

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 439th Edition – July 2nd, 2017

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Happy Canada Day Everyone !!!

**Reports and Papers relating to the “Lost Patrol”
Inspector Fitzgerald & Party – 1911
Fort McPherson to Dawson Patrol
(Part 9)**

Royal Northwest Mounted Police
Commissioners Office, Regina
May 8, 1911
(Continued)

There was absolutely no provisions, nor any sign of the dogs.
I have not yet received the reports which Insp. Fitzgerald would have written before he left Fort McPherson and I am therefore unable to give you any information which would bear on the observations of Cpl. Dempster in his report, which are as follows:

I saw the list of provisions at McPherson which the ill-fated party took with them, and was much surprised at the small quantities taken; in fact I feel certain that the party must have been on short rations long before they turned back. Under the best possible conditions, without any delay of any kind, I do not think the party had sufficient rations to last them from McPherson to Dawson; but if they had kept on the right trail they would

have got through all right, as they would have met with several bands of indians from whom they could have purchased ample supplies of dried meat, fish, etc. As to their dogs I can say nothing, as all the information I could gather at McPherson was that they were in fair condition. The Indian Esau employed by Insp. Fitzgerald was only employed to guide them over the Big Portage and was then discharged.

I imagine the explanation of the limited amount of rations taken by this party, is that they expected to make a very quick trip, and did not want to load themselves too heavily, and confidently looked forward to securing food from the Indians along the route to Dawson. Had they succeeded in crossing the Hart River Divide, it is altogether probable they would have encountered some Indians, Big game is much more plentiful on the west side than on the east.

Undoubtedly the disaster overtook this party because they lost the trail from Little Wind River; had they had an efficient guide, they would have reached Dawson in safety.

The Indian Esau whom he employed for a few days, is the same Indian who reached Dawson later on and on whose report the relief party was sent out. Had the party turned back as soon as they lost the trail they would have reached Fort McPherson.

Seven days were spent in useless searching; consuming provisions, and exhausting man and dogs; these previous seven days would have carried them back to safety.

Inspector Fitzgerald in his diary gives some inkling as to what was affecting his mind; it seems to have been the anxiety to perform the patrol and not return to Fort McPherson defeated. His expression, "My last hope is gone and the only thing I can do is return", seems to indicate this. Had he been a less experienced traveller than what he was, he would surely have turned back sooner.

The cause of the disaster may be summed up as follows:

1. The small quantity of provisions taken.
2. Want of an efficient guide.
3. Delay in searching for the lost trail.

The heroic efforts to return to Fort McPherson have not been exceeded in the annals of Arctic travel.

Cpl. Dempster's report shows that the unfortunate men had wasted to shadows. All were strong, powerful young men, and in the best of health and condition when they left on their ill-fated journey. That they should have lost their lives is greatly to be deplored. It is the greatest tragedy which has occurred in this Force during its existence of 37 years.

Their loss has been felt most keenly by every member of the Force but we cannot but feel a thrill of pride at the endeavor they made to carry out their duty, and their gallant struggle for their lives.

I cannot express it better than in the following extract from a letter addressed to me by his Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan:-

“While the event brings deepest sadness to all, we feel that it is only an event such as this which can give greatest lustre and enduring remembrance to the splendid Force.”

I have the honour to be, sir
Your Obedient servant
(Sgd) A. Bowen Perry
Commissioner

Lt. Col. Fred White, C.M.G.
Comptroller R.N.W.M. Police

**DIARY OF INSPECTOR F.J. FITZGERAD, FOUND UNDER THE BODIES OF
CONSTABLE KINNEY AND TAYLOR**

Twenty-one below, Wednesday, December 21 – Strong N. Wind with heavy mist and light snow. Left Fort McPherson at 7:45 AM. Nooned two spells up river and camped in Indian cabin 15 miles up river. Going very heavy in places. 15 miles.

17 below Thursday, Dec 22 – Strong S wind with heavy mist. Left camp at 8 AM. Nooned one hour and camped below portage at 3 PM. Going fair. 18 miles.

Seven below, Friday, Dec 23- Slight NE wind with heavy mist. Left camp at 8:30 AM. Nooned one hour and camped south end of 7 mile portage. Snowing last night making heavy going. 17 miles.

Seveteen below. Saturday, Dec 24 – Fine with strong SE wind. Left camp at 8 AM. Nooned one hour above Colin’s cabin and camped for night in old Indian camp at 3:15 PM. Heavy snow during night making going heavy. 16 miles.

Thirty below, Sunday Dec 25 – Light NW wind with heavy mist. Left camp at 8 AM and arrived at the mouth of Trail Creek at 10:15 AM, loaded up the cache of fish and left at 11:45 AM, and camped about 8 miles up Trail creek in old camp at 2:15 P.M. Going heavy on Peel, good on Trail Creek. 16 miles.

Twenty-four below, Monday Dec 26 – Strong SE wind with heavy mist. Left camp at 7:30 AM. Nooned one hour and camped at Indian encampment at 1:45 PM 20 miles up Trail Creek. Going very good. 18 miles.

Thirty-nine below, Tuesday, Dec 27 – Fine with strong SE wind. Left Indian camp at 7:30 AM and travelled up Trail Creek for five miles and then went up small creek, due south for seven miles, and camped for night at 2 PM. Sent Cst. Kinney and Indian ahead

to break trail for tomorrow. Hired Indian and dog team to help us across 80 mile portage, paying him \$3 a day. Going very bad all day, had to break through three feet of snow and only made about 12 miles. Climbed 800 feet.

Forty-three below, Wednesday, Dec 28 – Fine. Very cold and very misty in hill. Left camp at 8 AM and travelled up ravine until 1 PM. Nooned one hour and camped on the upper end of Caribou Born Mountain at 2:30 PM. Indians followed our trail and caught up at 10 AM and all camped together. Very deep snow and very steep climb, and only made about 12 miles. Climbed 1,000 feet and camp until 1 PM. At the head of the mountain the climb from Trail Creek is 1,800 feet. 12 miles.

Thirty-four below, Thursday, Dec 29 – Fine. Clear and cold in valley, very misty in hills. Left camp at 8 AM and travelled down 1 ½ miles to head of a small creek and followed it to Caribou River, and camped at start of portage on Caribou river. Snow very deep, dogs very tired. 14 miles.

Fifty-one below, Friday, Dec 30 – Fine with light S wind. Left camp at 8:15 AM and travelled until 2:30 PM and only made about nine miles. Snow on the portage very deep and some very steep hills; found it very cold on account of slow going. 9 miles.

Fifty below, Saturday, Dec 31 – Fine with strong S wind. Saw the sun today. Left camp at 7:30 AM, nooned one hour and camped at 3 PM four miles down Mountain creek. Going very heavy on the portage and Mountain Creek. 16 miles.

