

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 437th Edition – May 7th, 2017

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



My cousin Robin enjoying a spring day at Roozen Gaarde Garden in Mt Vernon Washington.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

SPRING ARRIVES

(in my back yard)

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Port Alberni)

I arose just shortly after dawn,
And looking out across my lawn,
I spied a little spotted fawn,
In flower bed.

And high up in the cedar tree,
A robin perched and sang to me,
Dressed in all her finery,

With breast of red.

A promise that the day will bring,
More sights and sounds of early spring,
The smells and tastes and everything,
My yearning's fed.

So as the sunny day arrives,
To make new blossoms burst and thrive,
I think "how great to be alive"
When all is said.

(C) Gus Barrett,
(April 2017)

Reports and Papers relating to the "Lost Patrol"
Inspector Fitzgerald & Party – 1911
Fort McPherson to Dawson Patrol
(Part 7)

Royal Northwest Mounted Police
Athabaska Landing, May 11, 1911

The Commissioner,
R.N.W.M. Police
Regina,

Sir – I have the honour to forward herewith a report received from Cpl. Somers regarding the deaths of Insp. Fitzgerald, Costs. Kinney, Taylor and S/Cst. Carter.

It would appear that Insp. Fitzgerald was the last to succumb, and that he and Carter would probably have made McPherson had they not heroically stood by their stricken and weaker comrades.

The indescribable sufferings which this unfortunate party must have undergone in their desperate effort to return to their starting point is terrible to contemplate.

The pathetic attention evidently paid by Insp. Fitzgerald to his dead companions was in keeping with his brave and manly character.

I assume that the next of kin of deceased have been communicated with.

Cpl. Dempster has, I assume, also forwarded a report. Could I have a copy of same?

I have the honour to be, sir

Your obedient servant
(Sgt) G. E. Sanders, Supt.
Commanding "N" Division

"N" Division, Athabaska Landing
MacKenzie River Sub/District
Fort McPherson Detachment – March 29, 1911

Re: Deaths of Inspector Fitzgerald, Constables Taylor and Kinney, and Special
Constable Carter. (Fort McPherson – Dawson Ptl.)

To the Officer Commanding
"N" Division, Athabaska Landing

Sir – I have the honour to submit for your information the following report: -

On December 21, 1910, the Dawson Patrol, comprising Inspector Fitzgerald, Cst. Taylor, Cst. Kinney and S/Cst. Carter, with three dog trains of five dogs each, left Fort McPherson about 8:30 AM enroute to Dawson.

Nothing was heard of them here until the arrival of Cpl. Dempster and party from Dawson about 6 PM on March 22, 1911.

Cpl. Dempster reported having left Dawson on February 28, to search for Insp. Fitzgerald's party, and that they had found the bodies of Insp. Fitzgerald and S/Cst. Carter about 25 miles south of Fort McPherson, and the bodies of Csts, Taylor and Kinney about 10 miles further south, on the banks of the Peel River.

On the 23rd, I left Fort McPherson about 2 PM, accompanied by Interpreter Husky and Indian Peter Ross, with three sleds, to bring in the remains to the Fort. Camping overnight 18 miles from the Fort, we reached the place where Insp. Fitzgerald and Cst. Carter lay about 9:30 AM the following morning. They were lying on the top of the river bank on the right limit, and back as little in the timber; the distance being about 26 miles from Fort McPherson.

I found the bodies covered, a half blanket also over each. The body of Cst. Carter was lying about 10 feet from that of Insp. Fitzgerald, and had evidently been dragged and laid out immediately after death, as both hands had been crossed on the breast and the face covered with a handkerchief.

Inspector Fitzgerald was lying where a fire had been, and was stiffened to the contour of the ground, the right hand extended from the body, the left hand lying on the breast.

It could not make a proper search of the bodies here, But I found a piece of paper in the

pocket of Insp. Fitzgerald's trousers on which were the following words, evidently written with a piece of charred wood: -

"All money in dispatch bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all."

F.J. Fitzgerald
R.N.W.M.P.

In Cst. Carter's trousers pocket I found a watch, which I had given to Cst. Taylor to have repaired for me in Dawson. I also picked up three snowshoes (all broken), one camp kettle, one cup and one blunt axe. No attempt had been made to build a camp here.

