA FRANCES WILSON**

Passed away on Thursday, March 2, 2017. Sandra was born in Cape Town, South Africa on April 6, 1951, the first of 4 daughters to Walter and Marjorie Oliver. At the age of 16, she immigrated to Canada with her family and grew up in Toronto. While attending high school, Sandy met her future husband, Jim Wilson. Together they moved to Whitehorse, Yukon where they laid roots and raised a family.

Loving wife of Jim. Wonderful mother of Mike, Sam (Carlo) and Pat. Dear sister of Charmaine (Sandy), Judy (Dean), and Jackie (Jack), and sister-in-law of Maureen (the late Walt). Cherished Aunt of Dione, Adam (Amy) and Jessica (Matt), Lindsay and Maddy, Jade and Jordan, Dan (Maya), Wes (Ashley) and Britt (Stefan). There are so many more dear relatives and friends in South Africa, Toronto and Whitehorse who will feel her loss. Sandy will be remembered for her warmth, laughter, infectious personality, and her strong belief in family.

Visitation will be held at the R.S. Kane Funeral Home (6150 Yonge St., at Goulding, south of Steeles) on Friday, March 10, 2017 from 7-9 p.m. and Saturday, March 11, 2017 from 10-11 a.m. A Celebration of Sandra's Life will take place on Saturday, March 11, 2017 at 11 a.m. in the Chapel. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Yukon Women's Transition Home Society would be appreciated. Condolences

## **BARRACLOUGH, Lois Jane**

April 10, 1927 - February 23, 2017

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Lois Jane Barraclough of Whitehorse. Lois was born in Camrose, Alberta. She is survived by her four daughters: Victoria Hancock (Richard), Catherine Aldrich (David Morgan), Rebecca Andrei (Peter Hamm) and Marg Webb (Ken: deceased August 2007); grandson James Andrei (Natasha) and great-grandchildren: Conrad, Thomas and Ava; and grandson Jordan Andrei (Kim), great-grandchild: Jack. Lois was predeceased by her beloved husband, John (August

1994). Lois, John and family moved from Yellowknife to Whitehorse in the fall of 1966. Lois returned to make her home once again in the Yukon in 2003 after residing in Calgary for nine years. There will be a Service held at Whitehorse United Church on Thursday, March 9, 2017 at 2 p.m. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations to the Canadian Cancer Society or the Whitehorse General Hospital Foundation. The family expresses their heartfelt gratitude to the Macaulay Lodge staff for the excellent personalized care and welcome extended to Lois as a resident of the Lodge "family home."

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*When one door closes, another door opens; but we so often look so long and regretfully upon the closed door, that we do not see the ones which open for us. ~ Alexander Graham Bell*

## **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.

### **Helpful hints**

Before heating milk in a sauce pan always rinse the pan with water. It prevents the milk from scorching, and the pan is more easily cleaned afterwards.

To destroy odor when cooking cauliflower, cabbage, etc. put a slice of stale bread in the kettle.

To take fish odors from the pan, wash with strong soda and water.

Mix mustard plaster with the white of egg to prevent blistering.

To keep silver bright, rinse in hot water with household ammonia, in proportion of 1 teaspoon to a quart.

If a clove of garlic is kept in salad oil, it will give the hint of garlic desirable to salad, and will keep the oil from getting rancid.

Strew the shelves with a few whole cloves to drive away the ants and moths.

One lemon is usually equal to a tablespoon of juice.

(to be continued)

## COMING EVENTS



# **Vancouver Yukoners' Association 89th Annual Reunion April 07-09, 2017**



**Banquet - Saturday, April 08, 2017**

**Hospitality Room:** Open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from noon  
Sunday, April 9 – No Host Breakfast in Buffet

**Theme – RCMP Contact Joann Robertson 604 877-1871 [joannr6@shaw.ca](mailto:joannr6@shaw.ca)  
Any pictures, mementos you wish to share for display would be  
appreciated**

**River Rock Casino Resort – Whistler Ballroom  
8811 River Rd, Richmond BC – Free Parking in Casino Parkade**

**Hotel reservations  
Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718**

**ASK FOR VANCOUVER YUKONERS' RATE  
1 King Bed or 2 Queen Bed Standard Room \$155.00 & 1 Bedroom Suite \$185.00  
2 Bedroom Resort Suite \$235.00**

Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet based on availability  
**BOOK EARLY – AVAILABILITY & RATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

**Banquet Reception:** Whistler Ballroom Foyer No-Host Bar 5pm – 6pm  
**Welcome followed by Dinner:** 6:15 pm

For group seating reservations please follow directions on website at  
[www.vancouver-yukoners.com](http://www.vancouver-yukoners.com) or Phone Mike Rawlinson 604 565-7581  
Check the website for updates and a list of those attending

**REGISTER BEFORE FEB 28/17 FOR DRAW OF FREE 1-Bedroom SUITE FOR 2  
NIGHTS AT RIVER ROCK  
Book early as ticket sales could be limited**

**Donations to Silent Auction contact Doug Stuart 250 391-1493  
[hospitality@telus.net](mailto:hospitality@telus.net)**

**THE CANUCKS AND HANK KARR TO PERFORM FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT**

**FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:**

**Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4**

**Phone: 250-383-1349 email: [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca)**

**\$68.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to  
*Vancouver Yukoners' Association***

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

**Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room**

**We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North. Contact them for any  
special discounts**

**SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Sherron Jones  
483 – 5707 E. 32<sup>nd</sup> Street  
Yuma Arizona, USA  
85365