Thirty-seven below, Sunday, January 1- 1911. – Heavy snow storm all day. Left camp at 8:45 AM, made one drive and camped in Small cabin four miles above mouth of Mountain Creek at 2 PM. Going very heavy, over three feet of snow. Paid off Indian, five days coming and three days to return. 11 miles.

Thirty-five below, Monday, January 2 – Heavy snow storm during night and all day. Left camp 7:30; had to cut out way through the bush twice, owing to driftwood being piled up in the river; nooned one hour, and camped on the Peel River, five miles above Mountain Creek at 2:15 PM. Going very heavy owing to deep snow. 10 miles.

Forty-six below, Tuesday, January 3 – Light snow all day. Left camp at 7:30 AM; nooned one hour and camped at Waugh's old tent, two miles up Wind River at 3:30 PM. Mouth of Wind River ¾ of a mile above lower end of Peel River canyon. Going very heavy; dogs about played out. 12 miles.

Forty-seven below, Wednesday, January 4 – Strong SE wind with snow. Left camp at 8:30 AM; nooned one hour and camped at 2:30 PM. Going very heavy over three feet of soft snow most of the way. 10 miles.

Sixty-five below, Thursday, January 5 – Fine with slight head wind. Left camp at 8 AM but only went about six miles, when we had to go in the bush and make camp at noon

owing to the intense cold. Some slight frost bites among us. Going heavy but a slight improvement on the last few days. 6 miles.

Fifty-four below, Friday, January 6 - Very strong headwind in PM: with heavy mist. Left camp at 8:30 AM; could not noon on account of open water, as we could not get on shore; camped at 3 PM at the lower end of Mount Deception. Going very heavy and lots of trouble with open water. 11 miles.

Fifty-one below, Saturday, January 7 – Fine with sight fair wind. Left camp at 8 AM; nooned one hour and camped at 2:30 PM six miles below Little Wind River. Going fairly good, but had to go around lots of open water. 13 miles.

Sixty-four below, Sunday, January 8 – Fine with strong head wind. Left camp at 8:30 AM and only made one drive and camped at 1:30 PM, three miles up Little Wind River. Going very heavy; slow going because of intense cold. 9 miles.

(To be continued)



Weldon Pinchin his 80th birthday in 2015

Weldon Pinchin passed away on June 21, 2017 on Mayne Island, BC, at the age of 82 - so have been trying to find a few remembrances of Weldon. His parents opened the Cake Box Bakery on Main Street in Whitehorse after his father came to Whitehorse to bake for the Whitehorse Inn.

Weldon candidly explained how his father got this little building and they towed it around onto Main Street where they made their bakery out of it.

Weldon surprised me with phone calls and Skype calls over the years and always had a few comments I was to translate for the Moccasin Telegraph. Not an easy task to interpret his busy mind. I'll leave that to his writer friend Ellen Davignon (below).

Austina 'Tina' Parsons was good enough to let me know of Weldon's passing and shared the following comments. "Did you know that Weldon Pinchin died? I am sad--known Weldon since I was 10 - he worked at the Coca Cola plant for Hy and Lawrence when they started the business in Whitehorse. [Hy Seely was Austina ("Tina" Brasseur) Parsons sister. They grew up with brother Lionel in Dawson.] – Sherron Jones

The Art of the Deal...

Ellen Davignon (In Whitehorse)

March 15, 2005

Weldon Pinchin and I have been friends for a long time, a little more than 60 years.

Living in Vancouver and looking for a new locale, his parents, Ted and Rosina (Dode) Pinchin had answered an ad placed by T.C.Richards for a baker to supply his Whitehorse Inn with bread and pastries. They arrived in Whitehorse to establish their bakery, The Cakebox, in the spring of 1943, just shortly before our family made the move from Dawson to Whitehorse with the Aksala, the first boat of the season. Both my brother, Aksel, and Weldon had just turned eight that spring and Dennis, the younger Pinchin boy, and I would begin grade one in the fall. As new kids on the block and *big city* kids, to boot, Weldon and Dennis found Whitehorse a bit strange and a little less-than friendly. Ax and I, with our Danish-accented English and slightly European manners, were similarly uneasy in our new location. With the instincts common to young children and small animals, we formed an alliance that served us well in those early days and kept us intangibly but definitely connected as we separated to go our own ways. Today, though Dennis has passed on to his undoubted reward, Weldon and Aksel live on the west coast and get together pretty often. I keep in touch with both of them through e-mails and telephone calls and infrequent visits.

Weldon, a big boy for his age and with a sharp intelligence that informed all of our games and pass-times, was the undisputed leader of our little pack. Fueled by Hollywood westerns and war movies shown on Saturday afternoons at the old Whitehorse Theatre, our battles were orchestrated by Weldon, who, like any good commander, interspersed his orders with plenty of praise and an occasional doughnut.

When we got tired of chasing rustlers and driving our huge herds of Texas long-horns from one end of town to the other, we'd seek our fortune in galena, spilled from broken ore bags and salted along the railroad tracks that paralleled the river. As that palled and/or our pockets were full, we'd move on to the area behind The Cakebox, there to defend Yukon's skies from the might of the German *Luftwaffe* with the aid of a brace of anti-aircraft that flanked the cenotaph in the middle of the lot. We were a doughty and intrepid crew and wave after wave of bombers bit the dust, thanks to Weldon's precision firing, while the swarms of Messerschmitts that accompanied them fell victim to small arms fire, picked off with deadly skill by Dennis and Aksel. Being a girl, I was allowed, no matter what the scenario, to be the nurse. In our line of work, I was necessary.

The three of us were Weldon's to command, eager and willing to do his bidding and rarely questioning his authority. And he was not above taking advantage of our compliance. The boys both had chores to do when they got home to the bakery and it was one of Weldon's jobs to bring in the stacks of wood required for the big fire-fueled ovens. On the premise that the sooner the wood was hauled, the sooner we'd be off, adventure-bound, and on the promise of a doughnut once the wood box was filled, Ax and I would carry in log after log after log while Weldon tended to his other duties. Dennis had long-since learned to make himself scarce until after the wood detail had been accomplished but somehow, Ax and I never twigged to our exploitation, indeed, we were delighted to be of such assistance to our chief and cherished his "Good work, men!" almost as much as the more tangible reward of the freshly-glazed pastry.

We moved to Johnson's Crossing in 1947 and our little rat pack became little more than a memory, albeit a cherished one. In the early 50s, Ax and I returned to Whitehorse for high school and while Dennis and I still enjoyed a good rapport, Weldon had put childish things, like a formal education, behind him and was out and about, doing a man's work for a man's wages. Soon we heard he had left the Yukon and for a time, he passed from our lives, surfacing once in a while for a visit or a phone call, keeping in touch even as he pursued a variety of interests.

He owned and operated a couple of very successful service stations in Vancouver and named BC's Service magazine's Man of the Year. He and his wife built a hotel on Mayne Island and when that venture, and his marriage, ended, he took a year off and sailed around the world. In later years, he ran an investment business out of home on Mayne, and in his spare time, traveled around the country, lecturing on a variety of subjects, possibly even on the fine art of the con.