After placing the remains on the one large sled which we had, I started Indian Peter Ross for the Fort, which he reached about 7 P.M.

Proceeding up the river about 10 miles, we came to the place where Csts. Taylor and Kinney Lay. Here a broken toboggan and two sets of dog harness lay on the trail in the river. A blue handkerchief was hanging on the willows on the bank; this was the left limit of the river. We found a fairly comfortable open camp here, covered with brush, and on removing this, found the bodies of Csts. Taylor and Kinney lying side by side, Cst. Kinney being on Taylor's right.

Over the bodies were two Alaska sleeping robes and one underneath. The body of Cst. Kinney was lying fairly straight with the hands crossed on the breast, the right foot was bare, showing large pieces of skin hanging from the big toe. The body of Cst. Taylor was very crooked, the left hand being slightly extended from the body and still grasping a 30-30 carbine, with which he evidently shot himself. The features were unrecognizable, the whole of the face above the upper teeth being shot away. The right knee was very much drawn up.

Under the bottom robe I found a small gunny sack containing Insp. Fitzgerald's diary, entered up to February 5th, on Trail Creek. A pocket barometer, a small note book (Cst. Kinney's) some old socks, duffles and moccasins. I also picked up a very blunt axe, two camp kettles, one of which was lying behind Taylor's head and had a bullet hole in it; and the other kettle was half full of moose hide chopped up in small pieces and had been boiled. There was also a tin containing some matches.

I did not make a thorough search of the clothing here, only removing a dollar watch and chain from Kinney's person.

We started on the return journey to the Fort about 4 PM and reached the previous night's camp about 7 PM. Camping here for the night, we arrived at Fort McPherson about 10:45 AM on the 25th. On arrival at the Fort the bodies were placed in the Church of England

Mission to await interment. Cpl. Dempster and myself made a thorough search and examination of the remains in the afternoon, having to cut off the clothing to do so.

The only thing found on Insp. Fitzgerald was a gold watch hanging around his neck in a small deerskin, next to the body. The toes on his left foot were slightly frozen and very much swollen. A thin skin appeared to be coming off the fingers.

On Cst. Carters body was found a cheque from the Marine and Fisheries Department, value \$50, also \$7 cash. His toes appeared to have been frozen and his fingers were bandaged.

On Cst. Taylor we found a small beadwork firebag containing \$32 in cash.

Cst. Kinney had no other effects but the watch. His feet were swollen to almost twice their normal size, and the big toe on the right foot was badly peeled to the raw flesh.

The bodies of all four were in a terrible emaciated condition. The lower ribs and hips showing very prominently. The stomach of each had fallen inwards.

The flesh of all was very much discoloured and of a reddish-black colour, and a thick skin seemed to have been peeled off.

All the outer clothing as very badly torn and much scorched by fire, the socks, duffles, mitts and moccasins being in the same condition.

There is no doubt in my mind that with the exception of Cst. Taylor, they had died from starvation and extreme cold.

In the dispatch bag found by Cpl. Dempster were the returns from Herschel Island and Fort McPherson Detachments. Also three envelopes containing the following amounts of money and cheques:

No. 1 – Cash.....	\$660.00
Cheque.....	\$100.25
No. 2 – Cash.....	\$261.00
No. 3 – Cash.....	\$353.00
Cheque.....	\$300.00
Cheque.....	\$100.25

In a separate envelope, a cheque by Cst. Blake for \$100.25 and a cheque of my own for \$50.25. Both these cheques were made payable to Insp. Fitzgerald. These cheques were for money that we had asked Insp. Fitzgerald to bring in for us when he returned.

The total amount of money and cheques in the bag was \$1,925.00.

I hired three natives to dig one large grave. The Rev. C.E. Whittaker very generously supplied me with 250 feet of lumber, and assisted me to make coffins. I cannot appreciate too much the assistance afforded me by the gentlemen at this time, he also having lent me his sled and team to bring in the remains of the deceased, as did also Mr. J. Firth of the Hudson's Bay Co., there not being enough teams to hire at the Fort.

On Sunday, the 26th, a special service was held in the Church of England Mission, the Rev. C.E. Whittaker paying a fitting tribute to the deceased.

The Funeral took place with military honours in the mission churchyard at 3 PM on the 28th, service being held in the church as well as at the graveside. A memorial afterwards held at 7 PM in the evening.

From the last entry in Inspector Fitzgerald's diary on February 5, on Trail Creek, and the distance that they had actually travelled afterwards, giving an average of eight miles per day, I should say that they had not reached the place where they were found until the 11th and 12th of February respectively.

The following is a list of rations and dog feed taken by the party: -

	Lbs.
Dried Fruit	15
Flour	120
Bacon	75
Baking powder	6
Beans	30
Butter	10
Coffee	5
Milk, tins	20
Salt	3
Sugar	35
Tea	12
Tobacco, smoking	12
Tobacco, chewing	16
Lard	15
Matches, Pkts	½ gross
Candles	18
Dried fish	900
Corned Beef	10

I have the honour to be, sir
Your obedient servant
(Sgd) J. Somers, Cpl.
I/c Ft. McPherson Detachment

(to be continued)



Former commissioner James Smith, known as Jim or Jimmie to most Yukoners, died on Friday at age 97. (Yukon Gov't)

Jim Smith, remembered for pivotal role in shaping modern Yukon, dies at 97

Former commissioner is credited with the beginning of transition to responsible government in the territory

CBC News | 2017/04/15

Jim Smith, credited with laying the foundations for much of contemporary Yukon governance, died Friday surrounded by family. He was 97.

Smith served as the Commissioner of Yukon from 1966 to 1976, a time when local elected officials advised the commissioner who oversaw the territory on behalf of the federal government.



Jim Smith in 2013, on the occasion of receiving an honorary diploma from Yukon College. (CBC)

During those years, Smith set Yukon on the path that led to the creation of the territorial legislature and the eventual transfer of land and resources from Ottawa to local control, according to current commissioner Doug Phillips.

"Commissioner Jim Smith had a passionate belief that the control and management of Yukon's land and resources and constitutional affairs should be in the hands of elected Yukoners," said Phillips in a statement.



Commissioner Doug Phillips paid tribute to Smith's contribution to Yukon's development. (Sandi Coleman/CBC)

"He laid a solid foundation for the development of responsible government and the achievement of the devolution of Yukon land and resources in 2003. All Yukoners remain forever in his debt," he said.

Premier Sandy Silver also noted that Smith led the territory during a time of change.

"That transition helped make Yukon what it is today," said Silver.

"He will be remembered for his contributions to Yukon by everyone who had the fortune to meet him, and even those who did not."

Smith was one of the founders of the Arctic Winter Games working with Northwest Territories commissioner Stuart Hodgson and Alaska governor Walter Hickel.

He was also instrumental in the creation of Kluane National Park and the designation of the Chilkoot Trail as a national historic site, according to a Yukon government release.



'He will be remembered for his contributions to Yukon by everyone who had the fortune to meet him, and even those who did not,' said Yukon premier Sandy Silver. (CBC)

Smith's grandson, James Murdoch, said Smith was involved in almost every pivotal moment of Yukon's development in the 1960s and '70s.

"He really was one of the big creators of sort of modern-day Yukon, and I know that he took a lot of pride and a lot of frustration and, you know, he had wonderful stories to tell about all of those situations," he said.

'Kind, genuine, interested person'

Murdoch says he was not only Smith's grandson, but the two were also good friends. He said when the two were together his grandfather would often stop to chat with acquaintances and Smith would remember everything about them and their family members.

"I think everyone will remember him fondly. He was a really kind, genuine, interested person," said Murdoch.

Arrangements for a memorial service will be announced later.

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Jimmy Smith

The first Year I was in the "Frantic Follies" we hadn't started the show yet...

.....It was a very HOT Day...the boys were little....

I think it was 1969..... anyway we went into the Store there..where Super Store is..... in White Horse now... its Wal-Mart I think...and I bought supplies for the Summer for my Sons ...save bringing up by plane... a pile of stuff for the boys...clothes toys etc.,

.....anyway when I got to the Counter.. the Cashier refused my Credit Card... as I was from out of Town.....and I said I was with the Follies all Summer....she still said no.....I was so upset....and it was such a long walk from where we were renting a house ...back then...