Recently, he's had a few articles published on the Moccasin Telegraph, a newsletter devoted to things to the good old days in north and western Canada. When I admitted to him that I'd had trouble bringing the website up on my computer, he e-mailed copies of his original stories to me for input. I was delighted and charmed with his pieces and asked if I could share one with my readers.

* * *

This is the strange tale about Emile Forest, the M.V. Loon, the S.S. Klondike, Sam McGee's Crematorium, and me.

By Weldon Pinchin

(Reprinted with kind permission of Sherron Jones, Editor of Moccasin Telegraph)

It was spring, summer of 1949, I got a job with Emile Forest on the M.V. Loon. The Loon was gas powered and shallow drafted, propeller driven. Her first job each year was to go down to the head of Lake Lebarge and sound the bar of sand that had built up since last fall and mark the bar with red-flanged rods. This was done so the first river boat (of the season) could see the deepest channel over the bar. Later we proceeded to explore the shore line on C.O. orders, looking for an old boiler we had seen on the right hand side of the shore going down river.

We checked on this again, Emile was satisfied, so over to this island the C.O. had picked out – in checking the name, I think it was Richtofen Island but I could be wrong. We had to pick up the boiler and put it on the island on the south side. It was important to be in the right place as the Klondike was to come up from the north and drop anchor where the water was deep right up to the island; no docks or floats here.

Emile had a picture and plan in mind so we began making a bed for the boiler to rest on by the water's edge. He also sized up the trees around the side and saw where the path was to go. With that, we went back to the boiler and, as it was getting late, nosed the barge into the beach, off-loaded the hand winch and cables, ready for the morning. As there is no night this time of year, we had a good supper and a few hours of sleep: the next day was going to be long and hard.

The wind was light, good for us. I went ashore, hooked the winch to the trees, hooked the boiler to the barge and then hand-winch it on. This was a lot easier said than done, believe me, I did all the winching, cable and pulley adjustment etc. on the barge and on the shore. Emile's job was no cake walk: he had to keep the Loon and the barge lined up with the beach and the boiler. This took us most of the day. Then Emile decided to take our boiler over to the island, the wind was light, we had day light, so off we went.

Now, you must realize, the same job had to be done all over again. In reverse. This day was a long, long laugh. I washed the stones in and around the boiler to make it look as if it had been there for years. Then I set about making a path up the hill and over to the Klondike docking area. Emile was busy putting gear; cable etc. away, in the boat and on the barge.

I was building a good path for the tourists, nice sunny morning, not too many flies, and had just reached the top of the hill, looked over and saw the S.S. Klondike coming around the tip of the island one day earlier than we had expected. What to do?? We picked up our gear and made a fast getaway.

We went around the island the same way the Klondike had come; this way the people on the boat didn't see us come up on her starboard side and tie up. Emile went on board and told the Captain the state of things. They anchored by now but had not dropped the gang plank The timing was great.

Sooo, what is this true story all about?

The Klondike was on her maiden trip to show the tourists the boiler that Sam McGee was cremated in. Emile and I were having lunch when the first people came back. I can still hear them; you'd have thought they'd won the Lottery!

* * *

I told you that Weldon had not put great store in the benefits of book learnin' and I have taken great liberty in tidying up his rendition of this harmless little hoax perpetrated on the unsuspecting tourists who had paid to be entertained on a day-trip to Lake Lebarge. I hope there was, at least, a doughnut waiting for them on their return. For me, it's been 60 years and I can still taste the syrupy glaze on my tongue; it is almost as sweet as the memory of being included in Weldon's words of approbation: "Good work, men!"

1,300 cyclists will ride in 25th Kluane Chilkat International Bike Relay

Posted On [Jun 13 2017](#)

This weekend, around 1,300 cyclists will race from the Yukon to Haines in the Kluane Chilkat International Bike Relay. This is the event's 25th year, and riders from as far as Australia have signed up for the nearly 150-mile race. Weather and wildlife could present some extra challenges.

A ceremonial cannon blast will kick off the race in Haines Junction Saturday, a special addition for the event's 25th year.

From there, cyclists race in teams or on their own through the pass and down the highway to Haines. There are solo, two, four, and eight person teams.

Race coordinator Mike Kramer says this year, registration filled up almost as soon as it opened.

"This year's registration filled up in less than 36 hours," says Kramer. "That compares to about eight days it filled up last year. Then the previous year it filled up in about three weeks. So we've gone from three weeks, to eight days, to just over a day and a half, registration being full."



A solo rider crests the summit during the 2016 Kluane-Chilkat International Bike Relay. (Jillian Rogers)

There are 93 solo riders registered this year. Kramer says that is the most the race has ever had. For safety reasons, team registration is limited to 1,200 riders.

“The main safety concern we have is the number of vehicles on the road,” says Kramer. “And we haven’t figured out any other way to limit that, other than to limit the number of riders.”

Kramer says there are a few other safety concerns this year as well, including the amount of bear activity along the race course.

“So certainly, we give information to all of our riders about bear safety and obviously don’t leave any type of attractant whether it be garbage or food around, just in terms of the preservation of the bears,” says Kramer.

Then, there’s the weather. Kramer says the forecast is looking mixed for race day itself.

“It is looking, at least on the Yukon side, that things will be drying up as we get closer to the weekend,” says Kramer. “We might actually have a dry start in Haines Junction. But I know, the weather forecast I checked last night showed definitely some possibility of showers in Haines, Alaska.”

He says this week, in the days leading up to the race, there is a possibility of snow at the summit of the Pass.

“That’s something we’ll be watching closely because if there was snow on the road, meaning not just wet snow falling, but if there was snow that was crusting on the road, we might have to actually make some changes on that leg, just because of the types of tires most people are riding on, that could be quite dangerous,” says Kramer.

Participants in this year’s race are coming from all over the country, and the world.

“Vast majority are from the Yukon,” says Kramer. “And then Alaska would be the second largest representation. And then we get into B.C. Then we have some representation from almost every province and territory in Canada. And then certainly from the U.S. I recall California, Pennsylvania, Arizona, Montana. And our furthest away riders, as far as I know and what they declare is Australia.”

Aside from the cannon blast at the start of the race, Kramer says there are a few other things marking the race’s 25th year. All of the riders will get a commemorative water bottle, and there will be gifts for volunteers as well.

After crossing the finish line at the Haines parade grounds, participants are invited to a community fisherman’s barbecue at the fairgrounds.

Snow cancels Yukon-Alaska bike race for 1,300 riders

'It would just not be safe,' says race coordinator

By Mitch Wiles, [CBC News](#) Posted: **Jun 17, 2017** 10:25 AM CT Last Updated: Jun 17, 2017 11:13 AM CT

The 25th-annual Kluane Chilkat International Bike Relay has been cancelled due to snow at the starting line, affecting about 1,300 riders who were set to begin the race Saturday morning.

This is the first time the race has been cancelled.