...the boys were tired.. and as we are walking back a big Black Car stopped...and it was Jim Smith..he said "how are you etc".. and Richard said haha always tells it how it is.. said "They would not let my MOM buy us the clothes etc...with her Credit Card".....he Jim...saidwhere ?? so we told him.. he said get in...and he drove us back to the Store...saw the pile of goods we had bought sitting there....and he said ..we will take those clothes please... and he paid CASH for them all.....and Drove us back to the House we were Renting.....and Richard said " ARE you a KING" Jim Smith was so special to everyone...he was then..... in our eyes..... later on of course I paid him for the Goods,.....,in full.....,at the time he said NO "Hurry"

...I have one regret Sherron....we, Edward, Richard...and I ..planned to go and see Jim in Hospital this last February...also to see Lyal..... my voice was going...and then Lyall's wife JILL.... pushed the wheel chair from the Hospital to the Thompsons Centrewhere we were doing a Show.... and I wasn't feeling well ...and thought best NOT to go to the hospital as I was coughing a lot.....so we never saw him.. I am very sad about that..our sincere condolences' to the Family..

...Thank you Hugs Edward and Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

The Yukon's worst poker player

Doug Sack Friday February 20, 2015



When Yukon balladeer Hank Karr sings “The Gambler,” he advises young players the key to winning money is knowing when to hold ‘em and when to fold ‘em. And, for the most part, that is good and true advice.

But you also have to keep your eyes and ears open, especially if you’re playing against some of the best poker players in the history of the Yukon. So listen, learn and “promise me, son, not to do the things I’ve done,” as Kenny Rogers sings it.

When I was a young fool in my 20s, I thought I was a pretty good poker player like Steve McQueen in *The Cincinnati Kid* and was always ready to test my game against anybody. But I met my match when I sat down in Dawson City’s weekly backroom game played in a motel room in the Eldorado, which had a large eight-seat felt table, five of which were almost always occupied by the same players.

Bill Hakonson was possibly the toughest poker player in the history of the Yukon, and also the host since he owned the hotel and many other things, including successful gold mines. He was a wizard at reading people's faces in a poker game, the Yukon's answer to Texas Dolly.

Frank Lidstone was the local postmaster, magistrate, notary, coroner and other titles. He was also a veteran of the ill-fated Dieppe Raid in the Second World War. He always closed his eyes and looked like he was sleeping during hands when he tossed his cards in. Billy Shebango - real name: William Kryshewski - was a White Russian carpenter who got his nickname by always betting "the whole shebango" in stuke. He talked a lot and liked to bluff.

Les Hakonson was Bill's brother, a crane operator and catskiner who thought he was as good as Bill at poker but wasn't. Had a tendency to frown when he had good cards and smile when he was fixing to bluff.

Roy McDiarmid owned a Dawson trucking company to finance his gambling addiction. He looked like the meanest man on Earth, but he was a really nice guy with a good sense of humour. Great storyteller, especially trucking tales. He once watched the spring ice on the Stewart River break up in his rear-view mirror right after crossing it.

(Actually, they were all good storytellers, which was a perfect tactic to distract a young writer.)

The sixth and seventh chairs were usually occupied by rotating part-timers who played when they could, and they tried to save the last seat for "the mark," somebody who was sure to lose a lot of money to feed the sharks. That was where I sat, but only once in a while, like right after a payday out on the creeks or up the Dempster. I had an unrealistic aspiration at the time of being a professional gambler in my old age, like after 30, in case the writing didn't pan out.

The game was quite famous, and it was routine for good players to come from other Yukon towns and Alaska to try their luck or skill. It was a completely honest game, no flim-flummery, and it always started around 10 p.m. on Friday night and ran continuously until the restaurant opened on Sunday morning, where everyone would have a big breakfast and count their winnings or losings before going home to sleep it off and be ready for Monday.

They said the game had been running in one place or another in Dawson continuously since the Klondike Gold Rush in 1898 but I found that hard to believe. It was totally illegal, of course, but that wasn't much of a concern when the local judge was one of the primary players.