Snow in Haines Junction, Yukon, has cancelled the 25th-annual Kluane Chilkat International Bike Relay. (Submitted by Dan Reimer)

summit legs, but right here in Haines Junction at the start," said Mike Kramer, race coordinator.



Snow covering bicycles in Haines Junction, Yukon. (Submitted by Justine Scheck)

"The road report is saying black ice and slushy sections; there is a travel advisory in effect for driving vehicles, so certainly in terms of riding bikes — especially racing bikes — it is totally out of the question."

The one-day race covers 240 kilometres.

Ninety-three solo riders signed up for the race, with the remaining riders working in teams of two, four, or eight riders.

About 250 volunteers helped organize the event.

"Those kinds of numbers are outweighed by the safety situation," Kramer said.

"It would just not be safe."

Kramer said the race will be postponed until next year.

However, the salmon supper will go ahead as scheduled at the Southeast Alaska State Fair grounds in Haines, Alaska.

YUKON NUGGET

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

African-Americans building the Alaska Highway

"Miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles. Temperatures of sixty below zero and dropping ...and the people... where are the people?"

So asked an African American soldier who worked as part of the military construction team during the building of the Alaska highway in 1942.

There were three black regiments, consisting of three thousand six hundred and ninety five soldiers, on the job in 1942. They made up one third of the American troop total of just over 10 thousand soldiers. The US army was not integrated then, so the black regiments - or coloured as they were then known – were led by white officers. Many of the young men had been drafted off farms in the southern states and had little schooling. But the soldiers made a major contribution to the war effort.

The 93rd Regiment arrived at Skagway in April 1942, took the train to Carcross and worked on the pioneer road from Tagish, north and then southeast to the Teslin River. Because of the lack of heavy equipment, engineers of the 93rd began their work using only hand tools. But soon bulldozers were pushing down the forest, much to the surprise of Teslin residents who had never seen an African-American, nor heard that a road was coming through.

The 95th black regiment reached Dawson Creek in May 1942 and worked on the section between Ft. Nelson and Fort St. John. At the Sikanni Chief River in the deep valley

below Suicide Hill, black troops bet that they could build the bridge in record time and offered their paychecks as the wager. The original Sikanni bridge took them eighty-four hours to build – or about one-half the usual time.

The northern Alaskan section of the highway was built by the 97th black regiment, which arrived by ship at Valdez, then the southern terminus of the Richardson Highway. This regiment was faced with the harshest conditions of any of the regiments. The Alaskan interior was bitterly cold, had the most snowfall, and the most drastic temperature variation. As the pioneer road neared completion, the 97th was to meet the 18th Regiment working in the Yukon at the Alaska-Canada border. On October 24, 1942, the 97th black and 18th all-white regiments met at Beaver Creek. When the bulldozers driven by black troop Refines Sims, Jr. of the 97th and Private Alfred Jalufka, lead driver of the white 18th regiment finally broke through the bush and muskeg at the Yukon-Alaska border to close the last gap in the pioneer road, the meeting between white and black drivers symbolized the cooperation between black and white American races that was difficult to achieve in the contiguous 48 states.

The essential role played by black troops in Alaska Highway construction was celebrated on June 14th, 1993 when the ALCAN veterans were honored at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. The ceremony was followed by the opening of an exhibit called "Miles and Miles."

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

RV, buildings burn in trailer park fire

Monday June 12, 2017

Andrew Seal/Yukon News

A fire broke out following an explosion at Mountain Ridge RV Park early June 12.

Fire investigators and RCMP are investigating the cause of the fire. However, nearby residents reported hearing an explosion around 7:30 a.m., before seeing an RV engulfed in flames.

The fire spread to two neighbouring wooden buildings where the RV park's office, some apartment units, and a garage are located.

"It was a stubborn fire because of the tin roof," said Whitehorse deputy fire chief Chris Green. "We had a hard time accessing the attic space with everything that burnt underneath and it wasn't safe to go onto the roof. It was a hard one to get out."



Firefighters work on a blaze at the Mountain Ridge RV Park June 12.

Green said firefighters from the Whitehorse, Golden Horn, and Mount Lorne fire departments arrived on the scene at 7:44 a.m. and had to rescue one woman from a balcony. Several other people — as well as some cats and dogs — were also moved to safety.

The buildings were severely damaged along with the RV and a nearby car which was damaged by heat.

Green said firefighters battled the blaze into the early afternoon.

See this link for photos of the park on the South Access Road near Ear Lake.

<https://www.mtnridge.ca/location.html>

Film Documentary "Dawson City: Frozen Time"

Sherron; Just dropping in to provide the readers with film and location dates in Canada, for the **Film Documentary "Dawson City: Frozen Time"**...an amazing film documenting the discovery and recovery of old Silent Movie film in Dawson back in 1978. Directed by New York documentary film-maker Bill Morrison, it is a 2 hour film

covering the Silent Movies, the history of Silent Movies, the early history of Dawson City, and what some of the recovered films look like today. The Director uses many "stills" of old black and white Dawson photos to recreate the "Silent Movie" era...and there are not many speaking points...mostly captions like there was in that "silent" era of film making.

Here are the Canadian dates and times:

Vancouver International Film Centre: July 21st -July 27th 2017

Metro Cinemas -Edmonton: July 28th - August 3rd 2017

Bytowne Cinema Ottawa: July 28th - July 31st 2017

Hot Docs Ted Rodgers Cinema Toronto: July 21st - July 27th 2017.

If any readers are reading this from the USA, please go to the web-page:

<https://www.kinolorber.com/film/view/id/2630>

- Wait for page to load and then scroll down to see a list of all confirmed dates so far.

Sherron, it seems that so far, this film is being well received...and possibly, more importantly, the film critics are enjoying it....here are a few sites to read articles about the film if you want more details....

New York Times review: <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/06/08/movies/dawson-city-frozen-time-review.html>

Film Journal Review: <http://www.filmjournal.com/reviews/film-review-dawson-city-frozen-time>

There are many other very positive reviews, but these two help describe the film...and Yrs...we are very aware that at least one reviewer considers us both "Heroes" but we were not the only ones involved in the recovery....and because we are in the film, we now have credits as "actors"...that really tickles our funny bones!!!!!!

Did you ever get to read the Vanity Fair article about the film...if not, here is a link:

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

We understand that the film should be available as a DVD sometime this Fall as well...a great stocking-stuffer for Christmas.

I don't know whether you knew that this film got its Canadian debut in Dawson City as the featured Film of the 2017 Dawson City International Short Film Festival this past April. The committee invited both Mike and I, and also the Film Director Bill Morrison

and his wife to Dawson and we were available to answer questions upon the completion of the viewing to a sold-out audience.