The rules were "dealer's choice" and the most common plays were stud, both five card and seven card, stuke and guts. Texas Hold 'Em hadn't made it to the Yukon yet, but it was coming soon to Diamond Tooth Gertie's.

When I first sat down at the table, I totally expected to win because I had played a lot of poker in Vietnam and usually came out ahead. I was good with numbers, knew all the percentages, had a good poker face and concentrated on trying to read the Big Five. I didn't expect to make a killing, but I loved playing the game and was happy to break even or win a little to call it time well spent.

And that's what I did at first, win a bit, lose a bit. But, gradually over time, it became lose a bit almost always and lose a lot once in a while, especially if I played impaired, which I tended to do.

Eventually, after losing a lot quite a few times, it dawned on me I was getting my butt kicked, which made me figure I had stumbled into a long-running game with the greatest poker players in the world. It went on for a couple years, mostly in the winters, and I never kept track of how much money I lost, but it was definitely over \$10,000 and possibly as high as \$25,000.

One Sunday afternoon, after losing another pile that weekend, I'm sitting in the Downtown Hotel with a buddy named Sean McMahon whining in my beer about how I just couldn't figure out how to beat those guys. He had been playing in the game for the last year or so and kind of sadly shook his head and said: "You still don't know, do you?"

Don't know what?

He went on, "OK, I'm going to tell you because I can't stand watching it any more, knowing how hard you work for your money, but don't you dare let those guys find out it was me who told you."

Told me what?

"They know what you've got, every hand. Lidstone told me you're the easiest read he's ever seen in a poker game and all the rest are onto to it too. They talk about it when you're not around."

How can that be? I've even taken to practising my poker face in front of a mirror...

"It's not your face giving you away," he exclaimed while looking around to see if anyone was listening, "it's your ears."

My ears?

"Your ears turn bright red when you're bluffing. When you've got good cards, your ears stay white or pink, but when you're trying to steal a pot, your ears light up like Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Lidstone was the first to notice it, but after I heard about it, it's really obvious. You might as well stand up and announce you're bluffing."

In equatorial Vietnam where the temperature was hot and it was always sunny, except during the monsoons, my ears were always red. In Dawson City, where the sun disappears in the winter, they were whiter than Wonder Bread.

Oh I sat in a few more times wearing a toque, but it wasn't fun anymore so I quit poker and took up blackjack, which has no bluffing.

My ears needed a rest and I've never played poker since.

Maybe Hank should write another gambling groan about a cheechako who was done in by his cheatin' ears:

You've got to know when to hold 'em,
Know when to fold 'em.
Know how to beat your fears,
How to cover up your ears.

You never count your losses
When the sun is gone and dead.
There'll be time enough for counting
When your ears turn red.

Doug Sack was the first sports editor of the Yukon News and later a longtime sports editor of the Whistler Question and a columnist and features writer for Ski Canada magazine. He is currently semi-retired in Whitehorse.

MocTel 436 – Brown Milne Obit

Another wonderful issue Sherron. Such a variety!
Rev. Brown Milne was the minister who married Ev and I in 1959 in Whitehorse. His wife Mavis and Brown continued to be great friends to this day. Mavis tells a wonderful story of being questioned by a senior member of the Presbyterian Church while she and Brown were dating while he was training for the Ministry. The official explained that Brown was scheduled to be posted to Whitehorse on graduation. He wanted to know if Mavis was serious about her feelings for Brown because she should be aware of his pending posting to the Presbyterian Church in Whitehorse. Mavis assured the chap that her intentions were "honourable!" Mavis and Brown were a great couple. She was a great support to Brown and his calling.

Bill Dawson, Yukon - 1956/1964



Kristiana Perri, (my granddaughter)
Toni Parsons, Tammy Hatter, Tina Parsons
Photo courtesy Tina Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria)



Kristiana Perri, (my granddaughter)
Toni Parsons, Tammy Hatter, Tina Parsons
Photo courtesy Tina Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria)



Left-right Valerie (Osborn) Sharon Redmond, Heather Berg, Harriett Osborne, Tina Brasseur (all our maiden names and born in Dawson City!)
Photo courtesy Tina Parsons [artinap*shaw.ca](mailto:artinap@shaw.ca) (In Victoria)



David and Carol Mackin
Photo courtesy Harry Miller [ee.miller*shaw.ca](mailto:ee.miller@shaw.ca) (In Coombs BC)



Doris Dettmers (Grundman)
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)



Elaine and Harry Miller
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)



Paul Franklin and Joan King
Photo courtesy Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

708 Jarvis

Good morning, Sherron

How bizarre is this! My husband, Erwin, and I owned 708 Jarvis (before kids) in the mid-1980s, having purchased the home from Dave Carter as an investment when the economy was really down in the Yukon. The price was under \$30,000. After renting it for a while, the economy picked up, and we sold our home on Cedar Crescent. We had purchased a lot on Walnut Crescent but had not had time to build a house by the time our Cedar Crescent home sold. So, after house sitting for a while on the Echo Valley Road, we moved into the Jarvis Street property. Although my husband had lifted the home and put a sturdy foundation under it and built a shed in the back yard, I bet you the home was still about the same size as when you lived in it. I cooked everything on a bbq in the back of the home, even making pie on it!

I dislike cleaning house (and still do), so the one benefit was it only took me a few minutes to run through it on a Saturday morning. We have since built a home on Walnut Crescent and sold that. We have now moved 'south' in Whitehorse to the beautiful Whitehorse Copper Subdivision, nice and quiet in the country.

I also believe Don Beahm (used to be at Sear's) and Lynn Daffe and family (still in Whitehorse) also lived at 708 Jarvis. If those walls could talk!

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Photo below now includes all names.



Jim Thoreson, Wayne Smith, Ken Milne, Donna Jones, Reuben Fendrick, Harry Nixon, George Leopky, Brenda Butterworth-Carr Commanding Officer "E" Division, Lynn Spring and Ken Jones

Photo courtesy Jim Perry jqperry@me.com

YUKON NUGGET

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

The Americans & White Pass

The American military took over operation of the White Pass railroad on October 1st, 1942. The toy railroad, as the troops called it, was a vital transportation link in building the Alaska Highway. Little did they realize, however, that the line was old and in bad shape.

The White Pass railroad was 42 years old that winter of '42. The track was fine, but washouts and snow storms were a constant threat. The rail cars were vintage in 1900, complete with the original wood-burning stoves. The winter of '42-43 was one of the coldest on record, but nothing compared to the warmer winter of '43-44.

That was the year of the big blizzards. At one point that winter, traffic was stalled for 15 days and more than 30 derailments were caused by heavy snow. One military crew worked for 36 hours, straight trying to free 11 engines and scores of cars trapped along the route.



Snow plows and crews digging out a snowbound train. W.P. & Y.R. White Pass Rotary rescuing snowbound train Mile 16-17 on RR. Yukon Archives. William J. Preston fonds, #15.

Rotary plows eventually broke through drifts up to 20 feet high. The snow was rock-hard, having fallen wet only to freeze when the temperatures dropped. The large plows were damaged in the effort.

Then the big blizzard hit, dumping 30 feet of snow in the mountain passes where the railroad ran. About 30 miles from Skagway, a train was smothered under huge snowdrifts. Then a huge snowslide occurred behind the trapped train, cutting off communications in all directions.

The train ran out of water and had to shutdown the boilers to prevent the tanks from burning. Coal for the stoves in the passenger cars ran out. The passengers - mostly American servicemen - smashed the furniture to burn in the pot bellied stoves on board. The supplies of food, consisting of sandwiches and fruit, ran out. It was a precarious situation.



Get it back on the rails boys. W.P. &Y.R. Snowplow clearing tracks after terrific snowstorm. Yukon Archives. William J. Preston fonds, #23.

Rescue trains could not make it through the tons of snow covering the line. It was decided to send a tractor train over the snow-covered passes. It consisted of a heavy-duty tractor and three huge sleds. It reached the trapped train before any serious casualties occurred. Finally, many days later, the rescue trains with their huge rotary snow plows,

working from both ends of the line, broke through and train traffic was able to continue. A near disaster had been averted, but the American military had been taught a valuable lesson from Yukon's mother nature.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

COURTESY WHITEHORSE STAR – YUKON HISTORY SECTION –



Photo by Whitehorse Star

OLD MONEY - Keith Johnson of Burwash shows off some of the \$780 in old bills he and two friends discovered in an old still while hunting near Kluane Lake. Star photo by CATHIE ARCHBOULD

Copper distillery brews more than booze

Keith Johnson and two of his friends went out on a hunting trip recently, but they came home with a very unexpected catch.