Looking for FRANK BARRATT/ BARRETT

On an entirely different note...can I put in a request for anyone who knows where we might make contact with FRANK BARRATT/ BARRETT. He was a Pentecostal Minister in Dawson in the 1970's. He was the man who was digging up the ground where the old films were discovered in 1978 and stopped his machinery to let Parks Canada know of his discovery. He was also on the Dawson City Council but quit later in 1978. We have been unable to locate his whereabouts, or even if he is still alive, but naturally if we can make contact, we can fill him in on the documentary film about the film recovery and it does include his part in it. Write back if you require further information.

Cheers

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

STOP AND SOAK AT LIARD RIVER HOT SPRINGS!

AS YOU BEGIN YOUR ALASKA HIGHWAY ROAD TRIP THROUGH BC AND THE YUKON AND ACROSS THE U.S. BORDER, MAKE SURE YOU STOP AT THE STEAMY LIARD RIVER HOT SPRINGS. IT'S AT MILE 475 (KM 765) BETWEEN FORT NELSON, BC AND WATSON LAKE, YUKON.

In addition to being an absolutely beautiful setting for a break from the drive, this is the site of the second largest natural hot springs in Canada.

Water temperatures run from 42C to 52C which makes this a comfortable dip in all seasons. The result is a northern oasis of lush plant life. There are 14 species of wild orchids here and it was originally known as the Tropical Valley.

If you're lucky, moose and bears (including grizzlies) might wander in from the surrounding wilds to feed in the warm water marshes. When they amble to within 10 feet of your soaking self in the hot springs, keep your cool and you should be OK!

The swamp and boreal forest at Liard River Hot Springs supports rich and diverse plant life, mammals and birds. At last count, 104 bird species and 28 mammals had been recorded here. Moose are year round residents. In summer, bulls, cows and calves feed on swamp vegetation.

Mallard ducks and Canada geese also breed here. Sandpipers and common snipes breed in the swamp. Gulls, swallows, blackbirds, kingfishers and nighthawks frequent the swamp, while flocks of bohemian waxwings perch on black spruce trees around the edges of the swamp. Also watch for woodpeckers, thrushes, warblers and sparrows in the park. Beside the boardwalk on the way to Alpha pool, you'll find tiny, darting lake chub, unique in their ability to thrive in the warm water.

As soon as construction on the Alaska Highway was underway in 1942, the Alaska Highway construction crews built the first boardwalk and facilities.



Liard River Hot Springs Boardwalk

In 1957, British Columbia made this area a Provincial Park.

It features:

- Campgrounds
- Bathing springs
- Change houses
- Playground
- Boardwalk: A 300-metre wooden walkway over muskeg from parking to springs
- Composting outhouse toilet

If you're driving the Alaska Highway in the winter months, stop in for a soak in the springs, surrounded by snow under northern lights.

FAST FACTS:

- The Liard River Hot Springs do not flow directly into a nearby river or creek like most other thermal springs in Canada. Instead they flow into an intricate system of swamps that have created a microclimate allowing a unique vegetative community to thrive. Although shallow, the warm swamp waters never freeze, allowing unique tiny lake chub to thrive actively all winter.
- The hot springs area became a major construction camp in 1942. The natural hot springs were used by the troops on a daily basis, although once a week they cleared out to allow the women of the camp to use them. These troops built the first boardwalk and pool facilities. Photos of the troops using a piece of wood to get in and out of the water are viewable at the Fort Nelson Heritage Museum.

- The first written record of the hot springs on the Liard River was made in 1835 by Robert Campbell of the Hudson's Bay Company during exploration.

Photo Credit:

Chris Gale – [Wild North Photos](#)



Liard River Hot Springs in the Winter

There's a seasonal day-use fee of \$5 for adults, \$3 for children and \$10 for families. Annual passes are \$10 for adults and \$20 for families.

Back on the Road in the Far North

By [Bobbie Hasselbring](#)

March 1, 2017

Part two of an epic Alaska Highway trip travels south from Kluane National Park to the northern Rockies before stepping on the brakes at Milepost Zero

This year marks the 75th anniversary of the legendary Alaska Highway, making it the perfect time to explore the World War II engineering wonder. Like many RVers, traveling the legendary highway had been high on our bucket list. Driving from the highway's northern end in Fairbanks, Alaska, we're now halfway to its southern terminus in Dawson Creek, British Columbia.

Haines Junction to Whitehorse



Photographer: Anne Weaver

Kathleen Lake in Kluane National Park and Reserve hosts a no-frills public campground.

Just south of Haines Junction, Yukon, we spend a night in the shadow of the imposing King’s Throne at Kathleen Lake Campground. Part of Kluane National Park and Reserve, the no-utilities campground is one of many in Canada’s national and provincial park system offering bargain camping.

Arriving in Haines Junction, we visit Da Ku Cultural Centre, a wonderful exhibit that tells the story of Kluane National Park and the St. Elias Icefield, the largest nonpolar icefield in the world. We’re surprised to learn that glaciers and icefields cover 80 percent of the park, and the St. Elias Mountains are the youngest, fastest-growing and most seismically active on earth.

Leaving town, we spot Our Lady of the Way, an unusual Catholic church fashioned out of a Quonset hut used by the U.S. Army when building the Alaska Highway in 1942 in response to Japanese threats to the West Coast.

A church member tells us, “This is the most photographed church in the Yukon.”



An RVer follows the shoreline of 7.5-mile-long Muncho Lake, a favorite stop for travelers on the Alaska Highway.

As we cruise toward Whitehorse, we stop at the Canyon Creek rest area at the log bridge over the Aishihik River. This historic span, rebuilt by American soldiers during the highway's construction, is typical of bridges on the original route.

Just outside Whitehorse, the road's elevation drops, and the land stretches into valleys and ranching country. We pull into Hi Country RV Park, a Good Sam Park in Whitehorse that offers 130 full- and partial-hookup sites, picnic tables and hot showers. We're thrilled to see the park's collection of old vehicles — road graders, and a military Jeep and ambulance — from building the Alaska Highway.

Despite having fewer than 30,000 residents, Whitehorse is Yukon's largest community, and we spend the day shopping for souvenirs for friends and family. Then we stuff ourselves silly with juicy lamb slouvaki, creamy seafood fettuccini and silky tiramisu at Giorgio's Cuccina, the capital city's distinguished Mediterranean restaurant.

After a restful night, gray skies and sputtering rain make it a great museum day. We head to Yukon Beringia, a museum that illustrates the story of the ancient Bering land bridge linking Russia and Canada. A 17-minute video tells us this landmass allowed prehistoric people and animals to cross from Asia to North America, including Ice Age mammoths and giant bison.

Beringia's interactive paleo lab attracts plenty of kids, and the taxidermy and skeletal displays of muskox, sloths, Arctic ground squirrels, giant short-faced bears, woolly mammoths and saber-toothed cats are fascinating.



Launched in 1937, the S.S. Klondike II now docks permanently on the Yukon River in Whitehorse. A national historic site, the riverboat is a showpiece of the region's history.