By **Whitehorse Star** on **May 13, 1998**

The trio from the Kluane First Nation were walking back to their truck when they came across a metal object that was partially buried by a fallen tree, roughly 70 metres from the shore of Kluane Lake near Burwash Landing.

Burwash is located some 200 kilometres northwest of Whitehorse.

“I just happened to stumble over it,” said Johnson.

At first, Johnson thought they had found an old abandoned breather from a bulldozer. But closer inspection revealed that the contraption of copper cans was actually a still for making liquor.

Finding the old still was interesting, but the real find lay inside one of the copper cans.

The hunters found a leather pouch full of papers, which the trio at first thought might be identification papers of the owner of the long-forgotten still.

However, the pouch contained a wad of 47 bills of paper money.

“At first, we thought it was American money,” Johnson recounted Tuesday, as he described the bills that were much longer and wider than today’s currency.

The money was actually Canadian, printed much earlier this century.

The party, which included Ed and Dwayne Johnson, distant relatives of Keith, found 10-, 20- and 50- dollar bills, dating mostly from the mid-1930s. The oldest is a \$20 bill printed 2, 1917 by the Canadian Bank of Commerce January. In all, the stack of money totalled \$780. While the money was well used, all the original dyes and lettering was still intact.

Following the discovery, Dwayne grew a little philosophical back at the party’s hunt camp.

“Yep, we’ll never look at these mountains the same,” he told his friends.

Keith brought the money to Whitehorse Tuesday to deposit it in a safety deposit box at CIBC. The bank staff, he said, marvelled at the condition of the money.

During an interview following his historic bank transaction, Johnson guessed that the money and the still were likely left behind by a gold prospector in the 1930s. Following the Gold Rush era in the Klondike, some gold hunters moved down to the Kluane area and mined during the Depression.

But the still was the only sign of human activity the hunting party could find in the area.

Now people are trying to figure out how much the money might be worth.

“When I asked if they (the bank) could count for inflation, they said it would take a while,” said Keith.

The money as a currency might still only be worth its face value, but as a collectible it could be worth much more.

Keith has already done some research and uncovered that coin brokers value 1935 \$10 bills at around \$125 each. Twenty dollar bills can be worth \$160.

Johnson, a 44-year-old heavy equipment operator, hasn't decided what to do with the money, but he figures the museum in Burwash might be interested in the still, which the hunting party also kept.

John McHutchion, Star reporter

OBIT

Hazel NIXON passed away last night (May 02, 2017). – (Note from George Bliss, in Regina.)

Private gathering for family and close friends to be held Saturday May 6, 2017 at the home of Harry Nixon in Comox BC. - (Phone call from Blanche Barrett, in Port Alberni.)

Blanche Barrett also reported that she attended the memorial service for **Percy DeWolfe Jr.** and that having attended the service for Betty St. Jean recently and following the lead Betty gave by having a "Going Away Party" – Blanche bid Percy farewell in a similar manner.

I was telling Blanche that Myrna Butterworth had commented a few times over the years when she visited here in Vernon, that Percy would phone her in Dawson to catch up on the Dawson news. Blanche said he phoned her frequently also, to get "the news" and learn how each one of her children was doing. She said he was genuinely interested and knew each of the children's' names and what they were doing.

Farewell Percy, Betty and now Hazel – Rest in Peace. Hope you enjoyed your respective "Going Away Parties".

Bill and I had the pleasure of meeting each of them over the years at the Vancouver Island Yukoners gatherings. – Bill & Sherron Jones



Percy DeWolfe Jr

November 1, 1915 – March 29, 2017

Percy was born in Dawson City, Yukon. His father, Percy Sr was “The Iron Man of the North” who delivered mail by dogteams and horses. Young Percy worked with these dogs from an early age. Every March Dawson City hosts dogsled races called The Percy and The Percy Jr in their honour. He left working the gold dredges to enlist in the army in 1943, eventually serving overseas as a Platoon Sergeant with the Calgary Highlanders. While fighting in Europe, Percy fought in heavy combat, was injured three times and carried shrapnel until the day he died. Recently he was awarded the Knight of the Legion of Honour, the highest honour conferred by the government of France. He truly was a WWII hero.