Our next stop is the Yukon Transportation Museum that displays how goods and people historically moved around Canada's far north. The surprisingly large museum shows off old railcars, mail sleds, horse-drawn sleighs and early airplanes, including the Queen of the Yukon dramatically suspended from the ceiling. There's also an Alaska Highway exhibit with vintage military trucks and machinery. Janna Swanks, the museum's executive director and president of the Alaska Highway Heritage Society, says, "When the highway was built, it was difficult for many Native tribes. But today, it's the Yukon's Main Street, connecting all our communities."

Following a quick lunch downtown, we head to the S.S. Klondike II, a riverboat launched in 1937 that hauled people and goods between Whitehorse and Dawson City on the Yukon River. The boat served until the 1950s and was moved here in 1966 with the help of 8 tons of Palmolive soap flakes to lubricate the skids.



Hunter with Frogman by Tlingit carver Alex Dickson at the George Johnston Museum in Teslin, Yukon.

We take the free self-guided tour and wander the Klondike II's narrow hold-and-climb stairs to its upper decks. Structural damage prevents us from entering, but we peer into the galley and dining room for a glimpse of past elegance.

Johnsons Crossing to Muncho Lake

The next morning, after stocking up on fuel and groceries, we drive southeast along the Yukon River under low clouds. As we gain elevation, the forest becomes thicker, lakes dot the landscape, and the Big Salmon Range and Cassiar Mountains rise like Titans on either side of the road.

A small "Get Your Buns in Here" sign catches our attention at Johnsons Crossing Lodge, a modest café, motel and campground on the Teslin River. This is the junction of the Alaska Highway and the historic Canol Road, an oil-supply route through the wilderness built at the same time as the Alaska Highway. We're here for the giant cinnamon buns, gooey swirls we decide are the best on the highway.

After crossing the river, we travel along 78-mile-long Teslin Lake and pull in at the Teslin Tlingit Heritage Centre, an art gallery and community center that celebrates the area's native population. The carved wood ceremonial masks painted in bright blue, red and black by renowned artists like Alex Dickson are stunning. There's also impressive beadwork, fur mukluks, handcrafted snowshoes and a caribou-skin jacket. I purchase a carved metal salmon bracelet, and Anne buys a sweatshirt embroidered with a beautiful red wolf.

Just down the road, we stop at the George Johnston Museum. Johnston, a Tlingit photographer, was renowned for driving his 1928 Chevy in the then-roadless village. He

painted the car white to use it for hunting and shuttled tribe members across frozen Teslin Lake. The museum features Johnston's restored car and his photographs of village life. The day turns soggy, and howling wind rocks the rig, a reminder that weather can be fierce in this lonely country. We pass stands of fire-blackened forest and enjoy peekaboo glimpses of the silvery Swift River. We also encounter moose signs but, alas, no moose. Our nighttime berth is Nugget City, a complex that includes the Wolf It Down café, cabins, a gift shop, a 24-hour gas station and a large Good Sam Park called Baby Nugget. Most of the gravel sites are pull-throughs with 20- or 30-amp hookups, although a few have 50-amp service.



Alaska Highway travelers find warm relief at Liard River Hot Springs in northern British Columbia.

We snag one with free Wi-Fi.

For dinner, we dine at Wolf It Down on barbecue ribs and flaky fish and chips. As we stroll back to the rig, a small bobcat scurries across the campground. While gassing up before leaving the next morning, we avoid filling the freshwater tanks with the iron-flavored water.

We cross Liard River Bridge, one of 233 built by the U.S. Army on the original highway, then stop at the Watson Lake Visitor Information Centre where we're astounded by a forest of more than 82,000 signs. The practice of posting signs started in 1942 when a lonely soldier tacked up a direction and mileage placard for his Illinois home. Since then, visitors have posted metal, wood and plastic signs with names of friends, family, towns, states and provinces, countries and businesses. Inside the visitor center, we watch an

informative video about the highway's construction and check out the collection of historic photos.

It's afternoon when we reach the British Columbia border and spot a lone wood bison grazing contentedly along the road. Wood bison, a separate and larger subspecies of plains bison, have been successfully reintroduced into northern boreal forests. We also pass the pullout and interpretive sign for Contact Creek where the two crews working from the north and south met to complete the Alaska Highway.

We trundle down a 9 percent grade, then cross the Liard and Coal rivers, encountering a large herd of bison that includes several mothers and babies.

After pulling in at Liard River Hot Springs Provincial Park, a campground and natural hot springs, we discover that it's a favorite among locals as well as Alaska Highway travelers. The forested campground has no utilities but offers picnic tables, fire rings and pit toilets. We walk the 1/3-mile boardwalk and, after using the changing rooms, slip into warm, waist-high water that melts the road kinks. Ahhhh.



Wood bison cross the 75-year-old highway near Muncho Lake, halfway between Whitehorse, Yukon, and Fort St. John, British Columbia.

Back on the road, we climb higher, and the temperature drops. When the clouds lift, we glimpse the massive Canadian Rockies, their tops frosted with snow. After pulling into Northern Rockies Lodge, we occupy an RV site overlooking gray-green, 7.5 mile-long Muncho Lake.

Northern Rockies Lodge is favored by hunters and fishermen who fly in from distant lakes, and we have reservations for a flight-seeing tour. However, over a Swiss-style dinner of thinly sliced pork with crispy spaetzle noodles, we learn the weather likely

won't improve. "I've got 16 hunters out there, and I can't get them out," the lodge's pilot and owner, Urs Schildknecht, laments.

We lay over at the lodge, reading, napping and doing laundry. When Urs' son, Daniel, the lodge's chef, invites us to join him for a rather damp canoe paddle, Anne leaps at the chance. I opt for my novel.

Well rested by the time we leave the lodge, we head to Muncho Lake Provincial Park. At Strawberry Flats, a treed campground snugged against the lake, a hiking trail follows the original track of the Alaska Highway.

We drive higher into the heart of the Rockies and traverse the Toad and MacDonald rivers through boreal forest, the white bark of poplars stark against the spruces' deep green. At 3,400 feet, snow gathers on the roadsides, and the rain turns to wet snow. At 3,800 feet, the snow is 4 inches deep on the road. At 4,264-foot-high Summit Lake, we pause for a lakeshore lunch.

We're on the eastern side of the Rockies now, and as we descend, steady rain replaces snow. Along the Tetsa River, we spot two large beaver dams. Then we stop to watch two large great horned owls on a snag. Soaked, the birds look like they, too, wish the rain would retreat.



Curving 9 degrees along its 534-foot timber span, the Kiskatinaw Bridge is the only original Alaska Highway bridge still in use.

Fort Nelson to Dawson Creek

In Fort Nelson, we camp at Triple G Hideaway Campground. Our full-hookup gravel site nestles under poplars. Road-wearied, we sleep deeply, then wake to blissful sunshine. At the Fort Nelson Heritage Museum, we meet 80-plus-year-old founder and curator Marl Brown. After showing us the collection of old guns, household goods, timber equipment and taxidermy grizzlies and bobcats, Marl displays his pride and joy, a large garage filled with antique cars and trucks. He points out the 1926 Model T he drove 354 miles to Fort Simpson in the winter of 1975 to illustrate the need for paving the road. “Eleven years later, I drove that car through the opening to the newly paved highway,” he tells us proudly.