Percy worked as a plumber in Whitehorse for many years, starting the Plumbers and Pipefitters union in 1955, before retiring to Qualicum in 1976. He enjoyed curling, his garden, but especially his grandchildren.

Percy passed away peacefully at Qualicum Gardens in his 102 year. He was predeceased by Ruth, his wife of 53 years. He is survived by daughters Donna (Paul McGrath), Rose (Geno Sort), grandchildren Kelsey, Patrick, Ben, Michelle and Daniel, and great grandsons Bentley and Myles.

A Celebration of Life will be held at the Legion in Qualicum Beach on April 29 at 2:00 pm.



QUIGLEY, Leo

Leo Quigley passed away quietly on April 26, 2017 at the Delta Hospice. His wife, Linda and son Thomas were at his side. Leo was a loving husband, father and brother with a wonderful sense of humour. He is survived by Linda and Thomas, his daughters Jodine and Jacqueline Wilman, his brothers Allan and Denny and his sister Trudy Partington. Born in Winnipeg October 4, 1941, Leo grew up in Indian Head, Saskatchewan and on the Quigley farm near Sintaluta, Saskatchewan. He enrolled in aeronautical engineering at SAIT in

Calgary and later switched to journalism at Mt. Royal College, Calgary. He worked as a Research Assistant with the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture in Regina then with the Manitoba Department of Agriculture. He moved to Whitehorse with the Yukon government then back to Regina as an agriculture reporter with the Leader Post newspaper. He returned to Winnipeg as Editor-in-Chief of the Winnipeg Free Report on Farming magazine and later shifted to the CNR responsible for public relations for the prairie region. Leo retired to Delta in 1993. He worked in public relations and built an international reputation as a free-lance journalist reporting on, especially, grain transportation for North West Canada and the U.S. Some of Leo's happiest memories were of sailing with his wife, Linda, and socializing with his many friends. He will be greatly missed. A celebration of Life will be held at the Ladner Legion Hall, May 8, 2:00-5:00 pm.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Watch your thoughts; they become words. Watch your words; they become actions. Watch your actions; they become habit. Watch your habits; they become character. Watch your character; it becomes your destiny.

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.

Mrs. Harlan's Meat Balls

1/4 lb pork, ground
1 tsp chili powder
1/2 lb beef, ground
1 egg, beaten
1 tsp salt
1/4 tsp pepper
1/2 cup milk
1 cup uncooked rice

Mix and form into balls about the size of a small egg. Brown in hot fat and drop into the following boiling liquid.

1 can tomatoes (2 1/2)
1 can water (2 1/2)
1 tsp chili
1 medium onion, chopped
1 tsp salt

¼ tsp pepper

Simmer for 2 hours.

- Ruth McFarland

COMING EVENTS



VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION

JUNE GENERAL MEETING

This is a reminder for our upcoming General Meeting. If you don't live in the BC Lower Mainland, then perhaps you'll be in the area during the week of the meeting. We hope you will be able to attend and look forward to your RSVP.

Thursday June 15, 2017

11:30am to 2:30pm

Croatian Cultural Centre (Room C)

3250 Commercial Drive ~ Vancouver BC

Plenty of Free Parking

Price \$10.00 per person (cash or cheque)

If coming by Skytrain, your stop is the Commercial Station and is only a short walk to the Croatian Centre. The Centre is also very accessible by BC Transit.

The meeting will allow for socializing, catered lunch (assorted sandwiches, fresh fruit slices, olive/pickle tray, desserts, coffee, tea, ice water) and the business meeting. We will be informing everyone on the discussion points from the recent Executive meeting on May 30th plus any other business related matters. And of course, there will be ample time for socializing. "Yukon Moments" (an experience or update you wish to share) are encouraged to share with the group.

In order to give the caterer an accurate number of persons attending, please RSVP directly to Doug Stuart, email hospitality@telus.net, **no later than Monday June 12th**. We look forward to seeing you at the meeting!

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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