Sunbursts follow showers. The magnificent Rockies, their towering peaks in deep snow, continue to tease us before retreating behind clouds. We round a corner, and a small cinnamon-colored bear cub dashes across the highway to join its mother and two siblings. We don’t get a photo, but it’s a treasured moment.

We pull over at Sikanni River Bridge. Black soldiers built the original bridge in record time, and their performance was instrumental in integrating the Army.



At **British Columbia’s Muncho Lake Provincial Park, RVers lay claim to a lakeside site at Strawberry Flats Campground.**

We reach Fort St. John, an oil and gas town that’s booming. Fort St. John is the largest community on this stretch of the highway and a great place to dine out and stock up on fuel, groceries and other supplies. At Spicy Fusion, we enjoy wonderfully authentic east Indian dishes with deep, complex sauces and crispy naan flatbread.

We camp at Ross H. Maclean Rotary RV Park near Charlie Lake. This big lake was the site of a tragic Alaska Highway building accident where 12 soldiers drowned.

On our last day on the highway, the weather is cool, sunny and spectacular. Fifteen miles north of Dawson Creek, we turn and follow the original highway to the historic Kiskatinaw River Bridge. This curved wooden span is the only World War II timber bridge left along the highway. We stop and walk its truss-and-plank structure, gazing at the rushing water 100 feet below.

From the bridge, it's a short drive to Dawson Creek. We park at Eighth Street and Alaska Avenue by the famous "Entering the Alaska Highway" sign and check out the visitor center's rail-depot and natural-history museums. Then we walk a couple of blocks to the Alaska Highway House, a terrific museum that chronicles the building of the highway.

Finally, we stand in the center of the street at Milepost Zero for the requisite photo. We made it! It's definitely an adventure we'll remember.



Far-North Favorites

RV parks and public campgrounds pepper the Alaska Highway, including the following Canadian destinations where the author camped on the second half of her journey.

For more places to stay, [visit www.goodsamcamping.com](http://www.goodsamcamping.com).

British Columbia

DAWSON CREEK

Mile 0 Campground

250-782-2590 | www.mile0park.ca/campground

FORT NELSON

Triple G Hideaway RV Park and Campground

250-774-2340 | www.tripleghideaway.com

FORT ST. JOHN

Ross H. McClean Rotary Park RV

250-785-1700 | www.rotaryrvparkfsj.com

MUNCHO LAKE

Northern Rockies Lodge RV Park

800-663-5269 | www.northernrockieslodge.com/rvpark

MUNCHO LAKE PROVINCIAL PARK

Strawberry Flats Campground

250-776-7000 | www.env.gov.bc.ca/bcparks/explore

Yukon

KLUANE NATIONAL PARK AND RESERVE

Kathleen Lake Campground

877-737-3783 | www.reservation.pc.gc.ca

NUGGET CITY

Baby Nugget RV Park

888-536-2307 | www.nuggetcity.com/baby-nugget-rv-park

WHITEHORSE

Hi Country RV Park

877-458-3806 | www.hicountryrv.com

Sesquicentennial Savings

In honor of Canada's 150th anniversary this year, admission is free at all Parks Canada locations including Kluane National Park and Reserve, and the S.S. Klondike National Historic Site along the Alaska Highway. To take advantage of the deal, order a free Discovery Pass on the Parks Canada website. Regular fees still apply at Parks Canada campgrounds.

Parks Canada | 888-773-8888 | www.pc.gc.ca

OBIT



DONALD PATRICK FRIZZELL

October 1, 1939 – June 25, 2017

Don was born in Grande Prairie, Alberta, the eldest of two sons of Harold & Mary Frizzell. He grew up in Dawson Creek where he met and married his wife, Muriel Monk. He began his love of trucking as a youth helping his father who was a mechanic. During his high school years, he swept floors at Northern Freightways. He was called on to do just about everything connected with a trucking company and eventually became the office manager.

In 1963 he and a colleague from Freightways purchased a small moving and storage company in Vernon, B.C. During his years in Vernon, he acquired his pilot's licence and enjoyed many years buying, selling and flying airplanes. He sold his share of this successful moving business and moved his family to Williams Lake where he had logging trucks and hauled heavy equipment.

Always interested in learning new skills, Don took the position of the freight terminal manager for White Pass & Yukon Route and moved his family north in 1980. He transferred with WPYR to Dawson City to be the fuel plant manager where he enjoyed working with his clients. Being drawn by the history and mystery of placer mining, he and his family then spent many enjoyable summers at their placer mine on Mt Nansen. Returning to Whitehorse in 1986, he and a partner took over the Esso Bulk Station later known as Frizzell Petroleum. He was a board member of the Yukon Workers Compensation for a number of years, bought and operated Willow Printers, and then was contracted to open the Mackenzie Petroleum agency in Whitehorse.

Don led an active Masonic Life which began in Vernon and progressed to Whitehorse, Dawson City and Alaska. He recently received his 50 year jewel and certificate. He also was a member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers.

Don is survived by his wife Muriel of 57 years, 3 daughters, Cindy (Jerry), Sandra (Ralph) & Lorelea (Ssasi), grandsons Jeffrey, Matthew, Chase, Conrad, Stephen & Souleymane as well as 6 great grandchildren. Predeceased by his mother, father and brother Doug.

In lieu of flowers donations may be made to Gizeh Shriners of B.C. & Yukon, 1501 Dogwood St., Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 3Z9. Charitable receipt provided for \$20.00 or more.

A Masonic funeral will take place on July 6, 2017 at 2:00 P.M. at Mt. McIntre Recreation Centre. A Private internment at Grey Mountain Cemetery at a later date.



Simon Francis Sr.

Simon Francis Sr., traditional chief of Fort Yukon, woodsman, trapper, river-boatman and craftsman extraordinaire, entered the gates of heaven June 10, 2017. He was a dad, uncle, grandpa, great-grandpa and friend. He was a most honorable and generous man, a trustworthy friend to all and a prominent bearer of Gwitch'in culture and tradition.

Simon was born to Bella and Adam Francis on Feb. 20, 1924, in Whitehorse, Canada. He was raised at Old Village (John Herbert's Village) and spent much of his life on the Porcupine River, which no one knew better than Simon. He had 13 brothers and one sister and was the last of his Canadian family.

On July 4, 1947, Simon married Bella Strom. It was a marriage arranged by their parents and probably heaven, too, because they remained close partners in their subsistence

lifestyle, raising a family and through Bella's illness. They lived at Old Village for 11 years and had six children, Jose, Linda, Charles, Aleta, Simon Jr. and Thomas Gabriel. Among Simon's great stories was how each spring he would load the 32-foot plank boat he had made up to the gunwales with the kids, their dog team, the winter's fur and provisions for hunting rats on the trip to Fort Yukon. There he would work, unloading steamboats, cutting wood and fighting fires until late summer when they would again journey upriver. That seasonal cycle continued until 1957, when they began staying in Fort Yukon so Josie could attend school.

In 1962, Simon brought the family to Canyon village. In 1967, they moved to Chalkyitsik, from which Simon and his sons traveled to Old Village for trapping. Later, Simon and Belle returned to Fort Yukon and then moved to Fairbanks so Belle could be near the hospital. As he became renowned for his subsistence skills, traditional knowledge and his snowshoe and sled making, he began spending more time teaching the young people. He taught about old ways and how they could serve the future. He also worked at the Riverboat Discovery for 15 years.

For a while, he and Belle served as Elders in Residence at the University of Alaska, teaching skills and cultural traditions. Over the years, Simon has helped and taught and influenced many people. He leaves a lasting legacy.

Simon was cared for by his loving daughter, Aleta, who was always by his side, to the end.

Simon is preceded in death by his loving wife, Bella; parents, 13 brothers, one sister, son Charles, daughter Linda Silas and grandsons, Adam B. Francis and Andrew John.

Simon is survived by his daughters, Aleta, and son-in-law Stan; and Josie John; and his sons, Simon Jr. and daughter-in-law Norma and Thomas Gabriel; his grandchildren, Henry, and his partner, Kim, and their four children, Joshua and his two children, Crystal, Chad, Johnny, Bonnie, Bobby and his three children, Roxanne and her four children, Charlie, Rosebud and her two children, Christopher, Kristin and her two children, Anita and her two children, Lysandra and her child, and Grafton and his four children.

Services will be held in Fairbanks and Fort Yukon. Visitation will be at 1 p.m. followed by services at 2 p.m. today at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Fairbanks. Visitation will be at 1 p.m. followed by services at 2 p.m. Wednesday, June 14, at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Fort Yukon. Potlatch will be held at the Tribal Hall.

Please visit www.legacy.com/obituaries/newsminer to sign an online guest book. Published in Daily News-Miner on June 13, 2017

Kelly Anne Wilkinson (nee Lane)
(October 02, 1959 - June 14, 2017)

passed away suddenly on June 14, 2017 in Victoria, B.C. Kelly was born October 2, 1959 in Whitehorse, Yukon, **the fifth of nine children to Cyril and Leona Lane.** During their 40 year marriage, Kelly and her husband Don made their life and raised their children in Whitehorse, Yukon and Stouffville, Ontario. After raising their family, they moved to British Columbia where they divided their time between Okanagan Falls and Victoria. Kelly spent her life in service of others. She chose to work for not-for-profit organizations, most notably Christian Blind Mission International (CBMI) in Stouffville and Sail & Life Training Society (S.A.L.T.S.) in Victoria. Kelly loved travel and her work with CBMI took her to Europe, Kenya, South Africa and Haiti. Kelly enjoyed singing, dancing and reading. Her strong faith in God and love of nature grounded her. She loved everything beautiful. Kelly, like her husband, became an accomplished photographer documenting their many sojourns in nature and their journeys through Europe. Kelly's greatest calling was to be a mother. Her pride and joy were her three children Vanessa (Jensen), Dyana and Nicholas and her four grandchildren Connor, Winter, Mia and Logan Jensen. Forever in our hearts, left to mourn are her husband, children and grandchildren, her parents, and her siblings and their families. A memorial service will be held in the Chapel at St. Anne's Academy, 835 Humboldt St, Victoria, at 1:00 pm on June 20, 2017. In lieu of flowers, the family would be grateful for donations to Christian Blind Mission International or S.A.L.T.S. in Kelly's memory.



GREENWOOD, Yvonne Patricia

1927 – 2017

Yvonne, beloved wife of Arthur Victor Greenwood, was born in Vancouver, B.C. and passed away peacefully at home in Calgary, AB on June 6, 2017 at the age of 89 years. She grew up on a homestead in Peace River country for five years during the Depression; later the family moved to West Peace River. Although she was not able to begin school until she was nine years old, she quickly caught up and won the Governor General's medal in Grade nine. She attended the University of Alberta in Edmonton where she got her teaching certificate and she met her husband, Arthur, and married him on April 16, 1946. **In July, 1948 when Arthur went to Snag, Yukon Territories to work with heavy equipment on the airport runway and later became a power plant operator, Yvonne followed him and both her daughter Carol Elaine and son Terrence Victor were born in the Whitehorse hospital.** She and Carol did leave him alone for '48-'49 school year while she taught in Swift Current, Saskatchewan. The family moved to the Armena-Camrose area in 1953 when Art obtained a job in the oil patch for Sun Oil company. Yvonne taught at the Armena School and was her daughter Carol's first grade teacher. Her son Kenneth Miles was born in the Camrose Hospital. In 1955 Arthur was transferred to New Norway and then in 1956 to Wetaskiwin where Yvonne taught at Parkdale Elementary and her daughter Gail Patricia was born. After Art was transferred

to Calgary in 1969, Yvonne taught at Alex Munroe School until her retirement in 1989. She also obtained her B.A. in Education at the University of Calgary by taking day and evening courses. In her honour the Alex Munroe School named one of their rooms the "Greenwood Room". She continued to tutor children and volunteer at Huntington Hills School for years after her official retirement. Yvonne loved storytelling and teaching young children to read and often said that though she was happy to be paid for it, she would have done it for nothing. She also loved gardening and always had a vegetable and flower garden. She donated generously of her time and money to many charities. Most of all she loved her children and grandchildren and lived to spend some precious time with her great-grandchild, too. Yvonne was predeceased by husband Arthur, her father Elmer Harrison and mother, Pearl Edna Harrison (born Shields), and her brothers Brian and Albert. She is survived by her sisters, Barbara Side and Jaunita (Nita) Halsall, her brother Richard (Dick), her four children, her grandchildren Lara Wakulich, Myles Greenwood, Andrea Greenwood, and Daniel Greenwood, and one great-grandchild Cohen Greenwood. A Memorial Reception will be held at FOSTER'S GARDEN CHAPEL, 3220 – 4 Street N.W., Calgary (across from Queen's Park Cemetery) on Thursday, June 29, 2017 at 2:00 p.m. – 4:00 p.m. Expressions of sympathy may be forwarded to the family via the website www.fostersgardenchapel.ca. FOSTER'S GARDEN CHAPEL FUNERAL HOME AND CREMATORIUM Telephone: 403-297-0888 Honoured Provider of Dignity Memorial

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Sometimes you will never know the value of a moment until it becomes a memory. Dr. Suess

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.

Meat Balls

1 lb. ground steak
1 egg, beaten
Onion
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 cup bread crumbs
2 tbsps. Fat
½ cup grated cheese
Parsley

Combine all ingredients except fat. Shape into small balls and brown quickly in fat, and add to spaghetti sauce ½ hour before sauce is finished cooking.

Anna Williams

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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